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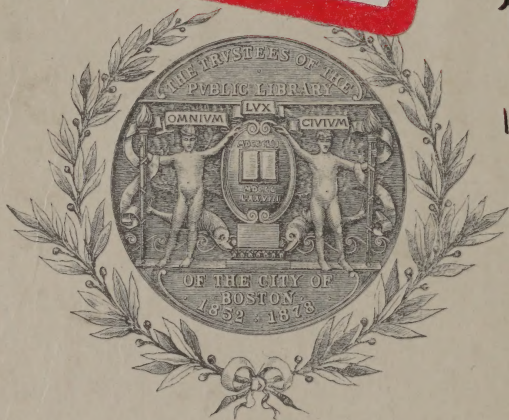


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1902

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature, Science, Art, and Politics

VOLUME LXXXIX



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The Riverside Press, Cambridge

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The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., U. S. A.
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ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXXIX. — JANUARY, 1902. — No. DXXXI.

ON READING THE ATLANTIC CHEERFULLY.

It is little more than a year since one of the most genial of Atlantic essayists was lamenting the disappearance of the Gentle Reader. Can it be possible that the Cheerful Reader is disappearing, too? One is loath to believe it, for if the Gentle Reader and the Cheerful Reader are both to vanish, and magazines are to be edited — as Dr. Crothers hinted — for the benefit of the Intelligent Reading Public merely, the world of periodical literature will be a dismal world indeed. Yet if one were to judge from those Letters to the Editor, which the London Times, for instance, prints, and the Atlantic, for another instance, does not print, the quality of cheerfulness is nowadays sadly strained. What streams of sorrowful correspondence are directed to 4 Park Street after each issue of this magazine! And so few of them seem to flow from the pen of the Cheerful Reader! Perhaps the Cheerful Reader is busy earning his living, — too busy to write. It may be that it is only the Cheerless Persons who have leisure to take their pens in hand and “write to the editor.” To all such unoccupied and melancholy souls the Atlantic hereby offers a Happy New Year — and a few remarks appropriate to the season.

If the Atlantic Monthly were a “repository;” if it confined itself to the discussion of Roman antiquities, or the sonnets of Wordsworth, or the planting of the colony of Massachusetts Bay, none but the specialists would concern themselves with the opinions expressed in its

pages. But it happens to be particularly interested in this present world; curious about the actual condition of politics and society, of science and commerce, of art and literature. Above all, it is engrossed with the lives of the men and women who are making America what it is and is to be. The Atlantic is fortunate enough to command the services of many writers who have something to say upon these great and perplexing topics of human interest. It is not to be expected that they will agree with one another; perhaps they will not even, in successive articles, agree with themselves. For instance, the Edward M. Shepard who described, in the Atlantic for January, 1898, the struggle for reform in New York city politics, is the same Edward M. Shepard who was the Tammany candidate for mayor in the recent campaign, and who will review that campaign in the next number of the magazine. The Atlantic has not “gone over to Tammany,” nor, on the other hand, does it believe Mr. Shepard less capable than he was in 1898 of discussing the municipal situation with intelligence and candor. Yet it can hear already the Cheerless Reader mourn.

When Mr. Rollin Lynde Hartt wandered from one state to another, in his series of sociological observations upon different sections of the country, how the letters from the Cheerless Reader swarmed upon his trail! Some day he will tell the readers of the magazine how it feels to be an honest reporter of things seen,

whether in hill towns of New England or mining cities of Montana. But even Mr. Hartt does not know how many Letters to the Editor those acute and high-spirited observations caused. Does the Atlantic print a clever woman's criticism of that useful institution the Kindergarten, straightway there arrive protesting letters from more Kindergartners than it innocently supposed the whole world could contain. When it allowed a distinguished college president to make a casual remark about the unchanging curriculum of Jesuit schools, there came a furious chorus from various Jesuit contemporaries (some of them, it is true, winking cordially, meanwhile, as if to remind one of the Pickwickian flavor of the controversy!): "Why is your contemptible publication Anti-Catholic?" Alas! only a few months before, when Mr. H. D. Sedgwick, Jr., had given just praise to the Roman Church in certain matters, there was a similar chorus from many Protestant contemporaries, who announced their vociferant grief that the Atlantic had gone over to Rome. Then it had been the turn of the Catholic letter-writers to pose as Lifelong Readers. But, queerly enough, a few months later still, when Mr. Sedgwick made an Italian journey, and described a station master who had unquestionably had a bad dinner, and who was low in his mind and spoke pessimistically of the Pope, behold these same Lifelong Readers terminating their subscriptions, and writing mournfully that they could not longer support such a bitterly sectarian publication as the Atlantic.

A more recent example of the uneven distribution of a sense of humor among Atlantic readers was the commotion caused by Mr. Eugene Wood's paper on Mrs. Eddy's literary style. Pathetic as it may seem to announce the fact now, this article was supposed to be humorous; its examination of some of the foibles of the Foundress was to be interpreted in the spirit of Stevenson's smiling pa-

per on John Knox and his Relations to Women. But alas! the able-bodied letter-writers of the Christian Scientist faith did not seem to know their Stevenson; and to all Earnest Persons in that curious organization the Atlantic hereby expresses its regret that any of Mr. Wood's sallies should have given pain.

It is probable, however, that sectarians, sectionalists, and partisans of every hue will continue to peruse their Atlantic with sorrow, or at least sufficient sorrow for epistolary purposes. One's own hobbyhorse gets roughly shouldered to one side, on the broad highway of the world. Where opinions are unfettered and allowed frank expression, some truths will be uttered more wholesome than flattering to one's private views. A beneficiary of the proposed Hanna-Payne shipping subsidy measure, for example, — unless he be of more philosophical temper than most beneficiaries of the public, — will not care to read in the Atlantic an article opposing legislation distinctly designed to put money into his pocket. John Doe may like the Atlantic, — Heaven bless him! — but if he prefer to write his name, like a story title, John Doe, Prohibitionist, or John Doe, Baptist or Anabaptist, Vivisectionist or Anti-Vivisectionist, Suffragist or Anti-Suffragist, he will often discover that the wrong magazine has been sent to his address. If people insist upon regarding themselves primarily, not as human beings, but as members of some organization ending with *ist* or *er* or *an*, then the weekly or monthly organ of their particular faction will furnish them with far more congenial reading than the Atlantic. The Gentle Reader, declares Dr. Crothers in the essay already mentioned, is the reader who "has no ulterior aims." Precisely. If your chief purpose in taking a magazine is to find arguments for your favorite "cause," you are in a parlous state. You are in danger of evolving from a merely Earnest Person into a Cheerless Person.

The Comic Spirit has whips for such. Not all of them are punished as neatly as that Earnest Southerner who complained of a "color line" story in the *Atlantic*, "Why can't you Northerners be decent?" only to learn that the author of the story was a native of his own county; or that *Laudator Temporis Acti* who lately found fault with the "silly, ignorant twaddle" of a certain article in the Contributors' Club, which, he averred, would never have been printed in the good old days of Mr. Aldrich or Mr. Howells, and which — as the *Comic Spirit* would have it — was actually written by the faultless pen of Mr. Aldrich himself!

To have no "ulterior aims"! That is a counsel of perfection for reader and editor alike, and, in this season of New Year's wishes and resolves, the *Atlantic* confesses that it would like to be thought to have no ulterior aims, except the pleasure and profit of its subscribers. Not one of its genuine Lifelong Readers will accuse it of dilettanteism, of treating the vital topics of the day with indifference. James Russell Lowell, who, in the words of Mr. Scudder's recent *Life*, "gave the *Atlantic* a character it has ever since maintained," was no Gallio. But neither was he a Cheerless Person. It is true that from the day on which he assumed the editorship the magazine has held stanchly to certain tenets; as, for instance, to take but a single example, the belief that equality of political privileges in America should not be affected by considerations of race or religion. Yet it has given the freedom of its pages to a good many writers who held quite the opposite view. It has been edited for men and women genuinely curious about affairs, politics, literature, human society. It is not preoccupied with the claims of any particular sect or party or philosophy. "Thought men" and "fact men," theorists and workers, have alike addressed its readers, provided they had something magazin-

able to say, and could say it in an interesting fashion. To imagine that the contributors to such a magazine will always agree with the editor, or please all the readers, or indeed any reader in all his moods and opinions and convictions, is to hold a singularly parochial view of periodical literature. It is only your worthy rustic who wants nothing "in the paper" which he does not already believe. Unless his political or religious opinions, derived largely from it, are constantly reflected in it, he will — as the saying used to be — "stop the Tribune"!

The ideal magazine-reading mood — is it not? — is that of well-bred people listening to the after-dinner conversation in public which has happily succeeded after-dinner "oratory." No matter how varied and attractive the programme of addresses may be, no guest will be thrilled by every speaker. You are perhaps fortunate if you are thrilled at all! But if the speeches are tolerably short, and represent a wide range of opinion, and are cleverly phrased, one may be expected to listen without making himself conspicuous by either protest or applause. No man, perhaps, makes precisely the speech you would like to hear. He may hurt somebody's feelings, — possibly your own. This may be inevitable, or merely the result of inadvertency; or it may be the fault of the Toastmaster, who ought to have warned the speaker that So-and-So was at the banquet, and that certain things had better be left unsaid. A quicker-witted Toastmaster, for example, might have nudged Mr. Eugene Wood under the table, by way of friendly warning that the exact number of Mrs. Eddy's marriages was a vexatious theme to certain persons who had purchased dinner tickets, and that in any case it had nothing to do (save as bearing upon that lady's ripeness of experience) with the subject of her literary style. At that very same dinner — it was last October — a Pennsylvan-

nian laid a large share of the blame for the political degeneracy of his native state upon the Quakers. The Toastmaster had, and continues to have, the gravest doubts as to the soundness of this theory; but as it was honestly held, not discourteously expressed, and was, whether right or wrong, extremely interesting, the Pennsylvanian made his little speech without interruption from the Chair. Since the dinners come but once a month, and the chief features of the programme must be arranged many months beforehand, it is usually impossible to assign a place to speakers who wish to protest against something that has just been said. The Pennsylvania Quakers, however, are defended, this month, by one of their honored leaders, and the Atlantic's guests will no doubt give him a cheerful hearing.

For the magazine means to spread each month a hospitable board, and to

draw around it many men of many minds. Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Washington have both sat there, and we hope that both men will honor the Atlantic many times again, by contributing their quota to its wit and wisdom. People who do not like good company, who prefer to dine exclusively with Cheerless Persons of Their Own Sort, are not under the slightest obligation to attend. But to all its readers, the Cheerless as well as the Cheerful, the Atlantic wishes a Happy New Year! Our "mahogany tree" has to be made longer, month by month, to accommodate the new guests that wish to mingle with the old. To add more leaves to such an infinitely extensible dining table is, of course, a pleasure. Yet it will do no harm to sit closer, too, with an amiable disposition to be pleased, if possible, with one's fellow guests, and to make all needful allowance for a most fallible Toastmaster.

B. P.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

IN the festivities by which the advent of the twenty-first century was signalized a prominent part was assigned to the New York Historical Society. On the concluding day of the general celebration this society held a session in its new building on Palisade Avenue, near the western end of the Englewood bridge across the Hudson. The spectacular part of the celebration had come on the earlier days, when, with the booming of guns and the sound of inspiring music, the people had given themselves over to a carnival of rejoicing. There is certainly enough in our present condition to make our gladness overflow, and to fill us with the hope that, though the carnival is over, the spirit of laughter and song may abide with us through the years that are coming.

Processions moving rapidly on trains of electric cars had traversed the elevated streets and many of the bridges spanning the East River and the North River, till the people living between the Hackensack and the remote confines of Brooklyn or the Great South Bay had had a chance to see them. Among the features of these processions were a few companies of men armed with rifles, and clad in such uniforms as were worn by military regiments of the year 1901. This unfamiliar sight awakened in the minds of the younger spectators such curiosity as their grandfathers had felt when they examined collections of antique armor; but the quick-firing cannon and the machine guns made them shudder, by showing them to what purpose much of the ingenuity of our people

was formerly devoted. The strangest commingling of horror and patriotic enthusiasm was caused by the nautical parade, in which, between passenger vessels so vast as to seem like floating cities, were rusty specimens of battleships of the last century, insignificant in size, but diabolical in their devastating power. What a demon must such a thing have been in action! Yet, in spite of all that was repulsive about it, the sight of it warmed the blood into a patriotic glow. The stately merchantmen delight us, for they have carried the wares that have given us a peaceful dominance among nations; but it is the demons of the sea, with their guns and their fighting flags, that wake a thrill in the heart and bring moisture to the eyes. Though we no longer fight, the martial spirit is still in us.

Two evenings were given over to illuminations, and there were fireworks so skillfully devised that they painted in the sky pictures illustrating the history of the twentieth century. There were also banquets innumerable, enlivened by song and story. When the time for processions and banquets had passed, a day was devoted to serious history and reminiscence, and of this part of the jubilee the Historical Society took the direction. Papers were read in the rooms of the society, and, thanks to the space-annihilating power that comes by the electrical transmission of sound, they were heard by audiences in all parts of the city. Historians described the primitive way in which in 1901 our fathers were living, and told what New York was like when its streets were only one story high, and its buildings were from ten to thirty. They threw on screens moving pictures that showed an actual business avenue of that period filled with a tangled mass of electrical cars and vehicles drawn mostly by horses, with a throng of pedestrians, in peril of life and limb, trying to make their way over the crossings. They recounted the steps by which this condi-

tion was relieved: the elevating, first of the sidewalks, then of the shop fronts and the entrances of dwellings, and finally of the entire roadways, — changes that ended by converting the old streets into roomy tunnels, and translating the whole life of the people, in a literal way, to a higher plane. They amused their hearers by quoting the objections to these changes that were at first offered, — the prediction, for example, that the alterations would make the streets dark and unsightly, instead of doing what they actually have done, and putting the darkness and ugliness beneath the level on which we live, giving us more of light, air, beauty, and comparative quiet than the city has ever enjoyed since it was merely a Dutch village.

Sociologists described the transforming of the slums into abodes of happiness and health by the building of good dwellings, and of parks and playgrounds many stories in height, with their frames of massive steel, and with their sides inclosed with glass in winter, and in summer shaded by awnings and adorned with shrubs and vines which, drooping as they do over the outer framework, have given to the structures the familiar name of “hanging gardens.”

Mechanical engineers told us of the clumsy machines that were in use at the beginning of the twentieth century, — of the amount of watching and coddling that most of them required, and, in particular, of the wasteful way in which motive power was obtained for them. It seems incredible that power was once largely procured by burning coal under steam boilers, a process that wasted nine tenths of the potential energy of this invaluable substance, which should have been saved for smelting ores and heating buildings. Yet this was quite in harmony with the reckless manner in which our predecessors used up the other resources of the earth, — forests, fisheries, reservoirs of oil and gas, and the loam itself on which the supply of food de-

pended. Showing us pictures of steam engines with their devouring furnaces, the narrators told us of the introduction of newer and better ways of obtaining mechanical power, by utilizing, first waterfalls, then waves of the sea, and finally the electric currents which are generated within the earth itself, — currents which, when they are not carried along wires and through storage batteries, reveal their presence in thunderstorms. Charging a battery from such a source is like dipping water from the sea. Any one can now have a reservoir full of mechanical energy for driving the larger machines, and he can, as it were, fill a canteen with it for driving the power tools which he can carry in his hands.

The historians showed us views in which old-time artisans were represented as working with hand implements in a painfully slow manner, and then, by way of contrast, threw on the screens moving pictures of modern carpenters, blacksmiths, masons, etc., with the powerful but light machines which they carry with them, creating products with a rapidity that suggests the work of the genii of Arabian stories. There were representations of farmers of the olden times, following the plough that cut a single furrow, and was drawn by horses that ate up no inconsiderable part of the farmer's produce; and these were followed by representations of farmers of our own time, with their gangs of rotary spades doing a twentyfold labor at a trivial cost. What do we not owe to omnipresent and nearly gratuitous electrical energy! It transports us, lights us, works in a thousand ways for us, and, by the productive power which it imparts to human labor, brings another sort of light and sweetness into the lives of our people.

Among the papers which were read was one that was devoted to the subject of aerial navigation. It recounted the early experiments in this art, and amused the listeners by recalling the fact that there was once an expectation that ships

of the air would be used chiefly in warfare, — as if nations bound together by such economic ties as now unite the countries of the world would ever disrupt the great industrial organism and begin fighting. There was a paper of thrilling interest which recalled the degeneracy of democratic government in all large cities at the beginning of the twentieth century, and contrasted it with the genuine self-government which now prevails.

The concluding meeting of the society, held in the evening, was devoted mainly to personal recollections of the century, given in an offhand way by men whose lives had extended through much of it, and whose participation in the changes that they described had been extensive enough to enable them to speak from direct knowledge. The concluding address was made by Otis Livingstone, Esq., editor of the *Register of Progress*, who was exceptionally familiar with the social and economic changes which had taken place within the last hundred years. He had been asked to tell about the movements which seemed to him, in the retrospect, to have contributed most toward the prosperity that the people of America are now enjoying. Interest in the events recounted was heightened by an interest in the personality of the narrator; for he was eighty-two years old, and had had an honorable share in guiding his country through the crisis by which she has made her way to wealth, harmony, and a sound political life. The address is here printed as its author delivered it.

MR. LIVINGSTONE'S NARRATIVE.

Mr. President, and Members of the New York Historical Society, — I have yielded to your wish, and shall try briefly to tell how, out of what it was, industrially and politically, in 1901, our country has become what it is to-day. For a hundred years America has been acting a romantic drama, the plot of which no man invented. In the course of it she

has gone through as great vicissitudes as a dramatist could devise, and reached as happy a dénouement as a reader would desire. Man himself has been improved by the course of events, but society has been completely transformed. Marvelous was the shape out of which it grew, and the forms which, at different stages, it took. Startling has been the rapidity of the transformations; for in a life of ordinary length I have seen the being that we call Society take its present shape from one that was as far below it as a tree-climbing ape is inferior to a cultured man. Very unlike the slow evolution of an animal type has been this development of modern society; and indeed, it seems, as I recall it, more like those changes of form through which ogres go in nursery tales. When the great consolidations of capital and of labor were made, the organism took one form; and when a new democracy appeared, and made the consolidations harmless and beneficial, it took another.

These changes were natural ones, and no particular men can claim the credit of producing them; and yet the state has taken a hand in the development, and men have been able to guide the state. Democracy itself seemed at one time to be a vanishing institution, and the struggle which rescued it put the reformers under a strain like that which a runner undergoes in the final spurt of a race.

The nineteenth century was once called the age of steam, and the twentieth the age of electricity; but to me the last century seems to be rather the era of organization. It was the period in which were formed those consolidations of labor and of capital which have enabled us to get out of electrical energy and automatic machinery more nearly the full service which they are capable of rendering.

Often have I asked myself whether the introduction of machines was of more importance to working humanity than

the change which caused the machines to be used by highly organized working forces. Perhaps it is because the latter change has fallen largely under my direct view, or perhaps it is because I cannot help estimating improvements in the form of society itself as greater than improvements in its implements, that I consider the social gains that have come during the twentieth century greater than the mechanical gains which came in the nineteenth. Even our tools are better than they were, since they now go of themselves and with little overseeing. In the new form of an old saying, "We touch the button, and they do the rest;" yet there is nothing in this that is as wonderful as the way in which society has shaped itself so as to get the full advantage of the mechanical progress. The machines that work so unerringly, like genii of the lamp, do not confine their favors to the persons who own them, for they enrich every one, and particularly the workers themselves; and if we gauge wealth by the comforts a man can have, a laborer may now be as rich as a prosperous employer was a century or two ago. Having to work does not now mean poverty, and even being poor does not mean forced idleness and want.

Efforts at political reformation marked the beginning of the twentieth century. Honest men tried to band together in numbers sufficient to break the power of bad political leaders, or "bosses," as they were termed, — the blackmailing agents who handled great sums of money paid either by evil doers who wanted to buy immunity, or by corporations which were doing a lawful business, but were attacked by officials themselves. Very sinister was then the relation of business to politics; and though the effort to purify the government finally succeeded, this success did not come till the middle of the century, when industry itself had been transformed and a new democracy had arisen.

The problems connected with the con-

solidated corporations were settled early in the century, but graver issues connected with trade unions continued to harass the public till near the middle of it, when these bodies took their true position in the state. It was trusts and laborers' unions which, working together in a normal way, brought in the new democracy. The United States has become a country where the relations of classes are unusually fraternal, however rare was brotherly conduct during the transitional period. There is even an approach to equality, if the test be the amount of actual comfort to which different classes attain; for though some men have a billion dollars apiece, and some have nothing, yet every man who keeps his health and works efficiently can live on a high plane of enjoyment, and can usually get about as much out of life as does the average multimillionaire.

The country has now had many years in which to get the benefit of the harmony between labor and capital which finally came, and it is in this period that the greater mechanical inventions have been made and applied. Those of us who worked for the social gains may therefore congratulate ourselves on having ushered in the reign of automatic machinery and gratuitous motive powers, since these things would not have come as early as they did if we had not brought labor and capital into friendly relations, and made it worth while for ingenious men to give their time to invention. We gave these men their chance by making a market for their wares.

During the latter part of the century a special kind of popular education has had a transforming effect; for it is in this period that the science of economics has been well taught in the common schools. Every boy of fifteen years now knows what, in the earlier decades, many men who were directing affairs did not know. What evil would not have come if certain patriotic citizens could have had their way! They innocently did their best to

make the ship that carried us go on the rocks.

If I were to describe in a phrase the chief gain that has been made, I should call it the democratizing of the institution of property. We had to make it something that should benefit all people and be cherished by all. I recall now with pleasure the manner in which the men with whom I was associated tested everything, and found it good or bad according as it was democratic or aristocratic. Massed capital had seemed to most people aristocratic; and yet it was in the power of the state to make it quite otherwise, and when my active life began it was rapidly becoming a democratic agency. The power to mass any number of holdings in one has invited saving on the part of working people, and has helped to stop the strife between labor and capital. It has even brought both of the contending interests into line with the interests of the general public. This has come, however, with the growth of a government that is truly of and by the people; for what with so-called "representatives" making laws, and bosses choosing the representatives, there was little enough of this a hundred years ago. Astonishing as it seems to us now, even the referendum was not in use, except in a few special ways, and legislators were well worth buying, since there was no regular appeal to be taken from their plundering acts.

In my view, all the lesser changes of the century merge themselves in a few great ones. As the streams that appear in a bay at low tide are swallowed up and lost when the tide comes in, so it has been with the reforming of the tariff, the purifying of the police administration, and the breaking of the power of political machines. Big enough, indeed, were these achievements, and worthy to be the object of any man's life; but they were included in the great tide of reform that has democratized property, made it secure, and made it the means

of putting two hundred millions of lives on a level of comfort that was dreamed of, but not expected as a reality at a date much short of the millennium.

Machinery and electrical energy would never have served us as they have done if we had not made ourselves ready to receive their ministrations. They are discriminating agents, and work reluctantly for a society that is at war with itself. We had to solve the trust problem and the problem of democratic government before the mechanical powers were ready to enlist heartily in our service. When these social issues were settled, invention sprang forward like an unleashed greyhound.

But how am I to tell about these social transformations? Their complexity appalls me; for three great movements so interlaced one another that each was dependent on the other two. The trade union did not develop independently of the trust, and the two did not go their way without reference to the course of popular government.

I can easily tell of the gradual change that took place in the mode of dealing with great corporations. This, in itself, is a simple story. It is not so easy to tell how trusts, trade unions, and political parties, all, as it were, thrown by fate into one caldron, brewed anything but the "toil and trouble" which the men of my early days had to undergo in trying to manage them. It was coming to be known, even in the early days of the century, that the natural reward of labor is its product. The wild man of the forest kept the fish that he caught, the game that he killed, and the fruits that he gathered; and the man who works in a modern mill is under a law that causes him to take the fruit of his own labor as his pay. There are ways of ascertaining what this product is. There is no need of my telling any of you how the amount of it is tested, and how, where competition rules, the wages that the workman gets are made to conform to this amount.

Familiar as all this is to you, it was, like many another economic truth, hidden from the mass of men when the problem of monopoly first became serious. The essential honesty of the wages system — the fact that when it works well it gives a man what he produces — is the fact that now makes every one friendly to it. With many men it was still an unrecognized truth when the century came in; and monopolies were then developing at a rate that bade fair to make it no longer a practical fact at all. They threatened to nullify every law that required for its working a true state of competition. "What if the wages system is an honest one whenever competition rules? It is no longer ruling." Such was the answer of practical men to the economic theorist. There was a vanishing faith in the soundness of our system, because there was no assurance offered that competition itself could continue.

There was reason enough for much of this skepticism. Monopolies were actually developing, and they were perverting the plan of distribution. Some classes were oppressing others. Through all the struggles of organized capital, on the one hand, and organized labor, on the other, there ran an effort on the part of a consolidated power to gain something at the cost of the community. The trust wanted a scarcity price for its wares, and the trade union, by keeping down the number of its members, and by fighting off non-union labor from its field, tried to get a scarcity rate of pay for the labor which it controlled. Neither organization was wholly successful, but together they were taxing the community at a dearer and dearer rate.

The two kinds of combination worked, as it were, from opposite ends of the line. The trust shut up mills in order to make goods dear, and the labor union enforced rules which made the goods dear and caused the shutting up of mills. The public had the bills to pay, and workmen who were not in unions paid the largest

share of them. These men found their spheres of labor overcrowded by those who were forced out of other fields. Their pay itself was reduced, and high prices of the goods that they bought with their pay taxed them still further.

Not noble, certainly, is a policy that has on it the taint of monopoly. Competition is indeed selfish, but it develops a rivalry in serving the public, since the man who offers a product more cheaply than another confers a larger benefit on the people for a given return. Cheap wheat feeds us well, cheap woolen goods clothe us well, and cheap transportation gives us, on easy terms, pleasure, health, and education. These fruits of competition take the ignoble quality out of it. What is then to be said about the reverse of competition? How ought we to have regarded the restricting of production, the raising of prices, and the pushing of workers into crowded fields? It means feeding, clothing, and educating the people ill. Strange indeed must such practices seem to you who have lived only in a time of economic freedom. They were once common; and every act of this kind was a "grab" unredeemed by public benefits. It was an effort to thrive, not by producing wealth, but by filching it out of others' pockets.

A trust and a trade union could sometimes work together. Their interests were at one in taxing the purchasers of their products. Both the steel trust and its employees wanted rails and ingots to be dear; but when the returns were in each party wanted all it could get of them, and there were quarrels over the division of what the public paid. Strikes were frequent, and they put a damper on the hopes we were entertaining of gaining supremacy in the commerce of the world. If England and Germany had avoided these same troubles, they would have supplanted us; but they had a share of them, and yet their rivalry pressed us so closely that self-preservation forced us to find the plan which has

remedied the evils and again given us the lead.

The new footing on which strikes were placed by the formation of trusts is clear when one thinks that they often enabled employers to gain by the stoppage of their works. If a single factory were shut up, this would not much affect the price of its product; but if a hundred were closed at once, it might send the price skyward, and the employing corporation might find idle mills more profitable than active ones. Not many in number, but frightful for wastefulness, were the strikes of trade unions against trusts.

Of course there were tribunals of arbitration; but what rule could they follow in making their awards? When men could be had for two dollars a day, and the strikers demanded three, what amount should a court hit upon as the just one? Only one thing could it do, if its purpose was to shorten the strike: it could find at what rate a settlement would probably be made, in case the contest were fought out to the bitter end, announce that rate, and advise the contestants to accept it. The advice would be taken whenever both parties concurred in the court's estimate of probabilities. Arbitration actually became a method of deciding quarrels according to the endurance of the contestants rather than according to justice.

The time came when capitalists who were not in trusts started many mills, which they manned with workmen who were not in trade unions, and such mills the monopolies were unable to repress. They ran with great economy, since their machinery was modern and their labor was good and cheap. In the attacks which the trusts made on them organized labor sometimes joined, by boycotting the products of these independent mills on the ground that they employed what were then called "unfair" men. The monopolistic power that the trust was fighting to retain would have worked

well for the men employed by it, and it came about that the situation stood thus: There were trusts wherever the nature of a business permitted it, and their mills were manned by union labor. There were independent mills, manned usually by independent labor, persecuted by the trusts, but saved by the economy and efficiency with which they ran. There was a further mass of labor unable to get into unions, or to get good or steady employment outside of them. It was a true proletariat, as destitute as any which the country had ever known. There was depression in agriculture, since in this department trusts could not thrive, and the tillage of the soil became an overcrowded occupation, receiving many of the men whom the exclusive policy of both trusts and trade unions forced out of other occupations. While this made food products cheap and helped the proletariat of the city, it put the farmers in the position of nearly starving themselves in order to save the poor in the cities from quite starving.

Then indeed was the demand for communism strong. "Let the state intervene. Let it take possession of all the capital, and run every mill, shop, and railroad in the country." In those states where politics were controlled by trusts on the one hand, and by trade unions on the other, the demand was effectually resisted. The time had been when labor organizations were socialistic, but those which were now thriving by an alliance with capitalistic monopolies ceased to wish for a general democracy of labor. In a commune they would have to go share and share with the excluded proletariat.

It was in agricultural states that the demand for the nationalization of industry had the greatest chance of success; and yet the people there perceived that there was nothing to be gained by merely nationalizing the industry of their own particular section. The Canadian state of Saskatchewan was at that time

purely agricultural, and when the influence of a few New Zealanders caused it to take the plunge into communism, and to declare all property a public possession, it was quickly evident that nothing had been gained. Agriculture was as unproductive as ever. Monopolies were taxing the life out of it, and they were all located in other regions. After an interval of confusion, this unfortunate state restored the titles to property, and resumed as nearly as it could its former condition. This lesson was taken to heart by other agricultural communities, and it was only the poor of the cities that continued to cry out for a nationalizing of wealth. Against them were not only the trusts and the independent capitalists, but all the strong bodies of organized labor. Trade-unionists had no relish for the plan of pooling their fortunes with those of the excluded poor.

Very slowly came a time of clear perception and action. It was monopoly that oppressed these men. That they were barred out of trade unions was one grievance, and that employments open to them were made unprofitable by the trusts was another: and then it was that the old anti-monopoly cry was taken up anew, and directed not only against massed capital, but against massed and exclusive labor. "Let us destroy every rootlet of monopoly, and make both labor and capital free," became the watchword. To this demand of the non-union workers, who were still a numerical majority, the independent capitalists lent a strong support. They needed protection against the terrorizing policy of the trusts as the men needed it against the oppressive course taken by trade unions.

Consolidated capital was dealt with in an effective way. Favoritism in freight charges was stopped. A fair scale of charges was presented to the railroads, and when they had accepted it they were allowed to form pools. The temptation to favor large shippers by giving secret rebates was now removed, since

a favor of this kind had been granted only by a railroad which was trying to lure traffic from another; and when the business was pooled there was nothing to be gained by such a course. Enough facts concerning the trusts' affairs were made public to enable an investor to see what he was getting when he bought any of its stocks or bonds.

These things saved the independent producers, and through them helped the public. The more of these free mills there were, the better off were consumers, laborers, and farmers; but a still more complete economic freedom was needed. A man should be able to go into any business he pleased, and be wholly exempt from bullying attacks. A trust must not flood his territory with cheap goods till it forced him out of it, and it must do no other predatory act.

For some time it had been clear that if a trust could be forced to treat all its own customers alike, it could not crush an independent producer who had a well-equipped mill. If the great corporation, in order to cut prices in his section of the country, were compelled to cut them everywhere else, it could not keep up the war longer than its rival could; for its losses would be in proportion to the magnitude of its business. Though it had a hundred times as much capital as the rival whom it was trying to ruin, yet, if its losses were also a hundredfold greater, its capital would be used up as soon as his. Though the law never tried to regulate the level of prices, it did demand that any scale which a producer might choose to adopt should be offered uniformly to all customers. "Charge what you please, but charge it to every one," was the rule.

A statute of this kind was enacted, and though, as had been anticipated, it was hard to execute, it helped greatly to take the monopolistic character out of the great producing companies. The common law, which forbids monopoly, had never been changed. Prosecutions

under it had become infrequent, for the reason that the definition of a monopoly was not well established. Judges were baffled in the effort to put their fingers on specific acts of a great corporation, and to say: "This makes you a monopoly. Your charter is forfeited." When, however, the law made its demand for equal prices to all customers, the courts were quick to perceive that a violation of this statute was a monopolistic act. It was done to extinguish competition, and to prevent the trusts from doing it was to keep competition alive. Proceedings under the common law acquired additional vigor. The great corporations could not exercise a predatory power without violating this statute; and yet, if they violated it, they risked being made outlaws under an old and venerated legal principle. From about the time when this law was passed trusts ceased to be dangerous, and they soon became the very useful things that they now are. Not to many of you would it occur that they could ever have been a menace to the public.

A later law ordered that any violation of the statute of which I have just told you, or of certain other statutes of a similar kind, should be treated by the courts as a conclusive proof that the company so transgressing was a monopoly, and that for a first offense a bond equal to one quarter of the capital of the company should be given to a special commission, and on a second offense the bond should be declared forfeited. It prescribed that, if the amount were not paid, property enough of the trust should be sold to satisfy the judgment. Few trusts ever took the risk of having to give these bonds, and only one, the great Aluminium Company, allowed the bond to be forfeited. The era of predatory competition was over, and the wild beasts of commerce had had their teeth drawn and were tamed for human service.

There remains to be told the sequel

of this story. If you find it hard to imagine a state in which great corporations were menacing things, still harder will you find it to imagine a condition in which trade unions could be oppressive. At their worst these unions did a vast amount of good, and not within my recollection has the necessity of having them been questioned. Labor must be consolidated if it is to have a fair chance in its dealings with capital; and when the organization proceeds on a free and generous plan, it is unqualifiedly good. When it keeps good men out of its membership, and drives all but members away from its field of labor, it is clearly not a good thing for the excluded men. This is maintaining by force a certain monopoly.

The force that is used to keep outside men from working is, of course, illegal. The non-union man is a citizen, with the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and every missile that is thrown at him for working where he is not wanted is a criminal assault. If it be done with the connivance of policemen and other local officials, it means a government by mob, and not a true democracy; and yet for a score of years the people of this country saw this going on, and winked at a certain amount of it. They stopped it in extreme cases, but not in others.

It is easy to say that this meant simply a rotten condition of the body politic; and yet there was a principle that, in an unconscious way, was governing the conduct of the people. It was seen that trade unions and strikes could be of little value to laborers if outside men could be gathered together from all parts of the country, taken to the point of conflict, and used to break up the strike. Enough could always be thus secured to man any one mill; and if these were fully protected, the old operatives could be made either to work for reduced wages or to lose their places. Union labor could thus never get a rate of pay much higher than that earned by those

men who had not the advantage of collective bargaining. The offer of employment had the effect of drawing together a force made up of persons who had been handicapped by their isolation, and were now glad to take even an unnaturally low rate of pay. What advantage is there in union, if the gain that comes through collective action has to be sacrificed whenever employers choose to get together a force made up of men of the helpless class?

On the other hand, it was clear that one chief reason for the low wages that these men were willing to take lay in the fact that they were excluded from certain lucrative fields of employment. Not only were they isolated, but they were oppressed. Trusts had harmed them, and certain trade unions had contributed to the injury. The people could not be passive and see them clubbed *ad libitum*; and it came about that the mob itself sometimes protected them during a strike which seemed to the local public to be very unjust, and sacrificed them in any strike which seemed at all just. It was the crudest kind of arbitration, and made victims of the unfortunate men who were trying to work; but through the first decades of the century it was what we had to depend on, and we forced ourselves to become inured to it.

In new mills, built to compete with trusts and manned by non-union men, the workers enjoyed protection, and this became complete whenever they made independent unions of their own. A considerable number of new and democratic labor unions were formed, and this policy was favored by employers, since it gave the men security and made it easier to retain them. As the new mills increased in number, they drew to themselves more and more men from the ranks of the proletariat and put them in positions of comfort. Occupations for the poor were opening in many directions.

It remained for the state to offer charters to the new organizations of work-

men. It was done by a law of Congress making it possible for labor everywhere to incorporate itself under the federal authority. Such charters were accepted at once by the newer unions; and when the older ones learned that a responsible body can get higher wages than one whose contracts are liable to be broken, they began to accept charters for themselves. This was the beginning of that system of legalized trade unions which is now universal.

Admission to the newer unions had always been free, and admission to the older ones finally became so. The monopoly of labor was at an end. There were tests for the admission of members, and the quality of workmanship was very properly guarded; but good workmen were no longer debarred from practicing their trades. In the end membership in the unions became compulsory, and the system became essentially the one under which we are still living. Prove your fitness for working at a trade, register your name in a public office, pay a nominal fee for the registration, and you may practice the craft in security in any city in the United States. The issue between union and non-union labor is at an end; for it is all in unions. The benefit of collective bargaining is enjoyed by all, but that of monopoly is enjoyed by none.

The enlightened policy of the new labor unions gave us our "schools of industry," or "tramp houses," as they were once called. You may not remember that the original purpose of them was to furnish work for the unemployed, and not to give instruction or to examine candidates for admission to the various trades. They grew naturally into the institution which, as you know, has taken the only great evil out of our progressive industry. When men lose their occupations by the invention of a new machine, the schools keep them employed, at a reduced rate of pay, till they can learn a new craft and find a place to practice it.

This instruction could not be given, except at a ruinous cost to the state, unless the schools made goods and sold them in the market; and well do I remember how the proposal to do this was once combated. Would not the products of these schools overstock the markets? Would they not be sold cheaply, and be the means of breaking down the prices of goods made in the ordinary shops? Would they not throw good workmen out of employment? "Very well," said the advocates of the scheme. "We will see to it that the goods made in these training shops never reach the general market at all. We will have farms, flouring mills, bakeries, woolen mills, cotton mills, shoeshops, etc., and we will make in them just the varieties of goods that the inmates need for their own use. We will pay these men in orders on the shops themselves. The idle throng that lives in misery, and is both a burden and a menace to the country, shall be changed into an independent, self-sustaining population." For a few years this was done. We had within the general body of the people a class of workers so organized that they catered solely to their own wants, and lived much as they would have done if they had been the sole population of a large and productive island. They neither bought goods from the ordinary makers nor sold them to the ordinary consumers. If all the unemployed had been taken bodily out of the country, the effect on the remaining population would have been much the same as was that of these places of refuge and instruction. There was, however, this important gain from the presence of the schools: they received from the environing society every man who lost his employment, and in due time gave back a man trained to work well, and they put him into a place where his work was needed. While there was no commerce in *goods* between the world of the schools and the larger world about them, there was a constant exchange of men between them; and in

these exchanges society without was vastly the gainer. This isolating of the schools was before long abandoned, since every one saw that merging the smaller market for goods which the schools contained within themselves in the larger and more general market could endanger no one's position. If the apprentices of the state sold their products to other citizens, they would buy products in return, and for nothing would the demand be reduced. It was this step which put the beneficent institution on its present footing as a natural clearing house for labor, to which every one applies when he wants trained employees. The idea that a system which finds work for all who need it can deprive men of employment *while it is fulfilling its purpose* would occur to no one to-day; and it will take an effort of imagination on your part to put yourselves into the place of those who once actually entertained it. Very real and serious, however, was this early opposition to employing tramps, prisoners, paupers, pupils of schools, soldiers, or any other persons whom the state might take into wardship, in making goods that should be offered for sale. We are well rid of a bad delusion.

Naturally and quite early these schools became places for testing the attainments of men who wished to be enrolled in trade unions, though it is only recently that a certificate from one of them has been required of every such applicant. Through this gateway to-day every candidate for a position must pass: and the redeeming fact is that every one can pass it if he has the needed skill; and if he has not the skill, he can gain it in the schools themselves.

I should be glad to tell you how the dangers inherent in this institution were avoided. The chief of them was political. At an earlier date the bosses would have found a way of controlling the votes of this army of public apprentices. The new democracy was able to surmount the peril; for now the power

of the boss was greatly reduced, that of the new trade unions was increased, and the voters saw to it that the pay given to the apprentices should be kept far below the rate that, on leaving the schools, they could earn. They had no desire to become dependents of the politicians.

Gladly would I tell of the growth of our courts of arbitration for the settlement of disputes between employers and employed. They have evolved out of the old and inefficient tribunals, and their success is due to the fact that they now have what the early courts lacked, — a basis on which to found just decisions. In the way of wages, whatever an authorized trade union is willing to take is certain to be nearly a fair rate. If a local union strikes for one rate, and no other union will do the work for less, the rate demanded is apt to be a fair one. With all bargains made collectively between responsible and incorporated bodies, the difficulty of agreeing on fair terms is not a tithe of what it was.

I might tell of reforms in the tenure of land; and very loud, at one time, was the outcry from a few persons against all private titles to it. Was not this the gift of nature? Does not society in its collective capacity own it? If it does, let it take it, and that, too, without the smallest compensation to the usurping holders. This outcry came to an end when it was found that the savings of working people were chiefly invested in "land values." With security of employment many of them had developed what used to be called "land hunger," and had become proprietors of homes. More of them had deposited their savings with banks and trust companies which had loaned it on the security afforded by land. A large number had insurance policies which would have become nearly worthless if the mortgages held by the insuring companies had been deprived of their chief security. "Are we ourselves the usurpers?" these workingmen asked. "Have we seized anything that we did

not pay for in money honestly earned? Did not the state invite us to put our earnings into this form, and will it take them from us because we have accepted its own policy?" The demand for confiscation subsided, but the need of a free use of the power of eminent domain has been met. For any good purpose the state takes land and pays for it. It has changed the laws of trespass, and made it impossible for a chain of estates so to stretch itself along the shore of the sea as to debar the multitude from access to the ocean. Great mountains are now virtually all men's property, and the right of man to go where he will is nowhere unduly restricted.

I should like to tell how workers generally became capitalists, in their way, by means of their savings, and of the encouragement to saving that was given when the bonds and even the stocks of corporations ceased to be of doubtful quality, and I should like to speak of the fair taxation that has been made possible by the incorporating of so many industries.

It all comes to this: we have a new democracy, and it is on a sound industrial basis. Most men still live largely by labor; but work is not merely honorable, — it is profitable. The accumulated results of it have put the multitude on a plane of comfort that has never before been approached. The people are economically independent and politically sovereign. They really rule, and it appears that this is a guarantee of good ruling; for though they sometimes blunder, they discover and correct their mistakes. Collectively they will not cheat, for that would be cheating themselves. They are the principal party in interest when important measures are pending.

The century is not closing without issues to be settled. You know what for-

eign relations now mean: not a struggle to keep from fighting, but an effort to adjust trade connections and other vast and involved interests. The very intimacy in which nations live, while it guarantees peace, makes work for the international courts. In individual morality we are not yet at the portal of the millennium; for prosperity has brought its sore temptations. Here, indeed, our gains seem to be in some danger, and in this direction the strongest effort is needed in order to save them. A certain manly quality in our people gives assurance that we have the personal material out of which a millennium may grow. Fraternity abounds where once it was rare. We can all look with toleration on our billionaires, knowing as we do how little the excess of their property really does for them. In the retrospect, it seems to me as if the ship that carries our fortunes had once been half disabled by storms, but had outridden them and were well on its way to port. More wealth, strength, and virtue are yet to be attained, and in the struggle against evils we shall gain moral stamina. There are contests enough still in progress to give virility to the popular character. You have work before you, children of the twenty-first century; but my hope is that the area of greatest danger has been passed, and that your tasks will be lighter than ours have been, and your strength greater.

At the close of Mr. Livingstone's address the Historical Society adjourned, and the people of the city closed their festivities by singing together the new Hymn of the Republic. With a more buoyant feeling than has ever before been apparent they have now resumed their usual tasks.

John Bates Clark.

THE OUTGOING OF THE TIDE.¹

"Between the hours of twelve and one, even at the turning of the tide."

MEN come from distant parts to admire the tides of Solway, which race in at flood and retreat at ebb with a greater speed than a horse can follow. But nowhere are there queerer waters than in our own parish of Caulds, at the place called the Sker Bay, where between two horns of land a shallow estuary receives the stream of the Sker. I never daunder by its shores and see the waters hurrying like messengers from the great deep without solemn thoughts, and a memory of Scripture words on the terror of the sea. The vast Atlantic may be fearful in its wrath, but with us it is no clean open rage, but the deceit of the creature, the unholy ways of quicksands when the waters are gone, and their stealthy return like a thief in the night watches. But in times of which I write there were more awful fears than any from the violence of nature. It was before the day of my ministry in Caulds, for then I was a tot callant in short clothes in my native parish of Lesmahagow; but the worthy Dr. Chrystal, who had charge of spiritual things, has told me often of the power of Satan and his emissaries in that lonely place. It was the day of warlocks and apparitions, now happily driven out by the zeal of the General Assembly. Witches pursued their wanchancy calling, bairns were spirited away, young lassies sold their souls to the Evil One, and the Accuser of the Brethren, in the shape of a black tyke, was seen about cottage doors in the gloaming. Many and earnest were the prayers of good Dr. Chrystal, but the evil thing, in spite of his wrestling, grew and flourished in his midst. The parish stank of idolatry, abominable rites were practiced in secret,

and in all the bounds there was no one had a more evil name for the black traffic than one Alison Sempill, who bode at the Skerburnfoot.

The cottage stood nigh the burn, in a little garden, with lilyoaks and grosart bushes lining the pathway. The Sker ran by in a line among rowand trees, and the noise of its waters was ever about the place. The highroad on the other side was frequented by few, for a nearer-hand way to the west had been made through the lower Moss. Sometimes a herd from the hills would pass by with sheep, sometimes a tinkler or a wandering merchant, and once in a long while the laird of Heriotside on his grey horse riding to Gledsmuir. And they who passed would see Alison trupling in her garden, speaking to herself like the ill wife she was, or sitting on a cutty-stool by the doorside, with her eyes on other than mortal sights. Where she came from no man could tell. There were some said she was no woman, but a ghost haunting some mortal tenement. Others would threep she was gentrice, come of a persecuting family in the west, who had been ruined in the Revolution wars. She never seemed to want for siller; the house was as bright as a new preen, the yaird better derved than the manse garden; and there was routh of fowls and doos about the small steading, forbye a whee sheep and milk-kye in the fields. No man ever saw Alison at any market in the countryside, and yet the Skerburnfoot was plenished yearly in all proper order. One man only worked on the place, a doited lad who had long been a charge to the parish, and who had not the sense to fear danger or the wit to understand it. Upon all others the sight of Alison, were it but for a mothe Gospel in the Parish of Caulds, and Author of Satan's Artifices against the Elect.

¹ From the Unpublished Remains of the Reverend John Dennistoun, Sometime Minister of
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ment, cast a cold grue, not to be remembered without terror. It seems she was not ordinarily ill-famed, as men use the word. She was maybe sixty years in age, small and trig, with her grey hair folded neatly under her mutch. But the sight of her eyes was not a thing to forget. John Dodds said they were the een of a deer with the Devil ahint them; and indeed, they would so appal an onlooker that a sudden unreasoning terror came into his heart, while his feet would impel him to flight. Once John, being overtaken in drink on the roadside by the cottage, and dreaming that he was burning in hell, awoke and saw the old wife hobbling toward him. Thereupon he fled soberly to the hills, and from that day became a quiet-living, humble-minded Christian. She moved about the country like a ghost, gathering herbs in dark loanings, lingering in kirkyairds, and casting a blight on innocent bairns. Once Robert Smellie found her in a ruinous kirk on the Lang Muir, where of old the idolatrous rites of Rome were practiced. It was a hot day, and in the quiet place the flies buzzed in clouds, and he noted that she sat clothed in them as with a garment, yet suffering no discomfort. Then he, having mind of Beelzebub, the god of flies, fled without a halt homewards; but, falling in the coo's loan, broke two ribs and a collar bone, the whilk misfortune was much blessed to his soul. And there were darker tales in the countryside, of weans stolen, of lassies misguided, of innocent beasts cruelly tortured, and in one and all there came in the name of the wife of the Skerburnfoot. It was noted by them that kenned best that her cantrips were at their worst when the tides in the Sker Bay ebbed between the hours of twelve and one. At this season of the night the tides of mortality run lowest, and when the outgoing of these unco waters fell in with the setting of the current of life, then indeed was the hour for unholy revels. While honest men slept in

their beds, the auld rudas carlines took their pleasure. That there is a delight in sin no man denies, but to most it is but a broken glint in the pauses of their conscience. But what must be the hellish joy of those lost beings who have forsworn God, and trysted with the Prince of Darkness, it is not for a Christian to say. Certain it is that it must be great, though their master waits at the end of the road to claim the wizened things they call their souls. Serious men — notably Gidden Scott in the Bach of the Hill, and Simon Wanch in the Sheilin of Chasehope — have seen Alison wandering on the wet sands, dancing to no earthy musick, while the heavens, they said, were full of lights and sounds which betokened the presence of the Prince of the Powers of the Air. It was a season of heart-searching for God's saints in Caulds, and the dispensation was blessed to not a few.

It will seem strange that in all this time the Presbytery was idle, and no effort was made to rid the place of so fell an influence. But there was a reason, and the reason, as in most like cases, was a lassie. Forbye Alison there lived at the Skerburnfoot a young maid, Ailie Sempill, who by all accounts was as good and bonnie as the other was evil. She passed for a daughter of Alison's, — whether born in wedlock or not I cannot tell; but there were some said she was no kin to the auld witch wife, but some bairn spirited away from honest parents. She was young and blithe, with a face like an April morning, and a voice in her that put the laverocks to shame. When she sang in the kirk, folk have told me that they had a foretaste of the musick of the New Jerusalem, and when she came in by the village of Caulds old men stottered to their doors to look at her. Moreover, from her earliest days the bairn had some glimmerings of grace. Though no minister would visit the Skerburnfoot, or, if he went, departed quicker than he came, the girl Ailie attended

regular at the catechising at the mains of Sker. It may be that Alison thought she would be a better offering for the Devil if she were given the chance of forswearing God, or it may be that she was so occupied in her own dark business that she had no care of the bairn. Meanwhile, the lass grew up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. I have heard Dr. Chrystal say that he never had a communicant more full of the things of the Spirit. From the day when she first declared her wish to come forward to the hour when she broke bread at the table, she walked like one in a dream. The lads of the parish might cast admiring eyes on her bright cheeks and yellow hair, as she sat in her white gown in the kirk, but well they knew she was not for them. To be the bride of Christ was the thought that filled her heart; and when, at the fencing of the table, Dr. Chrystal preached from Matthew nine and fifteen, "Can the children of the bridechamber mourn as long as the bridegroom is with them?" it was remarked by sundry that Ailie's face was liker the countenance of an angel than of a mortal lass.

It is with the day of her first communion that this narrative of mine begins. As she walked home, after the morning table, she communed in secret, and her heart sang within her. She had mind of God's mercies in the past; how he had kept her feet from the snares of evil doers which had been spread around her youth. She had been told unholy charms like the Seven South Streams and the Nine Rowand Berries, and it was noted, when she went first to the catechising, that she prayed, "Our Father which wert in heaven," the prayer which the ill wife Alison had taught her; meaning by it Lucifer, who had been in heaven, and had been cast out therefrom. But when she had come to years of discretion, she had freely chosen the better part, and evil had ever been repelled from her soul like gled water from the

stones of Gled brig. Now she was in a rapture of holy content. The Druchen Bell — for the ungodly fashion lingered in Caulds — was ringing in her ears as she left the village, but to her it was but a kirk bell and a goodly sound. As she went through the woods where the primroses and the whitethorn were blossoming, the place seemed as the land of Elim, wherein there were twelve wells and threescore and ten palm trees. And then, as it might be, another thought came into her head, for it is ordained that frail mortality cannot long continue in holy joy. In the kirk she had been only the bride of Christ, but as she came through the wood, with the birds lilt-ing and the winds of the world blowing, she had mind of another lover; for this lass, though so cold to men, had not escaped the common fate. It seems that the young Heriot-side, riding by one day, stopped to speir something or other, and got a glisk of Ailie's face which caught his fancy. He passed the road again many times, and then he would meet her in the gloaming, or of a morning in the field as she went to fetch the kye. "Blue are the hills that are far away," is an owercome in the countryside, and while at first on his side it may have been but a young man's fancy, to her he was like the god Apollo descending from the skies. He was good to look on, brawly dressed, and with a tongue in his head that would have wiled the bird from the tree. Moreover, he was of gentle kin, and she was a poor lass biding in a cot house with an ill-reputed mother. It seems that in time the young man, who had begun the affair with no good intentions, fell honestly in love, while she went singing about the doors as innocent as a bairn, thinking of him when her thoughts were not on higher things. So it came about that long ere Ailie reached home it was on young Heriot-side that her mind dwelled, and it was the love of him that made her eyes glow and her cheeks redden.

Now it chanced that at that very hour her master had been with Alison, and the pair of them were preparing a deadly pit. Let no man say that the Devil is not a cruel tyrant. He may give his folk some scrapings of unhallowed pleasure, but he will exact tithes, yea, of anise and cummin, in return, and there is aye the reckoning to pay at the hinder end. It seems that now he was driving Alison hard. She had been remiss of late, — fewer souls sent to hell, less zeal in quenching the Spirit, and, above all, the crowning offense that her bairn had communicated in Christ's kirk. She had waited overlong, and now it was like that Ailie would escape her toils. I have no skill of fancy to tell of that dark colloque, but the upshot was that Alison swore by her lost soul and the pride of sin to bring the lass into thrall to her master. The fiend had bare departed when Ailie came over the threshold to find the auld carline glunching over the fire.

It was plain she was in the worst of tempers. She flyted on the lass till the poor thing's cheek paled. "There you gang," she cries, "broking wi' thae wearifu' Pharisees o' Caulds, whae daurna darken your mither's door! A bonnie dutiful child, quotha! Wumman, hae ye nae pride, or even the excuse o' a tinkler-lass?" And then she changed her voice and would be as saft as honey: "My puir wee Ailie, was I thrawn till ye? Never mind, my bonnie. You and me are a' that's left, and we maunna be ill to ither." And then the two had their dinner, and all the while the auld wife was crooning over the lass. "We maun 'gree weel," she says, "for we're like to be our lee-lane for the rest o' our days. They tell me Heriotside is seeking Joan o' the Croft, and they're sune to be cried in Gledsmuir's kirk."

It was the first the lass had heard of it, and you may fancy she was struck dumb. And so with one thing and other the auld witch raised the fiends of jeal-

ousy in that innocent heart. She would cry out that Heriotside was an ill-doing wastrel, and had no business to come and flatter honest lassies. And then she would speak of his gentle birth and his leddy mother, and say it was indeed presumption to hope that so great a gentleman could mean all that he said. Before long Ailie was silent and white, while her mother rimed on about men and their ways. And then she could thole it no longer, but must go out and walk by the burn to cool her hot brow and calm her thoughts, while the witch indoors laughed to herself at her devices.

For days Ailie had an absent eye and a sad face, and it so fell out that in all that time young Heriotside, who had scarce missed a day, was laid up with a broken arm and never came near her. So in a week's time she was beginning to hearken to her mother when she spoke of incantations and charms for restoring love. She kenned it was sin, but though not seven days syne she had sat at the Lord's table, so strong is love in a young heart that she was on the very brink of it. But the grace of God was stronger than her weak will. She would have none of her mother's runes and philters, though her soul cried out for them. Always when she was most disposed to listen some merciful power stayed her consent. Alison grew thrawner as the hours passed. She kenned of Heriotside's broken arm, and she feared that any day he might recover and put her stratagems to shame. And then it seems that she colloqued with her master and heard word of a subtler device. For it was approaching that uncanny time of year, the festival of Beltane, when the auld pagans were wont to sacrifice to their god Baal. In this season warlocks and carlines have a special dispensation to do evil, and Alison waited on its coming with graceless joy. As it happened, the tides in the Sker Bay ebbed at this time between the hours of twelve and one, and, as I have said, this was the

hour above all others when the Powers of Darkness were most potent. Would the lass but consent to go abroad in the unhallowed place at this awful season and hour of the night, she was as firmly handfasted to the Devil as if she had signed a bond with her own blood; for then, it seemed, the forces of good fled far away, the world for one hour was given over to its ancient prince, and the man or woman who willingly sought the spot was his bondservant forever. There are deadly sins from which God's people may recover. A man may even communicate unworthily, and yet, so be it he sin not against the Holy Ghost, he may find forgiveness. But it seems that for the Beltane sin there could be no pardon, and I can testify from my own knowledge that they who once committed it became lost souls from that day. • James Denchar, once a promising professor, fell thus out of sinful bravery and died blaspheming; and of Kate Mallison, who went the same road, no man can tell. Here indeed was the witch wife's chance; and she was the more keen, for her master had warned her that this was her last chance. Either Ailie's soul would be his, or her auld wrinkled body and black heart would be flung from this pleasant world to their apportioned place.

Some days later it happened that young Heriotside was stepping home over the Lang Muir about ten at night, it being his first jaunt from home since his arm had mended. He had been to the supper of the Forest Club at the Cross Keys in Gledsmuir, a clamjamphry of wild young blades who passed the wine and played at cartes once a fortnight. It seems he had drunk well, so that the world ran round about and he was in the best of tempers. The moon came down and bowed to him, and he took off his hat to it. For every step he traveled miles, so that in a little he was beyond Scotland altogether and pacing the Arabian desert. He thought he was the Pope of Rome, so he held

out his foot to be kissed, and rolled twenty yards to the bottom of a small brae. Syne he was the king of France, and fought hard with a whin bush till he had banged it to pieces. After that nothing would content him but he must be a bogle, for he found his head dunting on the stars and his legs were knocking the hills together. He thought of the mischief he was doing to the auld earth, and sat down and cried at his wickedness. Then he went on, and maybe the steep road to the Moss Rig helped him, for he began to get soberer and ken his whereabouts.

On a sudden he was aware of a man linking along at his side. He cried a fine night, and the man replied. Syne, being merry from his cups, he tried to slap him on the back. The next he kenned he was rolling on the grass, for his hand had gone clean through the body and found nothing but air.

His head was so thick with wine that he found nothing droll in this. "Faith, friend," he says, "that was a nasty fall for a fellow that has supped weel. Where might your road be gaun to?"

"To the World's End," said the man, "but I stop at the Skerburnfoot."

"Bide the night at Heriotside," says he. "It's a thought out of your way, but it's a comfortable bit."

"There's mair comfort at the Skerburnfoot," said the dark man.

Now the mention of the Skerburnfoot brought back to him only the thought of Ailie, and not of the witch wife, her mother. So he jaloused no ill, for at the best he was slow in the uptake.

The two of them went on together for a while, Heriotside's fool head filled with the thought of the lass. Then the dark man broke silence. "Ye're thinkin' o' the maid Ailie Sempill," says he.

"How ken ye that?" asked Heriotside.

"It is my business to read the hearts o' men," said the other.

"And who may ye be?" said Heriotside, growing eerie.

"Just an auld packman," says he; "nae name ye wad ken, but kin to mōny gentle houses."

"And what about Ailie, you that ken sae muckle?" asked the young man.

"Naething," was the answer, — "naething that concerns you, for ye'll never get the lass."

"By God and I will!" says Heriot-side, for he was a profane swearer.

"That's the wrong name to seek her in, ony way," said the man.

At this the young laird struck a great blow at him with his stick, but found nothing to resist him but the hill wind.

When they had gone on a bit the dark man spoke again. "The lassie is thirled to holy things," says he; "she has nae care for flesh and blood, — only for devout contemplation."

"She loves me," says Heriotside.

"Not you," says the other, "but a shadow in your stead."

At this the young man's heart began to tremble, for it seemed that there was truth in what his companion said, and he was owerdrunk to think gravely.

"I kenna whatna man ye are," he says, "but ye have the skill of lassies' hearts. Tell me truly, is there no way to win her to common love?"

"One way there is," said the man, "and for our friendship's sake I will tell you it. If ye can ever tryst wi' her on Beltane's E'en on the Sker sands, at the green link o' the burn where the sands begin, on the ebb o' the tide when the midnight is by, but afore cockcrow, she'll be yours, body and soul, for this world and forever."

And then it appeared to the young man that he was walking his love up the grass walk of Heriotside, with the house close by him. He thought no more of the stranger he had met, but the word stuck in his heart.

It seems that about this very time Alison was telling the same tale to poor Ailie. She cast up to her every idle gossip she could think of. "It's Joan

o' the Croft," was aye her owercome, and she would threep that they were to be cried in kirk on the first Sabbath of May. And then she would rime on about the black cruelty of it, and cry down curses on the lover, so that her daughter's heart grew cauld with fear. It is terrible to think of the power of the world even in a redeemed soul. Here was a maid who had drunk of the well of grace and tasted of God's mercies, and yet there were moments when she was ready to renounce her hope. At those awful seasons God seemed far off and the world very nigh, and to sell her soul for love looked a fair bargain; at other times she would resist the Devil and comfort herself with prayer; but aye when she woke there was the sore heart, and when she went to sleep there were the weary eyes. There was no comfort in the goodliness of spring or the bright sunshine weather, and she who had been wont to go about the doors lightfoot and blithe was now as dowie as a widow woman.

And then one afternoon in the hinder end of April came young Heriotside riding to the Skerburnfoot. His arm was healed, he had got him a fine new suit of green, and his horse was a mettle beast that well set off his figure. Ailie was standing by the doorstep as he came down the road, and her heart stood still with joy. But a second thought gave her anguish. This man, so gallant and braw, would never be for her; doubtless the fine suit and the capering horse were for Joan o' the Croft's pleasure. And he, in turn, when he remarked her wan cheeks and dowie eyes, had mind of what the dark man said on the muir, and saw in her a maid sworn to no mortal love. Yet his passion for her had grown fiercer than ever, and he swore to himself that he would win her back from her phantasies. She, one may believe, was ready enough to listen. As she walked with him by the Sker water his words were like musick to her ears,

and Alison within doors laughed to herself and saw her devices prosper.

He spoke to her of love and his own heart, and the girl hearkened gladly. Syne he rebuked her coldness and cast scorn upon her piety, and so far was she beguiled that she had no answer. Then from one thing and another he spoke of some true token of their love. He said he was jealous, and craved something to ease his care. "It's but a small thing I ask," says he, "but it will make me a happy man, and nothing ever shall come atween us. Tryst wi' me for Beltane's E'en on the Sker sands, at the green link o' the burn where the sands begin, on the ebb o' the tide when midnight is by, but afore cockerow. For," said he, "that was our forbears' tryst for true lovers, and wherefore no for you and me?"

The lassie had grace given her to refuse, but with a woeful heart, and Heriot-side rode off in black discontent, leaving poor Ailie to sigh her love. He came back the next day and the next, but aye he got the same answer. A season of great doubt fell upon her soul. She had no clearness in her hope, nor any sense of God's promises. The Scriptures were an idle tale to her, prayer brought her no refreshment, and she was convicted in her conscience of the unpardonable sin. Had she been less full of pride, she would have taken her troubles to good Dr. Chrystal and got comfort; but her grief made her silent and timorous, and she found no help anywhere. Her mother was ever at her side, seeking with coaxings and evil advice to drive her to the irrevocable step. And all the while there was her love for the man riving in her bosom, and giving her no ease by night or day. She believed she had driven him away, and repented her denial. Only her pride held her back from going to Heriot-side and seeking him herself. She watched the road hourly for a sight of his face, and when the darkness came she would

sit in a corner brooding over her sorrows.

At last he came, speiring the old question. He sought the same tryst, but now he had a further tale. It seemed he was eager to get her away from the Sker-burnside and auld Alison. His aunt, Lady Balcrynie, would receive her gladly at his request till the day of their marriage; let her but tryst with him at the hour and place he named, and he would carry her straight to Balcrynie, where she would be safe and happy. He named that hour, he said, to escape men's observation, for the sake of her own good name. He named that place, for it was near her dwelling, and on the road between Balcrynie and Heriot-side, which fords the Sker Burn. The temptation was more than mortal heart could resist. She gave him the promise he sought, stifling the voice of conscience; and as she clung to his neck it seemed to her that heaven was a poor thing compared with a man's love.

Three days remained till Beltane's E'en, and throughout this time it was noted that Heriot-side behaved like one possessed. It may be that his conscience pricked him, or that he had a glimpse of his sin and its coming punishment. Certain it is that if he had been daft before, he now ran wild in his pranks, and an evil report of him was in every mouth. He drank deep at the Cross Keys, and fought two battles with young lads that had angered him. One he let off with a touch on the shoulder; the other goes lame to this day from a wound he got in the groin. There was word of the procurator fiscal taking note of his doings, and troth, if they had continued long he must have fled the country. For a wager he rode his horse down the Dow Craig, wherefore the name of the place has been the Horseman's Craig ever since. He laid a hundred guineas with the laird of Slofferfield that he would drive four horses through the Slofferfield loch, and in the prank he

had his bit chariot dung to pieces and a good mare killed. And all men observed that his eyes were wild and the face grey and thin, and that his hand would twitch, as he held the glass, like one with the palsy.

The Eve of Beltane was lower and hot in the low country, with fire hanging in the clouds and thunder grumbling about the heavens. It seems that up in the hills it had been an awesome deluge of rain, but on the coast it was still dry and lowering. It is a long road from Heriotside to the Skerburnfoot. First you go down the Heriot water, and syne over the Lang Muir to the edge of Mucklewhan. When you pass the steadings of Mirehope and Cockmalane, you turn to the right and ford the Mire Burn. That brings you on to the turnpike road, which you will ride till it bends inland, while you keep on straight over the Whinny Knowes to the Sker Bay. There, if you are in luck, you will find the tide out and the place fordable dryshod for a man on a horse. But if the tide runs, you will do well to sit down on the sands and content yourself till it turn, or it will be the solans and scarts of the Solway that will be seeing the next of you. On this Beltane's E'en, the young man, after supping with some wild young blades, bade his horse be saddled about ten o'clock. The company were eager to ken his errand, but he waved them back. "Bide here," he says, "and boil the wine till I return. This is a ploy of my own on which no man follows me." And there was that in his face, as he spoke, which chilled the wildest, and left them well content to keep to the good claret and the soft seat, and let the daft laird go his own ways.

Well and on he rode down the bridle path in the wood, along the top of the Heriot glen, and as he rode he was aware of a great noise beneath him. It was not wind, for there was none, and it was not the sound of thunder; and aye as he spied at himself what it was it grew

the louder, till he came to a break in the trees. And then he saw the cause, for Heriot was coming down in a furious flood, sixty yards wide, tearing at the roots of the aiks and flinging red waves against the drystone dykes. It was a sight and sound to solemnise a man's mind, deep calling unto deep, the great waters of the hills running to meet with the great waters of the sea. But Heriotside recked nothing of it, for his heart had but one thought and the eye of his fancy one figure. Never had he been so filled with love of the lass; and yet it was not happiness, but a deadly, secret fear.

As he came to the Lang Muir it was gey and dark, though there was a moon somewhere behind the clouds. It was little he could see of the road, and ere-long he had tried many moss pools and sloughs, as his braw new coat bare witness. Aye in front of him was the great hill of Mucklewhan, where the road turned down by the Mire. The noise of the Heriot had not long fallen behind him ere another began, the same eerie sound of burns crying to ither in the darkness. It seemed that the whole earth was overrun with waters. Every little runnel in the bay was astir, and yet the land around him was as dry as flax, and no drop of rain had fallen. As he rode on the din grew louder, and as he came over the top of Mirehope he kenned by the mighty rushing noise that something uncommon was happening with the Mire Burn. The light from Mirehope Sheelin twinkled on his left, and had the man not been dozed with his fancies he might have observed that the steadying was deserted and men were crying below in the fields. But he rode on, thinking of but one thing, till he came to the cot house of Cockmalane, which is nigh the fords of the Mire.

John Dodds, the herd who bode in the place, was standing at the door, and he looked to see who was on the road so late.

"Stop!" says he, — "stop, Laird Heriotside! I kenna what your errand is, but it is to no holy purpose that ye're out on Beltane E'en. D'ye no hear the warring o' the waters?"

And then in the still night came the sound of Mire like the clash of armies.

"I must win over the ford," says the laird quickly, thinking of another thing.

"Ford!" cried John, in scorn. "There'll be nae ford for you the nicht unless it was the ford o' the river Jordan. The burns are up and bigger than man ever saw them. It'll be a Beltane's E'en that a' folk will remember. They tell me that Gled valley is like a loch, and that there's an awesome heap o' folk drowned in the hills. Gin ye were ower the Mire, what about crossin' the Caulds and the Sker?" says he, for he jaloused he was going to Gledsmuir.

And then it seemed that that word brought the laird to his senses. He looked the airt the rain was coming from, and he saw it was the airt the Sker flowed. In a second, he has told me, the works of the Devil were revealed to him. He saw himself a tool in Satan's hands; he saw his tryst a device for the destruction of the body as it was assuredly meant for the destruction of the soul; and there came black on his mind the picture of an innocent lass borne down by the waters, with no place for repentance. His heart grew cold in his breast. He had but one thought, — a sinful and reckless one: to get to her side, that the two might go together to their account. He heard the roar of the Mire as in a dream, and when John Dodds laid hands on his bridle he felled him to the earth. And the next seen of it was the laird riding the floods like a man possessed.

The horse was the grey stallion he aye rode, the very beast he had ridden for many a wager with the wild lads of the Cross Keys. No man but himself durst back it, and it had lamed many a hostler lad and broke two necks in its day. But it seems it had the mettle for any

flood, and took the Mire with little spurring. The herds on the hillside looked to see man and steed swept into eternity; but though the red waves were breaking about his shoulders, and he was swept far down, he aye held on for the shore. The next thing the watchers saw was the laird struggling up the far bank and casting his coat from him, so that he rode in his sark. And then he set off like a wildfire across the muir toward the turnpike road. Two men saw him on the road, and have recorded their experience. One was a gangrel, by name McNab, who was travelling from Gledsmuir to Allerkirk with a heavy pack on his back and a bowed head. He heard a sound like wind afore him, and, looking up, saw coming down the road a grey horse stretched out to a wild gallop, and a man on its back with a face like a soul in torment. He kenned not whether it was devil or mortal, but flung himself on the roadside and lay like a corp for an hour or more, till the rain aroused him. The other was one Sim Doolittle, the fish hawker from Allerfoot, jogging home in his fish cart from Gledsmuir fair. He had drunk more than was fit for him, and he was singing some light song, when he saw approaching, as he said, the pale horse mentioned in the Revelation, with Death seated as the rider. Thought of his sins came on him like a thunderclap; fear loosened his knees. He leaped from the cart to the road, and from the road to the back of a dyke; thence he flew to the hills, and was found the next morning far up among the Mire Craigs, while his horse and cart were gotten on the Aller sands, the horse lamed and the cart without the wheels.

At the tollhouse the road turns inland to Gledsmuir, and he who goes to the Sker Bay must leave it and cross the wild land called the Whinny Knowes, a place rough with bracken and foxes' holes and old stone cairns. The tollman, John Gilzean, was opening the

window to get a breath of air in the lower night, when he heard or saw the approaching horse. He kenned the beast for Heriotside's, and, being a friend of the laird's, he ran down in all haste to open the yett, wondering to himself about the laird's errand on this night. A voice came down the road to him bidding him hurry; but John's old fingers were slow with the keys, and so it happened that the horse had to stop, and John had time to look up at the gast and woeful face.

"Where away the nicht sae late, laird?" says John.

"I go to save a soul from hell," was the answer.

And then it seems that through the open door there came the chapping of a clock.

"Whatna hour is that?" asks Heriotside.

"Midnight," says John, trembling, for he did not like the look of things.

There was no answer but a groan, and horse and man went racing down the dark hollows of the Whinny Knowes.

How he escaped a broken neck in that dreadful place no human being will ever ken. The sweat, he has told me, stood in cold drops upon his forehead; he scarcely was aware of the saddle in which he sat, and his eyes were stelled in his head so that he saw nothing but the sky ayont him. The night was growing colder, and there was a small sharp wind stirring from the east. But hot or cold, it was all one to him, who was already cold as death. He heard not the sound of the sea nor the pee-seweeps startled by his horse, for the sound that ran in his ears was the roaring Sker water and a girl's cry. The thought kept goading him, and he spurred the grey horse till the creature was madder than himself. It leaped the hole which they call the Devil's Mull as I would step over a thistle, and the next he kenned he was on the edge of the Sker Bay.

It lay before him white and ghaistly, with mist blowing in wafts across it and a slow swaying of the tides. It was the better part of a mile wide, but save for some fathoms in the middle, where the Sker current ran, it was no deeper even at flood than a horse's fetlocks. It looks eerie at bright midday, when the sun is shining and whaups are crying among the seaweeds; but think what it was on that awesome night, with the Powers of Darkness brooding over it like a cloud! The rider's heart quailed for a moment in natural fear. He stepped his beast a few feet in, still staring afore him like a daft man. And then something in the sound or the feel of the waters made him look down, and he perceived that the ebb had begun and the tide was flowing out to sea.

He kenned that all was lost, and the knowledge drove him to stark despair. His sins came in his face like birds of night, and his heart shrunk like a pea. He knew himself for a lost soul, and all that he loved in the world was out in the tides. There, at any rate, he could go, too, and give back that gift of life he had so blackly misused. He cried small and saft like a bairn, and drove the grey out into the water. And aye as he spurred it the foam should have been flying as high as his head, but in that uncanny hour there was no foam; only the waves running sleek like oil. It was not long ere he had come to the Sker channel, where the red moss waters were roaring to the sea, — an ill place to ford in midsummer heat, and certain death, as folk reputed it, at the smallest spate. The grey was swimming; but it seemed the Lord had other purposes for him than death, for neither man nor horse could droun. He tried to leave the saddle, but he could not; he flung the bridle from him, but the grey held on as if some strong hand were guiding. He cried out upon the Devil to help his own; he renounced his Maker and his God: but whatever his punishment, he was not to

be drowned. And then he was silent, for something was coming down the tide.

It came down as quiet as a sleeping bairn, straight for him as he sat with his horse breasting the waters; and as it came the moon crept out of a cloud, and he saw a glint of yellow hair. And then his madness died away, and he was himself again, a weary and stricken man. He hung down over the tide and caught the body in his arms, and then let the grey make for the shallows. He cared no more for the Devil and all his myrmidons, for he kenned brawly he was damned. It seemed to him that his soul had gone from him, and he was as toom as a hazel shell. His breath rattled in his throat, the tears were dried up in his head, his body had lost its strength, and yet he clung to the drowned maid as to a hope of salvation. And then he noted something at which he marvelled dumbly. Her hair was drookit back from her clay-cold brow, her eyes were shut, but in her face there was the peace of a child; it seemed even that her lips were smiling. Here, certes, was no lost soul, but one who had gone joyfully to meet her Lord. It may be in that dark hour at the burn-foot, before the spate caught her, she had been given grace to resist her adversary and fling herself upon God's mercy. And it would seem that it had been granted; for when he came to the Sker-burnfoot, there in the corner sat the weird wife Alison, dead as a stone.

For days Heriotside wandered the country, or sat in his own house with vacant eye and trembling hands. Conviction of sin held him like a vice: he saw the lassie's death laid at his door; her face haunted him by day and night,

and the word of the Lord dirled in his ears, telling of wrath and punishment. The greatness of his anguish wore him to a shadow, and at last he was stretched on his bed and like to perish. In his extremity worthy Dr. Chrystal went to him unasked, and strove to comfort him. Long, long the good man wrestled, but it seemed as if his ministrations were to be of no avail. The fever left his body, and he rose to stotter about the doors; but he was still in his torments, and the mercy-seat was far from him. At last in the back end of the year came Mungo Muirhead to Caulds to the autumn communion, and nothing would serve him but he must try his hand at the storm-tossed soul. He spoke with power and unction, and a blessing came with his words: the black cloud lifted and showed a glimpse of grace, and in a little the man had some assurance of salvation. He became a pillar of Christ's kirk, prompt to check abominations, notably the sin of witchcraft; foremost in good works, but with it all a humble man who walked contritely till his death. When I came first to Caulds I sought to prevail upon him to accept the eldership, but he aye put me by, and when I heard his tale I saw that he had done wisely. I mind him well as he sat in his chair or daundered through Caulds, a kind word for every one and sage counsel in time of distress, but withal a severe man to himself and a crucifier of the body. It seems that this severity weakened his frame, for three years syne come Martinmas he was taken ill with a fever of the bowels, and after a week's sickness he went to his account, where I trust he is accepted.

John Buchan.

WHAT IS THE REAL EMANCIPATION OF WOMAN?

THERE are two tendencies in the direction of the emancipation of woman to-day, and there are two kinds of emancipation possible. On the one side, there is simple impatience with restraint; on the other, a reaching after a higher and broader life. The one sort of impulse animals may feel in common with men; the other is peculiarly human, — it arises only when an idea of something higher and broader dawns upon the mind. The outward results may be more or less the same for a time; but the motives are different, and ultimately the results must be different.

In principle the emancipation of woman does not differ from the emancipation of man. There are men who want to be free only that they may do as they like, — even to the extent of following their basest impulses; others are impatient only at restraints that hinder them from doing their highest and best. The cry for “personal liberty” that we often hear in these days means in some mouths open saloons, open gambling houses, and worse places; perhaps the right to do with wife and child as one likes, or the right to use one’s property as one likes; in short, impatience with salutary social restraints. To others liberty means simply a state of society in which, while all are subject to the law, all have the chance to rise and do and be their best, in which none are hindered because of race or nationality or previous social condition.

It is the passion for liberty in the nobler sense that is the mainspring of progress; and it is this emancipation that (with due abatements) is gradually taking place in the world. What of old was thought to be an order resting on divine right is making way for an order serving the widest human good; divine, too, in the higher sense. Since Luther

religion has been shaping itself into truer, more rational forms. Since the French Revolution the rule of kings and great landowners has yielded to states giving an equal place in their councils to trade and manufactures. With the century just closed the workingman has become a partner in the state. In theory all are active members of the body politic, and to give and maintain chances for all is a part of the state’s function. These changes are not alone political or religious or social, but all together; they involve a general heightening of human existence; it is an enfranchisement of the mind as well as the body, a liberation of the human spirit, that has taken place. But just to the extent that there has been an unchaining of the passions and of unbridled selfish interests there is a shadow side to the picture. There can, of course, be egoism in the commercial class and in the working class as well as in the old-time king and noble class; and so far as this exists there is disorder rather than order in the world.

The emancipation of woman is a part of the general forward movement, and is attended with the same dangers. Along with the labor movement the woman’s movement is one of the glories of the last half century, as the rise to consciousness and power of the trading and manufacturing class was one of the glories of the half century or century previous. In a way, it has the promise of being a greater blessing than either the labor movement or the movement for the elevation of the trading and manufacturing class. So far as it is really a woman’s movement, it means not merely the elevation of a class, but the regeneration of the race. When woman can become something like what she ought to be, the fountains of our being will be renewed.

Woman is coming to believe herself a person. She is coming to have a sense of her essential humanity, — that she is to be something and to do something in the world besides waiting on other people. Of old, a trader, a man of business, was nobody; there were times when people of this class could almost be plucked at will. Down to very recent times the workingman was nobody, and he more or less contentedly accepted his inferior place. Now woman is beginning to rise out of the half-unconscious, half-servile state in which she has lived so long. The spirit of the modern age which is working such wonderful transformations among the sons of men is touching as with a fairy wand the daughters, also, and awakening them out of their sleep. I look on the woman's movement in this spiritual light. There may be license in it, and to this extent there will be temporary evil from it; but at bottom it is due to an ill-defined sense that woman is not what she might be and ought to be, — a sense that her life might be vastly more significant, that she might be a far more valuable member of the race than is at present the case.

This is my interpretation of the underlying meaning even of the efforts for political independence. Woman has heretofore acted in public affairs (if she has acted at all) through man; now she wishes to act for herself. She wishes to broaden her own being; she feels that public interests might be her interests, that she might have views, and she does not see why those views should not count and tell as well as other people's. Is it not an unmixed good when women begin to think about public sanitation, about education, about the care of waifs and truants? And why should they not think about what is fair taxation, and trusts, and the Philippines, and Cuba, and any other public question? Does it not enlarge a woman's horizon to get these wider concerns, does not her intelligence grow, do not her sympathies expand,

does she not become, while no less a woman, more of a human being? If man is not injured by having interests beyond those which concern him as a male, why should woman be by having interests beyond those which concern her as a female? Home is not everything for man or woman, and should not be. It is dear, it is sacred; but there is a larger field of duty. Society, the state, civilization, are, if not so tender, greater words. Home should be a place to rest in, to be refreshed in, to get strength in for the larger tasks. It is already that for man; it might conceivably be so — at least, more than it is — for woman. We all should have the dignity of living — in part — for public ends. And this sort of individual good is identical with the social good. By every one who acquires an interest in public affairs the state is so much richer. It gets new points of view; it is moved to more even-handed justice; by getting a broader base it comes to stand securer. Gladstone knew this when he moved successively for a wider and wider political emancipation of the working class. It applies to the political emancipation of women. The true wealth of a state is not in its dollars, but in its self-conscious citizenship; in those who know the laws and obey them, and make ever better laws; in its *men*, — and this includes women. It is not maleness, but humanity, that is the true basis of a state. That women — whether few or many of them just now — are coming to realize that they are members of humanity, that they have the essential human rights and duties, that they are not simply an appendage to mankind, told off to keep it going, is one of the most encouraging signs of the times. An English statesman¹ lamented, with this in mind, that one half of the intellect of the world had been shut out from the use of men. The movement for woman's political emancipation, timid and hesitating and half-

¹ Sir George Grey.

hearted as it now is, is humanity's movement. It is to be like a fresh stream poured into the current of the larger life: the great river is to move on to the sea, richer, more majestic, for this tributary pouring its waters into it.

From this same point of view I look on the efforts which women are beginning to make for their economic independence. To some it seems a sort of desecration that woman should be compelled to go out into the world to earn her living, and a sort of madness that she should choose to do so. It is thought that the husband or the father or the brother should take care of her; that she should be protected from the rude jostlings of the world. Now there are probably few men who would not save women from any work outside the home, if they could do it. Moreover, grave economic arguments can be urged against their going out into the world and competing with men. They lower the wages of men, it may be said, and this is perhaps true. Sometimes they take the places of men. There are factory towns where women and children have the jobs, and their husbands and fathers bring their dinner pails to them. Hence the labor movement is opposed to the employment of women and children, and I have sympathized with it in being so. Indeed, I have a half-divided mind now, and yet I am increasingly convinced that deeper issues are involved. The great issue is this: If woman is to be a being by herself, she must have property or income for herself. Individuality and property (or income) go together. If woman has her living only as a member of a family, then she must be a member of a family to have a living; that is, an independent being, a free being, she is no longer. If, for instance, she has no father or brother to support her, then she must become a wife. If, to speak quite colloquially, man does the work of the world and has the money, then to get money (or its equivalent) she must oblige him. Every

one who does not wish that woman should be forced into marriage must regard this as an unfavorable position for her. Indeed, every father or brother of the olden time who had any heart in him or respect for womanhood tried to provide for his daughter or sister, at least by giving her a home, and if possible some individual source of income: he does so still. But what are women to do who have n't fathers or brothers who can thus provide for them? Earn their own living; go out into the world and take up the life struggle. This is their only alternative, if they are not to be forced into marriage.

The crowding out into the arena with men has thus a deeper significance than would at first appear. Not only is necessity (in one sense) behind it, but it is a means to a moral end. That end is a position in which a woman shall not be bound to act against her conscience and her heart. Those who have inherited property have that position already; those who have not inherited property have to earn it. Somehow women must become free; they must be able to have a living outside marriage. They must not stoop to marriage, but rise to it. They must not surrender their freedom; they must assert it in taking this great step. They must so act because it is the choice, the great un-compelled choice, of their minds and hearts. To my mind this makes a very deep interest of human life; yes, something upon which about as much hangs as upon anything else I can think of. That women should be free to choose who shall be their mates in one of the most solemn relations human beings can assume to each other, a relation extending in its consequences quite beyond themselves or those about them, and involving the bringing of new beings to the light of day, surpasses in importance most things society cares for.

Grant that, as its first fruits, the economic emancipation of woman brings an intensification of the competitive strug-

gle, a lowering of wages and salaries, a displacement of male workers, a swelling to increased proportions the ranks of the unemployed: I question whether this may not all be better — nay, I am convinced it is better — than that the condition of no-choice which has been the lot of a large part of womankind in the past should continue. Making woman's living depend upon her sex has, as is argued in a recent striking book,¹ unnaturally stimulated her sex development, — has oversexed her, and by transmission oversexed her descendants. No one can tell how far the excess of passions which in themselves are innocent and normal and necessary, but which in their abnormal and excessive development make havoc of human life, is due to this cause. Sometimes the uncivilized races seem to have more self-restraint than the civilized folk of to-day. The very animals have times, perhaps long times, when these passions are in abeyance. Man finds it hard to be calm at any time. We are diseased: sometimes, when one reads the shocking revelations of the extent to which vice exists in the community, one is tempted to say with an old Hebrew prophet, "From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it." We have been accustomed to say that this is natural, that it is our animal inheritance. But it is possible that it comes in no small measure from a preventable cause, and that, in case woman could ever become free again, could get her living as independently as man gets his, and hence be attracted to man in the simple, natural way in which all complementary beings are drawn to one another, and without any necessity of depending upon that attraction for the wherewithal to live, she and her descendants might in course of time become normal and healthful human beings; no longer injuring the race with what was

meant to serve it, no longer blindly "with their own blessedness at strife." It is in view of such possibilities, as well as out of regard for the dignity of woman in herself, that the economic emancipation of woman seems to me of prime importance, — an importance outweighing the painful and distressing phenomena that are so much in evidence in these first stages of the development of the process. It will not do always to judge by the sight of our eyes and the hearing of our ears. We have to use our minds; we have to think whither a thing or a process tends. Few progressive movements fail to work hardship somewhere; the final question is always, Does the race gain?

And then possibly woman's pressing into the competitive struggle will make her realize, as she could not otherwise, the great travail under which the whole world labors. By striving to maintain herself, she will see, as she has never seen before, how man has to strive, and sometimes to agonize, to maintain himself. Perhaps she will see that her cause is one with his, and perhaps she will ask, as he is beginning to ask, whether the painfulness and agony of the strife might not be diminished. Possibly the thought will dawn on her mind that human beings might coöperate in the struggle for life, and contend with nature, but not with one another. Possibly she will see that it is not economy, not good housekeeping, to waste and war as industrial society does now. Perhaps her own pains will bring this home to her. Perhaps her very sympathies, her very innate motherliness, will make her keen to find out, or at least embrace, a way that will alleviate the sorrows of the world. Ah, if we could join a woman's heart, a woman's faith, a woman's patience, a woman's sweet reasonableness, to the cause of social transformation, what added force, what new persuasiveness, that cause might have! Perhaps woman can never allay the world's eco-

¹ *Women and Economics*. By Charlotte Perkins Stetson. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. 1900.

conomic strife till she enters into it, — it being all too unreal to her till then; and perhaps the workers will in time forgive their new competitors, when they find them initiated by their own experience into the common tragedy, and ready to stand with them in seeking and working for a better way. The woman's movement and the labor movement are in their origin diverse, and the woman's movement often looks down upon the labor movement, and the labor movement looks askance in return; but when they understand each other, they will see that their cause is one: that the woman's movement conducts straight to the labor movement, and that the labor movement can never attain its goal till it saves not merely half, but all the workers in the field.

I have referred to marriage, and to the economic emancipation of woman as a means to nobler marriage. I raise no question of emancipation from marriage itself. That would be a false emancipation for woman. There are those who say a woman should not bind herself (for it is understood, of course, that by marriage I do not mean a fleeting relation of the sexes). But the capacity for taking an obligation, I should say, is one of the distinctive marks of a human being. A being of impulse merely cannot bind himself, but a being with will — that is, the power of acting according to some standard or idea — can. It is the very glory of man that something else can guide him than his momentary feelings. To be bound by superior force is indeed ignoble; but to bind one's self, to lay out a certain course, covering no matter how long a time, and then follow it, follow it on principle, — that is one of the very assertions of human freedom. I make no argument for marriage; I take for granted that it is a contract for life, a contract in which a man and woman pledge themselves to be faithful to each other, a contract providing for one of those intimacies which are among the

sacred things of human existence. My point now is that not only are such contracts necessary from the standpoint of the highest interests of society, but that to make them with full consciousness and with due solemnity is to rise to one of the summits of human experience. You may not be able to vow that you will always feel in a certain way, but you can vow that you will always act in a certain way. It is this vow, sincerely taken, that transports a man, transports a woman; that lifts them above themselves, and makes them feel momentarily as if they were laying hold of eternity. Animals do not vow when they mate; and human beings, when they mate without vowing, come perilously near to the condition of animals. Forethought, purpose, will, are of the very essence of distinctive humanity. When life becomes

"all a fashion without law,
Save frail conjecture of a changing wish,"

it loses all it has of human dignity.

Of course, this is because marriage is unlike all ordinary relations. Normally marriage means a family; and what are children without a father and a mother, — without those who take the obligations which these words imply? Yet no one has so much to lose in consenting to any lower view of marriage as woman. With man, some cynic has said, love is an episode; with woman it is a history. This is why experiments cannot be made in marriage, as in so many other things. You can look before you leap, but the leap once taken is irrevocable. You cannot wipe out the past. As one writer,¹ who apparently would have it otherwise, pathetically admits, the experience which it might be thought would give woman "the power of choice is frequently the very one which seals her destiny;" it opens upon her the tragedy of a lifetime, "yet which she cannot do other than accept." Hence no man with a spark of honor in his breast can refuse to father his child, and no free wo-

¹ Mr. Edward Carpenter.

man would consent to have a child by a man who would not father it.¹

But though there can be no emancipation from marriage, this is not saying that there may not be emancipation in marriage. Marriage is not necessarily a one-sided contract, in which the woman agrees to obey or to serve. To consent to make one's self another's subject or servant is unworthy of a human being, even if done freely. In law we do not allow one person to sell himself into slavery to another; the contract is null and void. There is no reason in morals why a woman should put herself at the beck and call of a man. Any true marriage is a relation of equals; it is a relation in which the freedom of each is respected by the other; it is a relation of *mutual* service, in which force is never used, in which command is never heard. If the wife is obliged to submit to her husband, this is barbarism, no matter who, what rite, what Bible, what law, sanctions it. The exercise of authority may be necessary over children, it may be justified in the state at large; but to the extent it is exercised between partners in the marriage relation, the beauty, the sacredness, of the relation is gone. I do not know to just what extent it is legally permissible. Down to recent times, at least, the so-called suit for the restitution of conjugal rights — a suit that practically reduced marriage to what George Sand cynically called it, "the right at common law to outrage a woman" — was possible. John Stuart Mill could make the cutting remark of his day, that marriage was

then "the only form of serfdom recognized by law." To whatever extent these or similar barbarities remain, the task of emancipating woman in marriage is still a real one.²

There is a lesser bit of emancipation in marriage; or rather, in the household. I cannot resist the feeling that our wives and mothers are cumbered with much serving, and that life might be simpler. One would like to see them in possession of a little leisure, — leisure not to do nothing in, but to do something worth while. Why should not woman have a life of her own? Might not some household services be rendered by those who make a business of it? Not that we should be better served than by our wives, but that our wives might be set free. A man likes his own home and his own table, but does he absolutely need his own kitchen? I do not mean, does he not prefer it, but does he need it? Perhaps some do, and others do not. Our wives or their maids used to make our stockings and our coats; they used to spin the yarn and weave the cloth. Now this is done outside; even the bread men eat is often baked outside. Is it beyond the bounds of imagination to conceive of arrangements in which other cooking might be done outside; in which most of the work of a house might be done at stated times by maids and men coming in from the outside; in which the home should be really the home of the family; in which the husband should have his work, whether at home or abroad, and in which the wife should have her work, whether at home or abroad; in which the

¹ In saying all this, I do not mean that in certain unforeseen circumstances the dissolution of the marriage partnership may not be necessary. I only mean that in the intention of the parties when contracting there can be no dissolution, that the contract itself is for life; and I doubt if, when both parties are dutiful (however unfortunate they may otherwise be), the contract need ever be broken.

² My friend Professor George W. Kirchwey, of Columbia University Law School, writes me: "The suit for the restitution of conjugal rights

has never existed in this country. In England it was available to either the husband or the wife until practically abrogated by act of Parliament (47 and 48 Vict. ch. 68) and by the decision in the celebrated Clitheroe Abduction Case (*Regina v. Jackson* [1891], 1 Q. B. 671)." He explains, however, that what was aimed at in the suit was *consortium*, not *concubitus*. So long as the man and woman lived on the same premises, the common law took no further notice of their relations to each other.

children, after they cease to be babies, should have much of their training from those specially fitted for the task (in accordance with an already existing tendency); in which everything should be specialized, and no one should undertake to do many things at once? I cannot resist the feeling that there is emancipation for woman, and no harm for man, and in the long run gain for him, in the line of these possibilities. They do not mean breaking up the home or making it any less sweet a place; the comradeship of thought and affection would be as real as ever, — yes, I suspect more real; the fellowship of old and young, the sense of family unity, would not be in the slightest abated. The mournful fact now is not only that many women can do little outside the home, but that in the home they have so little time for real companionship with their husbands, being too anxious and careful about many things. It is distraction that takes away the calm and dignity of life, the worrying over trifles that might be systematized and the worry of them taken away. Of course, it is the average wife I have now in mind, not the one whose circumstances enable her to rid herself of domestic cares.

My whole thought in this paper is to urge on woman the claims of a larger, fuller, less exclusively feminine, and more human life. Her real emancipation, indeed, is the same as man's. Like him, she needs intellectual emancipation as well as political and economic, — enfranchisement in thought and in religion. Superstition is thought to be excusable in a woman; but why should it be any more than in a man, at least when she has had the opportunity to see through it? Prejudice is thought to be natural to a woman, but who does not see that to say this is to put a slight upon her? Why should not woman try to be rational in her beliefs and opinions as well as man? Is she not to grow, to see before and after, to have her own mind, as well as he? The notion that woman is not to

think, to inquire, to doubt if need be, is of the same origin with the notion that she is born to please man, and must take her opinions from him. The forces that put a stigma upon her for having an independent mind are the same forces that seek to keep her subject in the state, to prevent her acquiring economic independence, to keep her a serf in her husband's power. Woman must rise altogether; her whole being should be enriched as opportunity presents itself.

Yes, above all, woman needs to be emancipated by the uplifting power of a moral purpose. This is her safeguard in her new relation, just as it is always man's safeguard. He may go shipwreck without a steadying aim, without scruples, without religion; so may she. The emancipation that consists in the mere throwing off restraints may be fatal to him, and the same may be fatal to her. "The right to rebellion," said George Eliot, "is the right to seek a higher rule, and not to wander in mere lawlessness." Let a woman remember the sentiment of that, and though she may go far from the beaten track, she cannot go far wrong. Let her thought be, not what do I want to do or be, not what must I do or be, but what would it be right for me to do or be, taking for her standard the wide and permanent good of the race, and she may err in judgment, but she will never sin. Following one's heart is of uncertain value. Following duty, or whatever is consistent with duty, or if not duty as commonly understood, then duty as more perfectly conceived, but always duty, and not mere inclination and pleasure, — this is the way of safety, this the higher liberty. "Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, These three alone lead life to sovereign power." There is no other way than this old way. It is the way for men and it is the way for women.

Women can attain real emancipation, whether in its lower or its higher forms, only by striving for it. What we do not

crave and struggle for, what we are not even willing to sacrifice for, it is a doubtful blessing to receive. Woman will have, I believe, what she deserves. Desert is not only in an abstract right, but in putting forth force. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." But without knocking, without seeking, without asking, nothing, — that

is the law of the world. I would only say to women: Be bold; be bold not only for your own sakes, but for the sake of a higher humanity. We men cannot go much further without you; you are our other half. Dare for your own sakes, and you will dare for ours. With you as equals, as comrades, we shall do twice what we could ever have done in days gone by!

William M. Salter.

A TOAST TO OUR NATIVE LAND.

HUGE and alert, irascible yet strong,
We make our fitful way 'mid right and wrong.
One time we pour out millions to be free,
Then rashly sweep an empire from the sea!
One time we strike the shackles from the slaves,
And then, quiescent, we are ruled by knaves.
Often we rudely break restraining bars,
And confidently reach out toward the stars.

Yet under all there flows a hidden stream
Sprung from the Rock of Freedom, the great dream
Of Washington and Franklin, men of old
Who knew that freedom is not bought with gold.
This is the Land we love, our heritage,
Strange mixture of the gross and fine, yet sage
And full of promise, — destined to be great.
Drink to Our Native Land! God Bless the State!

Robert Bridges.

SOME SOUTHEY LETTERS.

IN the *Selected Letters of Southey*, edited by his son-in-law, the Rev. J. W. Warter, appear a considerable number written to him by his constant friend Mary Barker. The editor there states that these letters were sent from France by her husband, Mr. Slade, and also tells us that Mary Barker — or Mrs. Slade, as she became on her marriage — was an early Portuguese friend, and is “the Bhow Begum” of *The Doctor*.

I have now before me Southey’s letters to Mary Barker; and among them are many which as yet, I believe, have never been published. The whole series extends over a period of more than twenty-five years, from 1800 to 1826. At the foot of the first, written from Lisbon, Miss Barker has placed this note: “The first letter I ever received from dear Southey.” In the same letter Southey writes: “If you go thro’ Plymouth and the fleet be there, I have a brother on Board the *Bellona*, who will show you what is to be seen: . . . only send to him in my name, and he will have brains enough in two minutes to see that you are not a mere Lisbon acquaintance. God bless you. I love Cintra dearly, but I would rather the rock went to England than you. Do not fail or delay to inform us of your arrival. I will watch the seeding flowers, and send you my Wall and the Cork tree in most accurate painting.”

The “*Senhora Barker*,” or the “*Senhora*,” as Southey calls her, remained his true friend for many a year. Professor Dowden, while numbering the goodly company who become familiar to us as we read Southey’s correspondence, speaks of her as known to us for “frank familiarities and warm womanly services.” It is to her Southey turns often when in trouble. It is to her he writes both on the occasion of the loss of his mo-

ther, and from the deathbed of his little daughter Margaret, in 1803. He and his heartbroken wife visited her on their way from Bristol to Greta Hall, at Keswick, which was to be their home, although then they knew it not. “Would that we were at Keswick!” he writes. “Would that the winter were over! However, there are the books and the lakes and the mountains to comfort me.” It is Mary Barker who has written at the end of one of Southey’s letters, referring to the death, in 1816, of Southey’s dear son, the greatest sorrow which ever befell him: “Herbert! that sweetest and most perfect of all children on this earth, who died in my arms at nine years of age, whose death I announced to his Father and Mother in their bed, where I had prayed and persuaded them to go. When Southey could speak, his first words were: ‘The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!’ Never can I forget that moment.” For some time she was a close neighbor of the Southeys at Keswick. In a letter not dated, but which we may assign to about the year 1810, urging her to come and live at Keswick, we have a light thrown for us by Southey himself on their relations. “I do not think,” he writes, “anything could induce more to your own happiness. I am sure nothing could add so much to mine; and I am willing to believe that if you have no friend who possibly can love you better, so there should be none to whose society you should more naturally look for as much enjoyment as the untoward circumstances of life have left to your portion. Ten years’ intimacy, and more intercourse during those years than often falls to the lot of persons of different sexes who are not related, has given us a thorough knowledge of each other and mutual esteem.”

The letters are written without reserve, and often at intervals of only a few days. They give us a history of Southey's life during these years, his achievements, his hopes, his troubles, with many a light thrown on his own books, and much criticism on his contemporaries and their work. We seem to see through them his fine, though outwardly cold nature unfolding; we see the honest and constant industry of the man, carrying out his own motto, "In labore quies," and happily blessed with confidence in his own powers; and we see him in his humor and play on words, and think that he might even bandy jests and puns not unworthily with his friend Charles Lamb. Through all shines the strong love which in his sensitive and reserved nature he bore to home and friends.

In 1809, when his little daughter Emma is ill, he writes: "It is my nature to be over-anxious about these things. God be praised! not about any others." As to his worldly affairs he can say: "Your dreams of my golden fortunes to come make me smile. The world, I believe, will always keep me lean and hungry, like a grey-hound, as if abundance would spoil me, and I should wax fat like Jeshurun and kick if I were not kept down by hard usage. This will be no matter a hundred years hence, and it is not much matter now."

An amusing passage from a letter of 1807 shows us his shy reserve: "I am not a very great favourite [of Sir George Beaumont], and not likely to become so. My lady, the first time I saw her, put out the horns of her amiability full butt against me, like a snail after a storm — upon which the horns of my agreeableness [this is one of the punning gender terminations Southey loved to make] instinctively drew in and I got into my shell — and a plaguey rough shell I dare say she thinks it — and there I sat. When last in town, I dined with them one day; open-mouthed as an oyster at ebb, and as silent too, being in truth

miserably ill. But, Senhora, I have a good faculty of not talking much to people whom I am not fond of. Now and then, indeed, the Devil has tempted me with his damned Ephphatha, but not very often, and not very lately, and I defy him and all his works."

Yet assuredly Southey does not appear only with a halo round his head; a very natural man appears, with a power of strong speech in denunciation both of public men and private friends. It must be admitted, too, that the vanity whereof he accuses Coleridge and Wordsworth is constantly evident in his own case in these letters.

Thus in 1806 he writes: "That rascal little Moore (for I may call a man a rascal who will be the pimp of posterity as long as his writings last) has got more by his song of 'Oh Lady Fair' than I shall ever do by *Madoc* — the best poem, though I say it, in the language, except the *Paradise Lost*. However, I have my pleasure for my pains, and am determined to have as much pleasure of that kind as possible."

Of his *History of Brazil* he writes in 1811: "It will be a good book, containing the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; but I am by no means sanguine about its sale, nor, tho' I have no doubts about its final reputation, do I expect that it can ever be popular. People will be expecting a fine *History* because *Brazil* is a fine country, just as they thought the history of *Leo X.* must be splendid because he had a splendid court. I have begun with a sort of exordium very much to my own liking, in which they are told what they are to look for and what they will find. But it is in vain to tell them; the public is a great ass that must have its ears tickled, or it will bray with disappointment in your face."

In the same year, 1811, we find him writing: "Kehama, I believe, is in the way of being tolerably well abused. . . . It is liked by all whom I wish to like it;

and I agree with you so far as to believe it will be a long while before the world will see anything else as good. Longman told me a month ago he had disposed of 322 copies; 500 only were printed. This was the first sale, and there it is likely to stop. My name carries off anything to that amount; the after sale depends for some years upon what such coxcombs as Jeffrey may please to pronounce upon it."

Southey's state of mind as regards his critics may be seen in a letter of his, written in 1811, referring to a review of Jeffrey's: "The piece of criticism in question is matchless for self-contradiction and rank rascality and envious malice. You know, Senhora, how I take these things — something as a Rhinoceros does a fleabite. When I go to Edinburgh, however, I shall no longer observe any of the courtesies of life towards Gog, but pass him in the street without looking down to receive his salutations, and speak of him just as such a coxcomb deserves to be spoken of. . . . Scott's Review of Kehama in the Quarterly is very friendly, and the analysis of the story is given in the language of a poet; but he has in one or two instances missed the connecting points of the story, and fancies an incongruity where there is none. The skill with which the fable is constructed is what I most pride myself upon."

The "Lake Poets," though presenting a united defense against the criticism of the reviewers, were conscious enough of one another's failings; Southey, at any rate, dwells on them freely in his letters. Coleridge is often mentioned, and we see the barrier rising between the two men. Thus in 1804 Southey writes from Greta Hall, Keswick, where Coleridge and he had a joint household: "Coleridge and I are the best companions possible in almost all moods of mind — for all kinds of wisdom and all kinds of nonsense." In 1806, however, he writes: "Coleridge is at last arrived [from Malta

and Italy], little improved in health of body, and not at all so in health of mind. He is grown very fat — which he attributes to disease, and his wife believes it. The fact is that he is always eating and drinking — morning, noon, and midnight — hardly ever without rum and water beside him, sugared to the utmost; and if he is not talking, he must be eating — his mouth seems incapable of being at rest. If he does not sleep at night, up he gets for cold meat and spirits and water. If all this does not kill a man, it must needs fatten him. . . . He came on Thursday last. A heap of letters which awaited him lies still unopened upon his table — increasing every day. He has begun to teach the two boys Greek! and I think it very possible that he may go on with them three days more. As you may suppose he is very entertaining, but whether it be that he is really worsened, or that after so long an absence the thing becomes more striking, I never saw a human countenance express such intense and loathsome arrogance of self-admiration. It is at times quite fiendish. His humour is now to be orthodox, because he has made out some metaphysical arguments for the Trinity. In short, I feel more than ever admiration and astonishment at his intellect, and more than ever grief and indignation at all that it is coupled with."

Again in 1807 Southey writes: "Coleridge, as you remark, has been in Italy, and, by way of showing it, he made a point of always addressing Anne by the name of Anna; saying it was not affectation, but he had been so long accustomed to speak Italian that he could not help using the *a*. . . . I should, however, have thought more of his judgment in pictures if I had not known that before he went abroad he had no love of them and pretended to none, and if I had not heard him speak of Duppa's heads in terms which, even before me, were unwarrantably strong, and, when

I was not in the room, became in the highest degree contemptuous and abusive. There are few men with whom I have so many intellectual points of contact as with C., and none with whom all my habits, feelings, morals, and affections are in more direct and almost hostile contrariety. We are so utterly opposite on all the outward and visible signs of man, and in the inward and spiritual grace as well, that, in my conscience, I do not believe any person whom we both know likes the one without at the same time not liking, or positively disliking, the other. We are North and South, and if the needle of any one's affections points to the one it must necessarily turn tail to the other. Strange for the two men who have been so closely connected by their opinions, and who at this time more nearly agree in opinion upon all subjects with each other than they do with anybody else, saving upon the subject of divorce and the Trinity. The former he defends because it gives him an opportunity of letting people know he is unhappily married, as Milton was before him, and the latter he affects to believe for the sake of making people wonder and exhibiting the wonderful acuteness of his mind, which loves to make even absurdities appear reasonable."

In 1810, referring to *The Friend*, Southey writes: "It is not a little extraordinary that Coleridge, who is proud of logic, and who has an actual love and passion for close, hard thinking, should write in so rambling and inconclusive a manner; while I, who am utterly incapable of that toil of thought in which he delights, never fail to express myself perspicuously and to the point. I owe perhaps something of this to the circumstance of having lived with him during that year in my life which was most likely to give my mind its lasting character. Disliking his inordinate love of talking, I was naturally led to avoid the same fault. When we were alone, and

he talked his best (which was always at these times), I was pleased to listen; and when we were in company, and I heard the same thing repeated to every fresh company, seven times in the week if we were in seven parties, still I was silent—in great measure from depression of spirits at perceiving those vices in his nature which soon appeared to be incurable. When he provoked me into an argument I made the most of my time; and, as it was not easy to get in more than a few words, took care to make up in weight for what they wanted in measure. His habits have continued, and so have mine."

Again Southey writes: "Coleridge has gone to London to put himself under Carlisle to be cured of his evil habits, a disease of which nothing but absolute coercion could cure him. I suppose he is going on just as usual, and consider the vice incurable. A dismal thing; the soreness of the sorrow has been past with me for many years, but the sense of the loss which it is to mankind increases."

In 1808 he writes: "Coleridge is now settled at Grasmere, and the boys are going to school at Ambleside. He has been over here twice—the last time while we were at Netherhall: then he was in villainous humour, and there was a good deal of cat and dogging going on. . . . I do not expect to see much of him."

The references to Landor are of a very different nature, as may be seen from the following extracts, June 22, 1803: "That volume of Geberish Poetry I bought as soon as published. It is much worse than Gebir—that is far more understandable. Landor and I as Poets are each other's antipodes. He strives to muffle up his meaning in the most obscure metaphysical language. I wish to give mine stark naked. I will swear, and I can prove out of my Homer and my Bible and my old ballads and Romances, that the finest passages in poetry are always and uniformly so plain

and perspicuous that you catch their full force and meaning immediately; the worst nuts have the hardest shells. A horse-chestnut has a hedgehog case that puzzles the pigs; but nectarines and strawberries dissolve on the lip. Landor is a man of great genius; he is strong, but it is an unwieldy strength. Verse painting is his talent; he makes me see, but he never makes me feel; and he is always trying to make me think, and often makes very shallow water look deep by muddying it."

Southey would seem to have taken the expression "Geberish Poetry" from Lamb; for in 1799 Lamb, in a letter to Southey, writes: "I have seen Gebor — Gebor aptly so denominated from Geberish quasi Giberish. But Gebor hath some lucid intervals."

It was on his second voyage to Lisbon, in 1800, that Southey took with him a poem with "miraculous beauties called Gebir, written by God knows who." The volume mentioned in the above letter is one entitled *Poetry*, published by Landor anonymously in 1802.

His first meeting with Landor, "the only man," he wrote, "of whose praise I was ambitious or whose censure would have humbled me," was not till 1808. When his mind began to fail him, it is said he more often held Gebir in his hands than any other volume of poetry. "It is very seldom now," writes Caroline Southey, his second wife, "that he ever names any person; but this morning, before he left his bed, I heard him repeating softly to himself, 'Landor, ay Landor.'" The friendship and admiration were mutual. Emerson wrote, after visiting Landor at Fiesole, in 1833: "Landor pestered me with Southey; but who is Southey?" On August 14, 1808, Southey writes: "Landor is gone to Spain to fight as a common soldier in the Spanish Army. I thought he would go. A noble-hearted man, brimful of ardour and genius and the love of liberty." He writes of him in 1811: "Senhora, I long

for you to see that man, who wants only my steadiness to have been the first man of the age. There is more of the thunder and lightning of genius about him than I ever saw in any other human being."

February 13, 1812. "Landor has just published [a tragedy] without his name, which, tho' it has little common dramatic interest, and partakes of that obscurity which distinguishes all his verse, is yet a most wonderful production, and has passages in it of exquisite beauty and of insurpassable sublimity. Count Julian is the title. The same characters as those of Pelayo, but very differently represented."

Of Wordsworth Southey writes in 1808: "He has written a masterly poem called *The White Doe of Rylston Hall*, or *The Fate of the Nortons*. The poem is . . . incomparably fine. It would amuse you to hear how he talks of his own production — his entire and intense selfishness exceeds anything you could have conceived. I am more amused at it than offended; not being sufficiently attached to him to feel pain at perceiving his faults, and yet respecting him far too much on the average of his qualities to be disgusted. It is so pure and unmixed a passion in him that Ben Jonson would have had him in a play, had he been his contemporary."

In 1811 he wrote the following passage: "Between ourselves, Senhora, the writer [in *The Annual Register*] is right enough in placing me upon an equality with two of my contemporaries, but he had not sense enough to find them out. They are Wordsworth and Landor. Coleridge might have been added, if he pleased. Scott has that sort of talent in narrative poetry which *The Castle Spectre* exhibits in the drama — the power of conceiving fine stage situations. This is his excellence, and if any person chooses to think that in this he excels me I shall not object to the decision. Upon no other point, I humbly conceive,

can there be any comparison between us. Campbell is the mere creature of party criticism, whose verses one and all are tinsel and trumpery."

In 1812 Southey received a visit from Shelley, and he describes the "young couple" (Shelley and his first wife, Harriet): "The husband nineteen; . . . lately expelled from Oxford for printing a treatise in six pages called *The Necessity of Atheism*, and sending it round to all the Bishops, requesting them to convince him of his error, if in error he was. Oh, how you would like this heir to six thousand a year, who now that he is got to the Pantheistic stage of his progress is the very ghost of what I was at his age, poet and philosopher and Jacobin and moralist and enthusiast! Chance has brought him to this place, and he is likely to get more good here than the whole bench of Bishops could have done him. A D. D. [Doctor of Divinity] to whom he sent one of the circulars with this taking title recommended prayer to him as the way to settle his doubts, and he prayed for two months. His own heart will lead him right at last; and for all the vagaries of the way — why, Senhora, you would say as I do, and as King Henry did of that son of his whose head was like unto a bull, his nose unto a boar — 'no matter for that; I like him the better therefore.'"

A week later he writes: "The Shelleys are going to Ireland, where he imagines he shall tame the wild Irish — about as good a scheme as that of Atheisticating the bench of Bishops. He had better have remained here, where he would have learnt more in a few months from my experience than his own can possibly teach him in as many years. I am sorry he is going, for he interested me much."

Southey well foresaw the future of Hartley Coleridge. In 1812 he writes: "Hartley is grown a great fellow, all beard and eyes, as odd and as extraordinary as ever he was, with very good dispositions, but with ways and tenden-

cies which will neither be to his own happiness nor to the comfort of anybody connected with him. . . . Hartley is of such unmalleable materials that what he may make of himself God knows, but I suspect nobody will be able to mould or manage him."

And again, on Christmas Day, 1826, Southey writes: "Mrs. C. is in great trouble about Hartley's conduct, who is treading in his father's steps, and acting in a way which a Jesuit would try to correct by holy water and the sign of the cross, and which could be cured by the treading-mill or the whipping-post, but it is a case upon which moral applications are wasted."

There is a charming mention of the Dutch poet Bilderdyk and his small household at Leyden, where Southey was tended in 1815, in a state of great suffering, owing to an inflamed foot. He writes: "If I had not fallen into good hands, or into these hands a day or two later, the consequences might have been very serious. I accepted the warmly offered hospitality of Mr. Bilderdyk and his wife (the translator of Roderick), and remained twelve days on the sofa. . . . They were some of the pleasantest days in my life, for a more interesting and extraordinary person than Bilderdyk it has never been my fortune to fall in with, nor indeed a family in which there was more to admire and love. It consists only of himself, now more than seventy years of age; his wife, twenty-four years younger; and one boy of thirteen, the only surviving child of seven by a former marriage and eight by this. . . . He is as unpopular in his own country as I am among the Whigs and Radicals of England; his enemies, however, are obliged to acknowledge that as a poet and a man of learning he stands, and always has stood, far above all his contemporaries. His life has been mixed up with the political events of Holland; he, like his ancestors before him, having been faith-

fully attached to the House of Orange. Revolutions have robbed him of everything, and he has only a small pension granted by an ungrateful Government, which promotes its old enemies and neglects its old friends. But he has not lost anything of his youthful heart and mind — at least I see no symptom of decay in either. . . . It would be a rich evening entertainment to tell you what I cannot say in a hasty letter, concerning these excellent people, with whom I was presently familiarized as well as domesticated; B. delighting to find a person who agreed with him entirely in all main points, and could follow him in all his excursive pursuits, and Mrs. B. not less pleased in tracing resemblance in my person to what his had been. I learnt from their conversation more than any other opportunities could have taught me concerning Holland, and saw — which no traveller can see in Hotels — the Dutch manner of life. You remember, Senhora, how I used to talk of the *Vrouwes*: the one upon whose humanity I was thrown has more than answered all the expectation I could ever have formed."

Here is an interesting criticism on Richardson, written in 1812: "It is many years, two or three and twenty, I believe, since I read that book [*Clarissa*], but my remembrance of it is distinct and strong — good proof of the power with which it is written. My own opinion of Richardson is, that for a man of decorous life he had a most impure imagination, and that the immorality of our old drama is far less mischievous than his moral stories of *Pamela* and *Squire Booby* (how I like *Fielding* for making out that name!) and of *Clarissa*."

The political events of the time are constantly alluded to in these letters, and we can see how early Southey despaired of any good coming from France, which, he wrote, has "played the traitor with liberty." He abandoned the dream of his early hopes, founded on the first

events of the French Revolution, when he proposed with Coleridge and Lovell to set up their Pantisocratic scheme on the banks of the *Susquehanna*. The following passage from a letter of the year 1803 seems to rise to "something like prophetic strain:" "The war in which we are so unavoidably involved by the credulity of honest English Ministers and the rascally insolence of your countryman Mr. Parker will grievously molest me. Portugal will in all probability be attacked — and it is said that this country will leave it to its fate. I know not whether wisely or not, for I think 30,000 English could defend that country against any force which the French could bring against it. The Portuguese peasantry want neither patriotism nor courage, but you know what the officers are! We shall see a great uproar in the world. I learn that in case of the conquest of Portugal by France, Spanish America and Brazil will be revolutionized by England, so strangely have things turned about! England is actually fighting for liberty against French usurpation!"

His visits to Portugal and Spain, and knowledge of their history and literature, made him enthusiastic over their struggle with Napoleon. Thus in 1808 we find: "My blood swells when I think of Spain; often have I said that if Europe is to be delivered in our days, it is in Spain that her deliverance will begin." The Convention of Cintra (1808) throws him into a fury; and his denunciation of the Duke of Wellington — then Sir Arthur Wellesley — for his share in it sounds strangely when read by the light of after events: "As for Sir Arthur and Sir Hew — for the first time in my life I was so irritated by public news as to pass a sleepless night in consequence. There is a straight and easy way of proceeding in such a case, which is to break the convention and shoot those who made it; or else, after the manner of the Romans, deliver them up to the

enemy with ropes about their necks. Sir Arthur ought to be shot for fighting when he did; he was afraid of being superseded before he won a battle, and for that reason fought with only half his own force — for fear, if he had waited till the other half came up, Sir Hew should land and take the command. Sir Hew — Lady Hew I ought rather to say, for the creature has long been known to be an old woman — then suffered Junot to fall back about thirty miles after the battle, and during the negotiation; and so between them they have sacrificed the honour of England and the interest of Spain. But the root of all evil lies in the Duke of York, who appointed such wretches. It is a comfort that the general opinion is so openly and loudly expressed; and I hope and trust an example will be made of the commander. My own opinion is that no man could possibly consent to let Junot carry off his plunder unless he had been promised a share of it for so doing. This will be laughed at and generally scouted; but the man who could subscribe such a convention is capable of any degree of baseness; and there are but two possible motives for his conduct — cowardice or corruption: the former with a victorious and superior army seems to be out of the question; and for the latter, I am afraid, Senhora, that they who sell their votes at home would not have much scruple at selling their country abroad."

Sir Hew Dalrymple joined the English army in Portugal, as commander in chief, on August 22, 1808, the day after Sir Arthur Wellesley's victory at Vimero. He superseded Sir Harry Burrard, who had, in his turn, superseded Wellesley. Within thirty hours there were three successive commanders in chief. The government, in view of the popular outcry against the convention, ordered a Court of Inquiry, the three generals being recalled to attend it. They were acquitted of blame. Napo-

leon better understood the advantage gained to England by the convention. "I was," he said, "about to send Junot to a council of war, but the English got the start of me by sending their generals to one."

Of Bonaparte Southey writes in 1809: "Yet, Senhora, by the living God, an able minister might in six months' time hang up Bonaparte for the Spanish crows to feed upon, and reduce France within her ancient limits, by sending our whole military force into Spain. No man who knows what the French are, what the Spaniards are, and what the English are, can doubt this. Now is the time to put out this fire which has ravaged Europe, now when we can fairly get at it. Yet when we should be playing all our engines upon it, we do nothing more than send the maids to empty their chamber pots there. On such an occasion as this England might spare 150,000 men, for it is as much our own cause as if it were upon our own ground. I would land 100,000 of them behind Bonaparte, seize the passes and shut him in Spain, and send the rest to fight him there."

Here is another passage pouring forth his contempt on Ministers and Opposition alike: "It is not unlikely that great political changes will soon take place. The Grenvilles and the Foxites must separate upon the question of peace; and as the people of England are not so mad as to join with the Foxites in their frantic wish for what would be little short of an act of national suicide, even the Grenvilles may acquire some popularity from the ground on which they stand, and Canning would be right glad to get them in, and rid himself by their help of some of his wretched colleagues. This change is very likely to take place. I wish it may, because Wynn makes an excellent franker of large packets when he gets at Whitehall. Of any other benefit either to myself or to the nation I have little hope and no expectation."

Throughout these letters we mark the

strange union of a love of liberty and a love of order; though, as the years pass, the element of order grows stronger, while the faith in liberty becomes more and more a belief in a mere freedom of thought, with indifference, or even hostility, to those who desired freedom of action. On Christmas Day, 1826, Southey can write, "The two plagues of Europe at this time are the Spirit of priestcraft and the Spirit of revolution." This, as we go through the series of letters, would seem to sum up the abiding opinion to which he can be seen approaching. In 1808 he was writing, "I who am both Whig and Dissenter;" while in a letter of the succeeding year we read: "Mr. Walhouse and I, Senhora, do not agree in opinion respecting Petition to the Crown upon great public occasions. It is the legal, orderly, and proper manner in which the People are by the Bill of Rights entitled to express their feelings, and it is their means of protesting against any measure which may be oppressive to them, or injurious to the honour and interests of the country. I believe it will now be admitted by most men that the Convention of Cintra was deeply injurious both to its honour and interests, and the King has seldom been worse advised than when he made that most unmerited and unconstitutional answer to the City of London."

But in 1812 we find him writing on Parliamentary Reform: "There is an attack upon the Burdettite Reformers, written with as much force as anything which I have ever yet produced; for you must know that I am become a great enemy to what is called Parliamentary Reform. It is a vile two-penny half-penny business, holding out nothing but a deceitful economy, and substituting Profit and Loss in the place of everything which has hitherto been considered as great and generous."

In a letter written in 1826 we have Southey, the "Whig and Dissenter" of 1808, appearing as the defender of the

Church Establishment: "Lord R.'s desire [in electing Southey to Parliament] was that I should have an opportunity of defending the Church Establishment. I can perform that duty far better at this desk; and, by God's blessing, I will perform it, heartily and strenuously. I have begun a second volume of *Vindiciæ*. These books will live after me, and, I confidently believe, will do more against that abominable system of imposture than has been done against it by the pen since the — Reformation."

We may compare this with the passage already quoted, where Southey marks the Trinity as one of the two subjects alone on which Coleridge and he disagree. This Coleridge "affects to believe for the sake of exhibiting the wonderful acuteness of his mind."

As reference has been made to Southey's election to Parliament through the influence of Lord Radnor, we quote a passage in a letter of 1826, setting out the story of this strange episode in his life: "The story of my election is from first to last sufficiently curious. A very odd person (Lord R.) thought he was making the best use of his influence by giving me a seat in Parliament: it is an influence which has cost him very dear, and which he makes it a point of conscience to exercise as it ought to be exercised. In this case he happened to hit upon as odd a man as himself, and is therefore at the same time disappointed and pleased at the result. As for a qualification, he would have furnished such a title as is usually [given?] on such occasions; but no possible inducements could have persuaded me to enter into public life, and I chose to let this be known by the manner in which I got out of the seat. I have never seen him nor had any direct communication with him, unless an anonymous letter can be called so, in which he informed me of my return. The affair served for a nine days' wonder: it made my letters pass free for five months, and there it ends."

The "qualification" for a seat in Parliament at this time was the possession of a landed estate of three hundred pounds a year. That he was thus qualified every member, on taking his seat, was required to state on oath. The law was, however, notoriously evaded by a fictitious transference of property.

With this letter, written at the end of 1826, the correspondence seems to have ended. Mary Barker apparently settles in France, marries, and fades out of his life. With Southey "the better days of life" are past; the shadows grow deeper. "My happiness," he writes, "has been in my family, and there only was I vulnerable; nothing that has assailed my character or affected my worldly fortune ever gave me an hour's vexation or deprived me of an hour's rest." It was the sorrows that darkened his home which gradually broke his courageous and elastic spirit. His grief for the loss of his firstborn, his daughter Margaret, yielded to time. After the still greater sorrow, overwhelming at the time, which he endured on the death of his son Herbert, in 1816, he could himself write, "I am not unhappy." Yet no man who bears himself toward the dead as Southey did can long escape the penalty which such self-suppression exacts. Their names were never mentioned; even in letters he could hardly bring himself to allude directly to his lost ones. When Carlyle met Southey in London, in 1836-37, he was struck by his extreme sensitiveness. "How," he asked himself, "has this man contrived, with such a nervous system, to keep alive for nearly sixty years?" The true answer would have been in the words of Southey's own oft-quoted motto, "In labore quies." The day of payment came when irremediable grief fell on him, and the sensitive spirit was worn out by past sorrows, unexpressed and self-consumed. Toward the close of 1826, about the time he wrote the last letter which we have before us to Mary Barker, his daughter Isabel,

"the most radiant Creature that I ever beheld or shall behold," passed away. From his wife he was soon parted "by something worse than death," — a lost mind. She lingered on to 1835, faithfully tended by her husband, who long refused to suffer her out of his charge. His remaining children, for happier causes, left him, and Greta Hall grew silent. He still worked hard, and at good work, too, as the *Life of Cowper* shows. Rays of cheerfulness still survive in his letters, and may be seen in *The Doctor*, — a book "the wit and humor of which," as Edgar Allan Poe wrote, "have seldom been equaled," — wherein is to be found an addition to the classics of the nursery in *The Tale of the Three Bears*. While Coleridge sits on the brow of Highgate Hill, conversing on "Om-m-mject" and "Sum-m-mject" with his solemn "shake or quaver," detached like an Epicurean god from all earthly troubles, Southey, who among other burdens had supported Coleridge's family, wages a brave warfare, doing good work and ministering to his poor wife, "with a morality," as Carlyle writes, "that shone distinguished among his contemporaries." After the death of his wife Edith, in 1835, he lived eight years, little by little losing his spirits and his powers. In 1839 he married his old friend and correspondent, Caroline Bowles, who watched over him tenderly in his declining days. Memory went, and in his library he could do little more than gain pleasure by merely touching his cherished volumes. When Wordsworth went over to Greta Hall in 1840, Southey failed to recognize him till he was told who it was. In 1843 the end came, and his spirit departed, worn away by the troubles which for many a year he had steadfastly borne, amid silent work, in cheerfulness and the service of those he loved. Sara Coleridge, to whom for long years at Greta Hall he had been as a father, could well write of him, "The best man I have ever known."

Harold Spencer Scott.

AUDREY.¹

XXVI.

SANCTUARY.

"CHILD," asked Haward, "why did you frighten me so?" He took her hands from her face, and drew her from the shadow of the curtain into the evening glow. Her hands lay passive in his; her eyes held the despair of a runner spent and fallen, with the goal just in sight. "Would have had me go again to the mountains for you, little maid?" Haward's voice trembled with the delight of his ended quest.

"Call me not by that name," Audrey said. "One that is dead used it."

"I will call you love," he answered, — "my love, my dear love, my true love."

"Nor that either," she said, and caught her breath. "I know not why you should speak to me so."

"What must I call you, then?" he asked, with the smile still upon his lips.

"A stranger and a dreamer," she answered. "Go your ways, and I will go mine."

There was silence in the room, broken by Haward.

"For us two one path," he said. "Why, Audrey, Audrey, Audrey!"

Suddenly he caught her in his arms. "My love!" he whispered, — "my love Audrey! my wife Audrey!" His kisses rained upon her face. She lay quiet until the storm had passed; then freed herself, looked at him, and shook her head.

"You killed him," she said, "that one whom I — worshiped. It was not well done of you. . . . There was a dream I had last summer. I told it to — to the one you killed. Now part of the dream has come true. . . . You never were! Oh, death had been easy pain, for it had

left memory, hope! But you never were! you never were!"

"I am!" cried Haward ardently. "I am your lover! I am he who says to you, Forget the past, forget and forgive, and come with me out of your dreaming. Come, Audrey, come, come, from the dim woods into the sunshine, — into the sunshine of the garden! The night you went away I was there, Audrey, under the stars. The paths were deep in leaves, the flowers dead and blackening; but the trees will be green again, and the flowers bloom! When we are wed we will walk there, bringing the spring with us" —

"When we are wed!" she answered. "That will never be."

"It will be this week," he said, smiling. "Dear dryad, who have no friends to make a pother, no dowry to lug with you, no gay wedding raiment to provide; who have only to curtsy farewell to the trees and put your hand in mine" —

She drew away her hands that he had caught in his, and pressed them above her heart; then looked restlessly from window to door. "Will you let me pass, sir?" she asked at last. "I am tired. I have to think what I am to do, where I am to go."

"Where you are to go!" he exclaimed. "Why, back to the glebe house, and I will follow, and the minister shall marry us. Child, child! where else should you go? What else should you do?"

"God knows!" cried the girl, with sudden and extraordinary passion. "But not that! Oh, he is gone, — that other who would have understood!"

Haward let fall his outstretched hand, drew back a pace or two, and stood with knitted brows. The room was very quiet; only Audrey breathed hurriedly,

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and through the open window came the sudden, lonely cry of some river bird. The note was repeated ere Haward spoke again.

"I will try to understand," he said slowly. "Audrey, is it Evelyn that comes between us?"

Audrey passed her hand over her eyes and brow and pushed back her heavy hair. "Oh, I have wronged her!" she cried. "I have taken her portion. If once she was cruel to me, yet to-day she kissed me, her tears fell upon my face. That which I have robbed her of I want not. . . . Oh, my heart, my heart!"

"T is I, not you, who have wronged this lady," said Haward, after a pause. "I have, I hope, her forgiveness. Is this the fault that keeps you from me?"

Audrey answered not, but leaned against the window and looked at the cloud in the south that was now an amethyst island. Haward went closer to her. "Is it," he said, "is it because in my mind I sinned against you, Audrey, because I brought upon you insult and calumny? Child, child! I am of the world. That I did all this is true, but now I would not purchase endless bliss with your least harm, and your name is more to me than my own. Forgive me, Audrey, forgive the past." He bowed his head as he stood before her.

Audrey gazed at him with wide, dry eyes whose lids burned. A hot color had risen to her cheek; at her heart was a heavier aching, a fuller knowledge of loss. "There is no past," she said. "It was a dream and a lie. There is only to-day . . . and you are a stranger."

The purple cloud across the river began to darken; there came again the lonely cry of the bird; in the house quarters the slaves were singing as they went about their work. Suddenly Audrey laughed. It was sad laughter, as mocking and elfin and mirthless a sound as was ever heard in autumn twilight. "A stranger!" she repeated. "I know you by your name, and that is all. You are Mr. Marmaduke

Haward of Fair View, while I — I am Darden's Audrey!"

She curtsied to him, so changed, so defiant, so darkly beautiful, that he caught his breath to behold her. "You are all the world to me!" he cried. "Audrey, Audrey! Look at me, listen to me!"

He would have approached her, would have seized her hand, but she waved him back. "Oh, the world! We must think of that! What would they say, the Governor and the Council, and the people who go to balls, and all the great folk you write to in England, — what would they say if you married me? Mr. Marmaduke Haward of Fair View, the richest man in Virginia! Mr. Marmaduke Haward, the man of taste, the scholar, the fine gentleman, proud of his name, jealous of his honor! And Darden's Audrey, who hath gone barefoot on errands to most houses in Fair View parish! Darden's Audrey, whom the preacher pointed out to the people in Bruton church! They would call you mad; they would give you cap and bells; they would say, 'Does he think that he can make her one of us? — her that we looked long upon in Bruton church, when the preacher called her by a right name'!" —

"Child, for God's sake!" cried Haward.

"There is the lady, too, — the lady who left us here together! We must not forget to think of her, — of her whose picture you showed me at Fair View, who was to be your wife, who took me by the hand that night at the Palace. There is reproach in her eyes. Ah, do you not think the look might grow, might come to haunt us? And yourself! Oh, sooner or later regret and weariness would come to dwell at Fair View! The lady who walks in the garden here is a fine lady and a fit mate for a fine gentleman, and I am a beggar maid and no man's mate, unless it be Hugon's. Hugon, who has sworn to have me in the house he has built! Hugon, who would surely kill you" —

Haward caught her by the wrists, bruising them in his grasp. "Audrey, Audrey! Let these fancies be! If we love each other" —

"If!" she echoed, and pulled her hands away. Her voice was strange, her eyes were bright and strained, her face was burning. "But if not, what then? And how should I love you who are a stranger to me? Oh, a generous stranger who, where he thinks he has done a wrong, would repair the damage." Her voice broke; she flung back her head and pressed her hands against her throat. "You have done me no wrong," she said. "If you had, I would forgive you, would say good-by to you, would go my way . . . as I am going now. Let me pass, sir!"

Haward barred her way. "A stranger!" he said, beneath his breath. "Is there then no tie between shadow and substance, dream and reality?"

"None!" answered Audrey, with defiance. "Why did you come to the mountains, eleven years ago? What business was it of yours whether I lived or died? Oh, God was not kind to send you there!"

"You loved me once!" he cried. "Audrey, Audrey, have I slain your love?"

"It was never yours!" she answered passionately. "It was that other's, — that other whom I imagined, who never lived outside my dream! Oh, let me pass, let me begone! You are cruel to keep me. I — I am so tired."

White to the lips, Haward moved backward a step or two, but yet stood between her and the door. Moments passed before he spoke; then, "Will you become my wife?" he asked, in a studiously quiet voice. "Marry me, Audrey, loving me not. Love may come in time, but give me now the right to be your protector, the power to clear your name."

She looked at him with a strange smile, a fine gesture of scorn. "Marry you, loving you not! That will I never do. Protector! That is a word I have grown to dislike. My name! It is a

slight thing. What matter if folk look askance when it is only Darden's Audrey? And there are those whom an ill fame does not frighten. The school-master will still give me books to read, and tell me what they mean. He will not care, nor the drunken minister, nor Hugon. . . . I am going back to them, to Mistress Deborah and the glebe house. She will beat me, and the minister will curse, but they will take me in. . . . I will work very hard, and never look to Fair View. I see now that I could never reach the mountains." She began to move toward the door. He kept with her, step for step, his eyes upon her face. "You will come no more to the glebe house," she said. "If you do, though the mountains be far, the river is near."

He put his hand upon the latch of the door. "You will rest here to-night?" he asked gently, as of a child. "I will speak to Colonel Byrd; to-morrow he will send some one with you down the river. It will be managed for you and as you wish. You will rest to-night? You go from me now to your room, Audrey?"

"Yes," she answered, and thought she spoke the truth.

"I love you, — love you greatly," he continued. "I will conquer, — conquer and atone! But now, poor tired one, I let you go. Sleep, Audrey, — sleep and dream again." He held open the door for her, and stood aside with bent head.

She passed him; then turned, and spoke with a strange and sorrowful stateliness. "You think, sir," she said, "that I have something to forgive?"

"Much," he answered, — "very much, Audrey."

"And you wish my forgiveness?"

"Ay, Audrey, your forgiveness and your love."

"The first is mine to give," she said. "If you wish it, take it. I forgive you, sir. Good-by."

"Good-night," he answered. "Audrey, good-night."

"Good-by," she repeated, and passed from his sight up the broad staircase.

It was dark in the upper hall, but there was a great glimmer of sky, an opal space to mark a window that gave upon the sloping lawn and pallid river. The pale light seemed to beckon. Audrey went not on to her attic room, but to the window, and in doing so passed a small half-open door. As she went by she glanced through the aperture, and saw that there was a narrow stairway, built for the servants' use, winding down to a door in the western face of the house.

Once at the open window, she leaned forth and looked to the east and the west. The hush of the evening had fallen; the light was faint; above the last rose flush a great star palely shone. All was quiet, deserted; nothing stirring on the leaf-carpeted slope; no sound save the distant singing of the slaves. The river lay bare from shore to shore, save where the western landing stretched raggedly into the flood. To its piles small boats were tied, but there seemed to be no boatmen; wharf and river appeared as barren of movement and life as did the long expanse of dusky lawn.

"I will not sleep in this house to-night," said Audrey to herself. "If I can reach those boats unseen, I will go alone down the river. That will be well. I am not wanted here."

When she arrived at the foot of the servants' stair, she slipped through the door into a world all dusk and quiet, where was none to observe her, none to stay her. Crouching by the wall, she crept to the front of the house, stole around the stone steps where that morning she had sat in the sunshine, and came to the parlor windows. Close beneath one was a block of stone. After a moment's hesitation she stood upon this, and, pressing her face against the window pane, looked her last upon the room she had so lately left. A low fire upon the hearth darkly illumined it: he sat by the table, with his arms out-

stretched, and his head bowed upon them. Audrey dropped from the stone into the ever growing shadows, crossed the lawn, slipped below the bank, and took her way along the river edge to the long landing. When she was halfway down its length, she saw that there was a canoe which she had not observed, and that it held one man, who sat with his back to the shore. With a quick breath of dismay she stood still, then setting her lips went on; for the more she thought of having to see those two again, Evelyn and the master of Fair View, the stronger grew her determination to commence her backward journey alone and at once.

She had almost reached the end of the wharf when the man in the boat stood up and faced her. It was Hugon. The dusk was not so great but that the two, the hunter and his quarry, could see each other plainly. The latter turned with the sob of a stricken deer, but the impulse to flight lasted not. Where might she go? Run blindly, north or east or west, through the fields of Westover? That would shortly lead to cowering in some wood or swamp, while the feet of the searchers came momentarily nearer. Return to the house, stand at bay once more? With all her strength of soul she put this course from her.

The quick strife in her mind ended in her moving slowly, as though drawn by an invisible hand, to the edge of the wharf, above Hugon and his canoe. She did not wonder to see him there. Every word that Haward had spoken in the Westover parlor was burned upon her brain, and he had said that he had come up river with an Indian. This was the Indian, and to hunt her down those two had joined forces.

"Ma'm'selle Audrey," whispered the trader, staring as at a spirit.

"Yes, Jean Hugon," she answered, and looked down the glimmering reaches of the James, then at the slender canoe and the deep and dark water that flowed between the piles. In the slight craft,

with that strong man the river for ally, she were safe as in a tower of brass.

"I am going home, Jean," she said. "Will you row me down the river to-night, and tell me as we go your stories of the woods and your father's glories in France? If you speak of other things I will drown myself, for I am tired of hearing them. In the morning we will stop at some landing for food, and then go on again. Let us hasten!" —

The trader moistened his lips. "And him," he demanded hoarsely, — "that Englishman, that Marmaduke Haward of Fair View, who came to me and said, 'Half-breed, seeing that an Indian and a bloodhound have gifts in common, we will take up the quest together. Find her, though it be to lose her to me that same hour! And look that in our travels you try no foul play, for this time I go armed,' — what of him?"

Audrey waved her hand toward the house she had left. "He is there. Let us make haste." As she spoke she descended the steps, and, evading his eager hand, stepped into the canoe. He looked at her doubtfully, half afraid, so strange was it to see her sitting there, so like a spirit from the land beyond the sun, a *revenant* out of one of old Pierre's wild tales, had she come upon him. With quickened breath he loosed the canoe from its mooring and took up the paddle. A moment, and they were quit of the Westover landing and embarked upon a strange journey, during which hour after hour Hugon made wild love, and hour after hour Audrey opened not her lips. As the canoe went swiftly down the flood, lights sprung up in the house it was leaving behind. A man, rising from his chair with a heavy sigh, walked to the parlor window and looked out upon lawn and sky and river, but, so dark had it grown, saw not the canoe; thought only how deserted, how desolate and lonely, was the scene.

In Williamsburgh as at Westover the

autumn was dying, the winter was coming, but neither farewell nor greeting perturbed the cheerful town. To and fro through Palace and Nicholson and Duke of Gloucester streets were blown the gay leaves; of early mornings white frosts lay upon the earth like fairy snows, but midday and afternoon were warm and bright. Mistress Stagg's garden lay to the south, and in sheltered corners bloomed marigolds and asters, while a vine, red-leaved and purple-berried, made a splendid mantle for the playhouse wall.

Within the theatre a rehearsal of *Tam-erlane* was in progress. Turk and Tartar spoke their minds, and Arpasia's deathery clave the air. The victorious Emperor passed final sentence upon Bajazet; then, chancing to glance toward the wide door, suddenly abdicated his throne, and in the character of Mr. Charles Stagg blew a kiss to his wife, who, applauding softly, stood in the opening that was framed by the red vine.

"Have you done, my dear?" she cried. "Then pray come with me a moment!"

The two crossed the garden, and entered the grape arbor where in September Mistress Stagg had entertained her old friend, my Lady Squander's sometime waiting maid. Now the vines were bare of leaves, and the sunshine streaming through lay in a flood upon the earth. Mary Stagg's chair was set in that golden warmth, and upon the ground beside it had fallen some bright sewing. The silken stuff touched a coarser cloth, and that was the skirt of Darden's Audrey, who sat upon the ground asleep, with her arm across the chair, and her head upon her arm.

"How came she here?" demanded Mr. Stagg at last, when he had given a tragedy start, folded his arms, and bent his brows.

"She ran away," answered Mistress Stagg, in a low voice, drawing her spouse to a little distance from the sleeping figure. "She ran away from the glebe

house and went up the river, wanting — the Lord knows why! — to reach the mountains. Something happened to bring her to her senses, and she turned back, and falling in with that trader Jean Hugon, he brought her to Jamestown in his canoe. She walked from there to the glebe house, — that was yesterday. The minister was away, and Deborah, being in one of her passions, would not let her in. She's that hard, is Deborah, when she's angry, harder than the nether millstone! The girl lay in the woods last night. I vow I'll never speak again to Deborah, not though there were twenty Baths behind us!" Mistress Stagg's voice began to tremble. "I was sitting sewing in that chair, now listening to your voices in the theatre, and now harking back in my mind to old days when we were n't prosperous like we are now. . . . And at last I got to thinking of the babe, Charles, and how, if she had lived and grown up, I might ha' sat there sewing a pretty gown for my own child, and how happy I would have made her. I tried to see her standing beside me, laughing, pretty as a rose, waiting for me to take the last stitch. It got so real that I raised my head to tell my dead child how I was going to knot her ribbons . . . and there was this girl looking at me!"

"What, Millamant! a tear, my soul?"

Millamant wiped away the tear. "I'll tell you what she said. She just said: 'You were kind to me when I was here before, but if you tell me to go away I'll go. You need not say it loudly.' And then she almost fell, and I put out my arm and caught her; and presently she was on her knees there beside me, with her head in my lap. . . . And then we talked together for a while: it was mostly me, — she did n't say much. But, Charles, the girl's done no wrong, no more than our child that's dead and in Christ's bosom. She was so tired and worn. I got some milk and gave it to her, and directly she went to sleep like a baby, with her head on my knee."

The two went closer, and looked down upon the slender form and still, dark face. The sleeper's rest was deep. A tress of hair, fallen from its fastening, swept her cheek: Mistress Stagg, stooping, put it in place behind the small ear, then straightened herself and pressed her Mirabell's arm.

"Well, my love," quoth that gentleman, clearing his throat. "'Great minds, like Heaven, are pleased in doing good.' My Millamant, declare your thoughts!"

Mistress Stagg twisted her apron hem between thumb and finger. "She's more than eighteen, Charles; and anyhow, if I understand it rightly, she was never really bound to Darden. The law has no hold on her, for neither vestry nor Orphan Court had anything to do with placing her with Darden and Deborah. She's free to stay."

"Free to stay?" queried Charles, and took a prodigious pinch of snuff. "To stay with us?"

"Why not?" asked his wife, and stole a persuasive hand into that of her helpmate. "Oh, Charles, my heart went out to her! I made her so beautiful once, and I could do it again and all the time. Don't you think her prettier than was Jane Day? And she's graceful, and that quick to learn! You're such a teacher, Charles, and I know she'd do her best. . . . Perhaps, after all, there would be no need to send away to Bristol for one to take Jane's place."

"H'm!" said the great man thoughtfully, and bit a curl of Tamerlane's vast periwig. "'Tis true I esteem her no dullard," he at last vouchsafed; "true also that there are grounds for hope of success. In fine, solely to give thee pleasure, my Millamant, I will give the girl a trial no later than this very afternoon."

Audrey stirred in her sleep, spoke Howard's name, and sank again to rest. Mr. Stagg took a second pinch of snuff. "There's the scandal, my love. His

Excellency the Governor's ball, Mr. Elliot's sermon, Mr. Marmaduke Haward's illness and subsequent duels with Mr. Everard and Mr. Travis, are in no danger of being forgotten. If this girl ever comes to the speaking of an epilogue, there 'll be in Williamsburgh a nine days' wonder indeed!"

"The wonder would not hurt," said Mistress Stagg simply.

"Far from it, my dear," agreed Mr. Stagg, and, closing his snuffbox, went with a thoughtful brow back to the play-house and the Tartar camp.

XXVII.

THE MISSION OF TRUELOVE.

Mistress Truelove Taberer, having read in a very clear and gentle voice the Sermon on the Mount to those placid Friends, Tobias and Martha Taberer, closed the book, and went about her household affairs with a quiet step, but a heart that somehow fluttered at every sound without the door. To still it she began to repeat to herself words she had read: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God . . . blessed are the peacemakers" —

Winter sunshine poured in at the windows and door. Truelove, kneeling to wipe a fleck of dust from her wheel, suddenly, with a catch of her breath and a lifting of her brown eyes, saw in the Scripture she had been repeating a meaning and application hitherto unexpected. "The peacemaker . . . that is one who makes peace, — in the world, between countries, in families, yea, in the heart of one alone. Did he not say, last time he came, that with me he forgot this naughty world and all its strife; that if I were always with him" —

Truelove's countenance became exalted, her gaze fixed. "If it were a call" — she murmured, and for a moment bowed her head upon the wheel;

then rose from her knees and went softly through the morning tasks. When they were over, she took down from a peg and put on a long gray cloak and a gray hood that most becomingly framed her wild-rose face; then came and stood before her father and mother. "I am going forth to walk by the creek-side," she said, in her sweet voice. "It may be that I shall meet Angus MacLean."

"If thee does," answered one tranquil Friend, "thee may tell him that upon next seventh day meeting will be held in this house."

"Truly," said the other tranquil Friend, "my heart is drawn toward that young man. His mind hath been filled with anger and resistance and the turmoil of the world. It were well if he found peace at last."

"Surely it were well," agreed Truelove sweetly, and went out into the crisp winter weather.

The holly, the pine, and the cedar made green places in the woods, and the multitude of leaves underfoot were pleasant to tread. Clouds were in the sky, but the spaces between were of serenest blue, and in the sunshine the creek flashed diamonds. Truelove stood upon the bank, and, with her hand shading her eyes, watched MacLean rowing toward her up the creek.

When he had fastened his boat and taken her hand, the two walked soberly on beside the sparkling water until they came to a rude seat built beneath an oak tree, to which yet clung a number of brown leaves. Truelove sat down, drawing her cloak about her, for, though the sun shone, the air was keen. MacLean took off his coat, and kneeling put it beneath her feet. He laughed at her protest. "Why, these winds are not bleak!" he said. "This land knows no true and honest cold. In my country, night after night have I lain in snow with only my plaid for cover, and heard the spirits call in the icy wind, the kelpie shriek beneath the frozen loch. I listened; then shut

my eyes and dreamed warm of glory and — true love.”

“Thy coat is new,” said Truelove, with downcast eyes. “The earth will stain the good cloth.”

MacLean laughed. “Then will I wear it stained, as ’tis said a courtier once wore his cloak.”

“There is lace upon it,” said Truelove timidly.

MacLean turned with a smile, and laid a fold of her cloak against his dark cheek. “Ah, the lace offends you, — offends thee, — Truelove. Why, ’tis but to mark me a gentleman again! Last night, at Williamsburgh, I supped with Haward and some gentlemen of Virginia. He would have me don this suit. I might not disoblige my friend.”

“Thee loves it,” said Truelove severely. “Thee loves the color, and the feel of the fine cloth, and the ruffles at thy wrists.”

The Highlander laughed. “Why, suppose that I do! Look, Truelove, how brave and red are those holly berries, and how green and fantastically twisted the leaves! The sky is a bright blue and the clouds are silver; and think what these woods will be when the winter is past! One might do worse, meseems, than to be of God’s taste in such matters.”

Truelove sighed, and drew her gray cloak more closely around her.

“Thee is in spirits to-day, Angus MacLean,” she said, and sighed once more.

“I am free,” he answered. “The man within me walks no longer with a hanging head.”

“And what will thee do with thy freedom?”

The Highlander made no immediate reply, but, chin in hand, studied the drifts of leaves and the slow-moving water. “I am free,” he said at last. “I wear to-day the dress of a gentleman. I could walk without shame into a hall that I know, and find there strangers, standers in dead men’s shoon,

brothers who want me not, — who would say behind their hands, ‘He has been twelve years a slave, and the world has changed since he went away!’ . . . I will not trouble them.”

His face was as sombre as when Truelove first beheld it. Suddenly, and against her will, tears came to her eyes. “I am glad — I and my father and mother and Ephraim — that thee goes not overseas, Angus MacLean,” said the dove’s voice. “We would have thee — I and my father and mother and Ephraim — we would have thee stay in Virginia.”

“I am to stay,” he answered. “I have felt no shame in taking a loan from my friend, for I shall repay it. He hath lands up river in a new-made county. I am to seat them for him, and there will be my home. I will build a house and name it Duart; and if there are hills they shall be Dun-da-gu and Grieg, and the sound of winter torrents shall be to me as the sound of the waters of Mull.”

Truelove caught her breath. “Thee will be lonely in those forests.”

“I am used to loneliness.”

“There be Indians on the frontier. They burn houses and carry away prisoners. And there are wolves and dangerous beasts” —

“I am used to danger.”

Truelove’s voice trembled more and more. “And thee must dwell among negroes and rude men, with none to comfort thy soul, none to whom thee can speak in thy dark hours?”

“Before now I have spoken to the tobacco I have planted, the trees I have felled, the swords and muskets I have sold.”

“But at last thee spoke to me!”

“Ay,” he answered. “There have been times when you saved my soul alive. Now, in the forest, in my house of logs, when the day’s work is done, and I sit upon my doorstep and begin to hear the voices of the past crying to me like the spirits in the valley of Glensyde, I will think of you instead.”

"Oh!" cried Truelove. "Speak to me instead, and I will speak to thee . . . sitting upon the doorstep of our house, when our day's work is done!"

Her hood falling back showed her face, clear pink, with dewy eyes. The carnation deepening from brow to throat, and the tears trembling upon her long lashes, she suddenly hid her countenance in her gray cloak. MacLean, on his knees beside her, drew away the folds. "Truelove, Truelove! do you know what you have said?"

Truelove put her hand upon her heart. "Oh, I fear," she whispered, "I fear that I have asked thee, Angus MacLean, to let me be — to let me be — thy wife."

The water shone, and the holly berries were gay, and a robin redbreast sang a cheerful song. Beneath the rustling oak tree there was ardent speech on the part of MacLean, who found in his mistress a listener sweet and shy, and not garrulous of love. But her eyes dwelt upon him and her hand rested at ease within his clasp, and she liked to hear him speak of the home they were to make in the wilderness. It was to be thus, and thus, and thus! With impassioned eloquence the Gael adorned the shrine and advanced the merit of the divinity, and the divinity listened with a smile, a blush, a tear, and now and then a meek rebuke.

When an hour had passed, the sun went under a cloud and the air grew colder. The bird had flown away, but in the rising wind the dead leaves rustled loudly. MacLean and Truelove, leaving their future of honorable toil, peace of mind, and enduring affection, came back to the present.

"I must away," said the Highlander. "Haward waits for me at Williamsburgh. To-morrow, dearer to me than Deirdre to Naos! I will come again."

Hand in hand the two walked slowly toward that haunt of peace, Truelove's quiet home. "And Marmaduke Haward awaits thee at Williamsburgh?"

said the Quakeress. "Last third day he met my father and me on the Fair View road, and checked his horse and spoke to us. He is changed."

"Changed indeed!" quoth the Highlander. "A fire burns him, a wind drives him; and yet to the world, last night" — He paused.

"Last night?" said Truelove.

"He had a large company at Marot's ordinary," went on the other. "There were the Governor and his fellow Councilors, with others of condition or fashion. He was the very fine gentleman, the perfect host, free, smiling, full of wit. But I had been with him before they came. I knew the fires beneath."

The two walked in silence for a few moments, when MacLean spoke again: "He drank to her. At the last, when this lady had been toasted, and that, he rose and drank to 'Audrey,' and threw his wineglass over his shoulder. He hath done what he could. The world knows that he loves her honorably, seeks her vainly in marriage. Something more I know. He gathered the company together last evening that, as his guests, the highest officers, the finest gentlemen of the colony, should go with him to the theatre to see her for the first time as a player. Being what they were, and his guests, and his passion known, he would insure for her, did she well or did she ill, order, interest, decent applause." MacLean broke off with a short, excited laugh. "It was not needed, — his meditation. But he could not know that; no, nor none of us. True, Stagg and his wife had bragged of the powers of this strangely found actress of theirs that they were training to do great things, but folk took it for a trick of their trade. Oh, there was curiosity enough, but 't was on Haward's account. . . . Well, he drank to her, standing at the head of the table at Marot's ordinary, and the glass crashed over his shoulder, and we all went to the play."

"Yes, yes!" cried Truelove, breath-

ing quickly, and quite forgetting how great a vanity was under discussion.

"'T was Tamerlane, the play that this traitorous generation calls for every 5th of November. It seems that the Governor — a Whig as rank as Argyle — had ordered it again for this week. 'T is a cursed piece of slander that pictures the Prince of Orange a virtuous Emperor, his late Majesty of France a hateful tyrant. But for Haward, whose guest I was, I had not sat there with closed lips. I had sprung to my feet and given those flatterers, those traducers, the lie! The thing taunted and angered until she entered. Then I forgot."

"And she — and Audrey?"

"Arpasia was her name in the play. She entered late; her death came before the end; there was another woman who had more to do. It all mattered not. I have seen a great actress."

"Darden's Audrey!" said Truelove, in a whisper.

"That at the very first; not afterwards," answered MacLean. "She was dressed, they say, as upon the night at the Palace, that first night of Haward's fever. When she came upon the stage, there was a murmur like the wind in the leaves. She was most beautiful, — 'beauteous in hatred,' as the Sultan in the play called her, — dark and wonderful, with angry eyes. For a little while she must stand in silence, and in these moments men and women stared at her, then turned and looked at Haward. But when she spoke we forgot that she was Darden's Audrey."

MacLean laughed again. "When the play was ended, — or rather, when her part in it was done, — the house did shake so with the applause that Staggs had to remonstrate. There's naught talked of to-day in Williamsburgh but Arpasia; and when I came down Palace Street this morning, there was a great crowd about the playhouse door. Staggs might sell his tickets for to-night at a guinea apiece. Venice Preserved is the play."

"And Marmaduke Haward, — what of him?" asked Truelove softly.

"He is English," said MacLean, after a pause. "He can make of his face a smiling mask, can keep his voice as even and as still as the pool that is a mile away from the fierce torrent its parent. It is a gift they have, the English. I remember at Preston" — He broke off with a sigh. "There will be an end some day, I suppose. He will win her at last to his way of thinking; and having gained her, he will be happy. And yet to my mind there is something unfortunate, strange and fatal, in the aspect of this girl. It hath always been so. She is such a one as the Lady in Green. On a Halloween night, standing in the twelfth rig, a man might hear her voice upon the wind. I would old Murdoch of Coll, who hath the second sight, were here: he could tell the ending of it all."

An hour later found the Highlander well upon his way to Williamsburgh, walking through wood and field with his long stride, his heart warm within him, his mind filled with the thought of Truelove and the home that he would make for her in the rude, up-river country. Since the two had sat beneath the oak clouds had gathered, obscuring the sun. It was now gray and cold in the forest, and presently snow began to fall, slowly, in large flakes, between the still trees.

MacLean looked with whimsical anxiety at several white particles upon his suit of fine cloth, claret-colored and silver-laced, and quickened his pace. But the snow was but the lazy vanguard of a storm in the night, and so few and harmless were the flakes that when, a mile from Williamsburgh and at some little distance from the road, MacLean beheld a ring of figures seated upon the ground beneath a giant elm, he stopped to observe who and what they were that sat so still beneath the leafless tree in the winter weather.

The group, that at first glimpse had seemed some conclave of beings uncouth

and lubberly and solely of the forest, resolved itself into the Indian teacher and his pupils, escaped for the afternoon from the bounds of William and Mary. The Indian lads — slender, bronze, and statuesque — sat in silence, stolidly listening to the words of the white man, who, standing in the midst of the ring, with his back to the elm tree, told to his dusky charges a Bible tale. It was the story of Joseph and his brethren. The clear, gentle tones of the teacher reached MacLean's ears where he stood unobserved behind a roadside growth of bay and cedar.

A touch upon the shoulder made him turn, to find at his elbow that sometime pupil of Mr. Charles Griffin in whose company he had once trudged from Fair View store to Williamsburgh.

"I was lying in the woods over there," said Hugon sullenly. "I heard them coming, and I took my leave. 'Peste!' said I. 'The old, weak man who preaches quietness under men's injuries, and the young wolf pack, all brown, with Indian names!' They may have the woods; for me, I go back to the town where I belong."

He shrugged his shoulders, and stood scowling at the distant group. MacLean, in his turn, looked curiously at his quondam companion of a sunny day in May, the would-be assassin with whom he had struggled in wind and rain beneath the thunders of an August storm. The trader wore his great wig, his ancient steinkirk of tawdry lace, his high boots of Spanish leather, cracked and stained. Between the waves of coarse hair, out of coal-black, deep-set eyes looked the soul of the half-breed, fierce, vengeful, ignorant, and embittered.

"There is Meshawa," he said, — "Meshawa, who was a little boy when I went to school, but who used to laugh when I talked of France. Pardieu! one day I found him alone when it was cold, and there was a fire in the room. Next time I talked he did not laugh! They

are all" — he swept his hand toward the circle beneath the elm — "they are all Saponies, Nottoways, Meherrins; their fathers are lovers of the peace pipe, and humble to the English. A Monacan is a great brave; he laughs at the Nottoways, and says that there are no men in the villages of the Meherrins."

"When do you go again to trade with your people?" asked MacLean.

Hugon glanced at him out of the corners of his black eyes. "They are not my people; my people are French. I am not going to the woods any more. I am so prosperous. Diable! shall not I as well as another stay at Williamsburgh, dress fine, dwell in an ordinary, play high, and drink of the best?"

"There is none will prevent you," said MacLean coolly. "Dwell in town, take your ease in your inn, wear gold lace, stake the skins of all the deer in Virginia, drink Burgundy and Champagne, but lay no more arrows athwart the threshold of a gentleman's door."

Hugon's lips twitched into a tigerish grimace. "So he found the arrow? Mortdieu! let him look to it that one day the arrow find not him!"

"If I were Haward," said MacLean, "I would have you taken up."

The trader again looked sideways at the speaker, shrugged his shoulders and waved his hand. "Oh, he, — he despises me too much for that! Eh bien! to-day I love to see him live. When there is no wine in the cup, but only dregs that are bitter, I laugh to see it at his lips. She, — Ma'm'selle Audrey, that never before could I coax into my boat, — she reached me her hand, she came with me down the river, through the night-time, and left him behind at Westover. Ha! think you not that was bitter, that drink which she gave him, Mr. Marmaduke Haward of Fair View? Since then, if I go to that house, that garden at Williamsburgh, she hides, she will not see me; the man and his wife make excuse! Bad! But also he sees her never. He

writes to her: she answers not. Good! Let him live, with the fire built around him and the splinters in his heart!"

He laughed again, and, dismissing the subject with an airiness somewhat exaggerated, drew out his huge gilt snuffbox. The snow was now falling more thickly, drawing a white and fleecy veil between the two upon the road and the story-teller and his audience beneath the distant elm. "Are you for Williamsburgh?" demanded the Highlander, when he had somewhat abruptly declined to take snuff with Monsieur Jean Hugon.

That worthy nodded, pocketing his box and incidentally making a great jingling of coins.

"Then," quoth MacLean, "since I prefer to travel alone, I will wait here until you have passed the rolling-house in the distance yonder. Good-day to you!"

He seated himself upon the stump of a tree, and, giving all his attention to the snow, began to whistle a thoughtful air. Hugon glanced at him with fierce black eyes and twitching lips, much desiring a quarrel; then thought better of it, and before the tune had come to an end was making with his long and noiseless stride his lonely way to Williamsburgh and the ordinary in Nicholson Street.

XXVIII.

THE PLAYER.

About this time, Mr. Charles Stagg, of the Williamsburgh theatre in Virginia, sent by the Horn of Plenty, bound for London, a long letter to an ancient comrade and player of small parts at Drury Lane. A few days later, young Mr. Lee, writing by the Golden Lucy to an agreeable rake of his acquaintance, burst into a five-page panegyric upon the Arpasia, the Belvidera, who had so marvelously dawned upon the colonial horizon. The recipient of this communication, being

a frequenter of Button's, and chancing one day to crack a bottle there with Mr. Colley Cibber, drew from his pocket and read to that gentleman the eulogy of Darden's Audrey, with the remark that the writer was an Oxford man and must know whereof he wrote.

Cibber borrowed the letter, and the next day, in the company of Wilks and a bottle of Burgundy, compared it with that of Mr. Charles Stagg, — the latter's correspondent having also brought the matter to the great man's notice.

"She might offset that pretty jade Fenton at the Fields, eh, Bob?" said Cibber. "They're of an age. If the town took to her" —

"If her Belvidera made one pretty fellow weep, why not another?" added Wilks. "Here — where is 't he says that, when she went out, for many moments the pit was silent as the grave, and that then the applause was deep — not shrill — and very long? 'Gad, if 't is a Barry come again, and we could lay hands on her, the house would be made!"

Cibber sighed. "You're dreaming, Bob," he said good-humoredly. "'Twas but a pack of Virginia planters, noisy over some *belle sauvage* with a ranting tongue."

"Men's passions are the same, I take it, in Virginia as in London," answered the other. "If the *belle sauvage* can move to that manner of applause in one spot of earth, she may do so in another. And here again he says, 'A dark beauty, with a strange, alluring air . . . a voice of melting sweetness that yet can so express anguish and fear that the blood turns cold and the heart is wrung to hear it.' Zoons, sir! what would it cost to buy off this fellow Stagg, and to bring the phœnix overseas?"

"Something more than a lottery ticket," laughed the other, and beckoned to the drawer. "We'll wait, Bob, until we're sure 't is a phœnix indeed! There's a gentleman in Virginia with

whom I've some acquaintance, Colonel William Byrd, that was the colony's agent here. I'll write to him for a true account. There's time enough."

So thought honest Cibber, and wrote at leisure to his Virginia acquaintance. It made small difference whether he wrote or refrained from writing, for he had naught to do with the destinies of Darden's Audrey. 'T was almost summer before there came an answer to his letter. He showed it to Wilks in the greenroom, between the acts of *The Provoked Husband*. Mrs. Oldfield read it over their shoulders, and vowed that 't was a moving story; nay, more, in her next scene there was a moisture in Lady Townly's eyes quite out of keeping with the vivacity of her lines.

Darden's Audrey had to do with Virginia, not London; with the winter, never more the summer. It is not known how acceptable her Monimia, her Belvidera, her Isabella, would have been to London playgoers. Perhaps they would have received them as did the Virginians, perhaps not. Cibber himself might or might not have drawn for us her portrait; might or might not have dwelt upon the speaking eye, the slow, exquisite smile with which she made more sad her saddest utterances, the wild charm of her mirth, her power to make each auditor fear as his own the impending harm, the tragic splendor in which, when the bolt had fallen, converged all the pathos, beauty, and tenderness of her earlier scenes. A Virginian of that winter, writing of her, had written thus; but then Williamsburgh was not London, nor its playhouse Drury Lane. Perhaps upon that ruder stage, before an audience less polite, with never a critic in the pit or footman in the gallery, with no Fops' Corner and no great number of fine ladies in the boxes, the jewel shone with a lustre that in a brighter light it had not worn. There was in Mr. Charles Stagg's company of players no mate for any gem; this one was set amongst peb-

bles, and perhaps by contrast alone did it glow so deeply.

However this may be, in Virginia, in the winter and the early spring of the year of grace 1727-28 Darden's Audrey was known, extravagantly praised, toasted, applauded to the echo. Night after night saw the theatre crowded, gallery, pit, and boxes. Even the stage had its row of chairs, seats held not too dear at half a guinea. Mr. Stagg had visions of a larger house, a fuller company, renowned and prosperity undreamed of before that fortunate day when, in the grape arbor, he and his wife had stood and watched Darden's Audrey asleep, with her head pillowed upon her arm.

Darden's Audrey! The name clung to her, though the minister had no further lot or part in her fate. The poetasters called her Charmante, Amoret, Chloe, — what not! Young Mr. Lee in many a slight and pleasing set of verses addressed her as Sylvia, but to the community at large she was Darden's Audrey, and an enigma greater than the Sphinx. Why would she not marry Mr. Marmaduke Haward of Fair View? Was the girl looking for a prince to come overseas for her? Or did she prefer to a dazzling marriage the excitement of the theatre, the adulation, furious applause? That could hardly be, for these things seemed to frighten her. At times one could see her shrink and grow pale at some great clapping or loud "Again!" And only upon the stage did the town behold her. She rarely went abroad, and at the small white house in Palace Street she was denied to visitors. True, 't was the way to keep upon curiosity the keenest edge, to pique interest and send the town to the playhouse as the one point of view from which the riddle might be studied. But wisdom such as this could scarce be expected of the girl. Given, then, that 't was not her vanity which kept her Darden's Audrey, what was it? Was not Mr. Haward of Fair View rich, handsome, a very fine gentleman? Generous,

too, for had he not sworn, as earnestly as though he expected to be believed, that the girl was pure innocence? His hand was ready to his sword, nor were men anxious to incur his cold enmity, so that the assertion passed without open challenge. He was mad for her, — that was plain enough. And she, — well, she's woman and Darden's Audrey, and so doubly an enigma. In the meantime, to-night she plays Monimia, and her madness makes you weep, so sad it is, so hopeless, and so piercing sweet.

In this new world that was so strange to her Darden's Audrey bore herself as best she might. While it was day she kept within the house, where the room that in September she had shared with Mistress Deborah was now for her alone. Hour after hour she sat there, book in hand, learning how those other women, those women of the past, had loved, had suffered, had fallen to dusty death. Other hours she spent with Mr. Charles Stagg in the long room downstairs, or, when Mistress Stagg had customers, in the theatre itself. As in the branded schoolmaster chance had given her a teacher skilled in imparting knowledge, so in this small and pompous man, who beneath a garb of fustian hugged to himself a genuine reverence and understanding of his art, she found an instructor more able, perhaps, than had been a greater actor. In the chill and empty playhouse, upon the narrow stage where, sitting in the September sunshine, she had asked of Haward her last favor, she now learned to speak for those sisters of her spirit, those dead women who through rapture, agony, and madness had sunk to their long rest, had given their hands to death and lain down in a common inn. To Audrey they were real. The shadows were the people who lived and were happy; who night after night came to watch a soul caught in the toils, to thunder applause when death with rude and hasty hands broke the net, set free the prisoner.

The girl dreamed as she breathed. Wakened from a long, long fantasy, desolate and cold to the heart in an alien air, she sought for poppy and mandragora, and in some sort finding them dreamed again, though not for herself, not as before. It can hardly be said that she was unhappy. She walked in a pageant of strange miseries, and the pomp of woe was hers to portray. Those changelings from some fateful land, those passionate, pale women, the milestones of whose pilgrimage spelled love, ruin, despair, and death, they were her kindred, her sisters. Day and night they kept her company; and her own pain lessened, grew at last to a still and dreamy sorrow, never absent, never poignant.

Of necessity importunate grief was drugged to sleep. In the daylight hours she must study, must rehearse with her fellow players; when night came she put on a beautiful dress, and to lights and music and loud applause there entered Monimia, or Belvidera, or Athenais. When the play was done and the curtain fallen, the crowd of those who would have stayed her ever gave way, daunted by her eyes, her closed lips, the atmosphere that yet wrapped her of passion, woe, and exaltation, the very tragedy of the soul that she had so richly painted. Like the ghost of that woman who had so direfully loved and died, she was wont to slip from the playhouse, through the dark garden, to the small white house and her quiet room. There she laid off her gorgeous dress and drew the ornaments from her dark hair, that was as long as Molly's had been that day beneath the sugar tree in the far-away valley.

She rarely thought of Molly now, or of the mountains. With her hair shadowing her face and streaming over bared neck and bosom she sat before her mirror. The candle burned low; the face in the glass seemed not her own. Dim, pale, dark-eyed, patient-lipped at last, out of a mist and from a great distance the other woman looked at her. Far coun-

tries, the burning noonday and utter love, night and woe and life, the broken toy flung with haste away! The mist thickened; the face withdrew, farther, farther off; the candle burned low. Audrey put out the weak flame, and laid herself upon the bed. Sleep came soon, and it was still and dreamless. Sometimes Mary Stagg, light in hand, stole into the room and stood above the quiet form. The girl hardly seemed to breathe: she had a fashion of lying with crossed hands and head drawn slightly back, much as she might be laid at last in her final bed. Mistress Stagg put out a timid hand and felt the flesh if it were warm; then bent and lightly kissed hand or arm or the soft curve of the throat. Audrey stirred not, and the other went noiselessly away; or Audrey opened dark eyes, faintly smiled and raised herself to meet the half-awed caress, then sank to rest again.

Into Mistress Stagg's life had struck a shaft of colored light, had come a note of strange music, had flown a bird of paradise. It was and it was not her dead child come again. She knew that her Lucy had never been thus, and the love that she gave Audrey was hardly mother love. It was more nearly a strange homage, which, had she tried, she could not have explained. When they were alone together, Audrey called the older woman "mother;" often knelt and laid her head upon the other's lap or shoulder. In all her ways she was sweet and duteous, grateful and eager to serve. But her spirit dwelt in a rarer air, and there were heights and depths where the waif and her protectress might not meet. To this the latter gave dumb recognition, and though she could not understand, yet loved her protégée. At night, in the playhouse, this love was heightened into exultant worship. At all times there was delight in the girl's beauty, pride in the comment and wonder of the town, self-congratulation and the pleasing knowledge that wisdom is vindicated of its children. Was not all this of her bring-

ing about? Did it not first occur to her that the child might take Jane Day's place? Even Charles, who strutted and plumed himself and offered his snuffbox to every passer-by, must acknowledge that! Mistress Stagg stopped her sewing to laugh triumphantly, then fell to work more diligently than ever; for it was her pleasure to dress Darden's Audrey richly, in soft colors, heavy silken stuffs upon which was lavished a wealth of delicate needlework. It was chiefly while she sat and sewed upon these pretty things, with Audrey, book on knee, close beside her, that her own child seemed to breathe again.

Audrey thanked her and kissed her, and wore what she was given to wear, nor thought how her beauty was enhanced. If others saw it, if the wonder grew by what it fed on, if she was talked of, written of, pledged, and lauded by a frank and susceptible people, she knew of all this little enough, and for what she knew cared not at all. Her days went dreamily by, nor very sad nor happy; full of work, yet vague and unmarked as desert sands. What was real was a past that was not hers, and those dead women to whom night by night she gave life and splendor.

There were visitors to whom she was not denied. Darden came at times, sat in Mistress Stagg's sunny parlor, and talked to his sometime ward much as he had talked in the glebe-house living room, — discursively, of men and parochial affairs and his own unmerited woes. Audrey sat and heard him, with her eyes upon the garden without the window. When he lifted from the chair his great shambling figure, and took his stained old hat and heavy cane, Audrey rose also, curtsied, and sent her duty to Mistress Deborah, but she asked no questions as to that past home of hers. It seemed not to interest her that the creek was frozen so hard that one could walk upon it to Fair View, or that the minister had bought a field from his wealthy neigh-

bor, and meant to plant it with Orenoko. Only when he told her that the little wood — the wood that she had called her own — was being cleared, and that all day could be heard the falling of the trees, did she lift startled eyes and draw a breath like a moan. The minister looked at her from under shaggy brows, shook his head, and went his way to his favorite ordinary, rum and a hand at cards.

Mistress Deborah she beheld no more; but once the Widow Constance brought Barbara to town, and the two, being very simple women, went to the play to see the old Audrey, and saw instead a queen, tinsel, mock-jeweled, clad in silk, who loved and triumphed, despaired and died. The rude theatre shook to the applause. When it was all over, the widow and Barbara went dazed to their lodging, and lay awake through the night talking of these marvels. In the morning they found the small white house, and Audrey came to them in the garden. When she had kissed them, the three sat down in the arbor; for it was a fine, sunny morning, and not cold. But the talk was not easy; Barbara's eyes were so round, and the widow kept mincing her words. Only when they were joined by Mistress Stagg, to whom the widow became voluble, the two girls spoke aside.

"I have a guinea, Barbara," said Audrey. "Mr. Stagg gave it to me, and I need it not, — I need naught in the world. Barbara, here! — 't is for a warm dress and a Sunday hood."

"Oh, Audrey," breathed Barbara, "they say you might live at Fair View, — that you might marry Mr. Haward and be a fine lady" —

Audrey laid her hand upon the other's lips. "Hush! See, Barbara, you must have the dress made thus, like mine."

"But if 't is so, Audrey!" persisted poor Barbara. "Mother and I talked of it last night. She said you would want a waiting woman, and I thought — Oh, Audrey!"

Audrey bit her quivering lip and

dashed away the tears. "I'll want no waiting woman, Barbara. I'm naught but Audrey that you used to be kind to. Let's talk of other things. Have you missed me from the woods all these days?"

"It has been long since you were there," said Barbara dully. "Now I go with Joan at times, though mother frowns and says she is not fit. Eh, Audrey, if I could have a dress of red silk, with gold and bright stones, like you wore last night! Old days I had more than you, but all's changed now. Joan says" —

The Widow Constance rising to take leave, it did not appear what Joan had said. The visitors from the country went away, nor came again while Audrey dwelt in Williamsburgh. The schoolmaster came, and while he waited for his sometime pupil to slowly descend the stairs talked learnedly to Mr. Stagg of native genius, of the mind drawn steadily through all accidents and adversities to the end of its own discovery, and of how time and tide and all the winds of heaven conspire to bring the fate assigned, to make the puppet move in the stated measure. Mr. Stagg nodded, took out his snuffbox, and asked what now was the schoolmaster's opinion of the girl's Monimia last night, — the last act, for instance. Good Lord, how still the house was! — and then one long sigh.

The schoolmaster fingered the scars in his hands, as was his manner at times, but kept his eyes upon the ground. When he spoke, there was in his voice unwonted life. "Why, sir, I could have said with Lear, 'Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow!' — and I am not a man, sir, that's easily moved. The girl is greatly gifted. I knew that before either you or the town, sir. Audrey, good-morrow!"

Such as these from out her old life Darden's Audrey saw and talked with. Others sought her, watched for her, laid traps that might achieve at least her

presence, but largely in vain. She kept within the house; when the knocker sounded she went to her own room. No flowery message, compliment, or appeal, not even Mary Stagg's kindly importunity, could bring her from that coign of vantage. There were times when Mistress Stagg's showroom was crowded with customers; on sunny days young men left the bowling green to stroll in the shell-bordered garden paths; gentlemen and ladies of quality passing up and down Palace Street walked more slowly when they came to the small white house, and looked to see if the face of Darden's Audrey showed at any window.

Thus the winter wore away. The springtime was at hand, when one day the Governor, wrought upon by Mistress Evelyn Byrd, sent to Mr. Stagg, bidding him with his wife and the new player to the Palace. The three, dressed in their best, were ushered into the drawing-room, where they found his Excellency at chess with the Attorney-General; a third gentleman, seated somewhat in the shadow, watching the game. A servant placed chairs for the people from the theatre. His Excellency checkmated his antagonist, and, leaning back in his great chair, looked at Darden's Audrey, but addressed his conversation to Mr. Charles Stagg. The great man was condescendingly affable, the lesser one obsequious; while they talked the gentleman in the shadow arose and drew his chair to Audrey's side. 'T was Colonel Byrd, and he spoke to the girl kindly and courteously; asking after her welfare, giving her her meed of praise, dwelling half humorously upon the astonishment and delight into which she had surprised the play-loving town. Audrey listened with downcast eyes to the suave tones, the well-turned compliments, but when she must speak spoke quietly and well.

At last the Governor turned toward her, and began to ask well-meant questions and to give pompous encouragement to the new player. No reference

was made to that other time when she had visited the Palace. A servant poured for each of the three a glass of wine. His Excellency graciously desired that they shortly give Tamerlane again, that being a play which, as a true Whig and a hater of all tyrants, he much delighted in, and as graciously announced his intention of bestowing upon the company two slightly tarnished birthday suits. The great man then arose, and the audience was over.

Outside the house, in the sunny walk leading to the gates, the three from the theatre met, full face, a lady and two gentlemen who had been sauntering up and down in the pleasant weather. The lady was Evelyn Byrd; the gentlemen were Mr. Lee and Mr. Grymes.

Audrey, moving slightly in advance of her companions, halted at the sight of Evelyn, and the rich color surged to her face; but the other, pale and lovely, kept her composure, and, with a smile and a few graceful words of greeting, curtsied deeply to the player. Audrey, with a little catch of her breath, returned the curtsy. Both women were richly dressed, both were beautiful; it seemed a ceremonious meeting of two ladies of quality. The gentlemen also bowed profoundly, pressing their hats against their hearts. Mistress Stagg, to whom her protégée's aversion to company was no light cross, twitched her Mirabell by the sleeve and, hanging upon his arm, prevented his further advance. The action said: "Let the child alone; maybe when the ice is once broken she'll see people, and not be so shy and strange."

"Mr. Lee," said Evelyn sweetly, "I have dropped my glove,—perhaps in the summer house on the terrace. If you will be so good? Mr. Grymes, will you desire Mr. Stagg yonder to shortly visit me at my lodging? I wish to bespeak a play, and would confer with him on the matter."

The gentlemen bowed and hastened upon their several errands, leaving Au-

drey and Evelyn standing face to face in the sunny path. "You are well, I hope," said the latter, in her low, clear voice, "and happy?"

"I am well, Mistress Evelyn," answered Audrey. "I think that I am not unhappy."

The other gazed at her in silence; then, "We have all been blind," she said. "'Tis not a year since May Day and the Jaquelins' merrymaking. It seems much longer. You won the race, — do you remember? — and took the prize from my hand; and neither of us thought of all that should follow — did we? — or guessed at other days. I saw you last night at the theatre, and you made my heart like to burst for pity and sorrow. You were only playing at woe? You are not unhappy, not like that?"

Audrey shook her head. "No, not like that."

There was a pause, broken by Evelyn. "Mr. Haward is in town," she said, in a low but unfaltering voice. "He was at the playhouse last night. I watched him sitting in a box, in the shadow. . . . You also saw him?"

"Yes," said Audrey. "He had not been there for a long, long time. At first he came night after night. . . . I wrote to him at last and told him how he troubled me, — made me forget my lines, — and then he came no more."

There was in her tone a strange wistfulness. Evelyn drew her breath sharply, glanced swiftly at the dark face and liquid eyes. Mr. Grymes yet held the manager and his wife in conversation, but Mr. Lee, a small jessamine-scented glove in his hand, was hurrying toward them from the summer house.

"You think that you do not love Mr. Haward?" said Evelyn, in a low voice.

"I loved one that never lived," said Audrey simply. "It was all in a dream from which I have waked. I told him that at Westover, and afterwards here in Williamsburgh. I grew so tired at last — it hurt me so to tell him . . . and

then I wrote the letter. He has been at Fair View this long time, has he not?"

"Yes," said Evelyn quietly. "He has been alone at Fair View." The paleness in her cheeks had deepened; she put her lace handkerchief to her lips, and shut her hand so closely that the nails bit into the palm. In a moment, however, she was smiling, a faint, inscrutable smile, and presently she came a little nearer and took Audrey's hand.

The soft, hot, lingering touch thrilled the girl. She began to speak hurriedly, not knowing why she spoke nor what she wished to say: "Mistress Evelyn" —

"Yes, Audrey," said Evelyn, and laid a fluttering touch upon the other's lips, then in a moment spoke herself: "You are to remember always, though you love him not, Audrey, that he never was true lover of mine; that now and forever, and though you died to-night, he is to me but an old acquaintance, — Mr. Marmaduke Haward of Fair View. Remember also that it was not your fault, nor his perhaps, nor mine, and that with all my heart I wish his happiness. . . . Ah, Mr. Lee, you found it? My thanks, sir."

Mr. Lee, having restored the glove with all the pretty froth of words which the occasion merited, and seen Mistress Evelyn turn aside to speak with Mr. Stagg, found himself mightily inclined to improve the golden opportunity and at once lay siege to this paragon from the playhouse. Two low bows, a three-piled, gold-embroidered compliment, a quotation from his *To Sylvia* upon her Leaving the Theatre, and the young gentleman thought his lines well laid. But Sylvia grew restless, dealt in monosyllables, and finally retreated to Mistress Stagg's side. "Shall we not go home?" she whispered. "I — I am tired, and I have my part to study, the long speech at the end that I stumbled in last night. Ah, let us go!"

Mistress Stagg sighed over the girl's contumacy. It was not thus in Bath when she was young, and men of fashion

flocked to compliment a handsome player. Now there was naught to do but to let the child have her way. She and Audrey made their curtsies, and Mr. Charles Stagg his bow, which was mod-

eled after that of Beau Nash. Then the three went down the sunny path to the Palace gates, and Evelyn with the two gentlemen moved toward the house and the company within.

Mary Johnston.

(To be continued.)

ENGLAND IN 1901.

THE shadow cast over the country at the dawn of the new century by the death of Queen Victoria has colored, more or less observably, the thoughts and achievements of the year; while it has prompted a number of ill-digested but not wholly valueless attempts to measure the progress and define the position of England in the civilized world, during the era on which the door has been so recently closed. Even the bad taste of gushing journalists, driven by cruel necessity to write columns of "national sentiment" daily, was powerless to obscure the universally personal mourning for a sovereign lady whose youth had excited the chivalrous enthusiasm of our fathers, and whose age retained the affectionately proud respect invariably accorded to conspicuous rectitude and natural dignity in high places. The Queen, in fact, was beloved, not as a typical English mother, — being essentially German in her family life, — but for certain human essentials of character which transcend nationalities, and are confined to no particular social status, no special period of time. Unquestionably feminine in action, outlook, and expression, she yet possessed in no small degree the mental breadth and consistency which characterize statesmen, and always comported herself as the mistress of a great principality. Her profound interest in domesticities, so endearing to many thousands of her subjects, never

diminished the public significance of her attitude at every emergency. Along the lines on which she wisely elected to exert it, her influence was firm and unmistakable, working always toward a truthful simplicity of goodness. She held no heroic surprises for her people, yet never disappointed them. She was of the few on whom one could always absolutely depend. On her as surely and as significantly as on her ministers rested the cares of state, and the honor of England never suffered at her hands.

It has been said, indeed, that in recent years the monarchy has risen much in popular estimation, while Parliaments are every day held in less esteem. The closing years of the last reign gave fair occasion for the remark. The loyalty of Englishmen through recent crises has been easier and more stalwart, as it is always more spontaneous and more inspiring, to the throne than to any party the most influential. Soldiers of every rank care little for governments; in the most literal sense, they have given their lives for their Queen.

The Queen's influence, however, was no doubt in great part due to the fact of her being so essentially typical, both as woman and as sovereign, of the inner spirit which permeated the Victorian era, — the spirit of complacent pride in conventional respectability and material progress. She assumed, as did all our fathers, that we were everywhere on the

right path, and that by going on we must necessarily be going forward. The attitude, of course, was an inevitable sequel to the leaps and bounds in scientific discovery, commercial enterprise, and external civilization which characterized the nineteenth century. At any rate, Englishmen of those days have not forborne to fancy themselves continually marching in triumph along the highroad to human perfectibility. Indeed, the comparatively sudden advances in profound learning of all sorts, combined with an equally marked universality of some education and general knowledge, had been sufficiently dazzling to warrant the assumption that we need only be and do more thoroughly what we had been and were doing to become better, wiser, and happier. One can well understand how few have stopped to doubt and question if this marvelous "progress" by which we have been intoxicated were aught less than an adequate ideal for immortal humanity.

Imperialism is the latest and grandest phase of this optimistic complacency. We can only pray that it may be the last. The pride of intellect, morality, and commercialism — in one word, the pride of success — has acquired the enthusiasm of the missionary. Its prophets are inspired by that subtle combination of the lust for power in the exercise of administrative ability with the magic illusion of philanthropy by which a man is led honestly to believe that he is conferring a benefit on others by shaping them after his own image. So have the Western civilizations, with England for pioneer, become the fore-runners of the great new gospel, the gospel of success in time, holding on by lip service to the golden keys of eternity.

It is an honest enough creed, presenting many a warrant for noble heroism and high enterprise. It has brought us the legacy of clean thought, strenuous ambition, and a fairly clear-headed code of honor. The secret of success

is no idle possession, no fruitless power. Stripped of cant and admitting its spiritual inadequacy, the era behind us shall yet emerge in the pages of world history as a good record. The Victorian deserves his epitaph: —

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

But imperialism to-day is stepping from the region of the ideal to that of the practical. It is becoming the instrument of administrators, the field for men of action. Its problems are among the facts of every-day life, for the moment may be the most pressing; demanding technical knowledge, personal resolution, and the ruling instinct. Politically speaking, democracy must cease to theorize, and evolve the expert. The party landmarks of our infancy are vanishing before our very eyes, and the scaffoldings of new platforms cloud the horizon. New men, new morals, is a sound enough executive maxim, and the electorate must turn its energies to acquiring a grip of "affairs."

Meanwhile, the inevitable is also happening. Always as soon as a people have really got hold of an idea and are honestly endeavoring to live up to it, when the gospel has become a convention and the messiahship is bequeathed to stage managers, there arises somewhere the analyst, the critic, the questioner. Imagination, far ahead of action or mass emotion, looks backwards and forwards at one glance; accepts the lessons of the past, and reads a warning for the future. There is ever a hand writing on the wall.

So it is that thinking men to-day, confronted, for example, with the problems of China and South Africa (the settlement problem, not the war problem), are determined that the claims of imperialism shall not involve a reckless destruction of patriotism or a foolish process of remoulding nations on Birmingham patterns. Without precisely declaring that Western civilization has reached its cli-

max, they are firmly convinced that as itself an all-sufficient motive power its influence is on the wane. In other words, it is now recognized to be valuable only as a means, and it behooves us to consider the end it may legitimately encourage. For the moment, however, the pressing necessity is to check popular enthusiasm from mistaking it for an end; to convince the body politic that the consciences and ideals of other people are at least as permanent and as valuable as our own; that their ways are not our ways, nor our ways theirs. Nations make poor lecturers, and the arena of diplomacy is an unsteady pulpit. Civilizations are not one, but many, and of to-day's survivals few are barbarous. The danger of forgetting this truth is both theoretic and practical. The call to arms in Christ's name denies the doctrine we are professing to inculcate; the habit of interfering provokes interference. Our grandchildren will hardly thank us for teaching the Chinese to fight, and the zealous promotion of civilization apparently implies the daily commission of barbarities.

"John Chinaman" has spoken with no uncertain voice : —

"Unless you of the West will come to realize the truth; unless you will understand that the events which have shaken Europe are the Nemesis of a long course of injustice and oppression; unless you will learn that the profound opposition between your civilization and ours gives no more ground why you should regard us as barbarians than we you; unless you will treat us as a civilized power, and respect our customs and our laws; unless you will accord us the treatment you would accord to any European nation, and refrain from enacting conditions you would never dream of imposing on a Western power, — unless you will do this there is no hope of any peace between us. You have humiliated the proudest nation in the world, — with what results is now abundantly manifest. . . .

"Our mobs are barbarous and cruel? Alas! yes. And your troops? And your troops, nations of Christendom? Ask the once fertile land from Peking to the coast; ask the corpses of murdered men and outraged women and children; ask the innocent mingled indiscriminately with the guilty; ask the Christ, the lover of men, whom ye profess to serve, to judge between us who rose in mad despair to save our country and you who, avenging crime with crime, did not pause to reflect that the crime you avenged was the fruit of your own iniquity."

The system which has always characterized our home policy of "blundering on" and "shaking down" would seem to suit the national temperament. It is somewhat slow and somewhat laborious, but, as the natural outcome of party government, has certainly produced a steady improvement in all directions, perhaps as thorough and as satisfactory as could have been effected by other more reasonable methods. For our own flesh and blood in the colonies it has also worked fairly well. What led to the foundation of the United States, however undesigned, can scarcely be called a failure, and in India the situation has been saved again and again by the Man on the Spot.

But to-day we are on the threshold of new responsibilities and new enterprises. The commercial greed and roving propensity of the race are confronting us with our equals, or with those who may one day most unexpectedly and unpleasantly prove themselves to be such. The color problem is a long way off from its solution. We are opening the door on nations we cannot mould, who are fully justified in resisting the attempt. Many and great, unquestionably, are the benefits of our so-called civilization, but the assumption that all who cannot appreciate them should be wiped off the face of the earth is sadly primitive and unphilosophical. Strange to say, there are people upon this planet who do not want

us and our ways, who will die rather than submit to our fatherly patronage. We cannot afford to overlook the significance of this phenomenon. Here is a library to hand for our politicians of the future. It would become us to hold our breath from teaching, and learn a little; to think an instant on what terms we can take up our heritage; to pray, perchance, for some humility.

In China, for the moment, all visible eruptions have died away; and though the war in South Africa continues with all its virulent and discreditable details, the future of the situation is probably drifting into the hands of that group of men with sufficient administrative ability in their finger tips to run the parochial business of England single-handed, who care nothing for parchment suzerainties, and scarcely more for mining financiers. It is difficult for us to realize how they are carrying on the work, and undesirable that it should be completed without our cognizance; but till something shall knock enough sense into us to shake hands with an honorable enemy the conditions are inevitable.

And meantime, if we are to retain the mildest pretensions to continue a great example, we must begin to look after our own house, and leave off interfering with that of other people. Reform is imperiously demanded for the extraordinary stagnation of public life at home, the absence of statesmen at the helm, and the melancholy failure to determine a vital definition for the noblest word in our political vocabulary, — the word "Liberal."

To-day, the condition of England and of other European countries provides abundant evidence that modern progress is not only inefficient to remove the evils it triumphantly set out to conquer, but is actually creating a new group of most deadly and paralyzing despairs. The close of the Victorian era does not find us a happy and contented people, banishing disease by science, starvation by machinery, or crime by a zeal for hu-

manity. The extension of the franchise has not liberated the sons of toil, education has not demonstrated the nobility of labor, a love of art is not the master passion of the cottage. And every day shows more and more imminent the lust of power excited by acquiring new territories, the loss of honor entailed by speculative commercialism, the moral indifference encouraged by the denial of individual responsibilities, and the stagnation involved in capitalist tyranny. Externally, it would seem that these are not new evils; but they are assuming new forms, and becoming cruelly intensified by three modern forces of infinite potency: the revival of slavery (on the one hand over so-called inferior races for whom our idol of Success has no significance, and on the other over all home laborers), the numberless and intricate dangers attending life in large towns, and the practically anti-religious materialism — or cash code — which is ruling the civilized world of to-day, as the natural though undesigned outcome of daily increased power to regulate environments. Although of late public attention has been accidentally drawn most forcibly to the first of these, it is the last two which may be more advisedly attacked; for by such means alone can we readjust our ideal, and prepare ourselves in any measure for imperial or international responsibilities.

Our extraordinary apathy to the problem of large towns, tacitly encouraged by leaders of every sort, arises chiefly from its having come upon us unawares in the gradual and regular process of free development. Even to-day it is difficult to convince the professional politician, imperial or parochial, that he is confronted with a new battlefield, demanding tactics of its own. He will not recognize that a large town has quite other functions than to repeat, over wider areas, the benefits and the accidents of small towns, themselves the healthy outcome of village activity and enterprise.

In other words, he cannot or will not admit that "there is something more in a crowd than a mere collection of individuals: it possesses a character of its own as a whole, so that each person in it finds himself behaving in a manner foreign to his disposition, and experiencing sensations before unknown. A multitude of living beings has a strange intoxicating effect, and awakens the consciousness as of some giant power, latent indeed, but yet visibly felt. Children and adults are alike in this, and, once they have been subjected to this crowd passion, crave for a repetition of the emotion. . . . It is possible now to summarize the effect of the whole environment of a town. Physically, it tends to rear an unhealthy race. Mentally, it tends to create a people of quick, superficial intelligence. Morally, it tends to produce excitability, a love of fighting, and untruthfulness."

Yet here, undoubtedly, is an active force, created by civilization, with which the coming century will have to deal. It presents, as it were, the spiritual side of our economic difficulties.

For enterprise and the increase of knowledge, left to themselves, must centralize labor, and, by hourly demanding less and less from the intelligence of the worker or producer, — on whom we yet ultimately all depend, — must drive him farther and farther from the means of enjoying the good things he produces, and chain him ever more rigidly within the area where he can most economically be kept alive and most readily kept in bondage.

It is probable that this state of things would at last bring in its train a natural economic cure of the very evils it has produced. For the workman's powers of doing work must so rapidly deteriorate under the strain that the capitalist will be forced, in self-defense, to leash the forces he has awakened, and create a more kindly atmosphere for the necessary proletariat. Already a certain number of factories have been moved into the country, on

purely commercial grounds, with beneficial results.

Town life has come to stay; and if such removals to the country were ever general enough sensibly to diminish the evils that have been mentioned, the good work would move far too slowly along that road. But the conditions of modern existence produce, I had almost said fortunately, a vast aggregate of *obvious* suffering and crime which, in the first place, is inconveniently expensive, and, in the second, shall utter itself so loudly and so frequently that one day even the "just" citizen can no longer turn a deaf ear.

Even now, while political leaders are severely or contemptuously asleep in this matter, content with "thinking in continents" and playing the big game of modern warfare, a small wave of strenuous thought is beating against the rocks of domestic distress. A noteworthy utterance has been put forward this year by a group of young men from Cambridge, which fearlessly confronts the real danger. In a series of papers, aptly styled *The Heart of the Empire*, they have discussed "the problems of modern city life in England," and the work is in every way excellent. Such subjects as *Realities at Home*, *The Housing Problem*, *The Children of the Town*, *Temperance Reform*, and *The Distribution of Industry* will carry their own message to thoughtful minds; and there can be no doubt that each writer has made an honest and very diligent attempt to acquaint himself at first hand with the phenomena and their causes before enunciating a suggestion for their amelioration. The whole volume is informed with a high seriousness of purpose and a candid acceptance of realities. Here are no idle repinings for the good old days, and no æsthetic visions of never to be recovered Utopias, but a plain story and a plain moral. Speaking roughly, the trend of the book is naturally socialistic. In other words, its remedies are by regulations: —

"In order to extract the kernel of positive warning from the husk of vague pessimism, we must ask what is the difference between the banks of Time which the English used to see and those which they see to-day. The difference is this: in the past life was naturally — that is, by the process of existing social and economic conditions — beautiful and instructive, while to-day life moves in conditions which tend to make it ugly and trivial. It can still be made more beautiful and instructive than ever, but if so it will be by *artificial means and by conscious effort of our own*. The world on the banks, having become naturally ugly, must be made artificially beautiful. . . . The way back to Nature herself lies now through the dexterous use of artifice and modern inventions toward that end.

"Such is the law of our modern era. Economy and natural process, unguided, work for evil. But to check them we have in our hands the new powers of science and industry, — *Titan forces, themselves neutral in the warfare between gods and demons, but infinitely strong for good, whenever we take the pains to use them for ideal ends.*"

In one word, "the good new world must be made; it cannot grow."

The essayists here are typical of much that is most hopeful in English life of to-day. They are infinitely willing to work and fight, splendidly careless of old prejudices. But it is open to question whether their methods, like those of the Fabians, the London County Council, and the School Board, are not too slow and, above all, too restrained. Something is needed to arouse an essentially *public* feeling, and to awaken a mass emotion. But while the horrors of town life are in all conscience sufficiently sensational to move the most sluggish, it is, unfortunately, equally certain that no proposals yet put forward for their removal have ever seized upon the popular imagination. The watch-

words "Liberalism" and "Reform" have died away in the distance, and no echo has yet fallen upon our ears. To-day's gospel is a gospel of committees, but man can neither swear by a committee nor die for it. Committees, commissions, and societies mean always that we are leaving the business to some one else. Changes of executive, however valuable, must remain in the hands of the expert, round whose flag how few shall rally!

I have mentioned already the third force for evil which dominates modern civilization. We Englishmen have largely ceased to be a religious people. The arrogant assumption of nineteenth-century science, that spiritual values were proved non-existent, has been formally abandoned by the learned; but its effects on daily thought and conduct are no less powerful. And they have received most unexpected and dangerous support from the fashionable Christian virtues of tenderness and tolerance. Having discovered, to his own entire satisfaction, that nothing is really anybody's own fault; having noticed, with pardonable pride, that the genius of the English race is invincible; having arranged, with complacent foresight, that his hospitals and what not shall prevent any serious personal privations, the Anglo-Saxon householder turns contentedly to his newspaper, at once the priest and the Bible of his generation, and tickles his appetite by grumbling over the incapacity of all officialdom. Meanwhile, the souls and bodies of men are left to the officials.

Granted, certainly, that the "conditions of life" make the influence of the ideal non-existent for the majority; yet it becomes the reformer to herald some more strenuous ideal than the extension of material well-being, whose summons must ever remain powerless to shake the "seats of the mighty," or even to "flutter the doves" of Suburbia, whence should come the helping hand. If the Paradise of the future is to be consciously hand-made, not God-given, let us see to

it that the architect thereof is an artist in spiritualities, and no mere cunning craftsman, a seer of visions, a dreamer of dreams. The Jingo imperialist is not only a poor diplomatist, but the missionary of barbarism; the exploiter of home labor is not only economically and socially, but morally decadent. Further progress along the paths followed by the Victorian age will infallibly lead us to moral and economic chaos. The standards by which we have prospered in growth exceedingly are yet proved dangerous for our own manhood, and are manifestly unfit to elevate the world. And in the meantime, if we can so far improve the social conditions of life that each man shall be free to worship an ideal, let us remember to have ready an ideal for him to worship.

Amid so marked and universal an absence of idealism, it is inevitable that literature and art, which should reflect the finest shades of national spirituality and enthusiasm, have grown chaotic and superficial. Here as elsewhere the technique grows continually more excellent and more widely attainable. A larger number of competent writers are "discovered" every season, and the masters of style are more masterly than ever. Yet all of them are mere journalists or recorders. They stand outside life and make "copy" of it. They have no revelation, no message. If by chance a deeper chord be touched, its echoes are speedily drowned in the babel of Special Correspondents, the Realist, the Man with Local Color, or the Romanticist. Genuine popularity is achieved by such trivialities as *An Englishwoman's Love Letters* or *The Visits of Elizabeth*, of which the one depends for its effect on an entire absence of sincerity, and the other on the effrontery of gay cynicism.

Meanwhile, Lucas Malet has rivaled Mrs. Voynich, of Gadsby fame, in her fleshly glorification of "freaks" entitled *The History of Sir Richard Calmady*, and Mr. George Moore has laboriously

ground out another few hundred pages devoted to the study of a sickly temperament, exhibiting Evelyn Innes as Sister Teresa. The author of *Elizabeth* and her German Garden has issued another appeal, not inaptly termed *The Benefactress*, to the inherent snobbishness from which no man can shake himself entirely free.

Mr. Anthony Hope, however, has made the interesting experiment of masquerading as Mr. Henry James. His *Tristram of Blent*, of course, has every claim to be considered original in subject and treatment, but it is penetrated by all the elusive reserve and sensationally outspoken subtlety which characterize the author of *The Americans*. The hero and heroine are at once aggressively modern and perversely abnormal; whereas the one passion of respectable modernity is the normal, — in one's self, — though the abnormal gives pleasure as a spectacle. They are emotionally explosive, yet ridiculously self-conscious; intent on watching for the effects of their own temperaments, and entirely superior to self-control. The minor characters appear also to have been borrowed from the gallery of Mr. James, with here and there a curio of Mr. Meredith's; and the plot is elaborated along the lines of mental coincidence in which these ingenious authors delight. Mr. Hope rides skillfully and gayly enough in this new harness, as his manner is; yet the work is, after all, no more than a brilliant *tour de force*.

But Mr. Rudyard Kipling has written a great book, which is an allegory. *Kim*, indeed, might be quoted effectively against reckless imperialism, for it contains one of the most eloquent vindications of Eastern idealism ever penned; though of course the parable goes far deeper, being a transcript of universal humanity. For here are shown, with full consciousness of their opposing tendencies, the two influences which must always build up character. Externally,

the boy Kim is educated by that rough-and-ready method, so dear to our forefathers, of seeing "the great good-tempered world." He finds his way everywhere, and understands most things. To the subtlety and picturesque cunning of the conquered races that fostered him he learns to annex that mysterious presence and self-confidence, that instinct for success and rule, which have unquestionably established our empire. But permeating and purifying his young nature, preserving him on the one hand from becoming "a fearful man" like the Babu, and on the other from coarsening into an average Sahib, stands that most lovable and saintly of personalities, the Thibetian Lama. He has lived for many years among men, and found "no need to lie;" he holds that "to abstain from action is well, for all doing is evil." Totally indifferent to the chances of death or suffering, gazing always upon the world with the wondering joy of an innocent child, he is a true pilgrim, "following the Middle Way," going to "see the Four Holy Places before he die," seeking "freedom from the Wheel of Things" in the "River of the Arrow," which "washes away all taint and speckle of Sin." Yet he will put aside for years, if need be, the one desire of his heart for the sake of the child; retracing the journey of many days to give him "wisdom," enduring much chatter of women, and always patient. Therefore Kim honors him with the loving reverence which human nature must yield to so wholly spiritual a presence. Throughout his rough-and-tumble existence, under his boasting, cunning, vitally alive, and intensely curious little being, the "friend of all the world" is ever sensitive and loyal to the ideal of which his Lama is the personification. Except for *The Brushwood Boy*, Mr. Kipling has never before attained so nearly to the reality which is far above realism, the spiritual which embraces and permeates the material, the immortal which transcends mortality.

Concerning the general output of literature during the year, we notice an increasing tendency to what may be called "parochialism in fiction." The novel deserving to be called a work of art is a composition in character, and its legitimate field is the illustration of human life. The novelist's ideal must be to create actual beings, of unmistakable, indestructible individuality; who act and feel according to the law of their own nature, whose experience may be tested by the most universal philosophy. In other words, his *dramatis personæ* must be persons, and not types; his method must be portraiture, not photography; his circumstances must be subsidiary, and not dominant. Fiction is only one of many mediums for the expression of ideas, and the craftsman cannot afford to neglect the particular conditions under which his work is to be carried out.

The medium of a prose story, like the humanity it produces, consists of two elements which are equally essential to its verisimilitude and its vitality, — the one spiritual or permanent, the other material or accidental. But the motive or underlying idea cannot be directly exhibited or preached, as in some poems and all essays: the costume or events should not stand for subject, as in histories and other textbooks. Disregard of the first law produces "the novel with a purpose," of the second the "study in local color," — both freaks of the artistic imagination. Yet the streets of London have lately succeeded the kailyard in popular favor as the novelist's hunting ground, — once more illustrating the coercion of town life.

The movement might perhaps be called a revival, inasmuch as Charles Dickens and others have "done" London low life in the days of our fathers, while Thackeray and others have "done" society. But they remained legitimate novelists. Dickens, indeed, must plead guilty to having written several novels

with a purpose; and he was constantly offending the canons of art. This, however, does not affect his superiority to his modern rivals, which comes from the fact that with him London is illustrative of character; with them character is illustrative of London. Dickens put his heart into his heroes, his heroines, his "funny" men, and his villains. He cared supremely that the public should love or hate the men and women of the piece, should feel a thrill of honest human pleasure at the triumph of injured innocence and the punishment of sin, — commonplace topics, perhaps, but the stuff of daily life. The use of copious detail, resulting from keen observation, was no doubt prominent in his effects; but as a rule it was subordinated to its proper position of a means rather than an end.

But in his modern rivals or imitators, who cannot shake off the habits of journalism, the normal relation between form and substance is inverted. They are inspired, apparently, by the desire to exhibit an intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs of particular districts, to pursue us into our studies with the hoarse cry of the itinerant news-vender and the shrill laughter of the flower girl. They are redolent of gas lamps, underground stations, and buses; they are cockney to the finger tips. Very similar criticisms may be passed on recent novels of London society, — in disadvantageous comparison, again, with Thackeray's methods. The denizens of *Vanity Fair* are more vital, both to author and reader, than the booths round which they dance and weep; their emotions and misfortunes are universal; their personal growth forms unquestionably the whole fibre and substance of the design. The characters of our older novelists are always living to us, not by virtue of their environment, but for their individual acceptance or conquest of circumstances: and in this distinction lies the root of the matter.

And tyranny of local color is more a positive than a negative evil: its votaries err by commission, not omission. To make a false picture of life is no less than treachery to art and humanity. A novel which is written for the set purpose of exhibiting certain phases of civilization must be essentially false. "The observer — poor soul, with his documents! — is all abroad. For to look at a man is to court deception. We shall see the trunk from which he draws his nourishment; but he himself is above and abroad in the green foliage, hummed through by winds and nested in by nightingales. And the true realism were that of the poets: to climb up after him like a squirrel, and catch some glimpse of the heaven for which he lives. And the true realism, always and everywhere, is that of the poets: to find out where joy resides, and give it a voice far beyond singing." The novelist who may set aside his high calling, and elect to stand or fall by the brilliant correctness of his furniture-painting, is lending a dangerous grace to the most prominent and the most fatal heresy of our generation, — the worship of materialism.

But it must not be forgotten to-day that the great majority of those whom the careful government of our fathers taught to read care nothing for literature and art. A certain number of this restless contingent are chiefly nourished on that giddy jumble of crammed science and shapeless imagination which does duty for modern romance. The mixture has been most ably prescribed by Mr. Sheil's entirely mad, but almost brilliant *Lord of the Sea*, — a novel in which the dear old impossible laboring man of fiction (in reality descended from the aristocracy) rushes headlong into the circumstances of the most gorgeous affluence and the most despotic power. Like Mr. Hope's *Tristram*, and like the hero of this year's *Drury Lane* melodrama, he is floated (in more senses than one) by a miraculous genius for finance, and he

shares the sinister good fortune allotted in fiction and on the stage to every member of the Jewish community. The book is absolutely feverish in its sensationalism, and recklessly impossible in every detail of construction, but fatally convincing by reason of its photographic detail and its highly spirited manner. The Lord of the Sea is positively admirable in its kind.

But the religious melodrama affected by Mr. Hall Caine touches a far larger section of the community, — the community of flatland and villadom. Every one has read *The Eternal City*. Every one remembers this compound of the sensuous and the sacred, these cheap living pictures of crowded and gaudy Italian life, these unsavory intrigues; with the usual stage villain, the familiar hero-patriot, the "pure woman" of untrammelled passions and hysterical piety, the Pope, the baron, and the porter. It is all very clever and quite worthless. Its breathless and inflammable style is entirely sympathetic to the man of the moment. It might be an evening paper of six hundred pages. Virtue appears to triumph, though the sinners exert great powers and enjoy much prosperity. Being wholly superficial, it is generally mistaken for a picture of real life. In reading it, one loses all desire for patience or self-control, all idea of thinking quietly, all ambition for spiritual imaginings. Such is a popular book to-day.

In drama, the most characteristic features of the year have been the return of the problem play, inaugurated last year, and the final disappearance of the hero. Mr. Pinero's *Iris*, played with unexpected depth and sympathy by Miss Fay Davis, is far more sincere in feeling than its predecessors. The familiar elements of the "three-cornered" tragedy are used not merely for the development of situations, but to betray the inherent weakness of a character not essentially bad. The interest is not centred on any favorite topic of the moment, any pass-

ing phase of convention. It touches the permanent limitations of human nature. *Iris* concerns two men and a woman, while *The Mummy* and the *Humming Bird*, at Mr. Wyndham's, and Mrs. W. K. Clifford's *The Likeness of the Night* adopt the variant of a man and two women. So far as I am aware, Mr. Wyndham has discovered a new dramatist in Mr. Isaac Henderson; and perhaps it is hardly fair to class his admirable production as a "problem," since it provides us with the picture — so unusual in stage-land — of a husband and wife whose temporary misunderstandings are quite superficial, and of an entirely contemptible number three. The plot, indeed, is commonplace enough; but its technique is masterly, and furnishes abundant opportunity for Mr. Wyndham's finished graces and Miss Lena Ashwell's vigorous emotionalism. Mrs. W. K. Clifford is far less of an adept in stagecraft; but her practice as a novelist has enabled her to create an atmosphere congenial to the finely legitimate method of Mrs. Kendal.

Sherlock Holmes is an abundantly wholesome and refreshing melodrama, but *The Great Millionaire* at Drury Lane has fallen on evil days. Here, at least, we should expect to find the hero in all his pristine glory: conventional, maybe, but brave, honest, and, above all, frankly absurd. He is nothing of the sort. His difficulties, which should arise from circumstances and the machinations of the villain, are entirely of his own seeking, and betray the decadent. His triumphs, which should be gained by deeds of reckless valor, are prosaically achieved as the indolent and pampered private secretary of a company promoter. It would seem that he shall win the heroine of to-day who can gain, and retain, the confidence of a "millionaire."

Incidentally, this phenomenon is a sign of the times. The prevalent loss of faith in the romance hero is dictated by the enervating cowardice of the moderns, the dread of giving way to simple emo-

tions, the hatred of admitting that any one is actually great. We are haunted to-day by self-consciousness, a blind respect for sanity and balance, a stupid craving for measuring the proportions of things, which makes it seem almost ridiculous for a man to go on his knees before the God in whom he is not quite certain of believing, or the woman he is not quite certain of loving. He knows that other Gods as great have been worshiped by other men as wise, that other maids as fair have been served by other men as brave.

Now melodrama should be the stepping-stone from art to religion. In other words, the melodrama should inculcate virtue in an exciting story, and, by clothing its sermons in a literary form, should familiarize the Philistine with art. The hero must prevail over the villain; his thoughts and acts must be instinct with the glamour of imagination. Hence the

importance of this form for educating and elevating a nation.

Can melodrama be pressed into the service of our present religious needs? To-day we must raise a plea for reflection and a little holding of the breath in silence. Reticence is needed in thought, speech, and action. The power of vision must be recovered. Stepping aside from the glare and noise of daily life, turning our back awhile on the accumulation of coin, we must seek, till haply we find it, for some genuinely spiritual ideal of sufficient ethical power to inspire enthusiasm. The problem will be to discover a faith which is consistent with tolerance and charity, yet strong enough to govern life. For the most zealous belief in humanity, the very widest tolerance, the most profound learning, will avail nothing without the conviction of right and wrong, the consciousness of struggle, and the assurance of victory.

R. Brimley Johnson.

THE PASSAGE.

ONWARD ever and outward ever, over the uttermost verge of the earth,
With ever before us the perilous vista, behind us the laughter and light of the hearth;
With the wind of the wilderness fresh in our faces, the rain in our hair like
a chaplet of light,

As the silent low light of the dawn, like a dewfall, is sifted and shed through
the raiment of night.

And the airs shall be smitten in sunder

Before us

With lightning and voices of thunder

In chorus.

We shall pass over desolate places, strange forest and measureless plain,
And the noon shall relent and the spaces of midnight be severed in twain;
Over meadows that murmur with fountains, where rivers like serpents lie curled,
We shall pass to the wall of the mountains, crouched low on the edge of the world:

Till the last low ledge of the lea

Makes division,

Till the wild wide waste of the sea

Fills our vision,

We must journey in morning and midnight, we must travel in sorrow and mirth,
Onward ever and outward ever, over the uttermost verge of the earth!

Onward ever and outward ever, over the uttermost verge of the sea,
Out over the tremulous tides and the trackless waste ways to the wall of the
firmament free,
Full filled of the light of ineffable spaces, the echoless thunder of wind in the
night,
And broad in the burnished blue hollow of heaven the endless procession of
darkness and light.

For the fire of the full moon shall waken
To find us,
And the hounds of the storm be forsaken
Behind us ;

We shall on through the vistas uncertain, having neither beginning nor end,
Though as folds of a fluttering curtain the deep sea be shaken and rend,
Though the sea, where the foam rivers run white, be naked and weary and
blind

As the breast of a shield in the sunlight, or black with the scourges of wind :
Till the great green wall of the wave
Shall cover us,
Or the sweet spring grass of the grave
Blow over us,

We must on till we fall in our traces, we must follow the dawn and be free,
Onward ever and outward ever, over the uttermost verge of the sea !

Onward ever and outward ever, over the uttermost verge of the Soul,
Out over the ages resumed in remembrance, the priest's and the tyrant's re-
lentless control,
The puny divisions of evil and virtue, restrictions of men and commandments
of God, —
Oh, ever the soul in all paths and all places where straying or striving the
Children have trod !

For the Great Gods who curse and defile us
Shall fear us,
And all men who hate and revile us
Shall hear us ;

And the bonds of allegiance that fetter the spirit, the oaths of obedience sworn
in the past,
Shall be words of the lesson of life we inherit, embraced, understood, super-
seded at last.

We are done with the Gods of our old adoration, we acknowledge they served
in their turn and were fair,
But we go, for Behold ! after long preparation what no man has dared to dis-
cover, we dare !

Till the body and soul and all time
Shall be blended,
Aspiration and virtue and crime
Comprehended,

We must fathom the sense and the spirit till we stand self-possessed of the
whole,

Onward ever and outward ever, over the uttermost verge of the Soul !

George Cabot Lodge.

NEW POWERS OF THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

THE quiet and almost unperceived usurpations of political power by the party National Committee, during the past fifteen or twenty years, are well worth study. They furnish an excellent example of the continual readjustments which the exercise of power in a democracy is always undergoing. They show, too, that the substance of political control may exist where there is little appearance of it, and make it clear how poorly the book theory of government may correspond to the actual facts. Parties themselves are extra-Constitutional. The authority of the party Convention, like that of responsible government in England, derives from unwritten law. One thing we may always be sure of, — a man or a committee will accept and wield every particle of power that offers itself. "Power cleaves to him who power exerts." It ought not to surprise us, then, if we find, on examination, that what was at first only a simple and temporary agency of party activity has silently taken to itself new powers, and assumed to exert them year in and year out, instead of merely through a presidential campaign. That, in a word, is what I think can be shown to be true of the rôle in our political life which the National Committee has come to play. In its present prestige and animus, it would dictate to the very party which created it. It would control conventions. It would prescribe candidacies. It would distribute party rewards. It would both consolidate and perpetuate the power which has fallen to it. In short, the clay of the National Committee is ready to say to the party potter that moulded it, "What doest thou?"

Like nearly every rise to undesigned power, that of the National Committee has been slow and gradual. *Nemo repente*. Its early function — the only

one described in histories of parties and manuals of government — was very modest. It would appear that even Mr. Bryce knew of it as only a passing instrument of the party in a presidential campaign. Merely such, in fact, it long was. Most people did not even know who was the Chairman of the National Committee at any given time. He was *functus officio* with the ending of the electoral struggle. Usually, indeed, he emerged from obscurity four years later, long enough to call the National Convention to order; but it was only as a perfunctory Jones or Robinson that he reappeared for this or some other minor duty of the Committee. Occasionally, it is true, some Chairman rose to picturesque prominence, as did "Seven-Mule Barnum" in 1876, and gained a sobriquet which stuck to him, more or less agreeably, for years; but even so, the notoriety was nothing like the authority which attaches to the later breed. What reader, without stopping to think or referring to some newspaper file or history, can say who was Garfield's Chairman of committee, who Hancock's? Theirs was the time when chairmen fluttered their little day, amid the glare and noise of a campaign, only thereafter to be lost in the general forgetfulness.

The change began to be sharply marked in 1884. It was owing in part to the personality of the Chairman, Senator Gorman, who then came forward, without clamor or controversy, to extend in a very notable way the powers and emoluments of the office. But his opportunity lay largely in the fact that a great party revolution was effected under his management. Had Mr. Blaine's campaign been successful, there is no reason to suppose that his Chairman, Mr. B. F. Jones, would have ranked as anything more than simply another of the respect-

able but meaningless figureheads of the National Committee. But with Gorman the case was different. Under his guidance, a party came to power which had been out of office for a quarter of a century. It meant something like a convulsion. The Democratic party was stirred to its depths, — some would say to its dregs. Masses of men were swayed by new hopes of office; the whole federal administration was to be reorganized; the claims of individuals necessarily unknown to the President elect had to be sifted, and who so natural a presiding genius in all this work as the man who had had his hand upon each of the levers of the Democratic machine for five exciting months, and who enjoyed in a peculiar way the prestige of an unprecedented victory on a close-fought field? At all events, thousands of Democrats turned to Mr. Gorman at that juncture, and turned to him, not as Senator from Maryland, but as Chairman of the National Committee. How he magnified the latter office was not fully known at the time, except to those who had occasion to observe matters from the inside. Mr. Gorman was never a man to go hunting with a brass band. It was quietly, but none the less effectively, that he made his power as party Chairman tell in the distribution of party patronage, in the shaping of legislation, and as well in determining party policy. Not merely at the beginning of President Cleveland's first term, but all through it, those who were intimately acquainted with affairs at Washington knew how large a significance and how great a weight came to be associated with the influence of Senator Gorman. His *visé* was most eagerly in demand by office-seekers. His voice was most listened to in caucus. And the new deference which he won came to him, not as Mr. Gorman, not as Senator Gorman, but as Chairman Gorman. His tenure of the position marked the first great step in the enlargement of its powers and privileges.

He was closely followed by a man in the opposite party, who carried the assumptions of the National Chairman to a still higher pitch. Mr. Quay was less secret in his methods than Mr. Gorman. Immediately after the presidential election of 1888, he publicly announced that his party office he was bound to make a continuous one; that he was going to look carefully to the work of garnering all the fruits of victory; and that the National Committee (meaning himself) was not to sink back into inactivity, but was to keep a firm hand upon the party organization and upon party strategy. How persistently Senator Quay adhered to this plan is matter of too recent history to require detailing here. Enough to say that he sensibly enlarged the prerogatives and stiffened the self-assertion of the office he held.

After 1892 there came a pause. For a time the party Chairman seemed to fall back into his old modest stillness and humility. Two causes conspired to bring about this result. One had to do with personalities. President Cleveland's second election to the presidency was too sweeping a success to be attributable to any manager. The victory was obviously his own. More than that, his Chairman, Mr. Harrity, of Pennsylvania, held no office, and was, besides, not a pushing man, bent on aggrandizing his own position at the head of the National Committee, and extracting from it all possible advantage. Even if he had been, the situation would have been too much for him. His party's failing fortunes in 1893 and 1894 were too plain, and it was too unlikely that it would long have patronage to dispense, to make it worth any man's while to build up his individual prestige through use of the party machinery. The deep cloud under which the Democratic party lay almost from the first days of its return to power in 1893 did not allow of additions to the bulk of the plant whose early growth has now been traced.

It is in the person of Senator Hanna that this growth has reached its culmination. He has outstripped all his predecessors in making of the Chairmanship of the National Committee a centre of political power. Happy accidents have conspired with great skill and determination on his part to bring about such a consummation. He has now held the office continuously for five years,—indeed, practically for seven years. It was in 1893 or 1894 that Mr. Hanna, then little known outside of Ohio, set about, in his long-headed and far-planning way, the election of William McKinley to the presidency. He perceived the thickening signs of a political reaction, and in them saw the great opportunity for his friend Mr. McKinley, and also for himself. The history of that campaign before the campaign of 1896 has never been written; but enough of it is known to show the signal ability and resolution with which it was planned and fought. Long before the Republican Convention met, old masters like Senators Chandler and Quay and Platt recognized the rise of a political manipulator greater than themselves. This is referred to at present only to make the point that Mr. Hanna was party Chairman in fact for two years before he became so in name. In the course of those preliminary manoeuvres he had swept everything before him, so that his accession to the Chairmanship was foregone. On the heels of that came his election to the Senate. This both heightened his prestige and put him in a position to assert and extend his power as National Chairman. In the latter capacity (counting in his two years or more of antecedent campaigning for the nomination of McKinley in 1896) he had made a host of pre-election pledges. His post in the Senate enabled him to see that they were carried out. Never, it is safe to say, did a party Chairman previously have so much to do with the apportionment of party patronage. The President gave him sub-

stantially a free hand in the South. Then there came along the Spanish War, yielding our Cæsar of a Chairman further meat on which to grow great. Thousands of new appointments had to be made. For each applicant the indorsement of Chairman Hanna was eagerly sought. His power grew by power. After four years of its gradual increase came another successful campaign for the presidency, under his management. Reckoning all this in, we begin to see how high were the pretensions, how proud the importance and influence, which this most able and assertive of all the Chairmen of National Committees might have been excused for thinking lawfully his own, on the eve of the assassination of President McKinley.

Whether the accession of Mr. Roosevelt is to result in a challenge of this *Front de Bouc* of our party politics remains to be seen. Some men who know well both President and Chairman think it inevitable that their spears will be clashing upon each other's shields, sooner or later. There have been pretty obvious signs that Mr. Hanna has at least been looking the field over, to see exactly what his strength would be if it came to actual jousting. If he does pick up the presidential glove, it will be, we may depend upon it, only because a careful measuring of his power has convinced him that, at any rate, he is not foredoomed to defeat. What is the armor which he knows he can put on? What his lance in rest, the sword buckled to his thigh?

It is difficult to set off, each by itself, the elements of the political power of the party National Committee, vested largely in its Chairman, for the reason that they are all inextricably interdependent. The Chairman has the spending of vast sums of money: this gives him political power. But he has the money to spend only because he is first in a position of political power. So of his rights of patronage; of control of party conventions, big and little; of his

dictation in both party manœuvring and public legislation : all these things dovetail into one another, and appear now as cause, now as consequence. Still, it is possible to see just how each of the instruments in the hand of the National Chairman may be made subservient to the upbuilding of his own prestige and power. He has, for example, millions of dollars to disburse. There is good authority for the assertion that the Republican campaign fund of 1896 was upwards of seven million dollars. Mr. Hanna argued in 1900 that it ought to be twice as great, — presumably because the country was twice as prosperous. At all events, he was not cramped for funds in either year. Now the outlay of such huge sums necessarily means an increment of power for the man who controls it. Such will be the case even if he is the most unselfish and incorruptible of mortals. Money is power in politics as everywhere else. A Chairman who may determine how much is to be allotted to this state, that congressional district, this city and the other county, becomes inevitably the master of many political legions. There is no need of a hard-and-fast understanding between giver and recipient, — least of all, of any corrupt bargain. Common gratitude and the expectation of similar favors to come are enough to bind fast the nominee for Congress, the candidate for a Senatorship, or the member of the National Committee for any given state, a large part of whose campaign expenses has been kindly paid for him from headquarters. It is hard really to think ill of a man who has sent you a large check. To oppose your humble opinion to his necessarily large and enlightened view of party policy and public advantage is sheer presumption. To vote for him, or with him, or as he bids you, is thereafter obviously the line of least resistance. Thus it is that the bread which the National Chairman casts upon the waters returns to him after not so many days.

The pecuniary aspect of the Chairman's power has another feature. He collects as well as pays out ; and with many of the collections goes an express or tacit party obligation which he alone is fully cognizant of, and which it is his peculiar duty to see carried out. Rich men do not always contribute to party in obedience to the Scriptural injunction to give, asking not again. They make conditions, either openly or by hint or gesture. Like Cecil Rhodes, they are perfectly willing to give twenty-five thousand dollars to speed the triumph of their cherished party principles ; only they too wish to have a hand in the defining of those principles. He wanted to provide against a Liberal evacuation of Egypt, because both the Empire and his Cape to Cairo project were dear to him. Our own wealthy contributors to the party treasury have been suspected of coupling their gifts with an understanding about the tariff, about the seal fisheries, about ship subsidies, and what not. It is not necessary to go into this. The present point simply is that all this side of the business is so much more water for the mill of the party Chairman. He sits at the receipt of customs. To him are confided all the wishes and the schemings, and he makes all the promises, that go with the money paid him. Hence it becomes his concern to see that there is honor among politicians. And nothing is more inevitable than the resultant heightening of his political power, repository as he is of secret liens upon party action, and the one mysterious agent by means of whom they are made good.

A word or two will suffice to bring out the almost complete mastery of party machinery which has fallen into the hands of the National Committee since it became a continuous and continuously active body, and took to itself such new and great powers. When the Chairman now calls to order a national Convention, he is really facing a large number, sometimes a majority, of dele-

gates who are there because he willed them to be there. To "call" the Convention has, in fact, come to be pretty nearly the same thing as deciding who shall be among the "called." The product which the party machine turns out depends too much upon the man who gives the signal to set it in motion, and who himself gets up steam and oils the bearings, not to have a strangely suspicious way of proving to be of just the kind he wanted. This has especially been the case with Mr. Hanna and almost all the Republican delegates from the South. They have been peculiarly his progeny for eight years past. When he first began to look about for a profitable field in which to invest the money he had raised to nominate Mr. McKinley for the first time, it was to the Southern states that he turned. He "bought Reed's niggers" in even a more wholesale way than that in which Senator Sherman had accused General Alger of buying his in 1888. Since then, in the nature of the case, those colored troops have been absolutely under Mr. Hanna's command. He pays their expenses to the Convention. He settles their board bills while there. Their places on committee, their party recognition, their share in the patronage, — all are determined by him. They are naturally, therefore, his creatures, and the sheep of his pasture. What he does so sweepingly with them, he does in a less degree and sporadically, but still effectively, with the delegates from other sections. Large numbers stand ready to do his bidding. They vote as he prays. The result is to give him enormous power in dictating nominations in advance, and in moulding the Convention like clay to his hand. Take a crucial instance. At Philadelphia, in 1900, Mr. Addicks, of Delaware, was admitted as "regular." This was after having been contemptuously thrown out of the next preceding Convention, and having been steadily denounced by the leading Republican news-

papers as a man who was trying to burglarize his way into good party standing, and so into the United States Senate. How did this hated and despised man suddenly win recognition as regular Republican leader in Delaware? He quietly made his peace and made his terms with Chairman Hanna. That gentleman first put the arrangement through the Committee of Credentials, and then gave the order to his fuglemen in the Convention to prevent any open protest. It was a fine if audacious illustration of what the party Chairman can do.

The part that control of the patronage plays in the building up of the party Chairman's overweening political power has been sufficiently intimated. Mr. Hanna has never attempted to conceal his active intervention in this business of rewarding the faithful. In the South, it has been clearly understood, he has been given a free hand to promise office before election, and to see that it is honorably bestowed, though often on dishonorable men, after election. What has not been so patent, however, is the fact that even a defeated Chairman has a large measure of similar power. This is what proves the case up to the hilt. If we find that Chairman Jones, twice unsuccessful, still exercises a party prerogative second only to that of Chairman Hanna, we need doubt no longer that the position is one that draws power to itself as a magnet does iron filings. And precisely this we do find. Who is the one Democrat whom the Republican managers felt bound to consult and defer to in the beginnings of the Spanish War, in regard to their tariff legislation as well as their currency bill, and in all the minutiae of business in Congress? It is Senator Jones. And this is clearly not because he is a man of transcendent ability, not merely because he is Senator from Arkansas, but because he is, and has been for years, Chairman of the National Committee of the Democratic party. He is the one to be reckoned with,

because he, in a similar though necessarily less degree, has made himself a power, as Chairman Hanna has. Mr. Jones, too, has a vast and intricate party machine, upon the very pulse of which he keeps his hand. He is in touch with his state committeemen. He has his congressional legions at command, to make trouble for the party in power unless they and he are duly placated with consideration and offices. Hence it was that, unknown to most, Senator Jones had the weightiest voice in determining the Southern army appointments made in the Spanish War. They were given him in recognition of his power, and at the same time, of course, increased that power. It is of the kind which cannot be stripped from a party Chairman even in defeat, and which, in continued success, continually increases, until its possessor comes naturally to be regarded as almost a co-ordinate branch of the general government.

Whether President Roosevelt will directly and consciously assert the power of his office as against the resources of the head of the National Committee of

his party cannot be said at this writing. But that he has already done much to rouse Chairman Hanna's ire, if not his resentment, is certain. He has set his Rough Rider's boot upon the Hanna-Addicks bargain. He has ridden sharply over several of Mr. Hanna's political friends and protégés in the South. There doubtless are, or soon will be, other cases of friction between President and Chairman. What the latter's *riposte* will be, if he decides to make one, it must be left to time to tell. The present writer has no thought of falling into what George Eliot called the one form of gratuitous mistake, — prophecy. All that he has wished to do is to give a hint of the way in which a new power has grown to portentous size in our politics; to show how the Chairman of the National Committee has, little by little, taken to himself functions and privileges undreamed of a generation ago; and to suggest the nature and numbers of the reserves and formidable allies which Mr. Hanna can summon to his side, if he determines to challenge Colonel Roosevelt to try a dash at this new San Juan Hill.

Rollo Ogden.

THE PURIFICATION OF CORNBURY.

ONE September morning, sixty years ago, the three selectmen of Cornbury were holding an informal council in front of the kitchen door of Squire Dana. He, a tall, athletic man, with a strongly moulded and not unkindly face, stood on the ground, resting one foot on the hub of a vehicle called by courtesy a light wagon, in which sat, elevated high above him, the second and third members of the triumvirate. One of them, a short, important-looking man, held the reins of a fat Morgan mare that stood quite undisturbed by his meditative flicking of the grass with the woodchuck-skin lash

of the hickory-handled whip. The other, a lean, mild-faced person, picked nervously at the hair of the buffalo skin that temporarily upholstered the wagon seat, while he listened to the conversation of his associates.

"The long an' short on 't is," said he who held the reins, giving a sharp cut at a late-blooming dandelion, "folks is a-gittin' so stirred up about them a-livin' together the way they du 'at we've got tu raout 'em aout."

"Wal, I s'pose so," Squire Dana admitted reluctantly, taking his foot from the hub as he drew his knife from his

pocket, picked up a chip that had strayed from the woodshed into the neatness of the yard, and began to whittle, "but I swan it goes agin my grain tu tackle a woman."

"That's jest it," said Captain Fay, the rotund second selectman. "All aour women folks is tur'bly riled up ababout it, an' for my part, I'd a good deal druther hev a bresh wi' that 'ere one woman an' done with it 'an tu hev all the women in taown a-buzzin' araound aour ears the hul endurin' time."

"Why not set the constablarter'em?" Deacon Palmer suggested. "Seems 's 'ough 't was more his business 'n what it is aourn."

Squire Dana shook his head in slow dissent. "No, 't would make the taown expense. I guess we'll hafter 'tend tu it."

Mrs. Dana, hovering near the open door, conducted her housework in such unusual silence that her alert ears caught the drift of the conversation, to which she felt it her duty, as a member of the Moral Reform Society and the wife of the first selectman, to add her voice for the quick removal of a blot on the town's good name.

"Good-mornin', Captain. Good-mornin', Deacon," she said, stepping out on to the stoop, the welcome smile on her genial face hardening to fitting severity as she asked, "Was you a-talkin' ababout that Lem Tyler an' that woman? It's a disgrace tu the hul town an' every respectable woman in it tu have them mis'able creeturs a-livin' the way they du. It's a burnin' shame, an' I say if the selec'men hain't got enough spunk tu take a holt an' turn 'em aou' door, the women 'll haftu."

"Sartainly, we're a-cal'latin' tu, Mis' Dany," Captain Fay answered, with prompt decision; "but you see we want tu ketch 'em aou' door if we possibly can, an' then we can set their stuff aou' door an' not hev no rumpus."

"That's it ezactly," her husband as-

sented emphatically; and Deacon Palmer added acquiescence without taking his eyes from an unfamiliar prairie bur he was plucking at in the buffalo hair.

"Wal, if that's what you want, he's gone away," declared Mrs. Dana. "He went off up the road whilst aour folks was a-milkin', an' I hain't seen him go back. If you three men can't git one woman an' one young one aout of a haouse, the taown hed better elect a new board."

"I guess they won't heftu, Mis' Dany," Captain Fay said confidently. "Say, Square, if we're a-goin' tu-day tu lay that new road, why can't we take in this 'ere job as we go along? 'T won't be no gret of a chore. Come, put on your kut, an' git right in here."

"You come in an' let me put a clean dicky on, Mr. Dany," said his wife, and she bustled indoors, presently reappearing with the supplementary collar and bosom, with which she proceeded to invest her husband, while he elevated his chin, pursed his lips, shut his eyes, and held his breath, in dread of pins. Then she brought his second-best blue coat and his black fur hat, in which he permitted himself to be arrayed without audible protest.

"There! naow you look more like payin' your respec's to a lady," she said, after a brief, comprehensive inspection that lingered with least approval on trousers and boots.

He climbed to the seat, and the three drove away, watched by Mrs. Dana till they were hidden by the copse of crimson sumac at the turn of the road.

"Wal, I only hope their spunk 'll hold aout," she soliloquized as the apex of the pyramid of three bell-crowned hats disappeared, and she reëntered to a brisk and noisy resumption of her interrupted labors. "I wish 't I was a man a spell: I'd drive 'em aout o' the taown. But then, I s'pose if I was a man I should be jest like the rest on 'em."

Captain Fay drove the Morgan mare at a pace that soon brought him and his

associates to a house of such forlorn exterior and surroundings that one would have thought it untenanted, if the smoke crawling from the crumbling chimney and the heap of freshly gathered wood at the door had not betokened occupancy. Naked scars where the wind had torn shingles from the sagging mossy roof; broken windows; lichen-scaled clapboards dropping away from their places, disclosing raw strips of unweathered boarding like unhealed wounds; the dying lilac tree, hedged around by its own sprouts, beside the unused front door; the lilies and peonies running wild with a vagabond company of weeds; the untrod-den, weed-grown path to the ruinous barn; the curbless well, and its broken sweep lying beside it, with the leaky bucket still attached to the pole and chain, — all told of a house abandoned by its owners and given over to careless tenants.

"They run a pretty good fire," said the Squire, observing the smoke.

"Yes, wood a-plenty for the picking up," said Captain Fay; and then, casting a critical eye along a rail fence which had shrunken somewhat below lawful height, "Guess Davis's fences hes begun tu winter-kill a'ready."

"I don't see what in tunket Davis ever let the critturs in here fur!" Squire Dana said impatiently. "Folks ortu be more pa'tic'lar. My tenant haousen has ben empty more 'n three months 'cause I can't find the right sort of a family tu let int' it."

"Wal, mebbey Davis'll git a day's work naow an' agin, an' that's better 'n nothin'," said Palmer. "Shh! there's the woman naow. Say, she hain't bad-lookin'."

A dark-haired, dark-eyed woman, comely in spite of a look too worn for her years, which were not more than twenty-five, and neatly though poorly clad, came out at the side door with a pail in her hand. She halted a moment to cast a startled glance upon the visitors alighting at the broken gate, and

then hurried to the well and hastily lowered the bucket by its clumsy attachment.

Squire Dana's first impulse was to help her; but while he hesitated she drew up the dribbling bucket with swift, strong hands, and emptying what remained of its wasted contents into the pail, sped back to the house without bestowing another look on the strangers at the gate, though their chief called out: —

"Hol' on a minute, won't ye, marm? There, Fay, if you had n't 'a' ben forever a-hitchin' your hoss, we might 'a' run in ahead on her."

"Wal, what hendered you an' Palmer?" the Captain asked, chuckling as he joined his companions. "I could tend the mare."

"Say," said Palmer, edging toward the wagon, "le's go an' lay that road, an' leave this 'ere job for the constable. It hain't aourn."

"What! flunk aout naow an' hev aour women folks givin' us Hail Columby?" asked the Squire. "No, siree, I've ben hetcheled all I want tu be. Come on."

With that he led the way up the path, but with as little stomach as the others for the unpleasant duty. He knocked at the door where the woman had gone in; but there was no response, though he could hear her stepping lightly across the floor. He tried the latch and found it fastened; then knocked more loudly. A window over the door was opened, and the woman's voice descended: —

"What d' you want?"

There was a little penthouse roof jutting out over the door, and the Squire backed from beneath it that he might see the speaker. Her face was flushed and defiant, and beside her, peering over the window ledge, was the curious, scared face of a fair-haired little girl.

"We want tu come in," he said, answering her question as he looked up at her.

"Wal, you can't, 'cause Mr. Tyler's gone away, an' he tol' me not tu let no-b'dy in till he come back."

"Oh, come naow, what's the use? We're the selec'men, ye know. You'd better let us in."

"I can't help it if you're the hul taown. I can't let you in, I can't!"

"Wal, then we'll hafter bust in the door, for we're a-comin' in, one way or 'nother," said the Squire, taking a more decided tone. "Fay, you an' Palmer fetch a rail off'en the fence." He turned away, and stood with his arms akimbo watching the somewhat slow execution of the order by his companions.

The two figures disappeared from the window; there was a clatter of stove furniture, a sound of pouring water, and the woman reappeared at her coign of vantage as the storming party advanced, carrying a stout rail as a battering ram.

"I give you good warnin'," she said, with her voice higher pitched than before. "If you come anigh, you'll git scalt."

There was a reek of steam about her, and as she spoke she lifted a large dipper of hot water from a pail and rested it on the window sill.

"Sho, she won't dast tu!" said the Squire contemptuously as his comrades hesitated. "Come on. Let drive nigh-est tu the latch an' bust it."

They advanced more briskly, and she, drawing back the dipper, called out, "Ta' care, or you'll ketch it!" and then flung out the contents at them.

The shot fell short of the bearers of the battering ram, and the Squire dodged under shelter of the narrow pent roof and flattened himself against the door, while the charge overshot him and dribbled from the eaves.

"Gosh, hain't she a spunky one!" he exclaimed, in a burst of admiration that exceeded his vexation. "Come on, naow. Quick afore she gits loaded up agin."

But before the order could be executed another volley descended upon the assaulting party, who dropped the rail and retired precipitately; Captain Fay nursing a scalded finger, and Deacon Palmer,

whose hat had fallen off within range of the battery, striving to express his feelings within the limits of such mild profanity as a church member might be allowed.

"Wal, you be smart fellers," the Squire commented. "Naow, if I'd hed a holt o' that 'ere rail" —

"You can hev a holt o' my sheer on't an' welcome," the Captain generously offered, as he alternately inspected and blew his injured finger.

"Mine tew, gol darn it!" the Deacon declared, venturing near the danger line with a pole, and attempting to insert the end of it in the crown of his hat. Before he could effect a rescue down came a scalding shower, deluging the upturned beaver and barely missing its owner.

The Squire made a determined attack upon the door, kicking lustily at the panels and throwing his shoulder with all his might against it; but it would not yield, and he desisted when a dash of hot water caught his foot thrust beyond the shelter of the door's hood. Direct attack did not seem to promise success, so he sallied out to his comrades beyond the fire of the garrison, and began plotting strategy.

"We wanter kinder squirmish 'raound till she gits her ammernition used up," said he; "when that's gone, I'll resk her claws."

"I do' know 'baout that, the darn' she-cat!" Deacon Palmer remarked daubiously; but he had no thought of raising the siege now, for his fighting blood was up. "I'm a-goin' tu make another try for that 'ere hat."

"Yes, du, an' me an' Captain'll make b'lieve go at the door agin."

The Deacon clawed at the hat with the pole at arm's length, the others made a show of attack with the rail, and all drew frequent fire from the enemy, ineffectual but for a further drenching of the hat, which the owner at last secured and hung on a stake to dry.

"My sakes!" he groaned, as he con-

templated its limp and bedraggled condition. "I do' know what in time Mis' Palmer'll say when she sees that 'ere hat. I've kep' it as good as new for fifteen year, an' naow jest look at it! Looks as if I'd took a head dive int' the river an' forgot tu take it off."

"If I was you, I'd ruther hev her see it 'an tu hev her hear what you said. Pretty nigh cussin' for a deacon."

"That I can keep tu myself. The hat I can't."

"Wal, you want tu keep that 'ere tu show your gran'childern when you tell 'em abaout the capture o' Fort Davis," said the Captain.

"It hain't captured yet."

"Wal, it's a-goin' tu be," said the Squire confidently. "I can hear her scrapin' the dipper in the bottom of the kittle, an' her ammernition's 'baout spent. Le's draw her fire agin."

The feint excited a feeble volley; another brought no response, and it became evident that the amazon's ammunition was exhausted. The besiegers now advanced boldly to the assault. The door yielded to the first vigorous stroke of the battering ram, and victory at last perched on the banner of the selectmen.

"Wal, marm," said the Squire, in his severest official voice, addressing the woman who stood sullenly defiant at the farther side of the scantily furnished kitchen, with one hand on the head of the frightened child, "you ortu be 'shamed o' yourself a-scaldin' taown officers."

"'Shamed!" she flared up indignantly. "I sh'd think you was the ones tu be 'shamed! Three men a-tacklin' a woman an' a little girl an' bustin' in doors! Scald you! I wish I c'd bile you!"

"No daoubt on 't, marm, but we won't waste no time a-passin' compliments," and the Squire turned away. "Come, men, le's git these 'ere things aout."

The victors hurried as if in fear of relenting before the disagreeable duty was accomplished, and soon set the poor and meagre furniture out of doors, yet

with a degree of care they felt was due to its valiant defender, who now, without further attempt at useless resistance, went out, leading the child by the hand. Then they fastened the door, and clamored out through a window and went their way, leaving the woman and child standing in silent, dazed despair among their unshrined household gods.

"Gosh! I do' know but I sh'd feel as mean 'f I'd ben stealin' sheep an' got ketched at it." The Squire broke the silence in which the selectmen held self-communion as they drove along the highway. His associates grunted a sympathetic response, and the Deacon ran his hand tenderly over the blistered hat crown.

"I do' know what the critturs live on," the Captain remarked. "All the victuals I see was a bag o' 'taters I fetched aout, an' the' wa'n't more 'n a ha' bushel o' them."

As the Squire's wife set her kitchen in order and put the finishing touches to its neatness (for she was just then, as she expressed it, "aout of a girl, an' duin' my own work"), she often went to the door and looked down the road, wondering what progress the town fathers were making, and with what thoroughness they would perform their duty. No hopeful sign was given her out of the haze of smoke with which a shift of wind to the northward was thickening the atmosphere, from some distant forest fire, and chilling it with what seemed an unnatural breath, since it choked one with the odor of burnt leaves, and even bore their charred and ashy shapes, wavering as silently as ghosts of dead leaves, in long slants to the ground. The sumac copse shone like a red flame in the blue mist that blurred near objects, and blotted out all beyond the middle distance.

"I p'sume tu say they won't du nothin'," she said to herself. "Square Dany's tew soft-hearted, an' the others

is afeard o' maddin' someb'dy nuther tu vote agin 'em. My! I wish 't women voted; we'd show 'em which side their bread was buttered on. Wal, I'll see if I can spin part of a knot 'fore it's time tu git dinner a-goin'."

She drew the big wheel, with its white saddle of rolls, from the corner, and set it to humming its musical song while she stepped back and forth beside it; now twirling the wheel swiftly in one way, now slowly the other. After a time the merrier sound of the kettle and the clatter of dinner-getting succeeded the noise of the wheel; then the dinner horn sounded a note pleasant to the ear of the hired man wrestling with the plumed ranks of ripe corn, when, sticking his sickle into the last-vanquished shock, he declared an hour's truce. When he had resumed hostilities, and Mrs. Dana, leaving the table uncleared, was assisting digestion by a perusal of the *Advocate of Moral Reform*, she was disturbed by a timid knock at the door.

Opening it, she was confronted by the unfamiliar faces of a young woman and a little girl. Both bore traces of recent tears, and the child's breath was still broken by an irrepressible sob.

"I would n't 'a' bothered you, ma'am, but 'Mandy was cryin' for somethin' tu eat, an' there wa'n't nothin' tu give her." The young woman spoke in a soft voice, and her dark eyes had a pleading expression that a harder heart than Mrs. Dana's could not have resisted.

"Hungry, is she? Why, good land, come right in. I guess you be, tew, if you hed n't nothin' for her. Set up to the stove. It's turned raound real cold, an' the fire feels good." She put chairs for her guests, and gave the fire a hospitable punch, and set herself to rearranging the table; piling dirty plates, cups, and saucers, clawing the crumpled cloth into place, brushing the crumbs with one hand into the other, and bustling to the pantry for a fresh supply of bread and the indispensable pie.

"I don't want you tu take no trouble," the woman protested, looking apprehensively at the preparations. "I—I hain't no money tu pay you, but I can spin a spell for you," her eyes dwelling on the wheel.

"Good land, I don't want no pay, an' I hain't goin' tu take no trouble," Mrs. Dana declared. "Trav'lin' fur? Goin' tu see some o' your folks, I p'sume tu say? The little girl hain't youn? Some related, mebby, but she don't favor you a mite. Mebby you hain't merried?"

It was not Mrs. Dana's habit to wait for answers to her questions, but she did now, while the visitor, with downcast eyes, shook her head.

"If you'd ha' come an hour sooner, you might ha' eat a hot dinner with us," the hostess went on. "But there's enough left, such as it is, thank goodness. There wa'n't nob'dy but me an' the hired man tu dinner. My husband, he's gone off on taown business tu-day. He's fust selec'man, an' they've gone off 'mongst 'em a-transactin' business. Naow, then, you an' she take right off your bunnets an' shawls, an' set up tu the table."

The visitor arose hastily, and gasped in a scared voice: "No, no! Give 'Mandy a piece o' bread an' butter in her hand, an' we'll go. We can't stop! Oh no, we can't stop!"

"Be you crazy? I sh'd like to know what's thereason you can't stop an' eat?"

"Oh, I can't," the woman protested. "We must go right off."

"Wal, then, you hain't a-goin', an' that child hain't a-goin' afore she's eat a meal o' victuals! Naow tell me your trouble," Mrs. Dana said, in a tone so masterful that, aided by the entreating, hungry eyes of the little girl, it compelled compliance.

"If you've got tu know," the stranger answered half defiantly, "your man an' the other selec'men come over there," indicating the direction with a sidewise motion of the head; "an' Mr. Tyler, he was gone, an' they was comin' in, an' I

hove hot water ontu 'em! Yes, I did. But they broke in the door, an' they sot all the things aout door an' fastened us aout; an', oh dear, I do' know what's goin' tu be become of us! I wish't I was dead!" With that she broke down utterly, covered her face with her hands, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Wal, I never!" Mrs. Dana gasped, her breath so completely taken away by the relation that she was obliged to sit down to await its return, burying beneath her ample form the crumpled pages of the *Advocate* where it lay on the cushion into which she sank. The blankness of her face gradually hardened into an expression of proper severity; her gaping mouth closed tightly, then opened again as speech came with renewed breath. "So you're that woman, be you? You don't look like her. I would n't ha' thought it of you. Haow ever come you tu du so?"

No answer came but sobs from the hidden face. Impelled by an impulse of motherly pity, Mrs. Dana laid her hand gently on the bowed head, and said as gently, "Don't you believe you'd better tell me all abaout your trouble?"

Then the woman began in a broken voice that grew steadier as she went on: "I was took sick at the place where I was a-workin', an' they was a-goin' to throw me on t' the taown, but Mr. an' Mis' Tyler took me in an' kep' me till I got well; an' then Mis' Tyler, she took sick, an' there wa'n't nob'dy tu ta' care of her only me, an' so I did till she died; an' then there wa'n't nob'dy tu keep haouse for him, an' so I stayed an' kep' a-stay-in', like a fool, but I could n't seem tu help it, they'd ben so good tu me. An' everybody turned agin us, an' he could n't git no work, an' so we come away from there an' got in here, but it's jes' as bad; an' this mornin' he started off for Brinkford lookin' for work, an' them men come an' turned us aout, an' now I do' know what we be goin' tu do! Oh dear, I wish 't I was dead!"

Her sobs broke out afresh, and Mrs. Dana waited a little before she asked, "Why wa'n't you merried?"

"He wanted tu, but I would n't so soon after she died, an' so we kep' livin' along; an' he said 't wa'n't nob'dy's business 's long 's we sot so by one 'nother as we did."

The moral reformer of Cornbury, suddenly recollecting neglected hospitality, said in a gentler voice: "It don't signify, a-lettin' folks starve afore my face an' eyes! Now set up tu the table. Yes, you've got tu, an' the little girl'll set right by, an' help her an' yourself;" and having seated her guests at the table, she busied herself in ministering to them while she silently pondered and cast frequent searching glances up the road.

"When was you expectin' 'Mandy's pa'd be comin' back?"

"Any time 'most."

"Well, I want tu ketch him when he comes along. An' naow, if you won't eat nothin' more, you may spin a little while if you are a mind tu. You was sayin' you could, wa'n't you? What did you say your name was?"

"Roxy," the woman answered, taking her place at the wheel with the alacrity of accustomed use.

Mrs. Dana watched her, at first doubtfully, then with growing admiration of her agile and skillful movements; and when she had examined the yarn with critical eye and touches, she declared: "I never see nob'dy that could spin sprier an' better. I could n't myself. There, naow, you sit daown an' rest. You need n't spin no more. Sis, is n't that your pa?"

She hastened out to intercept a man whose form seemed to acquire substance as he drew near, as if materializing out of the blue haze. He yielded to her entreaty, which was as much a command. His heavy, good-humored face was blank. While he was wiping his dusty boots on the dooryard knotgrass, she was further gratified by the arrival of the selectmen.

"Hitch your hoss, and come right in, Captain, you an' the Deacon. Oh yes, you got tu. I want you tu," she urged against all excuses, and getting in the rear of her guests left no way open to them but the one she desired them to take. Her husband walked behind her, dumbly wondering at her, and went to the depths of speechless astonishment with his colleagues when he found their late antagonist installed in his own kitchen.

"Square Dany," his wife began, without any detail of explanation, "these folks wants tu git married right off, an' I want you tu merry 'em. Stan' right up here, naow, Lem'wil, an' you, Roxy, take a holt o' his han'. There, naow, Square, perform the ceremony."

The matrimonial candidates obediently did as told, but the Squire protested.

"Why, Mis' Dany, I never merried a couple in my life."

"Wal, if you've ben Justice o' the Peace tew hul year, goin' on three, an' do' know haow tu merry folks, the taown 'd better 'lect someb'dy else in your place," she said, in a tone that put him upon his mettle; and since the eyes of his fellow fathers were upon him, he manfully essayed the performance of the unaccustomed duty.

"Du you, j'intly an' severally, solemnly promise, in the presence o' these witnesses, tu take one 'nother for husban' an' wife, for better or wus, be the same more or less, an' promise well an' truly tu perform the same without fear or favor of any man — or woman?" he added, with a happy afterthought.

Lemuel Tyler responded with a hearty affirmative, and Roxy bashfully nodded, as the mistress of ceremonies, with a ready hand, would perforce have obliged her to, had she hesitated. Then the Squire declared, in his best official voice: "By the authority in me vested by the state of Vermont, I du pronounce you man an' wife, tu hev an' tu hol' till death du you part. Asy Dany, Justice of the Peace. — There, I guess that 'll hold,

won't it?" he asked, turning to his associates as he wiped his perspiring face.

"I don't see no flaw in the indictment," Captain Fay admitted; "but hain't you goin' tu make no remarks? It's usuil on sech occasions."

"Wal, yes, I s'pose it is." The Squire pondered as he cleared his throat for further speech. "I will say tu you, Mr. Tyler, that ef you want tu keep peace in the fam'ly you 'd better du putty nigh as Mis' Tyler wants you tu; an' tu you, Mis' Tyler, not tu want onreasonable; an' tu both on ye, if one gits sassy, for t' other not to sass back, — in the words of the poet,

'Ef one throws fire an' the other water,
Peace will reign in every quarter.'

"S'posin' it's hot water?" the Captain asked, as he tended his forefinger.

"I do' know 's I've got anything more tu remark," said the Squire.

"Naow set daown, all on ye," his wife commanded, as she bustled into the pantry, where her voice, pitched in a high key, could still be heard: "The' wa'n't no time for preperation, so the' hain't no weddin' cake; but the' 's nut cakes an' cheese a-plenty, an' punkin pie, which is good if I did make it." These she presently brought and pressed upon the company.

Captain Fay picked up the crumpled Advocate from the chair in which he was about to seat himself, and studying the title a moment remarked, "Mis' Dany, your Moral Reform paper looks as if it hed ben set daown on."

Without heeding him she went on: "Naow, ef you hain't no objections, Square Dany, I'll blow the horn for Hiram, an' he an' Lem'wil can hitch ontu the hay rigin', an' go an' git the things an' put 'em in your tenant maouse. You ben wantin' a good stubbed man in 't, which Lem'wil looks tu be, an' Roxy is the beater tu spin, as I know."

As Squire Dana parted with his associates at the hitching post he spoke only one word, — "Gosh!"

Rowland E. Robinson.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

STEVENSON was one of the happy few : he knew his life's business from childhood. He was to write books. Happier still, and one of even a smaller minority, he early discovered that authorship is an art requiring a long and rigorous apprenticeship ; that, if a man is to write, he must first study how, putting himself under tuition and devoting himself to practice ; that an author no more than a pianist can begin with "pieces" and a public performance. In short, Stevenson had from the beginning an idea of literary composition as a fine art, — an art not to be picked up some pleasant day by the roadside (as later in life he essayed, for whim's sake, to pick up the art of writing music), nor acquired, with other more or less useful pieces of knowledge, at a grammar school or university, but to be attained, if at all, by years of drill. Another man may write "well enough," and perhaps successfully, so far as material rewards go, by nature and the rule of thumb ; but the artist aims at perfection, — perfection for its own sake. That aim, the pursuit of that ideal, is what *makes* him an artist. And such was Stevenson.

"All through my boyhood and youth," he says, "I was known and pointed out for the pattern of an idler ; and yet I was always busy on my own private end, which was to learn to write. I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in. As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words ; when I sat by the roadside, I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version-book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas."

So he "lived with words." And the point of the confession is that these "childish tasks," as he calls them in an-

other place, were done "consciously for practice." "I had vowed that I would learn to write. That was a proficiency that tempted me ; and I practiced to acquire it, as men learn to whittle, in a wager with myself."

But he did more than to practice. A man does not learn to whittle, or to paint, or to play the flute, by the primitive process of merely trying his hand, be it ever so patiently. The fine arts are no longer things to be invented, every man for himself. Others have whittled and painted ; one generation has bequeathed its increment of skill to the next ; here and there a master has arisen, and the masters have set up a standard ; and now, the standard being established, the essential matter is, not to paint or write to the satisfaction of village critics, but to prove one's self a workman beside the best of the craft. For this there needs acquaintance with the masters' work, — such acquaintance, or so young Stevenson was persuaded, as could come from nothing but an imitative study of it. And he set himself to imitate. He had never heard the dictum, or he disbelieved it, that a boy should read the best writers, but pattern after nobody. Wherever he saw excellence of a kind that appealed to him, he took it for the time being as his model. This he did consciously and unashamed.

Such a course would never give him originality ; but no matter. For the present it was not originality he was seeking ; he was not yet writing books : he was learning his trade. Whether, having learned it, he should turn out to have original genius to go with his knowledge and put it to use, was a question that the event alone could determine. Originality is a gift of the gods ; it is born with a man, or it is not born with him. The technique of a prose style, on the other

hand, could be learned, and Stevenson's present business was to learn it, in the only way of which he had any knowledge, the way in which his masters themselves had learned it, — practice based on imitation.¹

How could the boy have done better? He was called to write; he had "the love of words" which, as he says, marks the writer's vocation; and for such a boy "to work grossly at the trade, to forget sentiment, to think of his material and nothing else, is, for a while at least, the king's highway of progress." Yes, "for a while;" and after the while, if he is not merely one of the many that are called, but one of the few that are chosen, he will have found his own line, and such originality as nature endowed him with at birth (or before) will show itself in its season.

Stevenson had the name of an idler, he tells us, and it must be said that he wore it jauntily, — as he wore his old clothes. Whatever he did or failed to do, it would have been hard to catch him without defense. He wrote *An Apology for Idlers*, which, as he confided to a correspondent, was "an apology for R. L. S.," and to this day it sounds like a good one. It would do many a hard-working man and useful member of society a service to read it. He believed that, for the young especially, a certain kind of idleness is a profitable kind of industry; while they are seemingly unemployed they may perchance be learning something that is really worth while: "to play the fiddle, to know a good cigar, or to speak with ease and opportunity to all varieties of men."

For himself, like many another man of genius, he was very little of a scholar in the traditional sense of the word. What the schools had taken upon them-

selves to teach were mostly not the things that he had taken upon himself to learn. At the university he devised "an extensive and highly rational system of truancy," and no one "ever had more certificates (of attendance) for less education." Like his antitype in Mr. Barrie's novel, he could always find a way. No doubt his personal attractiveness counted for much here, as it did everywhere else. One of his earlier teachers had pronounced him "without exception the most delightful boy he ever knew;" and his mother's testimony is that his masters found it pleasanter to talk with him than to teach him. How his wits and his fine gift of plausibility helped him over a hard place in one of the last of his examinations — for admission to the bar — is related, as from himself, by Mr. Balfour. The subject in hand was *Ethical and Metaphysical Philosophy*, and a certain book had been prescribed. "The examiner asked me a question," Stevenson says, "and I had to say to him, 'I beg your pardon, but I do not understand your phraseology.' 'It's the textbook,' he said. 'Yes; but you could n't possibly expect me to read so poor a book as that.' He laughed like a hunchback, and then put the question in another form. I had been reading Mayne, and answered him by the historical method. They were probably the most curious answers ever given in the subject. I don't know what he thought of them, but they got me through."

It is a good story, and thoroughly characteristic. There was nothing academic in Stevenson's turn of mind, whether in youth or manhood. "I was inclined to regard any professor as a joke," he remarks, in his *Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin*, and the words may be taken as fairly expressive of his at-

¹ After he began writing, the question of an individual style took on, as was inevitable, a different complexion. In his early days he would not read Carlyle, and (more surprising)

at forty or thereabout he discontinued the reading of Livy; dreading in both cases an injury to his own manner.

titude toward the whole business of what is called education. The last thing he meant to be was a conventional man, — “a consistent first-class passenger in life,” — and why should he disquiet himself over a conventional training? Allow him his own subject and his own method, and he would be studious with anybody.

So through all his early years, as we have seen, he studied the art of authorship. Then, as happens to all artists, came the critical point of production or non-production. Would the plant so sedulously watered and tended, so promising in the leaf, prove to be fertile or sterile? Having so lofty an idea of his art, so exalted a standard of excellence in it, would he go on indefinitely putting himself off with preparations, “prelusive gymnastic,” as he saw so many painters doing at Barbizon (“snoozers” instead of painters, covering their walls with studies, and never coming to the picture), and as is so easy for art students of all kinds to do, or, having learned the handling of his tools, would he set himself to use them in the performance of a man’s work?

Such a question is by no means one that answers itself. In any particular case there is perhaps more than an even chance that the student will never have the industry, the courage, and the intellectual and moral stuff to accomplish, or even seriously put his hand to, any of the great things for which he has so long been making ready. Stevenson himself, from all that appears, may have had at the beginning a period when the issue hung more or less in doubt. “I remember a time,” he wrote afterward, “when I was very idle, and lived and profited by that humor.” Now, he says, the case is different with him, he knows not why. Perhaps it is “a change of age.” He made many slight efforts at reform, “had a thousand skirmishes to keep himself at work upon particular mornings;” the life of Goethe affected him, as did also some noble remarks of

Balzac, but he was never conscious of a struggle, “never registered a vow, nor seemingly had anything personally to do with the matter.” “I came about like a well-handled ship,” he concludes. “There stood at the wheel that unknown steersman whom we call God.”

In his twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth year, at all events, he was really getting under way, though for the present, as was becoming, with small ventures; and from that time, except for the frequent occasions when illness and the likelihood of speedy death constrained him to “twiddle his fingers and play patience,” he kept his pen busy as few men of anything like his physical disabilities and his roving disposition have ever done. For it is important to note that he was by inheritance a wanderer. Even had his health allowed it, he could never have sat month after month at the same desk, turning off so many thousand words as his daily stint. Once, when he has lived for six months at Davos, he writes to his friend Colvin that he is in a bad way, — a result, he believes, of having been too long in one place. “That tells on my old gypsy nature; like a violin hung up, I begin to lose what music there was in me.” And when his mother complained that he was little at home, he bade her not be vexed at his nomadic habits. “I *must* be a bit of a vagabond; it’s your own fault, after all, is n’t it? You should n’t have had a tramp for a son.”

For a man who had studied authorship, and wished to write not mainly from books, but from the experience of his own mind and body, this ineradicable gypsy strain was of the highest value. How much it imported to Stevenson should be evident even to those who know his books only by the backs of them. Bodily health excepted, he had all the qualifications of a traveler. Happy man that he was, he was always a boy, rich to the last in some of the best of youthful virtues, — buoyancy, curiosity, “interest in the whole page of experience,”

and the capacity for surprise. The world for him was never an old story. When he saw a ship or a train of cars, he wished himself aboard. Discomforts and dangers were nothing; nay, they could be turned into excellent fun, and after that into almost as excellent copy. His spirit was habitually strung up to out-of-door pitch, to borrow his own expression. He felt "the incommunicable thrill of things." Not for him a staid life in drawing-rooms or city clubs. He would be out in the open, "where men still live a man's life." At forty he wrote his own formula thus: "0.55 artist, 0.45 adventurer." Near the same time, being just from the island of Molokai, where he had played croquet with seven leper girls (and would not wear gloves, though cautioned to that effect, lest it should make the girls unhappy to be reminded of their condition), he writes to a friend: "This climate; these voyagings; these landfalls at dawn; new islands peaking from the morning bank; new forested harbors; new passing alarms of squalls and surf; new interests of gentle natives, — the whole tale of my life is better to me than any poem." A lucky combination it was, both for the man himself and for the world of readers, — fifty-five per cent artist, and forty-five per cent adventurer.

And the adventures, of course, need not be so extraordinarily venturesome, with an artist's pen to put them on the paper. In 1887 Stevenson had been once more at the gates of death with hemorrhages, this time so often repeated that they had ceased almost to be exciting, and were rather grown tiresome; and when the doctors prescribed another change of climate, he sailed for America. The steamer turned out to be loaded with cattle, — "a ship with no style on, and plenty of sailors to talk to;" and this is how the consumptive patient describes the voyage: "I was so happy on board that ship, I could not have believed it possible. We had the beastliest weather, and many

discomforts; but the mere fact of its being a tramp-ship gave us many comforts; we could cut about with the men and officers, stay in the wheel-house, discuss all manner of things, and really be a little at sea. . . . My heart literally sang. . . . It is worth having lived these last years, partly because I have written some better books, which is always pleasant, but chiefly to have had the joy of this voyage."

Later, in the South Seas, he ran more than once upon the very edge of shipwreck, but always with the same brave heart and the same gayety. "We had a near squeak," he writes to a friend, after one such experience. "The reefs were close in with, my eye! what a surf! The pilot thought we were gone, and the captain had a boat cleared, when a lucky squall came to our rescue. My wife, hearing the order given about the boats, remarked to my mother, 'Is n't that nice? We shall soon be ashore!' Thus does the female mind unconsciously skirt along the verge of eternity." And thus, be it added, does the artistic masculine mind turn even the face of death itself "to favor and to prettiness."

By this time Stevenson had almost settled it with himself that he should never again leave the sea. "My poor grandfather, it is from him that I inherit the taste, I fancy, and he was round many islands in his day; but I, please God, shall beat him at that before the recall is sounded. . . . Life is far better fun than people dream who fall asleep among the chimney-stacks and telegraph wires." One feels like saying again, What a blessing it was for the world that a man so perennially boyish, so endowed with the capacity for enjoyment, so conscious of his life, so incurably in love with the romantic side of things, was also the master of a style and an industrious lover of the art of writing!

His remark, quoted above, about the "plenty of sailors to talk to" suggests another thing: his exceeding fondness

for rubbing elbows with what are called, inappropriately enough, common people, — people who have lived free from the leveling, uniformity-producing, character-dulling influences of too many books and an excess of social sophistication. This, too, was a real fairy's gift to a man destined for literature. "He was of a conversible temper" (he is speaking of himself in his youth), "and insatiably curious in the aspects of life." Like Will o' the Mill, "he had a taste for other people, and other people had a taste for him." As we read of his journeyings hither and thither, and the friends he made almost as often as he opened his mouth, we are reminded of what David Balfour's father said of his offspring: "He is a steady lad and a canny goer; and I doubt not he will come safe, and be well liked where he goes." Perhaps it was from his own experience that Stevenson was writing when he said that a boy might learn in his truant hours "to know a good cigar, or to speak with ease and opportunity to all varieties of men."

Stevenson's books, the narratives of travel and the essays not less than the novels, — perhaps even more, — are galleries of portraits. Wherever he went he found men: not caricatures, mere burlesques and oddities, useful materials for print, creatures of a single crying peculiarity, so easily drawn and, for one reading, so "effective;" nor lay figures simply, wire frames (literature is populated with them) on which to hang "the trappings of composition;" but breathing men, full, like the rest of us, of complexity and paradox, nobly designed, perhaps, but — still like the rest of us — more or less spoiled in the making; men who had known, each for himself, the war in the members (happy for them if they knew it still!), and had drunk every one of the mingled cup of tragedy and comedy. He loved the sight of them; their talk, wise or foolish, was music to his ears; and the queerest and

ugliest of them, under his capable and affectionate hand, wear something of a human grace upon the canvas.

It is a great gallery. Who that has ever walked there will forget the old soldier turned beggar, the borrower of poets' books? — "the wreck of an athletic man, tall, gaunt, and bronzed; far gone in consumption, with that disquieting smile of the mortally stricken in his face; but still active afoot, still with the brisk military carriage, the ready military salute." We can see him, "striding forward uphill, his staff now clapped to the ribs of his deep, resonant chest, now swinging in the air with the remembered jauntiness of the private soldier; and all the while his toes looking out of his boots, and his shirt looking out of his elbows, and death looking out of his smile, and his big, crazy frame shaken by accessions of cough." His honest head may have been "very nearly empty, his intellect like a child's," but he loved the unexpected words and the moving cadence of good verse. We know his talk; a little more, and we should hear it: "Keats, — John Keats, sir, — he was a very fine poet."

A book like *The Amateur Emigrant* is full of such sketches, every one of them done from life, and hit off with a perfection that might well render it and the volume, as foolish mortals say, "immortal." It would be long to enumerate them, though it is a short book. There is Jones the Welshman, for example, — "my excellent friend Mr. Jones," owner and dispenser of the Golden Oil; "hovering round inventions like a bee over a flower, and living in a dream of patents." He had been rich, and now was poor, but, like all dabblers in patents, he had a nature that looked forward. "If the sky were to fall to-morrow, I should look to see Jones, the day following, perched on a step-ladder and getting things to rights." What *we* should have cared most to see was Mr. Jones and Mr. Stevenson walking the deck by the hour

and dissecting their neighbors; for Jones was first of all a student of character. "Whenever a quaint or human trait slipped out in conversation, you might have seen Jones and me exchanging glances; and we could hardly go to bed in comfort till we had exchanged notes and discussed the day's experience. We were then like a couple of anglers comparing a day's kill." And there is the fiddler, "carrying happiness about with him in his fiddle-case," a "white-faced Orpheus cheerily playing to an audience of white-faced women," with his fiery bit of a brother, who "made a god of the fiddler," and was determined that everybody else should do the same; and Mackay, the cynic and debater, who professed to believe in nothing but what had to do with food ("that's the bottom and the top"), but who once grew so eager in maintaining this noble thesis that he slipped the meal hour, and was compelled, with a smile of shamefacedness, to go without his tea; and Barney the Irishman, the universal favorite, so natural and happy, with his "tight little figure, unquenchable gayety, and indefatigable good will," who could sing most acceptably and play all manner of innocent pranks, but whose "drab clothes were immediately missing from the group" when, after the ladies had retired, some one struck up an indecent song; and the sick man (poor soul), who thought it was by with him, and who had a good house at home, and "no call to be here;" and the two stowaways, so fond of each other, yet so strikingly contrasted, — one so ready to work for his passage, the other "a skulker in the grain," and like the devil himself for lying.

And besides these there are numbers more nearly or quite as telling; but they must be let pass, though it is pleasant to pick good things out of a book that, comparatively speaking, seems to have been little made of, either by the author or by his admirers. To one of these, at least, *The Amateur Emigrant* seems,

not one of Stevenson's greatest books, indeed, but certainly one of the most enjoyable, say on the sixth or eighth reading.

It is a point of grace with any writer, and a very *sine qua non* with the essayist, that he should be able to speak often of himself without offense, as Montaigne and Lamb did, to mention two shining and incontestable examples. And the trick (though it is not a trick, but an admirable quality, and almost as far as honesty from being common) is none of your easy ones. To begin with, the venturer on such an experiment must be interested in himself, which is by no means an ordinary happening. Most men, we may say, count for nullities under this head; they recognize their outward presentments in the glass, no doubt, and are letter-perfect with their names and occupations; but for a knowledge of their inner selves, the story of their real lives, the "wonderful pageant of consciousness," one might almost as well interrogate the lamp-post on the next corner. They have never kept company with their own thoughts, nor been in the least degree inquisitive about them. Life, as they live it, is a matter of externals, of eating and drinking and being clothed, of getting and spending more or less money, of being amused, of movings up or down on a social ladder. As for their past, the past of themselves, — which with another man is his dearest possession, — it is mainly as if it had never been. They must have had a boy's dreams once, one would think, but that was long, long ago, and the dreamer is dead, and the dreams with him.

But if a man is to tell the world about himself, and charm it into attention, he must not only be in love with his subject; he must have a natural frankness, an unaffected and almost unconscious delight in self-revelation, — tempered by a decent sense of personal privacy, — such as infallibly commends itself and makes its way, the listener cannot tell how. In

other words, and in a good sense, the man must be still a boy, endowed with a boy's winning attributes, and entitled, therefore, to something of a boy's privilege. And with all the rest, and most important, he must be favored with the gracious quality of humor. Of all talk whatsoever, talk about one's self must not be too serious. No man (or none but a great poet) can safely indulge in it unless it is natural for him to see the funny side of his own foibles, and at the right minute to make his point at his own expense. All of which is perhaps no more than to say that the writer in the first person must be a man of taste, knowing (a wisdom which nobody under the sun can teach him) what to say and what not to say, and, chiefest of all, how and when to say it.

Stevenson did not talk of himself so freely as Montaigne nor (the present scribe being judge) so adorably as Lamb, — Nature herself is little likely to hit the white centre of perfection twice, and we shall perhaps see another Shakespeare as soon as another Lamb; but few have loved a personal theme better, and in the handling of it there were none among the living to surpass him. He had every qualification for the work. A pity he died at forty-four, — a pity in every aspect of the case, but especially when it is considered what treasures of youthful reminiscence he would have left behind him had he lived even to the approaches of old age. Such a devotee of his own past should have been spared to see it through a bluer haze. Yet even in middle life how fair it looked to him, and how lovingly he laid its colors as he transferred the picture to the page! Hear him speak of his grandfather, in a passage no better than is common with him, and dealing with nothing out of the ordinary: —

"Now I often wonder what I have inherited from this old minister. I must suppose, indeed, that he was fond of preaching sermons, and so am I, though

I never heard it maintained that either of us loved to hear them. He sought health in his youth in the Isle of Wight, and I have sought it in both hemispheres; but whereas he found and kept it, I am still on the quest. He was a great lover of Shakespeare, whom he read aloud, I have been told, with taste; well, I love my Shakespeare, also, and am persuaded I can read him well, though I own I never have been told so. He made embroidery, designing his own patterns; and in that kind of work I never made anything but a kettle-holder in Berlin wool, and an odd garter of knitting, which was as black as the chimney before I had done with it. He loved port, and nuts, and porter; and so do I, but they agreed better with my grandfather, which seems to me a breach of contract. He had chalkstones in his fingers; and these in good time I may inherit, but I would much rather have inherited his noble presence. Try as I please, I cannot join myself on with the reverend doctor; and all the while, no doubt, and even as I write the phrase, he moves in my blood, and whispers words to me, and sits efficient in the very knot and centre of my being."

A man could talk of himself in that strain for all day and all night, and nobody would vote him tiresome or blame him for an egotist. Yes, a misfortune it was that he could not have lived to write a dozen books full of essays like *The Manse*, *Old Mortality*, *Memoirs of an Islet*, and especially *A Gossip on a Novel of Dumas's*. So appreciative a reader and so entertaining a talker could never have wearied us with gossip of his favorite books, "the inner circle of his intimates;" and the more first-personal and confidential he became, the better we should have liked it.

Well, since we cannot have the finished essays, we will be the more thankful for the letters. How good they are! — so varied, so spontaneous, so free-spoken, so humanly wise and so deli-

ciously nonsensical; now bubbling over with jest, now touching the deepest springs of thought and action; fit expression of a man who was himself both Ariel and Prospero; "an old, stern, unhappy devil of a Norseman," with "always some childishness on hand;" the "grandson of the Manse," who would rise from the grave to preach, and has "scarce broken a commandment to mention," yet owning it as his darling wish to be a pirate. Whim and opinion, settled conviction and passing mood, alike find utterance in them; and best of all, perhaps, many of them are most engagingly rich in matter connected with his own pursuit. A selection of these in a handy volume (why must letters always be put up in a form too cumbersome for lovers' convenience, as if they, more than other books, were expected to stand forever upon a shelf?) would go far to supply the place of that treatise on *The Art of Literature* which their author spoke so frequently of making.

Here would be found a letter to Mr. Marcel Schwob, a letter one page long, but weighty with the subtlest and pithiest criticism, not of Mr. Schwob's writings alone (that might not seem so very important), but of writing in general, and in particular of Stevenson's. For it is impossible to read it without perceiving that the critic is passing judgment (no unkind one) upon his own early books of sentimental travel. His correspondent has sent him a volume of verses. He has read it through twice, and is reading it again, — a handsome compliment, to start with. It is essentially graceful, he says, but is a thing of promise rather than a thing final in itself. "You have yet to give to us — and I am expecting it with impatience — something of a larger gait; something daylight, not twilight; something with the colors of life, not the flat tints of a temple illumination; something that shall be *said* with all the clearnesses and the trivialities of speech, not *sung* like a semi-artic-

ulate lullaby. It will not please yourself as well, but it will please others better. It will be more of a whole, more worldly, more nourished, more commonplace — and not so pretty, perhaps not even so beautiful. No man knows better than I that, as we go on in life, we must part from prettiness and the graces. We but attain qualities to lose them; life is a series of farewells, even in art; even our proficiencies are deciduous and evanescent. So here with these exquisite pieces, . . . you will perhaps never excel them. . . . Well, you will do something else, and of that I am in expectation."

Happy poet! to be caressed so affectionately and lanced so beneficently with one stroke of the master's hand; and happy critic, no less! having sentences of this quality to drop without a second thought, like small change from the hand of wealth, into the oblivion of private correspondence.

In truth, Stevenson could afford to be generous; he had always good things enough and to spare. His was a mind incessantly active. He was always covering paper. If only disease would leave him strength enough to hold the pen, he could be trusted to keep it going. Ideas thronged upon him; books by the dozen, one may almost say, stood waiting for him to make them. The more wonder that, with all this excess of fertility, he could yet rewrite and rewrite, and then write again, still on the search for perfection. Surely the artist was strong in him.

His fame was of slow growth, surprising as the fact seems now, till he wrote novels. These, as all the world knows, since all the world reads them, are nothing like the ordinary modern novel of carpet knights and pairs of happy or unhappy lovers. They are romances in the heroic vein, spun mostly of a single thread, with no lack of high lights, plenty of blood-letting, a good spice of humor, dialogue that is closely pared and talks of itself, character dis-

played in action, not dissected, and movement to delight the lover of a story.

The lode was struck, almost by accident, when Stevenson's schoolboy stepson, backed by another "schoolboy in disguise," — namely, Stevenson's father, — begged him to "write something interesting." The response to this eminently reasonable request was *Treasure Island*, which not only filled the schoolboys' bill, but captivated so stout-hearted a disbeliever in things romantic as Mr. Henry James. As it was this story that introduced its author to a wider public, he used to speak of it (possibly with a shade of irony, though that does not certainly appear) as his first book.

It may be that the gift of romance was the highest of his endowments. Some, at least, have thought so, and have reckoned the novels as not only the most popular, but the greatest of his works. As to the choice among them, the question of their comparative excellence among themselves, that is a matter not under discussion here, the writer of the present paper having no sort of competency for dealing with it. His own special delight is in *David Balfour* (the two parts) and *Treasure Island*. These he hopes to read — now and then a chapter, if no more — as long as he reads anything. He likes the men, — and the women, — and he likes the talk. Mr. James's comment upon *Treasure Island*, that one seems to be reading it over a schoolboy's shoulder, strikes him as extremely ingenious and pretty, but he is conscious of nothing of that nature himself. He reads it, if he may be allowed to say so, on his own hook, and for the time being is himself the schoolboy, — which may or may not be the better fun. He likes the story and the pictures, — for every chapter is a picture, — and he likes the writing.

Concerning this last point, so often discussed, what shall be said? As Stevenson's nature was complex and his themes varied, so he wrote in many keys. His

prose was never "far from variation and quick change." When he put pen to any work, — essay, travel sketch, tragedy or comedy, — the first thing was to strike "the essential note." He would not begin a funeral march in A major, nor a sailor's hornpipe in C minor; a requiem for the friend of his youth was one thing, and a description of his fellow passengers in the steerage was another: and, strange to tell, here and there a wise critic, wise above what is written, has discovered in this change of key proof of a want of originality. "Behold," he cries, "the man has no style of his own; to-day he writes in one manner, and to-morrow in another." The same sharp-eyed reviewers are certain to be troubled because Stevenson talks freely of style, openly professing to have cultivated one, — to have cared not only for what he said, but almost or quite as much for the way in which he said it. "How can a man be concerned with the niceties of expression, and yet be true to himself?" they seem ready to ask. A question to which, it must be admitted, there is no answer, or none worth the offering to any who need to ask for it.

To be greatly occupied with matters of form is doubtless to subject one's self to peril. Careful writing may easily become mannered (as careless writing also may, and with less excuse); but what then? Danger is the common lot. An author, not less than other men, must face it, whether he will or no. He may choose between one set of pitfalls and another, but he will find no path without them. As for the risk of mannerism, Stevenson escaped it substantially unharmed. Compared with some of the more famous of his style-loving contemporaries, he may be said to have come off without a scratch. Whether his style is better or worse than theirs (and touching a point so delicate an unprofessional critic may prudently reserve his opinion) is a different matter; at least, it is less tagged with peculiarity. It was

formed, as style should be, by the study of many models, not of one; and it has many virtues, including in good measure one of the highest, rarest, and most elusive, the quality of pleasurable-ness, or charm, — a quality not to be acquired by labor nor to be exactly defined; a something added to a thing already complete, like the bloom on the grape or the perfume of the rose.

If the style has failings, also; if one feels now and then, in the more closely wrought of the essays especially, a certain excess of precision, a seeming hardness of outline, a lack, shall we say, of flexibility; if, after a time, one experiences a sensation as of walking in too continuously strong a light, with the sun, as it were, standing still at high noon; if one misses those momentary glimpses of invisible truth, those hints and adumbrations of things beyond the writer's and the reader's ken (a feeling as if twilight were coming on, and shadows were falling across the page), those touches of distance and mystery which make the peculiar attractiveness of another order of writing; if this, and perhaps more than this (an occasional want of absolute success in the use of the file; a failure, that is to say, to leave the phrase looking only the more unstudied for the labor bestowed upon it), — if things like these are felt at times by the sensitive reader, what does it all signify but that, in the perception and expression of truth as in the making of moral character, one excellence of necessity excludes or dwarfs another, and perfection is still to seek? As the French martyr said ("a dread confession," Stevenson called it, in one of his moods), "Prose is never done."

The estimate which the author himself placed upon his style (though this is a point of little consequence) seems not to have been exalted. He had his gift, he knew, and had done his best to improve it; but other men had greater ones. He was an enthusiastic reader, and while still fresh from the enjoyment

of *A Window in Thrums* he wrote to Mr. Barrie: "There are two of us now [two Scotchmen] that the Shirra might have patted on the head. And please do not think, when I seem thus to bracket myself with you, that I am wholly blinded with vanity. Jess is beyond my frontier line; I could not touch her skirt; I have no such glamour of twilight on my pen. I am a capable artist; but it begins to look to me as if you were a man of genius. Take care of yourself for my sake."

A handsome thing for a man to write, and a pleasant thing for his lovers to remember, but, as we say, not to be interpreted too strictly, as if it settled anything. The more considerable a man's gifts, the more likely he is to speak disparagingly of them. To take his own word for it, Stevenson was a poor letter-writer, "essentially and originally incapable." So he assures one of his correspondents; and then, the mood coming on him, he proceeds to fill page after page with the very scintillations of epistolary genius, — compliment, gossip, humor, brilliant description, verbal felicities, sweetness of personal feeling, everything, in short, that goes to the making of a perfect letter. No doubt he smiled at the incongruity of the thing as he folded the sheet (for no doubt he knew he had done well), but what shall we conclude as to the value of an honest author's depreciatory judgment of his own work? If it is not a proverb, it ought to be, that self-dispraise goes little ways.

The welcome of Stevenson to his younger Scotch contemporary was characteristic of the man. In all his letters there is not a glimmer of professional jealousy nor a word of belittling criticism. With all his boyishness, — partly because of it, it might be truer to say, — he had a manly heart. Generosity and courage were matters of course with him, native to the blood. In his novels there is plenty — some would say a superfluity — of battle, murder, and sudden

death; Cut and Thrust were two of his favorite heroes; he loved the breath of danger, and when, for the first and last time, he saw armed men taking the field, "the old aboriginal awoke" in him, and he sniffed the air like a war horse; he could be stern as the Judgment Day itself against injustice and cruelty; in such a cause he would break a lance, though all the world should call him, what he was once overheard to call himself, another Don Quixote; but withal, few men were ever more tender-hearted. At twenty-one, as he told the story more than twenty years afterward, he enjoyed a great day of fishing; the trout so many and so hungry that in his eagerness he forgot to kill them one by one as he took them from the water. In the small hours of the night his conscience smote him; he saw the fishes "still kicking in their agony;" and he never fished again. Whoever was in distress was sure not only of his sympathy, but of his hand and purse. He would walk the streets of a city half the night with a lost child in his arms, invalid though he was; and when he comes to clear the land of his new South Sea domain, he wonders whether any one else ever felt toward Nature just as he does. He pities the vines and grasses that he uproots: "their struggles go to my heart like supplications." Since his death, says his biographer¹ (of whose capacity and taste it seems a shame to speak only in a parenthesis), the native chiefs — "gentle barbarians," truly — have forbidden the use of firearms on the hillside where he is buried, "that the birds may live there undisturbed."

Stevenson believed in the supremacy of the soul. Many years he lived face to face with death, and to the last his testimony was that he found his life good.

¹ *The Life of Robert Louis Stevenson.* By GRAHAM BALFOUR. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

To a critic who thought him too little appreciative of the darker side of things he wrote: "If you have had trials, sickness, the approach of death, the alienation of friends, poverty at the heels, and have not felt your soul turn round upon these things and spurn them under, you must be very differently made from me, and I earnestly believe from the majority of men." Such was his brave confession; and his life, from all we see of it, was in full accordance with his faith. We may say of him what Lowell said of Chaucer: he was "so truly pious that he could be happy in the best world that God chose to make."

Toward the last, it is true, he fell into a state of depression, and for a time was alarmingly unlike his old self. His power of work seemed to be gone, and the "complicated miseries" that surrounded him weighed upon his spirits. Even then, however, he protested his belief in "an ultimate decency of things; ay, and if I woke in hell, should still believe it!" This was his natural religion, which the early loss of his ancestral creed — that "damnable creed" with which his childhood was "pestered almost to madness" — had only deepened and irradiated. And the dark and sterile mood was no more than a mood, after all. Soon he was writing again, more successfully than ever. And then, with everything bright before him, his powers working at their easiest and best, his prayer for "courage, gayety, and the quiet mind" fully answered, all at once the end came. The brief candle, that so often had flickered and burned low, was suddenly blown out. He had gone round more islands than his lighthouse-building grandfather, as it amused him once to boast, and now, like his grandfather, he had reached "the end of all his cruising."

"Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

Bradford Torrey.

DIVINATION BY STATISTICS.

It is fairly obvious that the study of statistics is not exactly what would be termed a popular pastime. Mr. Eugene Richard White, in his telling article in the December *Atlantic*, protests that they stand foremost among our modern plagues. Librarians do not discover any extensive demand for statistical literature. Sir John Lubbock, if I remember rightly, found no place for a single volume of figures in his hundred best books; and in that flood of articles on *Books That Have Helped Me*, by authors great and authors small, the same significant silence seemed to be maintained. There were some very curious books that had apparently proved helpful to certain persons, but there was unbroken testimony of a negative kind that nobody had ever been helped by a blue book. To say of anything, "As dry as statistics," is at once to consign it to the nethermost Limbo of Aridity. Such is the verdict upon the finished statistical product. As for the methods employed in constructing such tables, — weighted averages, index numbers, or curves of error, — these, to the wayfarer, are hidden and ingenious refinements of cruelty, to be avoided at all hazards, or at least forgotten with a shudder and a prayer.

This aversion to statistics is doubtless founded in part in sheer mental laziness, or what is more decorously termed the economy of mental effort. The comprehension of statistics puts a heavier strain than common on our attention, and from our earliest experience with the multiplication table we are predisposed, like high Heaven, to reject

"the lore

Of nicely-calculated less or more."

Were this, however, the only grievance cherished against statistics, the case would be bad enough in all conscience ;

but there is a graver one in reserve. They have the reputation not only of palling on the spirit, but of commonly misleading the judgment. The former could issue in nothing worse than neglect, but doubt as to their veracity results in downright skepticism regarding them. One might reasonably toil after an exacting guide, if only the promised mountain prospect were assured ; but who is going to climb when the reward is a crevasse, or at best a mirage ? So it comes about that the statistical argument is frequently powerless against the popular adage that "anything can be proved by statistics."

If this extreme view of the matter seem to be unduly disparaging to a scientific method of inquiry, and to argue small discrimination on the part of its critics, it is encouraging to remember that the ordinary run of men, by their actions, give the lie to their avowed distrust of all statistical induction. The veriest skeptic in this domain loses little sleep over his insurance policy, I suppose, provided only he has met his premium payments ; and insurance of all kinds rests obviously, in the last resort, on the reliability of statistics. Blind unbelief in their trustworthiness is "sure to err," and the sweeping condemnation we sometimes hear visited upon them, like the Psalmist's unsparing impeachment of human veracity, is likely to be the result of haste.

This is very far from denying that much of the skepticism felt toward statistical conclusions has been amply justified. Indeed, it is just this perversion of statistics that I desire to trace. But it is only fair to set in the forefront a grateful recognition of their exceeding great services in a hundred fields of scientific endeavor. Apart from all particular uses they subserve, they have con-

tributed to the mental furniture of this generation a certain definiteness of apprehension of which, very likely, we are for the most part unconscious. It becomes apparent, however, when we reflect that two hundred years ago, for example, it was not only impossible to say numerically what the population of England was, but even to know whether it was growing or falling off. The high mortality in years of epidemic had given color to the notion that the population was diminishing, and there were not wanting alarmists who seriously proposed polygamy as a temporary expedient to remedy the imagined danger. The absence of statistical data explains the appearance of such tracts as *Britannia Languens* (1680), all voicing the complaint of England's industrial decay. Nor were the mouths of these prophets of evil effectually stopped until Sir William Petty put forth his *Political Arithmetic*, grounded largely on statistical calculations. But even then the closest approximation to exact knowledge of these matters was the estimate of the expert, based on chance scraps of fact such as the records of baptisms or burials. Even so recently as a century ago the population of every state in Europe was mainly a matter of conjecture. As for any accurate knowledge of the distribution of population according to age, sex, race, occupation, or of such matters as the growth of population, the movement of prices, of trade, of wages, — this was simply *terra incognita*.

It goes without saying that to-day the man of average intelligence, while he may not be versed in the figures or averages of the last census, has in his mental make-up a numerical framework, more or less exact, in which, unconsciously, the main facts of political and economic geography comfortably pigeonhole themselves. The pedant and the precocious schoolboy often rudely flutter these statistical doves; but while we may find difficulty in keeping them in repair,

we are most of us agreed that it is impossible to dispense with them altogether. If at times we are tempted to complain of the mutability and uncertainty of our statistical knowledge, we must needs cease complaining when we survey the unirradiated mist of ignorance which cloaked our great-grandfathers' vision of things statistical.

The *odium anti-statisticum* of which mention has already been made is generally explained by statisticians upon grounds much too narrow. Sometimes, it is true, erroneous deductions have been made, upon the basis of inexact or fragmentary data. Sometimes, from reliable data erroneous conclusions have been drawn. Both errors account for some part of the widespread distrust of statistics. But this distrust must in part be traced to two other sources: first, to the towering interpretations which have been foisted upon statistics: and second, to the persistent and commonly unfruitful use of statistics in approaching questions not to be solved with their aid. It is these last two sources of unbelief with which, in this paper, we shall be concerned.

Gottfried Achenwall (1719-72), the so-called father of statistics, although his title rests largely upon his invention, or rather his domestication, of the word *Statistik*, is, fortunately, not chargeable with either of these errors. He was satisfied with a comparatively modest view of the function of statistics. In his lectures at Marburg and Göttingen he employed statistics simply to define more sharply the outline sketches he gave of the political and industrial geography of Europe. He was a sort of political Baedeker, not content with a mere qualitative description of realms and peoples, but conscientiously bent upon recounting their exact numbers, their military strength, and their precise industrial vocations. In his simple conception of the matter there appears that amusing, half-pedantic German *Gründlichkeit* which

is still so strong among their university traditions. I remember an American student who lately took his degree in a German university, and who grumbled over the way in which the acceptance of his really able thesis was postponed time and again until it was supplemented with the most recent census figures. Said he to me in some indignation, "Why, old Teufelsdröckh wouldn't accept a copy of the New Testament itself unless it was *ergänzt* with the latest statistics."

But while Achenwall's narrow conception of statistics was a perfectly safe one, it would never have proved very fertile. It is owing to a contemporary of his, a Prussian military chaplain named Süssmilch (1707-67), that statistics became the exponent of the numerical laws of population. But this result of his studies, though of cardinal importance for statistics itself, was by no means the immediate object of his quest. In 1743 he published a book entitled *Reflections upon the providential Ordering of the numerical Variations of the human Species*, proved by its birth, death and marriage Rate. This work is said to have been used as a required textbook in Austrian universities until 1846. As the title would suggest, it is as though Butler had written an arithmetical Analogy, or Paley a volume of mathematical Evidences of Christianity. It is withal uncommonly ingenious in places. Thus, that to every twenty-one sons born there are born on the average twenty daughters, whereas at the marriageable age the two sexes, owing to the greater mortality among males, are numerically equal, is for Süssmilch a corroboration of the divine origin of monogamy. The exceedingly small excess of men over women had been cited long before in England by Captain John Graunt, in his *Observations upon Bills of Mortality*, as a certain indication of the divine disapproval of current "irreligious *Proposals* of some, to multiply people, by Polygamy," though the worthy captain is

rather graveled to explain why the same numerical equality of male and female does not bespeak the divine disapproval of polygamy among "*Foxes, Wolves and other Vermin Animals.*" The outcome of Süssmilch's work, however, was to cast into the public mind the idea that movements of population are subject to law, and predictable with great exactitude. From this fountain there issued forth water both sweet and bitter. There was given a great impetus to the study of social aggregates, but the attempt to "justify the ways of God to men" statistically was gradually discarded. Like other specific arguments from design, it withered under the breath of the *Zeitgeist*; and though for a time tolerated as a pious fraud, it was finally repudiated as a pompous failure. In less than a century thereafter the pendulum had taken a long swing to the farthestmost point in the opposite direction, and statistics had been made to yield a seeming support to a materialistic as well as fatalistic interpretation of history and society. The scent of this paradox hangs around statistics to this day, and accounts for much of the distrust which many people entertain for statistics generally. Its rise and progress, therefore, are matters of some moment.

The ferment of the French Revolution was congenial to a materialistic conception of history. Condorcet, in his *Esquisse d'un Tableau Historique des Progrès de l'Esprit Humain* (1794), had declared that general laws, regular and constant, govern the development of the intellectual and moral faculties no less than the phenomena of the physical universe. Even Kant, some ten years earlier, in his proposal for a cosmo-political history, had declared, notwithstanding his metaphysical reservations in favor of volitional freedom, that human actions are as completely under the control of universal laws of nature as any physical or chemical occurrence. It remained for Quetelet (1796-1874), the versatile

Belgian statistician, to deck out these abstract doctrines in an attractive literary garb, and lend them the seeming sanction of statistical evidence to make the new conception common property. In 1836 Quetelet published his treatise *Sur l'Homme et le Développement des Facultés*. It consisted of two distinct parts. The first contained tabulated and averaged statements of the growth of the physical and moral qualities of the average man, while part second gave Quetelet's version of the nature of society itself. It is only fair to say that Quetelet believed in the possibility of social betterment, and was far from looking on society as a wooden automaton that may be studied, but not altered or stopped. But in his anxiety to make out a strong case for the regular recurrence of social phenomena, he uses expressions which suggest the fatalistic view of society; and, unfortunately, these expressions are charged with a tenacious vitality, — hard to forget, easy to misread, and, if we may judge by the example of two eminent English historians, worthy of all adaptation. In speaking of the almost unchanging number of criminal offenses committed yearly, Quetelet remarks: "A tribute which man pays with more regularity than that which he owes to nature or to the public treasury is that which he pays to crime. *Triste condition de l'espèce humaine!*" And again: "Experience demonstrates that it is society which prepares the crime, and that the offender is only the instrument which executes it. It follows that the unfortunate wretch who mounts the scaffold or who dies in prison is, in a certain measure, a propitiatory victim of society. His crime is the fruit of the circumstances in which he is placed."

This view of human society as the matrix of the criminal and the genius has had an overpowering attraction for some thinkers, from Buckle to Lombroso. The former, it will be remembered, made it the foundation of his exact science

of history, and avowed that statistics, "though still in its infancy, has already thrown more light on the study of human nature than all the sciences put together." And Mr. Lecky, an historian of vastly more penetration than Buckle, and who would dissent most radically from a fatalistic philosophy of life, has also scorched his wings at Quetelet's candle. Referring to the necessity as well as the extreme difficulty of maintaining the domestic hearth inviolate, he tells us, in perhaps the most eloquent passage he ever penned, that "under these circumstances there has arisen in society a figure which is certainly the most mournful, and in some respects the most awful, upon which the eye of the moralist can dwell. . . . Herself the supreme type of vice, she is ultimately the most efficient guardian of virtue. . . . On that one degraded and ignoble form are concentrated the passions that might have filled the world with shame. She remains, while creeds and civilizations rise and fall, the eternal priestess of humanity, blasted for the sins of the people."

One would expect this doctrine of the "*not ourselves*" which makes for iniquity" to be a very popular philosophy of life in Rogues' Alley, but, singularly enough, the lowly beneficiaries of the system, to do them justice, have seldom manifested any interest or belief in it. Only the more accomplished of their order, like Becky Sharp, have given it their unqualified adhesion. Unfortunately, too, for Buckle and the fatalists, the logicians and the statisticians of to-day repudiate totally the idea that the numerical uniformity of man's actions in the mass makes it even remotely probable that natural law exerts any compulsion or any limitation on the free decision of the will. Constant ratios in social aggregates are statistically established, it is true; but it is just as legitimate to argue that the constant antecedents are free wills — some acting constantly in one way, some in another

— as to assume that natural law, with her scorpion whip, coerces a fixed number in one direction, and the remainder in another. The freedom of the will will probably puzzle philosophers in the future as in the past, but many persons will continue to indulge in this delightful illusion until some better argument can be adduced against it than the constant ratios of unaddressed letters or forgotten umbrellas.

It might be supposed that the failure of these two ambitious attempts to found far-reaching speculative systems upon statistical grounds would have impressed upon later adventurers in the field a spirit of caution. Süßmilch's apologetics had long ago been rejected, and Buckle's fatalism, much more recently, but with equal certainty, had been discarded. But while scientific statisticians long ago realized the limitations of their instrument of inquiry, there have never been lacking sanguine empirics who have thought to distill from their statistical alembics a charm which has eluded all other kinds of scientific alchemy. It is, of course, impossible to lay down in advance the precise limits within which statistics may yield valuable results. Their employment in insurance of all kinds, in financial and administrative problems, in astronomy, meteorology, medicine, and even in the more recent investigation of problems of biological evolution precludes us from rashly delimiting *a priori* the bounds of their fruitful application. But there is practical unanimity as to the *kind of problem* which invites this method of approach.

Where the object studied is absolutely unique, there is no play for statistics. One must certainly be mad who would seek to formulate an æsthetic appreciation of the Venus of Milo by applying to the marble the Bertillon system of measurements. So, too, when the object investigated is known to be a virtual replica of thousands of others in the same class, there is no room for statistics. The num-

ber and quality of the nerves or muscles in the human anatomy, for example, may be discovered by the dissection of a single normal subject. Again, where the artificial manipulation of conditions is possible, there is no call for the statistician. Thus, in physics, where the introduction of a single new condition, such as raising the temperature, is possible, the effect of this single change can be gauged by one experiment as certainly as by a thousand. To use statistics in any of these inquiries is simply to make the quest for knowledge harder than it was ever intended to be. It is only where the object studied is not *sui generis*, where experiment is impossible, and where the thing sought is inextricably bundled up with a thousand diverse and changing elements not to be separately measured or eliminated, that recourse must be had to the statistical method. If, for example, in any large population, we desire to know the average age of marriage, or the tendency to migrate, or the extent of illiteracy, it is hopeless to go about, with or without a lantern, seeking for the abstraction known as the average man. Buttonhole the first man you meet, and you may get a confirmed bachelor, one who has never wandered beyond the limits of his own parish, and who, for aught you can tell beforehand, may be either an illiterate or an adept in Sanskrit. There would evidently be little use in questioning such a one. But ply a large number of persons with questions, and certain approximate answers to your inquiries emerge, — true, perhaps, of no single individual in the population, and yet sufficient to indicate with precision the tendencies operative in the aggregate. Now, while the statistical method, *faute de mieux*, must be applied to problems of this kind, we have no certainty or guarantee beforehand that it will yield us in any given case even an adumbration of the truth: and this is especially marked in cases where the elements are very complex and very unstable. It is to the

neglect of these truths that we must trace many of the foolish attempts of investigators to utilize statistics. To the same source we must trace much of the common-sense contempt for statistics generally.

There is a certain class of problems whose external aspects may possibly yield to statistical tabulation, but which in the last resort must be "spiritually discerned," and which cannot, like Diana, be surprised in naked essence by the statistical Actæon. To this class of problems belong particularly certain questions in literary analysis, psychology, and pedagogy. Unfortunately, this very tract seems to be the chosen thoroughfare in which the statistical fakir loves to hawk his wares.

Take, for instance, the application of statistical methods to problems of a literary character. Quetelet himself affords one of the earliest examples. In order to illustrate what he terms "the growth of intelligence" in one of its phases, he makes an international study of the evolution of the drama. He confines his selection of plays to the French dramas given in Picard, and the English dramas contained in Bell's British Theatre. The latter, it is interesting to observe parenthetically, contains none of Shakespeare's works. In parallel columns, he draws up the number of dramas and the corresponding ages of the playwrights at the time their products were first staged. No qualitative distinction is made in regard to the English dramas, — *Comus* and *The Orphan of China*, by one Murphy, counting alike in the comparison. The reflective analysis of the figures reveals *arcana* which had been kept secret from the foundation of the world. First, neither in the English nor in the French dramatist does dramatic talent begin to develop until after twenty-five years of age! Second, between thirty and thirty-five it manifests itself energetically! Third, it continues to flourish until toward fifty-five! We also

discover that the talent for writing comedy develops later than that for writing tragedy! One naturally feels, after reading such trivialities, like the old gentleman in *Pickwick*, who learned the alphabet when eighty years of age, and went no further, doubting "vether it vas vorth so much to get so little."

One would suppose that this fatuous attempt would have been sufficient to deter other serious students of literature from using the same method. The fact is far otherwise. A text in English literature which appeared in 1892 states in the preface that the "work is based throughout upon abundant statistics and other data, soon to be published, concerning the development of form in prose and poetry, both in English and out of it." Among its contents are to be found the variations in the length of Macaulay's sentences plotted graphically. Here too a statistical study of various authors demonstrates that in 500 periods of Sordello the percentage of simple sentences is 25, and the average number of "predications" and "clauses saved" is 3.62 and 11.54 respectively.

Another recent instance of this mechanical application of statistical measurements to literary products appears in the *American Journal of Psychology* for April, 1901. Two ingenious gentlemen publish therein their *Studies of Rhythm and Meter*. Their avowed purpose in undertaking this experimental study of certain selected rhymes was "to secure some objective record of rhythms as they actually occur in spoken verse." In order to secure absolute objectivity, one of them first made a "census of nursery rhymes." A large number of presumably complaisant people were requested to set down at random the first ten nursery rhymes that happened to come to mind. Those returned most frequently on the lists, such as *Old King Cole* and *Diddle, Diddle, Dumpling*, were selected for rhythmical investigation. Inspection disclosed the fact that

four fifths of the rhymes could be grouped under three distinct "patterns." The typical character of these metrical "patterns" was confirmed by the investigation of a church hymnal. Fully half of the contents of the hymnal, it was found, could be grouped under the same rhythmical rubrics. Each investigator then proceeded to repeat aloud these typical rhymes, and to mark the rhythm both by the tap of his finger and the stress of his voice. The time intervals between finger taps and between vocal stresses were recorded upon an instrument measuring to the hundredths of a second. These intervals were then averaged, and tabulated statistically. The following conclusions were then reached: (1) there was found "a general uniformity in the intervals between stresses," with "a tendency to a quickening in the rate from first to last;" (2) there were found characteristic movements, depending "partly on the distribution of pauses, and partly, perhaps, on this tendency to increase of rate." — "*O trumpety! O morris!*"

Another field in which, so far as I can determine, the results of statistical investigation have been extremely desultory and of very questionable utility is the sociological or psychophysical study of criminals and children. A pamphlet published last year has an appendix containing a Plan for the Study of Man. The proposal is there made that the federal government shall establish a psychophysical laboratory, "to compute, tabulate, and publish the results" of such investigations. To clinch the necessity for such investigations a summary is given, at the close of the pamphlet, of the most "recent results from the study of man." We are indeed warned that most of the thirty-nine conclusions cited, "although based upon a considerable number of cases, can be held only as *tentative*." They are also true only in a general sense, which might mean true in three fourths of the cases and false in one fourth." I trust the following selections,

taken at random, are fair samples of the results attained:—

"Truant boys are inferior in weight, height, and chest girth to boys in general."

"Among U. S. Naval Cadets there is a great preponderance of blonds."

"Visual perceptions are not copies of a physical world, but mainly the result of experience and utility."

"In boys, fear increases from ages 7 to 15, and then declines; in girls from 4 to 18. Girls fear more than boys."

"Great men, though often absent-minded, have strong memories in the lines of their interests."

I submit that the first two theorems, though curious, are apparently of no earthly use; that the third has been known since Bishop Berkeley's time; and that, barring the affectation of mathematical nicety in the fourth, both it and the last have always been apparent to all persons of ordinary powers of observation. A recent report of the Commissioner of Education of the United States contains a somewhat extensive account of Child Study in this country. As humorous literature it is unsurpassed. The compiler of the article, in reply to the criticism *Cui bono?* replies that "the primary object of science has always been *truth for its own sake*." Unfortunately, it is one thing to unearth the true, and another and a very different thing to vociferate the obvious.

The new psychology is another field in which the statistical humbug delights to dig pitfalls. It may seem ungracious to animadvert upon the pseudo-scientific performances of the most injudicious exponents of an embryonic science, but the really solid achievements of the new psychology, such as the localization of mental functions, or the scientific study of mental processes, both normal and pathological, must profit by being severed from the rabble of statistical conjecture which parades under the psychological banner.

To illustrate a common misuse of statistical processes in this field, I shall first cite an article which appeared about a year ago in a popular magazine, and which purported to explain the results obtainable by the use of the kymograph. This instrument, it should be said in passing, is an apparatus which records, by a wavelike line upon a plate, the variations in the contraction and expansion of the chest. It is employed upon various persons, and the tests are "repeated and verified for accurate statistical work." Auto-suggestion is generally employed to affect the emotions of the subject, and the different wave lines produced by the altered breathing under such conditions are held to be tests for surprise, pain, anger, love, vanity, and the like. The variation in the wave forms are pronounced "graphic pictures of laughter, of crying, of sighs, coughing, and of thought processes." Indeed, with the resources of the psychological laboratory, the writer affirms that "the physical senses, mental faculties, and emotions can now be measured. Sight, hearing, touch, smell, taste, imagination, reason, association, fatigue, can now be tested."

The article in question consists of pictures of the various waves obtained by the kymograph, and an accompanying explanation of what the waves, wild or otherwise, are saying. These photographs are labeled, Surprise, Pain, Vanity, and so forth. Sometimes, it appears, the unfortunate individuals subjected to these tests undergo very drastic stimulation, in order that the desired emotion may be induced. Pain, for example, is occasioned "by pricking the subject's neck with a sharp needle." "The subject's thought, when this stimulus, used in the illustration, was given, was, 'Oh, Lord!' showing," as the investigator naively remarks, "a genuine reaction in feeling and thought." The wave supposed to be representative of the emotion of modesty is induced by telling

the subject to imagine that she is repeating the experiment of Godiva, — though this, the learned writer observes, is "a narrow test for modesty, inasmuch as it relates to clothes alone." "Fear is secured by pressing a cold steel tube against the temple, and assuring them it is an electric battery, which will hurt them but little if they do not move." To induce the emotion of vanity, the subject needs only to be given a mirror and requested to look at herself! What is sought in this process of psychic photography is to "obtain definite facts regarding the emotional life of students and criminals." I have quoted the paper at this length simply because of its typical quality. The hopeless pathos of the quest pursued on such lines should protect the investigator from aught but pity.

I shall refer to but one additional illustration of what I conceive to be a singularly futile and a singularly pretentious application of the statistical method in this province. There appeared in 1900, from the pen of Professor Starbuck, of Stanford University, a book entitled *The Psychology of Religion*. The work is well accredited, for Professor William James contributes a preface, in which he pronounces the treatise to be "a weighty addition to the current process of taking account of psychological and sociological stock," and declares that in the book "the statistical method has held its own." Professor James says of the educational inferences deducible from the author's researches that "Christians and Scientists alike must find in them matter for edification and improvement." Perhaps this latter statement is to be taken partitively, the Christians finding therein matter for edification, and the Scientists for improvement; but let us not prejudge the case.

The author of the work in question does not underestimate the importance of his investigation, as may be judged from his opening sentences: "Science

has conquered one field after another, until now it is entering the most complex, the most inaccessible, and, of all, the most sacred domain, — that of religion. The Psychology of Religion has for its work to carry the well-established methods of science into the analysis and organization of the facts of the religious consciousness, and to ascertain the laws which determine its growth and character." "It is an equally important step with that which marked the beginning of experimental psychology that now the whole range of human experience, including its most sacred realm, is thrown open to scientific investigation."

Professor Starbuck secured his data from religious "autobiographies;" that is, from replies to a circular list of questions drawn up by himself. Thus in the first problem attacked — that of religious conversion — the data (apart from the Drew Alumni Records of "776 Male Methodists") consisted of replies from several hundred persons, most of whom were found at two conventions of the W. C. T. U. in California, or among two regiments, one from Iowa and one from Tennessee, temporarily stationed at San Francisco.

By means of statistical tables whose figures are afterward plotted into curves, he ascertains that this religious experience occurs with boys most commonly at the age of seventeen or thereabouts, and with girls most frequently at thirteen, sixteen, or eighteen years of age. The inference is plain even without Professor Starbuck's italics, — "*conversion is a distinctly adolescent phenomenon.*" So, be it observed in passing, is taking one's first interest in politics, or reading one's first novel, or getting one's second teeth, or learning to swim. But our investigator apparently thinks an "adolescent phenomenon" a *rara avis*, and divines a hidden significance in the figures which his tables have disclosed. He remarks that, "since nearly all the respondents were above twenty

years of age at the time of making the record, the probability is the same that a given conversion would fall in any year up to twenty. . . . But the dice seem to be loaded," etc. Now I confess it is hard to work myself up to this dogmatic level. I should have imagined that the chances that conversion would be experienced, say, at five years of age decidedly less than at some subsequent period. I remember to have read of a young lady of five, in Jonathan Edwards's congregation at Northampton, who experienced a change of heart at that early age, and who insisted daily upon several long, uninterrupted periods for her private devotions, but I had always thought of her as a precocious prig. It is pleasant to think that this was a misapprehension. Having determined the age of conversion, Professor Starbuck next demonstrates that it is also the age when the most rapid bodily growth in length and weight takes place. This unsuspected coincidence is established, however, only by neglecting the rate of growth up to two years of age, — the period at which it is most rapid, and in which not even Professor Starbuck has unearthed any evidences of conversion. The statistics of the age at which physical maturity is commonly attained are next in order overhauled. The age at which this is most frequent does not prove to coincide with the age of most frequent conversions. But this makes no difference, for the law of their relation is worded thus (in italics): "*The spiritual and physical aspect of development in individual cases tend to supplement each other.*"

Thus Professor Starbuck proceeds most industriously from topic to topic; tabulating the Motives and Forces leading to Conversion, Experiences preceding Conversion, The Beliefs of Adult Life; probing with his figures to the heart of Sanctification, and concluding with Some Educational Inferences. At times one's risibles are provoked by the

phraseology, as when an individual case is quoted as "Non-revival female 16," or when the author nudges our elbow to observe "how readily Sanctification passes over into a pathological condition." Indeed, the only glimpses of religious psychology which the book affords are the fragmentary bits occasionally contained in the replies of his respondents. These disclosures of the *vie intime* often glow with feeling or shine with tears, but to the author they are merely straw for his statistical bricks.

The statistical empiric to-day is abroad, and his marks are these: he employs statistical tables to prove facts that have been commonplaces of ordinary observation years out of mind. He batters himself and his hearers into an attempt to extort an occult meaning from facts which, upon a little careful analysis, are

recognized as practically self-explanatory. He parades pedagogical principles avowedly based upon a scientific psychology which, in so far as they are either true or important, have been the common possession of intelligent and sympathetic teachers for generations. And worse than all else, because at the source of all his errors, he neglects any adequate preliminary inquiry into the probability of employing statistics in a given field with success. The statistical implement is a crude one at the best. Its readings are necessarily very rough in many a province where its use is unquestionably necessary. But it is hardly probable that for centuries to come it will be happily employed in deciphering the life of the spirit whose fabric is "as fragile as a dream," and whose endurance "as transient as the dew."

Winthrop More Daniels.

THE CURL.

WE were sitting on the terrace of an old French château, sipping coffee and smoking cigarettes. It was a hot autumn afternoon. The tapestries of the woods were worked in the faded colors of decay; they rustled with the sentiment of the lost, the past, and the dead. The warm sun had raised a wavering veil of moisture about them, and in allowing for its influence one was inclined to exaggerate the definition of leaf-line underneath,—that delicate definition, incident on the sparseness of autumn, which charges the smiling abundance of summer with the first exquisite thinness of renunciation, to sharpen later into the hard features of winter asceticism.

Beneath the tobacco smoke my old friend's face showed shriveled and wrinkled with a like delicacy of line. Its sentiment of expression was almost

one with the sentiment of this essentially French moment of the year. The woods were sad, but they were more happy than sad; with them it was the time of dreams, and they were haunted by the fragile loves of a vanished spring. The sorrow that was in them was plaintive, wistful,—almost a tender impersonation: theirs was the sentiment of sorrow, its iridescence and play, unconscious of any depth or darkness of suffering.

It was forty years since I had met Louis de Brissac. In Paris, as young men, we had been close friends. I had gone over to study in the French capital, and from the very first Louis had won me to him by the charming romance of his friendship for me. Since that time, during the long years in India, men had come near to the fibre and core of me through mutual danger and mutual endurance; I had felt the stir

of those silent friendships whose most open manifestation is a firmer hand grip, an understanding eye glance. Beside these hidden vital emotions the memories of my Paris friend were as pale-colored as his autumn woods, but yet in these far-off memories there was a sweet fragrance which the robust attachments lacked. Louis had written to me regularly for years and years: I had whole boxes of letters in his fine, pointed handwriting. He was expansive, and thought no detail too trivial for my interest: not only was I familiar with the administration of his estate down to the minutest particular, but also his whole mental life, with all its philosophic doubts and conjectures, was laid open before me. The letters were written with flow and lucidity; they were full of keen observation and admirable criticism of life and books. But partly through lack of time, partly through difficulty of composition in the French language, and mostly through constitutional self-repression, my replies were, I fear, somewhat bald and brief. Then, during a period of extended travel, I missed several of his letters, and, having no incentive to write to him, I let the correspondence end.

On my return from India the London doctors advised me to try the waters at Vichy, and thither I repaired, intending to find out if my old friend still lived in the neighborhood. On the very first evening I came across him unexpectedly. I had dropped into the Cercle Privé to watch the gambling, and amid the grasping and repulsive faces of those present my attention was attracted by an old man of great benevolence of aspect. I could not be mistaken. I knew him at once, in spite of his white hair and his wrinkles. The peculiar charm, the dash of melancholy happiness, that had always belonged to Louis were there still, more marked than ever. He was playing the game with a childish pleasure, — staking deliberately, but not

high. He had evidently set a limit to his losses, for presently he came over, with a pleasant word to a friend or two, toward the window where I was standing.

"Louis!" I said, touching his arm.

He looked at me for a moment quite blankly. Then his face grew irradiated. "Richard!" he said, pronouncing the name French fashion. "It is Richard, — my friend Richard Wright! My poor Richard, but how you have changed!"

I smiled. "Well, it is forty years," I replied.

"And to meet you here!" he continued. "I always dine here when I come to Vichy on business. And I play a little. It is excitement. If you win, excitement; if you lose, more excitement. . . . My friend Richard Wright! . . . I am overwhelmed! . . . You must come home with me to-night. Why, I insist, — I absolutely insist. My carriage is here. There is a room ready for you. It is too great happiness to have you with me at the Château de La Tour."

There was no resisting the pressure of his invitation, his faithfulness of friendship. I consented, though quizzically, half doubtful what manner of welcome I should receive from Madame or Mademoiselle de Brissac. I supposed, of course, that Louis had married in the long interval since we had ceased to correspond, — that he had children. But I was wrong. I found the château presided over by an old butler and his wife, who superintended the servants.

And so, on the next day, looking out on that delicate autumn landscape, so full of vague and lovely regrets, I felt impelled to break our silence with the remark, "So there never was a woman in your life?"

A greater sweetness came into my friend's face. "Yes, Richard, there was, — and is," he replied. "I will tell you about her when we go in. You will think it — you may think it — rather a delightful story. Perhaps you

will only laugh at me. . . . And you, my friend, — you have never married, either? No, no . . . do not answer me. I see I have touched pain. I would not have you speak out of a sore wound. I want to know no more. Forgive me, — forgive me!"

"You are — happy in her?" I asked, in a low voice.

"But you must hear the beginning, — you must see," said Louis. "Tell me, did my last letters make mention of any hobby of mine?"

I reflected a moment. "A hobby?" I repeated, a little puzzled.

"Why, yes: one must have a hobby, — birds' eggs," said Louis. "It is a hobby full of poetry, of romance, of sentiment. When I was young, it took me out into the open woods, out in the springtime, out in the early morning. Every specimen I collected made me more exquisitely aware of the marvels of creation, and woke in me new wonder for nature's supreme artistry of color and curve. Have you ever pondered over a bird's egg, Richard, — over the frail brittleness that incloses the germ of sublime music? As the crinkled shell is characteristic of the crisp ocean, — as it is thin, but of infinite resistance, and shaded mainly with the yellow and red hues of sand, — so the bird's egg is characteristic of the softer contours of the land, and memories of leaves and skies are blended in the greens and blues of its shell."

"That seems to me . . . just a little fanciful," I protested, "but to tell the truth, I have not given the subject any attention."

"I will show you my collection presently," said Louis. "I am arranging and classifying it now. Of course I am too old to get any more specimens myself, and I fear to employ the village lads, lest they should be lacking in wise discretion. But believe me, Richard, on the most bitter winter's day my birds' eggs are potent to bring the spring

vividly before me. Within these fragile cases, I whisper to myself, there lives in essence the whole magic of spring, — its crystal-clear calls, its high and liquid notes, its flash of lark mounting into the sky, all its varieties of faint flutterings among new leaves. I touch my eggs and say, 'Thrush, finch, wood dove:' and the pressure of woven nests grows round me, and I see the green-cradled babyhood of birds."

"I wonder," I said, "that you ever found the will to take and blow the eggs?"

"Ah," Louis replied, "you are too prosaic. I take but one egg of many; with us scientific interest does not necessarily kill sentiment. And the birds do not resent it; they have been kind to me, kind beyond expression. They have given me a gift. I have told you this that you may be in the right mood to understand. Come in, now; I will show you."

Together we went into the château. It seemed to me charged with an atmosphere of old-world sentiment, conventionalized by the lines of ancient perpendicular wall papers, of panels and parquets of oak, — dim hand-worked tapestries reproduced within the rapture of autumnal decay. A sombre richness had grown about the greens and blues of the threads, like an emergent shadow; there was the pallor of exhaustion in the blanched yellows and waning whites. Everywhere huge potpourri of roses reproduced about the corridors the sentiment of the lost, the past, the dead; giving for the passionate beauty of June an attenuated sweetness, grown a little sickly in heavy confinement. Louis led me up the stone staircase to a long, bare room, arranged as a museum, with a number of cases containing birds' eggs. It was inconceivable to me how any one could extract a dream of springtime from so arid a spectacle. Louis drew me over to a table upon which stood a casket jeweled with small turquoises: this he opened with a key. Within lay

a curl of golden hair tied with a piece of faded blue ribbon.

"She is with me always," he said dreamily; "her sunny presence pervades the house; I almost think, at times, I see her flitting up and down the staircase. Before, I was lonely, — lonely and often bitter, — but since she came all has been changed."

"Your dead wife," I said reverently, for the moment forgetting.

"No, no; I was never married. I told you that. But I did not tell you why. There was consumption in our family. I consulted a doctor after you left Paris. . . . I did not think I was justified" —

I grasped Louis's hand. "My friend, my friend, how could I guess at so deep a tragedy?" I exclaimed, deeply moved. Here indeed was courage, heroism. "I fancied, — forgive me, — I fancied you had not known real suffering. My own case . . . I have loved, too."

"But . . . let me finish. I think you mistake. I never loved . . . in the flesh," he interrupted hastily. "That would have been terrible, terrible. I could not have conquered a great passion. I think I should have killed myself." He touched the curl. "I never saw her," he went on. "I found this . . . just as it is now . . . tied up with blue ribbon . . . in the nest of a bird. That is my romance, Richard, — the whole of my romance."

"But — I don't understand!" I gasped.

"It gave me something tangible to build upon, — a lock of hair, brought me in that tender way by the bill of a bird, associated with all that is dear and beautiful and wonderful to me. I think: this bit of sunshine in the soft moss of a nest, a golden pillow for wee feathered things. She would be pretty, with such hair! She has blue eyes and gentle ways; she has changed a little during the long years she has been with me, but always she is young, always she is sweet and lovable, with golden hair.

Her gentle companionship has grown dearer to me, and dearer; her voice is the blended voice of all birds, and the lightness of the birds is in her step, and their timidity, and soft, nestling ways."

"But it is a dream!" I exclaimed.

"Perhaps. Still, there is the curl," he said. Then he put his hand on my arm. "It puzzles you," he continued, with a whimsical smile. "No Englishman is like that: you are material, and must have the substance; you do not understand that a dream has as actual an existence as a reality. We have the better of you, dear Richard, in this: we have found one secret of happiness."

"If there had ever really been a woman," I began.

"I know. This could not have happened," he said gravely, "it could never have happened — in that case, and I should have suffered — like you."

I took up the curl, examining it curiously. At one time I had given some study to physiology. "But this is not woman's hair," I remarked, without thought.

Louis grew pale. "Not woman's hair!"

Then I realized the mischief I had done. I cursed myself inwardly that in a moment of recklessness I had shattered the whole fabric of his life's dream. It is, of course, easy enough to tell from a lock of hair the age and sex of the owner when it was cut off, and it was quite evident that this curl had been taken from the head of a young child. But why had I not had the wit to keep the discovery to myself? Why must I burst in with my crude science upon this delicate, incomprehensible romance?

"Not woman's hair!" repeated Louis.

"It is the hair of a child, — of a young child, — about seven years old," I said dully. "Oh, Louis, I should not have spoken."

He looked dazed, bewildered. The next moment he was wringing my hand ecstatically. There were tears in his

eyes. "Richard, Richard," he cried, "I had never thought of that, — a child! We pass the time . . . for loving women, and sometimes I have felt . . . lately . . . that an old gray-haired curmudgeon like myself has no right to let his fancies run forever on golden-haired maidens. But a child, a little girl, — one is never too old to love a child! It is what the château wants beyond all else, — childish laughter, the patter of childish feet. Oh, Richard, think what you have given me, — a little child, to be with me always till I die! It is good, — it is good that you came!"

He leaned on me, almost overcome. But I . . . I could not understand. Only in my heart was a great void, — a pitiful cry for that childish laughter, the patter of childish feet, which I should never hear.

It was twilight when we reached the staircase. The wind was in the tapestries on the walls. They rustled like a shower of falling leaves. Suddenly Louis touched my arm. And down at the bottom of the stairs, amid the fantastic movings of the hangings, I thought for one moment I saw a brief vision of a little golden-haired child.

Ethel Wheeler.

RECENT PROGRESS IN ASTRONOMY.

THE progress of discovery during the past century has been so rapid, and, compared to the previous ages of the world, so epoch-making, that not a few recognized thinkers in different lines of scientific research have expressed the opinion that the age of really great discoveries has passed; that what remains to be done is the perfection of the sciences rather than the laying of foundations for future development along new lines. These critics appear to consider the temple of human knowledge essentially complete in its general aspect, with perhaps a pillar to be placed here and a pediment to be completed there, but with no great wings or new outlines yet to be disclosed to coming ages. Such an opinion is logically a conceivable one, and in some lines of scientific activity is indeed justified by the present state of our knowledge. The sciences of elementary geometry and human anatomy, for example, are well-nigh finished; and the same is true of ancient biography and Homeric criticism, at least until new discoveries shall alter the present aspects of these subjects. The history of Greek

philosophy and of Greek art affords little or no field for new explorations, after the century of searching inquiry to which it has been subjected by German scholarship; but obviously the same degree of exhaustion has not been attained in other notable fields of historical criticism, particularly in those pertaining to the Middle Ages. The achievement of ideal perfection, a state of development permitting of imitation, without material improvement or hope of higher ideals, — such, for example, as followed the epoch of Phidias in sculpture and that of Raphael in painting, and has so frequently been exhibited in the literature and architecture of different ages and countries, — is seldom, if ever attainable in the natural sciences, which admit of greater and greater perfection, wider and wider extension. This essential distinction between art and literature, on the one hand, and the physical sciences, on the other, was clearly pointed out by Laplace about a century ago, and has perhaps been more or less realized by the principal scientific thinkers of every age; yet so great an authority as Professor

Haeckel, of Jena, has only recently taken a somewhat different view, and declared that the work of the future will consist mainly in perfecting the structure of the sciences on their present foundations.

It cannot but appear a little remarkable that so lucid a thinker as Professor Haeckel should take so inadequate a view of the future of the natural sciences. Possibly his own experience in stretching the theories of organic evolution somewhat beyond their natural limit, and the reaction which inevitably followed in the minds of conservative biological thinkers, may have contributed to this temper of mind. Whatever be the causes, — and the uncertainty of the theories of life, and the resulting unsatisfactory state of the many biological inquiries, is evidently one of them, — it seems that Haeckel's criticism is of doubtful validity as regards the exact sciences of mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, mechanics, geology, or indeed any of the natural sciences.

When science has attained a definite state of development, it frequently is not possible to assert in what direction a new advance will take place; even the most penetrating and discerning minds will often view a subject from different standpoints. But as regards general progress in some direction, I am not aware of any philosophic authority who regards the natural sciences as either finished or nearing completion, even in the matter of principles, still less in the matter of applications, and of verifications relative to the infinitely varied phenomena so abundantly diffused throughout nature. Rash as it may appear to some, I, for one, believe that all the physical sciences are still in their infancy, and that a considerable number of the generalizations now provisionally accepted are destined to be cast aside when more light is shed upon the true phenomena of the physical world. Such has been uniformly the result of past experiences, and a similar outcome is strongly indicated by fresh

discoveries in many lines. There is indeed nothing in recent progress to indicate that the resources of the human mind have been exhausted. We are, beyond doubt, still profoundly ignorant of most great natural phenomena; and any attempt such as Herbert Spencer has made to write the sum and substance of the final philosophy will necessarily be in a very large degree a failure. It may, however, serve some such purpose for our times as the writings of Aristotle did for those of the Greeks. This ancient Greek philosophy does not look well in the light of modern research; and so it will be with any attempt now made to write a final philosophy, even in the light of the experience of the nineteenth century, which is distinguished above every other age of the world for the output of exact scientific knowledge. It will be the aim of the following pages to point out the tendency of some recent discoveries in astronomy, and to indicate their probable bearing upon our general conceptions of the physical universe.

A word should first be said in relation to the division between the great sciences of astronomy and physics. The consideration of the luminiferous ether, common hypothesis of both, is usually regarded as a branch of physics, but it also has a very important bearing on astronomy, as the properties of the ethereal medium are based largely on phenomena derived from the observation of the heavenly bodies. The velocity of light was discovered by Roemer in 1675, from the observations of the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, which recurred in such a way as to show conclusively that about sixteen minutes are required for the propagation of light diametrically across the Earth's orbit. Roemer's discovery is generally conceded to be one of the most remarkable in history. Besides exerting a great influence on the philosophy of the sciences, it has led, during the last half of the nineteenth century, to some of the finest physical

experiments of all time. Sixty years before Roemer's memorable achievement the immortal Galileo had discovered the satellites of Jupiter by means of a telescope of his own construction, which consisted of a simple lens and an eyepiece fitted in a leaden tube about two inches in diameter and some three feet in length. In accordance with the doctrine of the ancients, handed down from time immemorial, the velocity of light was then supposed to be infinite; and Galileo naturally had no idea that the moons of Jupiter might be used for investigating its rate of propagation, which in fact proved to be so rapid as to be practically instantaneous for all terrestrial distances, and could probably never have been discovered but for the fortunate use of the satellites of Jupiter, whose distance from us varies about 186,000,000 miles during the year, owing to the orbital motion of the Earth about the Sun.

In the first half of the eighteenth century another capital discovery was made by the English astronomer Bradley, known as the "aberration of light," which confirmed the discovery of Roemer, in showing that the motion of the Earth had an apparent effect on the places of the fixed stars, each luminous point describing a small ellipse during the year, as a result of the combination of the Earth's orbital motion with that of the light from the celestial objects. The discovery of the aberration of light proved of high importance for exact astronomy, and in turn gave the physicists some ground for hope of devising experimental means for measuring the velocity of light by suitable apparatus upon the surface of the Earth. This was accomplished during the nineteenth century by a number of eminent men: first by Fizeau, then by Foucault and Cornu, in France, and finally, in America, by Michelson and Newcomb, whose classic determinations have come into use among men of science everywhere.

The studies on the velocity of light have led to experimental searches for motion of the ether near the surface of the Earth. Though great pains have been bestowed upon these inquiries by Michelson and Morely in this country, and by Lodge in England, and perhaps by others, it has not yet been possible to prove that the ether near the Earth's surface suffers any change owing to the forward motion of the Earth in its orbit; nor has it been possible to communicate to the ether between two disks, revolving with the utmost rapidity and separated by a sensible space, any motion whatever. These experiments are thought to offer an apparent contradiction to the observed phenomena of aberration, and some further investigations of a thorough-going character will be required to throw light upon the cause of the discrepancy. In view of such phenomena, it is perhaps unnecessary to point out how intimate is the relation between the sciences of astronomy and physics, and how little of this common ground has yet been occupied. That the luminiferous ether fills the visible heavens, and is a medium of like nature and qualities throughout, seems established beyond doubt by the appearances of the stellar universe. It seems to transmit the light from the most distant stars, without sensible loss, due to imperfection of the intervening medium; and if any light is absorbed, it must come, according to Professor Brace, from all wave lengths alike, so that the most distant stars exhibit no increase of coloration relative to those comparatively close to our planetary system.

Moreover, Lord Kelvin has brought to light a very singular fact,—that the properties of the luminiferous ether correspond closely to those of an elastic solid. Although usually spoken of as a fluid, it acts like a solid, a true jelly, transmitting all vibrations communicated to it almost perfectly. In proportion to its density it is exceedingly rigid, a veritable elastic solid; and so great an authority as Lord

Kelvin has even suggested that the medium may be occasionally broken or cracked by the violent shocks to which it is subjected by material bodies. It does not seem to be affected by the attraction of gravity from such bodies as the Sun and planets, but appears to be equally dense in all parts of space, without regard to the presence of ponderable masses, which are scattered very unequally in different parts of the sky. Dr. Thomas Young held the opinion that the ether might be so continuous a medium that it passed through or around ordinary material bodies in motion, like a stream of wind through the tops of the trees. In this way he accounted for the seeming common motion of all portions of the ether near the surface of our terrestrial globe. It would thus be undisturbed by the motion of material bodies through it; the ether would freely press round and allow them to pass. There appears to be still some serious defect in our knowledge of the aberration, since different methods give somewhat different results. One cannot but feel that in these discrepancies lies a beautiful discovery, awaiting the attention of a patient and thoroughgoing investigator.

Notwithstanding the great importance of the general subject of the luminiferous ether for both physics and astronomy, it must yet be conceded that the branch of physics of most direct bearing on astronomy is a particular development of the wave theory, known as "spectrum analysis," or "astrophysics," which is scarcely half a century old. Everybody remembers Newton's decomposition of white light into the primary colors of the spectrum, and how he afterwards verified his experiment by reversing the operation, and again obtained white light by recombining the separate colored rays into one white beam. For a century after this famous achievement the progress of pure and applied optics was very considerable; yet it seems that

no one possessed the apparatus for, or had considered the careful study of, the spectra of the actual heavenly bodies. About 1826, Wollaston, of Edinburgh, approached the subject from a new point of view, and obtained some remarkable results. His work was soon to be superseded, however, by the great explorations of Fraunhofer, of Munich, who combined theoretical and practical optical knowledge with a mechanical talent of the highest order, which together created a new epoch in the manufacture of prisms and lenses for achromatic telescopes, and led him to recognize for the first time the great variations and even the distinct classes among the spectra of the heavenly bodies.

The subsequent invention of the spectroscope by Kirchhoff and Bunsen, about 1860, laid a new foundation for the physics of the heavens. These distinguished investigators were the first to study attentively the spectrum of the Sun, and to inquire into the spectra of a multitude of terrestrial substances subjected to experimentation in the laboratory. When the spectra of various bodies, such as sodium, lithium, iron, magnesium, and hydrogen, were studied, it was found that each substance had a characteristic spectrum, and when incandescent consisted of bright lines having definite positions in the spectrum; that is, the light consisted of vibrations from molecules oscillating in particular periods, and thus having particular wave lengths. And it was found that the substances in the sun gave dark lines in the place of the bright ones produced by the flames in the laboratory. The identity of the substances in the Sun and on the Earth was clear enough on grounds of probability; and the darkness of the lines in the solar spectrum was readily explained by the absorption of the solar atmosphere, which cut down the intensity of the vibrations without altering the periods.

No sooner had Kirchhoff and Bunsen laid the foundations of spectrum analysis than it occurred to Sir William Huggins, then a young man, to apply the new method of research to the study of the heavenly bodies generally. As early as 1864 he had examined the spectra of the Sun, Moon, planets, numerous stars, nebulae, and even comets, each of which had its own peculiar type and an interest commensurate with the novelty of the subject. The subsequent history of astrophysics, always under the leadership of Sir William Huggins, and shaped by the special researches of Secchi, Rutherford, Draper, Vogel, Young, Langley, Pickering, Jansen, Thollon, and others, need not be recounted here; perhaps it will suffice to say that the new science experienced such rapid growth that it now occupies the attention of nearly one third of the observatories of the world.

In the year 1840, Christian Doppler, of Prague, announced, as a result of his studies in the wave theory of light, that stars moving toward us would give more light waves per second, and stars moving away fewer waves per second, than an ideal star at rest relative to the Earth. The result would be a slight modification of the spectra of all bodies moving toward or from this planet. This would have the effect of shifting all the lines in the star spectrum by a slight amount; and if the amount of this displacement — which is toward the blue for stars approaching, toward the red for stars receding — could be accurately determined, it would afford a measure of the velocity of approach or recession. This problem of measuring the motion in the line of sight was taken up by Sir William Huggins in 1867. By using as a basis of comparison the spectral lines of hydrogen, iron, and other substances volatilized in the laboratory, it was possible to determine with the utmost nicety the amount of motion in the line of sight. At that time, however, all comparisons were necessarily

made by the eye, since photography had not yet been applied to the study of spectra. The extreme difficulty of measuring by eye observation the slight displacement of faint and often hazy lines was such that it is not surprising that the early work of Huggins proved to be qualitative rather than quantitative. Yet there was no difficulty in showing by these early experiments that the method would eventually be capable of great possibilities. And during the past twenty years these anticipations have been more than fulfilled by the large and unprecedented developments of spectrum photography.

With the largest telescopes, it is now possible to photograph and measure for motion in the line of sight spectra of stars as faint as the sixth or seventh magnitude. This would give for both hemispheres some six thousand stars which could be used for determining this important element. Up to the present time probably not more than six hundred stars have been measured in this way; yet these few objects, about one tenth of the number which can be measured with existing instruments, have yielded results of the greatest interest. Most of these results have been achieved at the Lick Observatory, in California, by Professor W. W. Campbell, the distinguished American astronomer, whose discoveries bid fair to constitute a veritable epoch in modern astronomy.

Before taking up the details of this work, however, we must allude briefly to the present state of double-star astronomy, which is intimately connected with Campbell's famous work at the Lick Observatory. It is well known that the science of double stars was founded by the illustrious Sir William Herschel, about one hundred and twenty years ago. While observing closely associated stars for relative parallax, due to the orbital motion of the Earth, he accidentally discovered that certain double

and triple stars constitute genuine double and triple systems; and the lapse of twenty years showed that their components move in ellipses, and obey the same laws as Kepler had found to hold true in the solar system. This implied with the highest degree of probability that the law of gravitation is really universal, and not confined in its application to the bodies revolving about our Sun, whose motions had been so fully studied by the immortal geometers Newton and Laplace. The pioneer work of Sir William Herschel on the double stars of the northern hemisphere was extended by his son, Sir John Herschel, to the double stars of the southern hemisphere. This hurried survey was completed at the Cape of Good Hope between 1834 and 1838. This latter year is famous, also, for the publication by the renowned William Struve, of Poulkowa, of his monumental work on 3112 double and multiple stars measured at Dorpat, Russia, between 1824 and 1837. In this splendid work we have the first secure foundation of an exact knowledge of the stellar systems within one hundred and five degrees of the north pole. It has since been supplemented by the explorations and measures of Otto Struve and Glasenapp, in Russia; Dembowski and Schiaparelli, in Italy; Burnham and Hough, Hall and See, Hussey and Aitken, in America; and finally by those of Russell, of Australia, and Innes, of the Cape of Good Hope.

All together, something like eleven thousand double stars have now been catalogued; but of this total number only about five thousand are of real permanent interest. In the explorations which have been made to discover and measure these five thousand important double stars, probably not less than one million of the brighter stars of the heavens have been examined with powerful telescopes. If we could suppose that no double stars were overlooked in this examination, this result would indicate that on the average one star in every two hundred is an im-

portant double. The experience of the writer, who examined something like two hundred thousand fixed stars in the southern hemisphere, would indicate that at least one in every hundred, under the average conditions, is double; while under the best conditions to be had in the dry climates of Arizona and at the City of Mexico, the indications were that one in twenty-five might be resolved with the twenty-four-inch refracting telescope of the Lowell Observatory. This would indicate that, under the best conditions afforded by modern instruments, four out of every hundred stars are probably double, and could be so recognized by exhaustive study, in a clear, dry climate, with a good telescope. Our search for double stars was usually confined to the brighter objects for two reasons: (1) they are the most interesting on general grounds, as being on the average the closer members of the sidereal system; (2) the closer members of the sidereal system will be the more easily separated into their constituents, since the remoter the object, the smaller will be its angular separation as seen in the telescope. From these considerations it appears that while our explorations have been confined chiefly to the brighter stars, and have been more thorough in the northern than in the southern hemisphere, yet there is not the slightest doubt that if we had sufficiently powerful telescopes, and could use them efficiently through the disturbing atmosphere which covers the globe, we should find double stars, genuine stellar systems, extending to the utmost bounds of the sidereal universe.

In this connection attention may be called to the great desirability of having a large telescope in the southern hemisphere, for the study of an extensive zone around the south pole which is still very largely unexplored. It is a misfortune, hitherto apparently unavoidable, that nearly all the principal instruments of the world are in the northern hemisphere,

which includes the great civilized nations of the Earth, and the only peoples devoted to the cultivation of the sciences. The result is that a large space, beneath our horizon, round the southern celestial pole, including three eighths of the celestial sphere, and incomparably rich in objects of surpassing interest, is almost as little known as the antarctic continent. A few of the more obvious phenomena have been studied, either hurriedly or with inferior instruments, and enough attention has been given to the contents of that part of the universe to assure us of its exceeding richness; but there has been no general and exhaustive survey of that part of the sky, such as is demanded by the present state of our knowledge of the northern heavens. The largest telescope in the southern hemisphere is an eighteen-inch refractor at the Cape of Good Hope, where, unfortunately, the climate is so poor that little can be done in the way of discovery; while the northern hemisphere has at least twenty telescopes of greater power than any one in the southern hemisphere.

The dry climate and elevated plains of Peru offer atmospheric conditions probably unsurpassed on the face of the terrestrial globe; and this location above all others is to be recommended to the builders of our future great telescopes. Explorations in this region will be pioneer work; their value to the future progress of astronomical science will be priceless. The Harvard College Observatory, fully alive to the advantage of this southern location, already has a magnificent station at Arequipa, Peru, devoted to the photographic study of the southern stars and their spectra. Discoveries of the highest interest have recently been made at this site, which, it is interesting to note, was recommended by Alexander von Humboldt nearly a century ago. In his account of the exploration of the countries west of the Andes he points out that this is a dry and elevated plain, where the air is so steady

that the stars scarcely twinkle when at any considerable elevation, but rather shine with a steady lustre, like the planets in our own climate. This steadiness of the atmosphere enables the telescope to perform to its full theoretical capacity, and would enable one powerful instrument in Peru to do more important work of discovery than a dozen great telescopes in the northern hemisphere.

So far as can now be estimated, it is safe to say that several thousand new stellar systems of great interest would be disclosed by an adequate exploration of the zone within sixty degrees of the south pole, which includes the constellations Scorpius, Centaurus, Lupus, Crux, Toucana, Grus, Eridanus, Corona Australis, Phoenix, and the great ship Argo, besides many less famous groups. The two wonderful Magellanic Clouds adorn this area, and the equally renowned voids known as the Coal Sacks. These latter are so named because they appeared to the early navigators as black holes in the densest portion of the Milky Way, near the Southern Cross. It is difficult to overestimate the high interest attaching to this part of the sidereal universe, which in point of variety of remarkable objects surpasses in importance every other portion of the celestial sphere. No area of the same extent in either hemisphere has so many promising objects for exploration, and no other portion of the sky is so truly a *cælum incognitum*. Under the circumstances, it cannot be considered singular that all astronomers hope for the early exploration of this interesting region by a powerful telescope, which will alone enable us to form a correct estimate of the extent and variety of bodies composing the material universe.

The observations since the time of Herschel show that the double stars obey the law of gravitation. This law, being established for many individual cases, is inferred to be true universally; and hence, in the few instances where certain

anomalies appear, it is inferred that the regular motion is disturbed by unknown bodies, usually dark and wholly unseen. The discovery of double and multiple stars from the effects of the gravitational attraction on their luminous components is known as the "Astronomy of the Invisible." It was first suggested by the illustrious Bessel about 1840, to account for certain irregularities in the proper motions of the two dog stars, Sirius and Procyon; both of which have since been shown to be real binaries, the bright stars being in both cases attended by faint but massive satellites. More recently, Professor Seeliger, of Munich, Mr. Lewis, of Greenwich, the writer, and others have added to the Astronomy of the Invisible by showing that certain double stars are in reality triple, with one component yet to be disclosed. But the greatest extension of the Astronomy of the Invisible has been made by Professor Campbell, of the Lick Observatory. In the course of the regular work on the motion of stars in the line of sight, carried out with a powerful spectroscopic apparatus presented to the Observatory by Hon. D. O. Mills, of New York, he has investigated during the past five years the motion of several hundred of the brighter stars of the northern heavens. The velocities toward and from the Earth developed in different cases were, of course, very different; and with this splendid spectrograph, which Professor Campbell has used with decisive effect, the accuracy attainable is little short of marvelous. An error in the final result of one mile per second is quite impossible. With such unprecedented telescopic power and a degree of precision in the spectrograph which can be safely depended upon, it is not unnatural that some new and striking phenomena should be disclosed. These consisted of a large number of spectra with double lines, which undergo a periodic displacement, showing that the stars in question were in reality double, made up of two components, moving in oppo-

site directions, — one approaching, the other receding from, the Earth. There were thus disclosed spectroscopic binary stars, systems with components so close together that they could not be separated in any existing telescope, yet known to be real binary stars by the periodic behavior of the lines of the spectra so faithfully registered on different days by the powerful Mills spectrograph attached to the thirty-six-inch telescope at the Lick Observatory. Some of the more famous of these new stars are Capella, Polaris, Xi Ursæ Majoris, Kappa Pegasi, Castor, Spica, Algol, Beta Lyrae, and Eta Aquilæ. In all, about fifty such stars are now known.

It appears from the investigations so far made that the brilliant star Capella is made up of two nearly equal components, which revolve in a period of one hundred and four days. The period of Polaris is about four days. In other cases the periods vary according to the objects: some being very short indeed, say only two days; others amounting to a considerable portion of a year, or even as much as three years in the case of Beta Capricorni.

It should be pointed out that these are not indeed the first spectroscopic binaries ever discovered. Professors Pickering and Vogel led in the initial search for these remarkable objects; yet with the means at their disposal they found only a few isolated examples, such as Beta Aurigæ, Alpha Virginis, and Zeta Ursæ Majoris. Campbell's work at the Lick Observatory derives increased importance from its systematic character, which enables us to draw some general conclusions of the greatest interest. He has thus far made known the results of his study of the spectra of two hundred and eighty of the brighter stars of the northern heavens. Out of this number he finds thirty-one spectroscopic binaries, or one ninth of the whole number of objects studied. Professor Campbell also points out that as some of the stars are

multiple in character, composed of three or more components, with periods ranging from a few days to a year, or even several years, it cannot be assumed that all the spectroscopic binaries have been found in the first study of his photographic plates. In fact, it seems certain that a more thorough study will materially increase the number of spectroscopic binaries; and Professor Campbell thinks one sixth, or even one fifth, of all the objects studied may eventually prove to be binary or multiple systems. Such an extraordinary generalization opens up to our contemplation an entirely new view of the sidereal universe. If there be five or six thousand stars in both hemispheres which are sufficiently bright for study with the powerful apparatus now in use at the Lick Observatory, it will indicate that there are at least one thousand spectroscopic binary stars awaiting exploration, — a number of stellar systems decidedly inferior, to be sure, to those of the visual class, yet undeniably impressive, and ample for furnishing us the general laws for all such objects, seen and unseen, throughout the immensity of space. If the labors of the next twenty years should give us accurate knowledge of even forty spectroscopic binaries, these would enable us to obtain a good estimate of the probable character of all such systems whatsoever. So far as they have been studied, it appears that the double stars observed visually in our telescopes are remarkable for two chief characteristics: (1) the high eccentricities of their orbits, which average about 0.5, or are twelve times larger than the eccentricities prevailing in the solar system; (2) the masses composing the systems, which are equal or comparable, not enormously disproportionate, like those of the planets relative to the Sun, or those of the satellites relative to the planets about which they revolve. Thus the stellar systems heretofore discovered are of a very different type from what we find in our own solar system, where the

satellites are insignificant compared to the planets, and the planets insignificant compared to the Sun, and all the orbits nearly circular. And the number of such stellar systems, both visual and spectroscopic, appears to be truly enormous. Campbell finds that the general characteristics of high eccentricities and comparable masses, first attributed to double stars by the writer of these lines, some years ago, are true also of the spectroscopic binaries, which therefore are likewise of a different type from anything found in the solar system.

Since our telescopes do not enable us to recognize bodies anything like as faint as the planets attending the fixed stars, it is obviously impossible to affirm that no other systems similar to the solar system exist in the immensity of space; yet it is very clear that a vast number of systems of a radically different type are widely diffused. Some of these systems are self-luminous, like ordinary double stars; others probably are burnt out and already comparatively dark, so that they are correctly classed with the Astronomy of the Invisible; while yet others are spectroscopic in character, composed of one, two, or more associated bright and dark bodies revolving under the action of their mutual gravitation.

If we accept the conclusion that with our finest telescopes, in the best climates, on the average one star in twenty-five is visually double, it will follow from Campbell's work on some three hundred stars that five times that number are spectroscopically double. Thus, although over a million stars have been examined visually, and some five thousand interesting systems disclosed by powerful telescopes, the concluded ratio would give us, at last analysis, four million visual systems among the hundred million objects assumed to compose the stellar universe. On the other hand, the large ratio of spectroscopic binaries to the total number of stars examined by Campbell would lead us to conclude that in the

celestial spaces *there exist in reality no less than twenty million spectroscopic binary stars!* Could anything be more impressive than the view thus opened to the human mind? Millions and millions of systems, of all sizes and representing all stages of cosmical evolution; with light, dark, and semi-obscure masses, all moving in orbits of considerable eccentricity, and by gravitational attraction generating in their fluid globes enormous bodily tides, which, working and reacting through the ages, modify the shape and size of the orbits and the stability of the systems! Since there are doubtless many millions of dark bodies, both large and small, as yet wholly unseen and even unsuspected, it seems not unreasonable to suppose that probably the great majority of the stars are in some way attended by satellites. The mass of matter composing the stupendous arch of the Milky Way is thus very much greater than has been supposed by those who have enumerated the stars disclosed by our telescopes, and computed the total amount of it on the assumption that all of the star dust is luminous.

It may indeed well be that the dark and unseen portion of the universe is even greater than that which is indicated by our most powerful telescopes. Half a century ago Bessel remarked: "There is no reason to suppose luminosity an essential quality of cosmical bodies. The visibility of countless stars is no argument against the invisibility of countless others."

If, therefore, certain stars are called "runaway" stars, because their velocities appear to be too great to be accounted for by the attraction of the luminous bodies composing the sidereal universe, we should perhaps ask whether the unknown mass of matter scattered throughout space as dark stars, comets, meteors, and nebulae might not, after all, account for the discrepancy. For my part, I am satisfied that it probably would, and that the universe is much more massive

than has been generally supposed. In this fact will doubtless be found the explanation of the great velocities of the runaway stars.

These discoveries shed an interesting light upon the general theories of the material universe, and show that the ultimate exploration of the heavens has, in fact, only begun. Moreover, it is now recognized that the self-luminous stars are fluid masses, and therefore binaries are of necessity agitated by tidal oscillations. In considering some recent observations bearing on this subject, Campbell has found in certain subsidiary displacements of the spectral lines of a few binary stars evidence of the enormous tidal waves which sweep over their flaming globes.

It is well known that our original conception of tides arose from the oscillations in the waters covering the Earth, first noted by the early navigators of our seas. These periodic motions of the oceans were correctly explained by Newton in 1687. The theory of the tides has since been placed on an adequate mathematical basis by the labors of numerous geometers; and as the law of gravitation is shown to hold among the double stars, we assume that the rotations and orbital motions of such systems are disturbed by the gigantic tidal waves generated in their globes of flaming fluid. Some years ago I explained in this way the high eccentricities of the stellar orbits, and, following the younger Darwin, pointed out tidal friction as a physical cause operating with more or less effect throughout the heavens. Since the generation of bodily tides depends merely on the mutual attractions of two connected fluid globes, the resulting tidal effects are obviously as universal as gravitation itself.

For the natural philosopher to be enabled to ascend from the comparatively minute and unimportant oscillations of our terrestrial seas, generated by the attractions of the Sun and Moon, to the

bodily tides in the stars composing the Milky Way, which are great pulsating globes of self-luminous fluid; and to trace in this manner the effects of tidal friction, which with the flight of ages has enlarged and elongated the orbits of double and multiple stars, is a generalization which at least need cause no feeling of humiliation! A chain of reasoning connecting such grand phenomena may justly impress a philosopher of any age or country as alike honorable and gratifying to the human mind. And since this achievement is of comparatively recent origin, it may be cited as a specific proof that all the great generalizations of nature are not yet accomplished. Far from it!

Though three hundred years have elapsed since the death of Tycho Brahe, and the scientific world has only recently joined in celebrating worthily his immortal memory, it appears that we are in many lines almost as far from the ultimate goal as when he began the great work of exploring the skies, before the days of Kepler, when all Europe was slumbering in intellectual darkness. The science of the stars, indeed, has been refined and perfected in an unparalleled degree, and infinitely extended in all directions; but with the bounds of darkness pushed back step by step, the goal is not, and never will be, in sight. An infinity of objects and causes and an endless variety of phenomena are yet to be explored, and the work of the mind is rather a process of development to the perfect understanding of the universe than the solution of a simple mathematical problem. We cannot therefore subscribe to the doctrine announced by Professor Haeckel. If we did so, we should come back to the mental position of the schoolmen of the Middle Ages and of the unproductive Arabians. With them, the most that an acute and daring mind could hope for was to comment on the writings

of Plato and Aristotle, or perhaps remeasure the earth and catalogue the stars by the methods of Ptolemy. Such an attitude indicates a mental condition unaccustomed to, and without hope of, solid progress, ill fitted to cope with real philosophic problems, such as have been handled successfully by the great natural philosophers of the past three centuries. And for my part, also, I am unwilling to believe that the universe is so simple or so easily exhausted that even a great number of the acutest minds could unravel its principal mysteries in a few centuries, flattering as such an achievement would be to the age in which we live.

It may be said that in some lines of applied science we have indeed well-nigh reached the appointed goal. Within the memory of this generation the Earth has been girdled with iron and steel, and the electric telegraph and the cable have practically annihilated terrestrial space: these modes of communication have come to stay, and they are ultimate. Whatever be the future progress of the world, it seems certain that nothing more rapid or more general will ever be used by the children of men. The velocity of electricity is the same as that of light, and no swifter messenger is possible or even desirable. The same approach to ultimate standards of speed may be observed in other lines of activity, as railroading and navigation, where the limits are fixed by the nature of organic life and by the physical properties of matter. But such physical limits do not restrict the powers of the mind for researches in pure science, whether in the biological or in the physical world. And if we continue to make discoveries throwing light upon the phenomena and principles underlying the arrangement and growth of the universe, who can doubt that some of them will augment continually the mental and physical comforts of mankind?

T. J. J. See.

THE CAUSES OF PENNSYLVANIA'S ILLS.

THAT Pennsylvania was settled by Quakers, and that her present political condition is a subject of grave solicitude to her best friends within and without the state, are statements which cannot be controverted. The attempt to connect them by a chain of cause and effect is a tempting project of historical inquiry. Political conditions, like a rainstorm or a cold wave, do not arise spontaneously, but the causes are often too remote or too complicated to make causation evident or speculation profitable.

In common parlance Philadelphia is the Quaker city, and its representatives, whether in political conventions or ball fields, are Quakers. In some occult way, the characteristics of city and state, green shutters, rectangular streets, building societies, coal mines, the Pennsylvania Railroad, John Wanamaker and Matthew Stanley Quay, are logical descendants of George Fox. To this list, according to "A Pennsylvanian" in the October Atlantic, we must add the political iniquities as coming directly from the same prolific origin. In support of this he quotes Theodore Roosevelt in a passage from his *Life of Benton*, which passage the author has since modified or explained, but which is reputed, according to "A Pennsylvanian," to have cost him fifty thousand votes out of a total Quaker population of one hundred and twenty thousand, nearly all of whom, as a matter of fact, supported the Republican electors. This tribute to the extent of Quaker influence does the Society of Friends too much honor, and needs to be seriously examined.

William Penn was an idealist, and was far removed from mercenary considerations in the founding of his state. A disappointed would-be purchaser of trading rights says, with surprise, "I believe truly he does aim more at jus-

tice and righteousness and spreading of truth than at his own particular gain." He was an enthusiast for liberty, for justice, and for peace, and to these causes he sacrificed a noble inheritance of money and station, and the quiet and comfort of his life. Many of his co-religionists did not at first appreciate the wisdom of his generous plans. To one of these who had argued for special privileges for Quakers he objects, "We should look selfish and do that which we have cried out upon others for, namely, letting nobody touch with government but those of their own way;" and again, with a note of exultation, he says, "I went thither to lay the foundation of a free colony for all mankind that should go thither." His Fundamental Constitutions, recently discovered in his own handwriting, the first announcement of his plan of government, was liberal beyond any previous publication of serious practical import, and was toned down by friends to suit supposed necessities.

It can hardly be claimed that the rank and file of his followers rose to the standard of his conceptions. They were mainly English yeomen, who had been for years under the fire of severe persecution, and were seeking peace and freedom for themselves in Penn's Woods. Yet from the very nature of their religious views they could not do otherwise than embrace rather broad principles of liberty, fraternity, and equality. The divine message directly committed to the custody of human agency knew no bounds of wealth, learning, or sex. He or she who received it was set apart by no permanent canonization. There was perfect equality of spiritual opportunity, and perfect liberty of spiritual action. Even the smaller peculiarities were testimonies to universal fellowship. The *thee* and the *thou* were applied to all, instead

of being addressed, as was the custom of the age, to inferiors only. The refusal to take off the hat was a protest against the obsequiousness which had recently been imported from the Continent. The offer to fill out the terms of imprisonment of suffering brethren, even when the prison would be the grave, was made again and again in all seriousness, while the feeling toward the persecutors was entirely devoid of malignity.

This people learned well the lesson that human rights were the inheritance of all men, and not of those only who held "the truth." When they came to America, it was not to found a little reservation, built upon their own ideas of Biblical authority and ecclesiastical propriety, and then to keep it sacred by imprisoning and whipping and hanging dissenters. They generalized from their own condition, and enacted for all the liberties they wished to enjoy themselves. The first clause of every charter of Penn—including that of 1701, which lasted till the Revolution—was a full grant of freedom of worship to all "who confess and acknowledge Almighty God." There was, however, what then amounted to a small restriction in office-holding to those who "profess to believe in Jesus Christ." This restriction was increased by legislative action to include subscription to a test which barred Catholics from official life, and so matters remained during provincial days. There were no restrictions on worship, and a Catholic church was in nearly continuous exercise of its functions; but the government could be carried on by Protestant Christians only. No other founder, except Roger Williams, grasped even approximately this large truth, now so universally accepted. It was more than toleration. Dissenting sects were more than endured: they held with the dominant body, on terms of equality, all civil and political rights.

This did not abolish denominational intensity. Presbyterian and Quaker dif-

fered bitterly in dogma and method, and their zeal against each other threw them into opposing political parties. They were keenly alive to each other's iniquities, and profoundly assured of their own rectitude. Political equality did not seem to breed indifference to moral obliquity, nor was official malfeasance—any more than under the exclusive hierarchy of Massachusetts—a matter not to be rigorously combated. In addition to righteous government this sentiment of equality gave the people a clear moral insight, which made witchcraft and other crazes impossible.

The theory conquered. Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, and Maryland became the models in managing religious differences. The makers of the federal and state Constitutions chiseled into them imperishably the doctrines of civil and religious liberty.

The other principle which the Pennsylvania settlers had at heart—peace—had no such triumphant career. Yet it doubtless seemed to Penn, in his enthusiasm, no less important and no less likely to succeed than liberty. When he said, "There may be room there, if not here, for such a Holy Experiment," it is probable that he had most clearly in mind the separation from warlike spirit and impulses and neighbors. Justice to the Indians, though right in itself, became doubly important to him in maintaining pacific relations within the colony. The famous treaty under the elm tree, in its descriptions more artistic than historic, symbolized not only honest dealings, but also the elimination of forts, soldiers, and guns from the list of colonial necessities,—a condition which continued for seventy years.

It conveys a wrong impression to call these Quakers non-resistants and non-combatants. They did not hold the views of which Tolstoi is now the most distinguished exponent. They believed in fairness, in insistence on reason and its forcible presentation, and on force up to the

point where force used criminal methods. During all the colonial period they constituted the liberty party of the province, and wrung from successive governors one concession after another. They showed ability to resist bravely and successfully whenever their rights were invaded. In the struggles with the Crown and Parliament which preceded the Revolution, they were united in opposition, and adopted heartily the measures of non-importation and protest which characterized the policy of John Dickinson. There are good reasons for believing that during the war the sympathies of the great majority were with the Americans, and several hundred of them, though under the disapprobation of their ecclesiastical bodies, gave active aid to the Revolutionary cause.

The opposition was to methods, not to resistance itself. They held that differences could generally be settled by common sense and forbearance; that moral resistance, to its fullest extent, was better than suffering iniquity to prevail; and that a citizen's duty was to oppose vigorously, and, if need be, suffer bravely, rather than to condone wrong in others or do it himself. They had achieved a memorable triumph in England the previous century, and secured, with some completeness, their civil and religious rights there, by methods demanding great endurance and strenuous resistance to persecution, and they were not convinced that the same methods would not be successful in America. They stopped at war, because they thought it was a crime; that the hatred, the killing, the stealing, and all the immoralities which cluster around war were wrong in themselves, and could not be justified by results to be gained, or the supposed inadequacy of right means to meet the situation. Such was Quaker non-resistance. That it would tend to make men tolerant of evil or indifferent to its effect is, at the mildest, a doubtful proposition.

Quaker rule was unquestioned in the

popular Assembly up to 1756. Every legislature contained not less than a three-fourths majority. Even in October, 1755, after Braddock's defeat, when the Indians were let loose on the frontiers, and the whole question of military resistance was at issue, twenty-eight out of the thirty-six members elected were Quakers. They were then in a minority of the population, but that population trusted in their methods of solving the difficulty.

They did not control the executive, however, and the governor declared war. Then they resigned their places in the government, never, in any considerable numbers, to resume them.

It may be conceded that the province was saved from some difficulty by its Episcopalian governors. The Quaker Assembly would not interfere with calling out voluntary militia and other warlike operations, if they were not themselves involved and no consciences were forced. Possibly they felt like the Quaker boat captain of later date, who was being crowded out by more aggressive competitors at the Delaware wharves, and who, in despair, called to his mate, "Thee will have to come here and use some of thy language." It may be a question in casuistry how far a man is justified in allowing others to do things innocently against which his own conscience protests. There was not much of this, however, and as a matter of fact they managed affairs, without defenses or arms or martial display, for two generations.

As a result, to a very large extent, of the prevalence of these ideas of liberty and peace, the Quaker colony greatly prospered. "It is not to the fertility of our soil," said Speaker Andrew Hamilton, a man much respected and a non-Quaker, in 1739, "that we ought chiefly to attribute the great progress this province has made. . . . It is practically and almost wholly owing to the excellency of our Constitution." Founded

later than any of the original colonies except Georgia, it grew more rapidly than any, and at the Revolution was among the first three in wealth and population. It was the only one whose paper currency never depreciated. It had absolute security from Indian invasion and internal broils while Quaker rule lasted. Its free thought created the soil upon which alone science could grow. Franklin, tired of the dogmatism of Massachusetts, found a congenial atmosphere in Pennsylvania. Priestley, driven from England, found sympathy and a home on the banks of the Susquehanna. Rittenhouse, Bartram, Audubon, Rush, Marshall, and many others constituted a conclave of scientists unequalled elsewhere in America. Philadelphia was the best governed, most enterprising, and most important city of the colonies at the beginning of the Revolution.

But Pennsylvania did not have a homogeneous population of Quakers. It is doubtful if there were ever more than forty thousand of them in the colony at any one time, with perhaps eight thousand voters. That this little group could stamp a state so as to resist or greatly modify the vast development of the succeeding century is in itself improbable. There was the German immigration, far exceeding them in numbers, which gave them political allies, but which brought in a different sort of people. There was the Scotch-Irish immigration, also their numerical superiors, and always restive under their control, — restive to the extent of demanding with great acrimony separate statehood for western Pennsylvania. In the north the Connecticut settlers claimed the whole length of the state for New England, and defended their claim by guns and forts, — a controversy which was not settled till 1782. This heterogeneous population prevented the unity of feeling and state pride possible elsewhere, and may account for the fact that the worst side of Pennsylvania is always shown to the world, — that her

weaknesses and iniquities are heralded in their fullness by her own sons whenever they tell against a rival party.

The determining factors of the present conditions, however, have arisen since the Revolution. They have overridden the influences of race and religion, and have worked the same political results among the militant Presbyterians of the west as among the peaceful Quaker-settled counties of the southeast. They are products of geography and mineralogy, and would have wrought their consequences, with some modifications, had the province of Pennsylvania been settled by the Puritans of New England, the Cavaliers of Virginia, or the Creoles of Louisiana.

The line of travel to and from the west lay across the state for four hundred miles. The stream of emigration, and later the returning stream of produce, when menaced by the Erie Canal, demanded great concerted business organizations. The state itself undertook to solve the problem, and built canals and horse and "portage" railways connecting the Ohio with the Delaware. The debt mounted up to forty million dollars, and the political evils were even more serious. After the panic of 1837, when trade almost ceased and the objects of state taxation became unremunerative, the treasury staggered along a little time, and then paid interest in promissory notes. Sydney Smith's brilliant diatribes and Wordsworth's milder reproaches have advertised Pennsylvania's disgrace to the world. But they wrote too soon. Every dollar of the debt was paid, with interest on the delayed interest. Not only so, but the demand to sell the unprofitable and demoralizing investment was too strong for politicians to resist, and there was a not discreditable settlement of the whole matter.

But the need for the line still remained. There was only a transference from management by the state itself to management by companies deriving their powers from the state. The legis-

lature was still the source of wealth and power.

At the same time came the development of the unrivaled mineral resources of the state. Canals, and afterward railways, were run in every direction. Individual fortunes were unable to open and work the mines of coal and iron, and to develop the raw material into an available shape for practical use. A state of farmers, or of small textile manufacturers, or of diversified industries would have no temptation to connect politics and business; a state with the wealth of the world within its reach, but dependent on legislative favor, was drawn by irresistible allurements to give a mercenary tone to its public life, and lose sight of high ideals in an intoxicating commercial prosperity.

Prior to the Civil War the tariff question did not affect politics. Pennsylvania, normally Democratic, wanted a tariff, and both parties were willing to grant it. But when the cause became identified with the fortunes of the Republican party, majorities of two or three hundred thousand were easy. Workmen had noticed that low rates were coincident with low wages, scanty work, and suffering. Whether right or not, they concluded that coincidence meant consequence, and went bodily into the Republican ranks. There has been no steady healthy opposition in Pennsylvania or Philadelphia since the war. So it has come to pass that the wealth of natural resources, the coal and iron of the hills, and their inevitable connection with legislation, have been the undoing of political morality. They have made Pennsylvania rich beyond the dreams of our grandfathers, and have brought a reliable and abiding commercial prosperity. Men with vast interests confided to their care, to be worked for their own and their clients' benefit, and with golden prospects before them, have adjudged their duty to these interests to be superior to their duty to the state and to

morality, or they have argued that attention to business prosperity *was* their duty to the state and to morality.

These facts are explanations, not excuses. The vast natural wealth of the state has often been a stronger force than the virtue of its people, but in many issues of the past that virtue has triumphed. It did when the people sold the lines of transportation, when they stopped all special legislation, when they made offices elective by themselves instead of by the legislature, and in hundreds of minor matters. The great state evil of the present, appropriations to charities and schools, in which money is squandered and favor and silence purchased, is raising against itself a sentiment which will ultimately prevail. They who write the permanent disgrace of Pennsylvania are probably premature.

Whether it is a sinner more than any other state may not be known, but the world knows the worst. The bitterness of faction in each of the parties has told every discreditable thing that is true, and much that is not true. The truth is dark enough. At each end of the state is a large city, and in each politics is a question of contracts. The prevailing management in one allies itself with the Quay faction of the Republican party, in the other against it. One of them, and probably both, has carefully studied its lessons in the Tammany laboratory. They have undertaken to buy some of the voters, to deceive others, and to keep others asleep. Vast sums of money have been spent in securing nominations and elections of members of the legislature, with reference to the senatorial choice, the most of it corruptly. Corporations with tremendous financial concerns at stake have swelled the funds. A gentleman who knows the conditions as well as any one in the state estimates the purchasable material in the legislature of two hundred and fifty-three members to be about fifty. Men of wealth and education, the natural leaders of reform

movements, are directors of hospitals and asylums and schools of various grades, and do not take their right places in politics lest they should imperil their worthy institutions. But there are those who believe that it would be better for the state if every one of these charities and schools, with all its inmates, was sunk in the sea, rather than that moral considerations should be made subordinate to mercenary. Again, Pennsylvania is a state of corporations. The highest business talent is involved in their management. Many of them have secured all they need from the state, but they must preserve, they argue, the interests of their stockholders, which are at the mercy of adverse legislative or councilmanic action. A threat of blackmail makes them the silent witnesses, if not the active participants, of the triumph of iniquity,

and deprives good government of their potent leadership. But there are those who would not accept a directorship or hold stock in companies which thrive on the profits of evil doing. *This* may truly be said: that the commonwealth has a tough fight on its hands against the natural consequences of its own riches, and that, when virtue and honor prevail, as they will in the future and as they have repeatedly in the past, it will be in the face of a stronger opposition than confronts the party of righteousness in almost any other state. Meantime, the few Quakers left in Pennsylvania are working, almost to a man, for clean politics, and are profoundly skeptical when they are told that the devotion of their ancestors to high ideals of peace and moral purity is responsible for present corruption and selfishness.

A Pennsylvania Quaker.

INHERITANCE.

Lo, what am I? A patch of things,
 Mere odds and ends of lives flung by,
 From age-long rag-bag gatherings
 Pieced up by Fate full thriftily:
 Somebody's worn-out will and wit,
 Somebody's habits and his hair,
 Discarded conscience, faith once fair
 Ere Time, the moth, had eaten it;
 My great-grandfather's chin and nose,
 The eyes my great-grandmother wore,
 And hands from some remote — who knows? —
 Perchance prehensile ancestor;
 Somebody's style, somebody's gait,
 Another body's wrist and waist,
 With this one's temper, that one's trait,
 One's tastes, another's lack of taste;
 Feelings I never chose to feel,
 A voice in which I had no voice,
 Revealing where I would conceal
 Rude impulses without a choice;
 Faults which this forefather or that
 Unkindly fostered, to my ill,

With others some one else begat
 And made the matter worser still.
 They chose, these masters of my fate,
 To please themselves, bequeathing me
 Base pleasure in the things I hate,
 Liking for what misliketh me.
 Out of the ashes of their fires,
 Out of the fashion of their bone,
 They fashioned me, my mighty sires,
 And shall I call my soul my own?

This motley from the Past flung down,
 This work with no artificer,
 This prince, this poet, and this clown,
 Deific and a driveler;
 This bequeathed brain which shall conceive
 What things this borrowed frame shall do,
 This will to serve and will to leave
 The outworn old, the untried new,
 This quick made up of all the dead,
 And this deep heart inherited, —
 I call these mine, and I will be
 King, emperor, tsar, and Deity!
 The tenement may like me ill,
 The garment ill befitting be:
 I will inhabit kingly still,
 And wear my rags right regally.
 These hands shall work my will, — not hers
 Who fashioned them to other use;
 These feet fare not as he prefers
 Who shaped them, but as I shall choose;
 Mine be the words these lips shall frame;
 And through my great-grandmother's eyes
 I front my world, not hers, and claim
 Under no dead soul's sovereignties.
 Ay, borrowed husk, head, heart, and hand,
 Slave on and serve me till we die!
 I am your Lord and your Command!
 But only God knows — what am I.

Grace Ellery Channing.

MR. HEWLETT'S CANTERBURY TALES.

If the old gibe against the Italian- turned his back upon the home traditions
 ate Englishman were still of effect, Mr. and sought inspiration from abroad.
 Hewlett would enjoy a unique obloquy; When he deals with the high passions
 for no one of our time has so deliberately and impetuous sense of beauty of re-

nascent Italy he moves with surest step, while so ambitious an emprise as the telling of *The Life and Death of Richard-Yea-and-Nay* finds him some way impeded in his manner, as if out of Italy he were none too sure of his affair. It is because he has never surpassed the best chapters of *Earthwork* out of Tuscany and the *Little Novels of Italy* that his admirers must persist in classing him, for better or for worse, as an Englishman Italianate, unique in his day; for Pater was hardly Italianate, while Symonds was even in his peculiar field hardly Mr. Hewlett's peer. Poverty of the native tradition — the obvious apology of Italianate Elizabethans like Spenser and Sidney — Mr. Hewlett would hardly plead, and in the deliberate choice to turn from his own time, and live in the *quattro-cento*, he shows the audacity of an unsupported preference. So that those who, admiring heartily his rare talent, note his wholly isolated position in English letters sometimes fear for him that the future critic may write after the name Maurice Hewlett, *Colui che fece il gran rifiuto*.

But whatever may be the rationale and the ultimate justification for Mr. Hewlett's position, his very isolation and the very perversities of his highly individual talent make him, to the few who are sensitive to considerations of craftsmanship, a peculiar delight. It is such readers who seek anxiously in each new book of Mr. Hewlett's the indications of advance, while the crowd very properly swallows whole every production of the author who sugared the *Forest Lovers* to their taste. Our imaginary critical and somewhat ungentle reader will find much to hearten him in Mr. Hewlett's latest book, and, naturally, something to gird at. He will question whether it was well done to call these linked stories *New Canterbury Tales*, and thus to court the comparison with certain earlier stories which were told on the Pilgrim Way. In fact, the stories, written sepa-

ately as they were, might well stand alone. But the Pilgrim business is merry enough; and even if Percival Perceforest's philandering with Mawdleyne Touchett grows tedious in the long, and Shipman Smith's mistaking of Percival for his sister, an old and inconstant flame, smacks of futility, the minor comedy of errors which fills the interstices of the tales is sufficiently amusing, and certainly too slight to provoke serious criticism. For our needful information be it said that the tales are six, that their tellers follow the pilgrim road from Winchester to Canterbury, and are in their proper persons: "the Lady Prioress of Ambresbury; Master Corbett, the Scrivener of London; Dan Costard, the Prioress's confessor; Smith, the Shipman of Hull; Captain Brazenhead, formerly of Milan; and Percival Perceforest, who was born in Gloucester," and is of the party because of Mawdleyne Touchett, the Prioress's niece.

"I ask you to be more concerned with the tales than with the tellers," writes Mr. Hewlett: so on to the tales. These stories stand near their originals. It would be easy, in saint's legend, mediæval chronicle, or Italian *novella*, to match every incident of the six, and yet here is no impeachment of originality. Mr. Hewlett's style, in the narrower verbal sense, makes these stories, whencesoever taken, immediately his own; and though story-telling is his concern, and his preoccupation is rather with deeds than with the minds of the doers, these tales all gain, under his hand, in characterization, and in something very like dramatic emphasis.

Nowhere are these qualities more strongly evidenced than in Dan Costard's tale of Peridore and Paravail. This legend of an eremite undone by loveless asceticism is of startling veracity. The case might have occurred a thousand times, from the Thebaid to the latest hermit of our times. In a word, the holy Vigilas, out of compassion, har-

bors the foundling Paravail. Parental love has become for him, through his mortification of the flesh and spirit, impossible, — the case is the reverse of Silas Marner, — and as the girl grows in stature and in beauty, there grows for him the most horrible of temptations, until in the beautiful wilding he sees incarnate all the most subtle allurements of the enemy. The love of the shepherd Peridore intervenes to save Paravail at a time when the distraught Vigilas had resolved to slay at once his temptation and its cause. Foul creatures of the night haunt the mind of Vigilas, and hinder the flight of Peridore and Paravail. The countrymen are about to put them to death, when the gaunt Vigilas intervenes to take their punishment upon himself, to confess to all men their innocence and his secret sin, and to carry through the fire which was kindled for the lovers his praises of the stern God who has cast him off, and his defiance of the fiend to whose tortures he feels himself forever damned.

The Man of Law's comment, made on the occasion of an earlier pilgrimage, applies here, and,

"That is so horrible a tale for to rede,"

will be the protest of many a reader. But the revenge of barren asceticism is a horrible thing. A time when palpable witches gibbered on a holy hermit's roof, and the devil in dog's form yapped at his doorsill, is not for amiable narrative; and Mr. Hewlett, relieving the whole against a love story of peculiar purity and beauty, has shown the agony of a mind tragically diseased, with a vividness and verisimilitude which arouse not only horror, but compassion for so profound a disaster. The story is absolutely one of the greatest achievements in its kind. The writer of *La Tentation de Saint Antoine* need not have scorned to own it.

So much cannot be said for its companion piece, the Prioress's tale of St. Gervase of Plessy. The story of the lit-

tle chorister, crucified by the Jews, saved by the bereaved Sornia, loved by the child Persilla, and at length gloriously restored to the converting of the Jews, who believed him risen from the dead, — all this is admirably told, except in the prime articles of simplicity and reserve. The story halts between Mr. Hewlett's ornate method of narration and the affected candor of the sainted children Gervase and Persilla, while the erotic mothering of Sornia is little short of offensive. A stanza of the Prioress's tale of Chaucer or a paragraph from the Fioretti would set the reader right in this matter. Pity that the Prioress of Ambresbury forgot her exemplars.

With this, caviling is done, for the Scrivener's tale of his ancestress the Countess of Salisbury, whom King Edward III. loved and right regally renounced, is told with consummate grace. Its new dénouement would surprise Sir John Froissart, who first celebrated the Countess's case, but it would have contented him, too. Captain Brazenhead's tale of the half-brothers will run with the best, in the tragic vein, of the Little Novels of Italy. It needs no higher praise. Smith the Shipman's tale of Sir Belem and Sir Sagramor is an essay in pure romance such as William Morris has restored to honor. In it Mr. Hewlett is very nearly at his best, as he raises a blood feud on the Welsh marches, and unites the Red Fell and the Graceless Garde by a marriage between the courteous Sir Sagramor and the fair Audiart. An extraordinary sense for the thing seen charms in this story. Take, for example, the battle in which the grim Sir Belem, having struck down Caradoc, turns to finish his work and slay the last of the race, the twin children, brother and sister, who rush in to avenge their father's death: —

"Sir Belem played with their wild sallies as a great cat may handle a mouse, when she is full of idleness as well as vice. Temptingly he opened guard once

or twice, whereupon they, with the mad spirit of their father surging in them, came on furiously and at random. So presently, with a light flicker of his blade, Belem cut at one of them and shore through the plates of the neckpiece, so that the helm was loosened and fell off sideways. They saw him falter at that, even with his sword shivering in mid-air ready to smite. It would seem that shame smote even him when out of the ungainly trunk of steel, to look upon the ruin and raving, the dust, the clamor and the blood, there beamed forth the smooth pale face, the wide eyes, the rippling dark hair, of a grave young girl. Hither and thither drove the press of battle, swirling like a whirlpool in the tide, while Belem sat gaping at his deed."

Does any one but Mr. Hewlett do this kind of thing quite so well?

Percival Perceforest's rollicking tale of Eugenio and Galeotto carries the pilgrims smiling into Canterbury, and it will do as much for the reader who is anywise amenable to jollity. How fate led Galeotto to be the footman of his mistress, and Eugenio to be the tiring maid of her for whom he languished, and of the whimsical errors which arose of this double confusion, it would now be inexpedient to tell. Suffice it to say that even Mr. Hewlett, the master of swift narrative, has never before carried anything through at this gait; and in this story, so far as the mere handling of narrative is concerned, he has little to fear from the comparison with his gossips Dan

Chaucer and Messer Giovanni da Cerraldo. It is his old quality heightened, and a welcome foil to his tenser mode.

In all a brave assortment of tales, with hints of growing power of characterization, would be the verdict, if we must come to a formula. But to part with Mr. Hewlett without a reference to his style would be as impossible as to meet Sir Willoughby Patterne irrespective of his leg. Somewhat chastened, the style is the same, — insistent, flashing, victorious; a lash to laggard attentions, and to those who appreciate its sheer virtuosity a joy for its trenchancy and an irritation for its willful archaism and restlessness. If Mr. Hewlett, for our pleasure and his own, chooses to live in the Italian Renaissance, or to withdraw no further therefrom than the Middle Ages, it is his own affair. That habit of mind and the accompanying trick of expression may be constitutional. But I believe that there is here a real issue between Mr. Hewlett and his reader. We are not of the Renaissance nor of the Middle Ages, and through dullness, perhaps, we suspect in Mr. Hewlett a certain element of masquerade and of ventriloquism raised to high art. Suppose he should for once write as an Englishman and a Londoner, speak in his own voice to us? If this curiosity, which is born of high regard, be deemed an impertinence, let us make discreet amends by engaging to read Mr. Hewlett as long as, for the old or for the new, he will put out such brave tales as his Canterbury Pilgrims tell.

Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE.

IF there is one sort of book which especially tempts overvaluation, it is the new book of the man whom everybody loves. Why should we not permit ourselves the luxury of absolute deference toward the writer who has won our hearts so easily? It would be pleasant to think that his latest book is the best thing he has ever written. We welcome it in the happiest spirit of confidence; we depend upon it to afford us a real and intimate pleasure. The chances are we lay it down in the same uncritical mood, and if there is occasion for us to speak of it, we find an easy refuge in terms of general and perhaps extravagant approbation; we speak with sweetness, but without light. Comfortable as this procedure is, it of course does justice to nobody. A writer's personality is not necessarily commanding because it has charm; in fact, if we take it overseriously, we must rob it of something of its legitimate authority. People we love may readily influence us more than all the prophets in the world, but that is no reason for calling them prophets; probably we should not care for them if they were.

Perhaps no living American writer is more widely loved and delighted in than Mr. Henry van Dyke. His publishers know this so well that the first edition of *The Ruling Passion*¹ was made — and advertised to be — almost as large as if it had been a historical novel. To magazine readers only the *Writer's Request* of his Master and the preface will be new. They are interesting because they call attention, possibly undue attention, to the attitude of the author toward his work. "Lord," he prays, "let me never tag a moral to a story, nor tell a story

without a meaning. Make me respect my material so much that I dare not slight my work. Help me to deal very honestly with words and with people because they are both alive. . . . Give me an ideal that will stand the strain of weaving into human stuff on the loom of the real." The passage very well illustrates the difficulty of dealing critically with such a writer. It is all so genuine, so ingenuous, we wish not to feel that it is out of place. Yet really the situation is not so momentous as this comes to. The collection of pleasant, wholesome stories is very well worth while; but it is not, it does not need to be, a profound work of art. For we cherish the author of *Little Rivers*, not as an imposing figure in letters, but as a blessed survival, a writer of sentiment in a graphophonic age. Like Besant and Barrie and all true sentimentalists, he finds his theme in human nature rather than in human character. It is upon the loom of the ideal that he weaves the moving picture of life which lies before him, reflected in an enchanted mirror of Shalott, the golden mirror of optimism which is half of religion to him. It is not surprising, then, that he should make use of very well-known materials. His human types are as familiar as his situations; and now and then his work suffers, as *The Vicar of Wakefield* suffered in the hands of a greater sentimentalist, from the attempt to turn a sketch into a story with a plot. The dénouement of *A Lover of Music* comes very close to melodrama. As for the tagging of morals, that is only a blemish in the work of sentiment when it is awkwardly done. Mr. van Dyke is very skillful at it, as for example in *The White Blot*, — a tale quite in the vein of Mr. T. R. Sul-

¹ *The Ruling Passion*. By HENRY VAN DYKE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

livan. Like Besant and Barrie, Mr. van Dyke is by nature an essayist rather than a story-teller; his normal mode of attack is that of the light-armed moralist. The discursive method of Little Rivers gave him precisely his best opportunity; interesting and characteristic as the present volume is, it can hardly add to his permanent reputation.

Both nature and human nature find a place in the subtitle; and both present themselves to him quite simply, if not barely, without in the least perplexing or disconcerting him. He is content with the old-fashioned view of human nature as a thing to accept and love, and of nature as a pleasant setting for the human scene. Descriptions of natural scenery and conditions would hardly aggregate three pages of the book, yet it has an undeniably out-of-doors atmosphere. And in *A Friend of Justice* we seem to be promised something more, since dogs are understood to have more to do with nature than men have. Unfortunately for this expectation, it is the humanness rather than the doggishness of the hero which points the story.

The humanizing of animals appears to be a new-fashioned sort of "pathetic fallacy." It is possible that when, not so very long ago, man waked up to the fact that he was mere mammal, he began to cast about to see what could be said for his nearest relations. If we are only a little higher than the dog, we may as well make the dog out as fine a fellow as possible. To contrast Dr. John Brown's Rab with Mr. van Dyke's Pichou is to contrast the portrait of a very simple, noble beast with the ideal conception of a reasoning, moralizing person in the body of a dog. Pichou is not only a friend of justice, but a judge. He distinguishes between right and wrong as easily as between the convenient and the inconvenient; he invents an elaborate code of laws for the government of the dog community, and enforces it to the letter. Are we really to

be interested in animals hereafter simply because they are so much like us? Apparently, this is already taken to be true of the few animals which are the chosen companions of men; the domestic creatures are understood to have had special advantages. Horses and dogs are flatteringly responsive, and it is easy to pass from approbation of their cleverness in deferring to human prejudice to the attribution of human qualities. George Macdonald could not imagine a dogless heaven, and, more lately, Mr. Alfred Ollivant has introduced us into a society of dogs of which there is not an unmoral member. Bob, Son of Battle, gained an extraordinarily wide reading on its first appearance, three years ago, and the recent publication of a new and elaborately illustrated edition¹ points to its continued popularity. Of its power and charm as a narrative, enough, and not too much, has been said. And if indeed every dog has more than his day, that would be a noble meeting in the other world between the mighty Rab and Owd Bob o' Kenmuir. But Rab is the real dog of the two; though he did his duty according to human standards, he lived and died a dog. "I tempit him wi' kail and meat, but he wad take naething, and keepit me frae feedin' the beast, and he was aye gur-gurrin', and grup-gruppin' me by the legs. I was laith to make awa' wi' the auld dowg, — his like wasna atween this and Thornhill, — but 'deed, sir, I could do naething else.' I believed him. Fit end for Rab, quick and complete. His teeth and his friends gone, why should he keep the peace and be civil?" What have we done with this fine, simple conception of dog nature, and what have we got in its place?

In the meantime, the naturalist who lives with and by wild animals is not going to have his free clients denied the virtues of caged creatures; and a trifling

¹ *Bob, Son of Battle*. By ALFRED OLLIVANT. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1901.

stretch of egotistic fancy serves to bestow humanity upon wild-going fellow mortals, too. True, they cannot be said to have imitated us: all the more credit to them for having been born like us. This seems to be the lever with which Mr. Seton-Thompson chooses to move his audience. In general appearance and character *The Lives of the Hunted*¹ is very much like *Wild Animals I Have Known*. The animals about which these stories are told are not only individuals, but humanish individuals. To strengthen the impression of personality, it will be noticed, the author often marks them by some peculiarity of form or habit. A giant ram, an invalid bear cub, an English sparrow that sings like a canary, — such creatures are easily treated as persons, and represented as thinking, judging, talking among themselves with the utmost freedom and propriety. That ancient moralizing of Æsop's animals was only a sort of didactic jest; and even Kipling's jungle folk, quasi-human as they present themselves, are simply a very convincing type of fairy people. But in meeting Mr. Seton-Thompson's animals we are meeting brothers and rivals. Undoubtedly, if they were less human, they would be less popular. The public is fond of the trick animal; it is flattering to see what a poor show, after all, the creature makes. Least of all can we suppose ourselves to be adding dignity to brute life by endowing it with human finery, physical or moral: the ring elephant ceases to be ridiculous only when he has done his turn and shed his borrowed millinery. It may be that this is making too much of a matter of method; Mr. Seton-Thompson is a naturalist by profession, but frankly a romancer by choice. And his method, whether catchpenny or not, has a practical end for good; for animals are not likely to be slaughtered in pure wanton-

ness by those who feel closely akin to them. Wild life, as Mr. Seton-Thompson tells us so often, is tragic enough without the added curse of human cruelty.

But it is fortunate, on the whole, for the cause of sobriety that the simpler view of animals is not yet a mere matter of record. In *The Fireside Sphinx*² Miss Repplier pleasantly expounds the faith of a lover of animals for their own sake and in their own character. The main charm of that character lies, for her, in its unhumanness, its aloofness from and independence of human standards. The cat, to be sure, gives exceptional ground for this argument, since she is wild and domestic at the same time, a companion on occasion and with reservations, but never a flatterer. Again and again, in the course of her charmingly erudite chronicle, the author returns gratefully to this feline characteristic. She does not deny that it has its ungracious side, but it is true, and in the main acceptable. To her, *Puss in Boots* is the least interesting of all possible pusses. She is ready to grant individuality in cats, differences in temperament and habit; but here she stops, impatient of attempts to credit with human virtues a creature which is complete in itself, and not to be improved away. "Stories of virtuous cats who cannot be tempted to dishonesty; of faithful cats who watch over children confided to their care; of affectionate cats who live on terms of sweet serenity with birds, and puppies, and guinea pigs, and white mice, would seem to prove — could we but credit them — that, of all four-footed prigs, Puss is the most fundamentally priggish."

One has come to think of Miss Repplier as clear-eyed and witty, now and then a little at the expense of sympathy; feminine, but with what we are accustomed to claim as a masculine shrinking from the display of sentiment. While

¹ *The Lives of the Hunted*. By ERNEST SETON-THOMPSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

² *The Fireside Sphinx*. By AGNES REPLIER. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

she charms the reader with her brilliancy of phrase, her ready and apposite use of an extraordinarily minute lore, she disconcerts him at times by her calm poise and disinterestedness in treating themes which, with a possibly foolish clinging to an outworn prejudice, he has fancied extra-feminine. At all events, it is pleasant to find in the "Foreword" and yet more delicate afterword in which her latest work is framed a tender tribute to a beloved little companion, long since dead: "Dear little ghost, whose memory has never faded from my heart, accept this book, dedicated to thee, and to all thy cherished race. Sleep sweetly in the fields of asphodel, and waken, as of old, to stretch thy languid length, and purr thy soft contentment to the skies. . . . Little gray phantom, haunt me no longer with reproachful eyes. I have kept my word. I have done my best — and the book belongs to you."

The city naturalist does not confine himself to the study of domestic animals. He knows how to conjure life, as the Japanese makes his square of cloth breed rabbits and goldfishes, out of the two yards of bare ground between the clothes-reel and the alley fence; or he discovers an amazing birdiness in dusty urban parks and commons. It is a good lesson to us; it serves us right. We wonder where our eyes and ears have been, and for a time we too are on the lookout for the children of the air and the littler children of the dust. Then we backslide, and become blind and deaf again. The satisfaction of such an observer must be something like the satisfaction of the poet who has found a true song, and not a mere "civil saying," lying within the narrow walls of the sonnet. Even Milton sought a grateful refuge from his visions of the "vast abrupt" and the "void profound" in the homelike garden of the sonneteers. Mr. Sharp's *Wild Life Near Home* is the latest contribution of note to literature of

this sort.¹ As the work of the De Vinne Press the text is of course beautiful, and, reinforced by Mr. Horsfall's delicate pictures, prepares the reader for something worth while in the substance of the book. He is not likely to be disappointed: the papers which make up the volume are of uncommon interest. Mr. Sharp makes much of the proposition, for which he has the authority of Thoreau and John Burroughs, that most wild life *is* near home; that many animals and all birds prefer the neighborhood of men. Near his home, within city limits, he finds thirty-six species of birds nesting, among them the solitary vireo and the hermit thrush. This author does not deal in romantic biographies; he is content with his possums and mice and rabbits and skunks as such. Nothing more than convenience leads him occasionally to express them in human terms. "I used to catch a possum now and then in the box-traps set for rabbits. It is a delicate task to take a rabbit from such a trap; for give him a crack of chance, and away he bolts to freedom. Open the lid carefully when there is a possum inside, and you will find the old fellow curled up, with a sweet smile of peace on his face, fast asleep. Shake the trap, and he rouses yawningly, with a mildly injured air, offended at your rudeness, and wanting to know why you should wake an innocent possum from so safe and comfortable a bed. He blinks at you inquiringly and says, 'Please, sir, if you will be so kind as to shut the door and go away, I will finish my nap.' And while he is saying it, before your very eyes, off to sleep he goes."

Attractive as these unpretentious records are, there is one odd inconsistency in the recorder which may have puzzled more than one reader of recent nature books. His sympathy for brute creatures is very great, but it is not allowed to

¹ *Wild Life Near Home*. By DALLAS LORE SHARP. New York: The Century Co. 1901.

interfere with the satisfaction of his curiosity. It is easy to see that a professional naturalist might find it profitable to practice a sort of moral vivisection, to frighten and harass animals for the sake of seeing what they do under the spur of surprise or terror. Mr. Sharp is an amateur, as he takes care to tell us; yet he is even more interested in the mother killdeer's agonized performance than touched by it. For the amusement of "a clerical friend" he fells a dead pine in midwinter. "As the tree struck, three tiny, brown-backed, white-footed creatures were dashed into the soft snow. 'The prettiest thing I ever saw,' he declared enthusiastically, as I put into his hand the only mouse captured. . . . We traced the chambers up and down the tree, as they wound, stairway-like, just inside the hard outer shell. Here and there we came upon garners of acorns and bunches of bird feathers and shredded bark, — a complete fortress against the siege of winter." Then there is a male wren, who defends his nest and mate with a burst of wild singing. "I leaned forward nearer the bank. At this he went crazy with his efforts, — into a fit, almost. . . . It was as fine an illustration of courage as I ever saw, a triumph of love and duty over fear, — fear that perhaps we have no way to measure." Most instructive; but the lay reader is tempted to inquire of what, to a disinterested observer, the behavior of the human actor in the little drama might be an illustration. Again, Mr. Sharp is delighted one morning to hear the note of the solitary vireo. "I soon found him high in the tops of the trees; but I wanted him nearer. He would not descend. So I chased him, stoning and mocking him, even." What insufferable condescension there is, after all, in the love of men for animals! We "want them nearer," so we stone them!

Somehow, one does not think of this point in reading Gilbert White, that early master among domestic observers, for he

nowhere suggests the connection of sentiment with the animal world which he so loves to study. His frank insensibility to this aspect is consistent, at least. More than Gilbertians will be pleased with the latest reprint of his classic, — a beautiful and in every way satisfying edition.¹

The city naturalist, limited as his view must be, feels in part, at least, the significance of the free life which abounds even in the thick of the human press, and in so far as he makes us aware of it he is a prophet. But if anything has been suggested by the foregoing comments, it is that the study of animal life is, on the whole, a means of subtle self-flattery to human nature. Fortunately, nature has larger aspects and greater prophets; they have a less comfortable message for us, perhaps. It is one thing to feel mildly chagrined at our blindness to the minutiae of life just about us; it is quite another order of abjectness of which we are conscious when our deafness to the big voices of nature comes home to us. There has been something appalling to our ears in the large word "nature," the thing it stands for is so vague. It must be a very great or a very small human nature which can find peace in the vast prospect from Washington or the Jungfrau. To most of us it is bewildering, a little humiliating. I think it is John Burroughs who records his preference for restricted views, for the picture rather than the panorama. Even Thoreau, fond as he was of the solitude of his own suburban wilderness, was overwhelmed by the "primeval, untamed, and forever untamable *Nature*" of the real wilds in Maine. "Some part of the beholder, even some vital part, seems to escape through the loose grating of his ribs as he ascends. He is more lone than you can imagine. There is less of substantial thought and

¹ *The Natural History of Selborne.* By GILBERT WHITE. London and New York: John Lane. 1901.

fair understanding in him than in the plains where men inhabit. His reason is dispersed and shadowy, more thin and subtle, like the air. Vast, Titanic, inhuman nature has got him at disadvantage, caught him alone, and pilfers him of some of his divine faculty."

No wonder we feel something like awe for the man who is able, in all simplicity and without consciousness of his merit, to find not only sermons, but dear companionship, in solitude, space, and even desolation. If his recent book¹ shows Mr. John C. Van Dyke to have fallen just short of this high achievement, it is not the fault of his intent. Two years in the Mojave Desert of Arizona have given him opportunity for rare observation of nature, in bulk and in the raw. He has investigated, he has admired, he has put forth his sympathy and found everything touched with beauty; but he cannot speak as a native, he has not been at home. Large as his attitude is, Mr. Van Dyke does not escape the oppression of the city dweller in the face of wild sublimity. Consequently, the desert is to him, though in a very noble sense, "copy." The writer's personality is carefully subordinated, but one cannot help feeling it strongly: that of a man more sensitive to color than to form; enthusiastic, but with a stern hand upon his own pulse; sure that there is beauty in everything natural, even in human nature; sure at least of the grim balance of nature's adjustments. The desert appeals to him as a person, whose neglected cause he champions with the fierceness of a lover. He protests against the hackneyed view of it as monotonous, ugly, and death-giving. It deserves to be protected like the forests, — a reservoir of pure air as they are fountains of pure water. It is not amiable, he grants. "There is not a thing about it that is 'pretty,' and not a spot upon it that is 'picturesque' in any Berkshire Valley

sense. The shadows of foliage, the drift of clouds, the fall of rain upon leaves, the sound of running waters, — all the gentler qualities of nature that minor poets love to juggle with, — are missing on the desert." Yet in this very sternness he discerns a charm. "What is it that draws us to the boundless and the fathomless? Why should the lovely things of earth — the grasses, the trees, the lakes, the little hills — appear trivial and insignificant when we come face to face with the sea or the desert or the vastness of the midnight sky? Is it that the one is the tale of things known, and the others merely a hint, a suggestion, of the unknown? Or have immensity, space, magnitude, a peculiar beauty of their own? Is it not true that bulk and breadth are primary and essential qualities of the sublime in landscape?"

All this arid desolation has its eager life: plants which hoard their miserable pittance of moisture, and put forth leaf and blossom in their season; animals which can live without water, and wring a week's living from a few insects or a handful of dried grass. Plant and animal alike are armed for offense and defense in the ceaseless struggle for existence. Though he dwells upon it, the observer will not let himself be moved by the bitterness of this struggle. For the desert has infected him with its profound melancholy. The ghost of these limitless spaces fills his consciousness, and dwarfs the little life of the individual, whether plant, beast, or man. It is all sad, no doubt, that there should be pain and strife, and very soon the touch of death; but this is nature's way. There is nothing to be gained by crying about it. "A cry in the night! Overhead the planets in their courses make no sound, the earth is still, the very animals are mute. Why then the cry of the human? How it jars the harmonies! How it breaks in discord upon the unities of earth and air and sky! Century after century that cry has gone up, mobbing high heaven;

¹ *The Desert*. By JOHN C. VAN DYKE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

and always insanity in the cry, insanity in the crier. What folly to protest where none shall hear! There is no appeal from the law of nature. It was made for bird and beast and creeping thing. Will the human never learn that in the eye of the law he is not different from the things that creep?"

And here is the very turn of the shield: fair treatment, after our patronizing admissions that animals are nearly as good as we are, to be told that we are of no more account than animals. Let us take comfort in the thought that Mr. Van Dyke is not indigenous to the wilderness, and may have failed to grasp its whole message.

It is in precisely this wide, solitary atmosphere that the spirit of John Muir expands and feels itself at home.¹ The wilderness which he most loves, and in which he chooses to dwell, is of the more approachable sort, it is true. He is satisfied with the normal phenomena of forest life; the bizarre has no unbalancing attraction for him. He takes keen delight, to be sure, in the wonders of the Yellowstone and the Yosemite, in the miracle of the geyser and the marvel of the sequoia. But his eye rests with equal pleasure and interest upon the graceful flora of wood and mountain; he calls them over fondly, name by name, making music, like Milton, out of mere catalogue material. No manifestation of natural power is too delicate or too mighty for his serene gaze. Nothing excites or disquiets him; he moves from first to last in an atmosphere of calm elation. Nature is not a spectacle, but a religion, and animal, plant, and boulder are cardinal points in the creed. The rattlesnake, which Professor Van Dyke finds (and takes some credit for finding) beautiful to the eye, is the object of simple tenderness to this friend of Emerson. "For myself," says Van Dyke, "being

somewhat prejudiced in favor of this drear waste and its savage progeny, I may confess to having watched the flowing movements of snakes, their coil and rattle and strike, many times and with great pleasure." "Poor creatures," sighs John Muir, "loved only by their Maker, they are timid and bashful, as mountaineers know; and though perhaps not possessed of much of that charity that suffers long and is kind, seldom, either by mistake or by mishap, do harm to any one. . . . Nevertheless, again and again, in season and out of season, the question comes up, 'What are rattlesnakes good for?' As if nothing that does not obviously make for the benefit of man had any right to exist; as if our ways were God's ways." All-outdoors has cured this man of pettiness, — if indeed we can imagine him to have needed cure, — and he is eager to win new patients for the healing touch of nature. "Wander here a whole summer, if you can. Thousands of God's wild blessings will search you and soak you as if you were a sponge, and the big days will go by uncounted." He thinks of the wilderness not only as a home for himself, but as a place of wholesome joy for all. Evidently, he would not assent to Mr. Seton-Thompson's theory that every animal lives a tragedy. "The whole wilderness," he says gently, "is enlivened with happy animals." "Big" and "enthusiastic" are his favorite adjectives, and a big, calm enthusiasm is the mark of his style. In place of the brief, vivid, often exclamatory phrases of Mr. Van Dyke are long, sounding, luxuriant sentences, full of the harmony and peace of the deeper faith.

For John Muir's belief is more than resignation; Mr. Van Dyke's recognition of law is far enough from being his last resort. Often they cover the same ground, but at what different elevations! Perhaps it is the question of nature's method. "So perish the hills that we are accustomed to speak of as 'everlast-

¹ *Our National Parks.* By JOHN MUIR. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

ing," says Mr. Van Dyke. "It is merely another illustration of Nature's method in the universe. She is as careless of the individual hill or mountain as of the individual man, animal, or flower. All are beaten into dust. But the species is more enduring, better preserved." Why is it that this seems cold, rigid, formula, beside John Muir's similar passage? "The granite domes and pavements, apparently imperishable, we take as symbols of permanence, while these crumbling peaks, down whose frosty gullies avalanches are ever falling, are symbols of change and decay. Yet all alike, fast or slow, are surely vanishing away. Nature is ever at work, building and pulling down, creating and destroying, keeping everything whirling and flowing, allowing no rest but in rhythmical motion, chasing everything out of one beautiful form into another."

Evidently, the difference is of feeling rather than of theory. Mr. Muir celebrates the scientific fact where Mr. Van Dyke merely states it. How radical

this difference in feeling is, upon what fundamental difference in belief it is founded, a single further parallel will serve to show. Mr. Van Dyke has been deploring the indications that even the desert is not to be long safe from the "exploiting" of "practical men." He comforts himself by the reflection that in the course of time the "practical men," too, will go their way. "And sooner or later Nature will surely come to her own again. Nothing human is of long duration. Men and their deeds are obliterated, the race itself fades; but Nature goes calmly on with her projects. She works, not for man's enjoyment, but for her own satisfaction and her own glory." The writer does not wish to be bitter any more than Mr. Muir means to be pious when he writes, "Storms of every sort, torrents, cataclysms, 'convulsions of nature,' etc., however mysterious and lawless at first sight they may seem, are only harmonious notes in the song of creation, varied expressions of God's love."

H. W. Boynton.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

WHEN Flavian wishes to benefit his fellow creatures, to make them perfectly happy by the quarter hour, he has a cheap and comely way of attaining his end. He goes into a state of incognito, of suspended animation, the moment he sees, for instance, the story of the grouse in the gunroom hovering upon the lips of his latest acquaintance. Everybody says of Flavian: "So intelligent!" "So sympathetic!" He has to love you dear before he will tell you to hold your tongue. Among the tautologous and the trite he passes for the best of fellows, and all because he knows how to deceive, how to endure. Like Mr. Barrie's early hero,

he would much rather die than explain. He has the misfortune to have read, heard, thought, almost everything. He is one of those few scholarly unfortunates left with us who are forever running up against the over-and-done-with in the persons of their contemporaries, like the one clever schoolboy hampered by the heavy and tardy progress of his class. To Flavian,

"Poem or pun,
There 's nothing new
Under the sun,
Said Solomon:
And he said true."

To talk to him is almost invariably to bore him; to improve his moral being,

**Lying by
Implication.**

that is, by wounding him physically and intellectually. For he is the most accomplished *boree* in the world. You never can tell, unless you have the bent key of his soul, whether he is listening or merely ceasing from all cognition, — hovering around you, as it were, upon a sleeping wing, like a cravatted albatross, until you shall have become fit again for his platitude-hating society. Meanwhile, his smile is one of apparently delighted interest, seraphic as Shelley's. He might put salt upon the tails of all the birds he knows; he has been from his youth a repository of things said, — potentially more dangerous than any eavesdropper. But he goes deaf and blind. He stands, so to speak, by his lying. He is much too lazy, much too proud, to beg off. He will never say, "I have seen it played," or "I knew her twenty years ago," or "Yes, I have been there;" but he will sit through a long monologue which delights its own performer, and so does good to Flavian's ironic heart. More: he has been known to join domestic excursions, when it was taken for granted that all was new and fair to him, without a hint that he was himself the best local antiquary within a hundred miles, and had had the real Numa-Egeria relations with the spirit of the place. And he went, not to impart or supplement information, but to look on, "bright, placid, and dumb," and to seem the most surprised and enchanted of uninstructed visitors, because it would have disappointed two enthusiasts if he had either stayed at home or betrayed his slightly exhausted interest in the scene. He does these deeds through no least benevolence of feeling, but merely to save talk and maintain his own ease. Flavian is a monster, a casuist, an underground serpent; a knave past finding out, whom the gypsies would call a *jinnay-mengro*. But one sees his eyelids flicker when the Georgics get misquoted; and some fine day or other, in the middle of an exposition on the Casket Letters or the bat-

tle of San Juan Hill, an unoffending stranger will be murdered by the martyr of patience and politeness, that silent man of Rowanwood. Until then Flavian will lie like a sepulchral mediæval effigy.

THE postscript of a woman's letter has long been understood to be its most significant feature, but it is not often that a sentence in the appendix to a book makes more impression upon the reader than anything in the book itself. Here is an exception. I have just finished Mr. Leslie Stephen's admirably edited Letters of John Richard Green.¹ The author of the famous Short History of the English People was an eager, many-sided, fascinating figure, a friend and correspondent of some of the most brilliant men and women of his time. The Letters give pictures of his lonely boyhood and youth in Oxford, his ten years of clerical toil in the East End of London, and of the deliberate girding of his loins for his great task, which was at first planned as a history of the Church of England, and only gradually assumed a wider scope. There is the ardor of an intense intellectual and spiritual life in these pages; there are capital anecdotes, vivid portraits of notable persons, eloquent descriptions of nature. And yet, when one remembers Green's heroic struggle against illness and poverty, the pitiable fight he was making for bread and a chance to work, at the very moment when his name was upon everybody's lips, the most suggestive sentence in the book occurs in the brief bibliography at its close. The Short History, one must bear in mind, appeared in 1874, before the passage of the International Copyright Act. It was reprinted by at least nine American publishers. It was the greatest popular success of any history since Macaulay's. Green

¹ *Letters of John Richard Green.* Edited by LESLIE STEPHEN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1901.

died, overworked and poor, in 1883. And here is the sentence: "It should be noted that Messrs. Appleton, in their edition of 1899 [twenty-five years after the book was first published], followed the well-known tradition of their house in assuming the obligation which copyright would have imposed, and forwarded the first cheque received from America for the original text of the *Short History*."

IN these days of strenuous parentage, it may not be amiss to suggest **Too Much Parent.** mildly that there may be, in the constitution of a family, such a thing as too much parent. Time was when being a parent was incidental to other business in life. Our grandfathers brought up children, a dozen at a time, with a careless familiarity that takes away the modern breath. Each of the dozen was disciplined and duly chastened. They were whipped when they told lies, and occasionally when they did not. They learned to read at four; were put to work at five, as a matter of course; and developed, in due time, the stuff that men are made of. There was never any particular fuss about it. The larger the family, the more whippings it took. But there were always enough to go around, and no one the worse for it. The advertisement, "Boy missing. Run away from home," was not an uncommon feature of the weekly newspaper. But of the remnant who had the courage to stay at home and grow up, it may be said that they made admirable citizens. They had the rare privilege of passing their childhood and youth in the presence of men and women who had other and more important business in life than that of being parent to offspring. They grew up with a chastened sense of their own unimportance in the scheme of being, and a philosophic expectation of taking the hard knocks of life as they came.

We have changed all that. We have listened to the voice of Froebel, "Let us play with our children;" and to the edu-

cational moralist, "A father should be his boy's best friend;" and to our most famous and most unpractical poet, "The child is father to the man:" and the whole business of child-raising is turned other end to. We no longer raise them by the dozen. One or two at a time is as much as we dare venture, and very cautiously at that. We study the development and take notes on the bumps, phrenological; the other kind the modern child is never allowed to have. We agonize over our relation to his moral growth, and drop tentative, trembling seeds into the ground of his being, and exchange specimens if anything comes of it. The result, as a whole, is not, it must be admitted, altogether unpleasing. There is something about the well-born, well-bred, wholesome child of to-day that makes glad the eye and the heart. But the poor parent! We protest that he has never had a chance in life. Ten to one his own parents belonged to the old school, and disciplined him within an inch of life. And now his children belong to the new. He is ground between the upper and the nether stone. Only in scattered, precious moments does he dare call himself his own. Late in the evening, perhaps, when the all-important child has been adequately played with and encouraged and developed and put to bed on his hygienic pillow, there comes a moment when the exhausted parent may sit down before the fire and draw a comfortable, grown-up breath, and gather strength and wisdom for the morrow.

As we watch him, we are reminded of the pleasant old gentleman who, across the reception plate, is accosted by the genial young girl: "After all, sir, there's nothing so delicious as the wing of a chicken, is there?" And the old gentleman: "I don't know, my dear. When I was young the old people always ate the wings, and now I am old the young people eat them. I have never tasted the wing of a chicken."

WHEN I was a schoolgirl, with many definite opinions, I remember having a talk with a man of thirty, who happened to advance a theory — I forget about what — which aroused in me ardent dissent. I eagerly presented my view, which was the exact reverse of his, and paused for him to defend himself. He gave me a friendly look; then leaned back and gazed out of the window, with the remark, "Well, there's something in that, too."

I felt as if the bottom had dropped out of the room. For, I thought, if one really hold an opinion, how can he say there is "something in" the contrary view? But since then I have not only had many such experiences; I have myself become an offender. And I wonder if it is altogether a gain. It may be sheer contrariness, but I do get a little tired, sometimes, of broad-mindedness and tolerance, and long for good, bigoted narrowness that can be counted on. I should really like to be told: "No, you're totally wrong; what you have just said is false absolutely. The facts of the case are these, and if you don't believe it, so much the worse for you." How I should enjoy that! But I have not had the experience since my brothers grew up. Occasionally, in desperation, I have assumed the part myself, and taken my stand on positive assertion of a single half truth; but it does no good. I simply live over that early experience; again I am told, "There's something in that, too," and it gives me the feeling, to quote a figure used by a friend in another connection, of having come up against a soft curtain where I expected a wall.

"A plain categorical proposition," says Mr. Morley, "is becoming less and less credible to average minds. Or at least the slovenly willingness to hold two directly contradictory propositions at one and the same time is becoming more and more common." I do not think it is quite this. Men surely used to hold two directly contradictory propositions at one and the same time with the utmost ease. The point is that they did not know they were contradictory, whereas we do; and still we hold them, — or rather, entertain them, as one would interesting guests. Our attitude toward every opinion we meet might be expressed thus: "Well, there's something in that, too. Come right in!" And the new opinion comes in, and draws a chair up to the hospitable fire, and finds a friendly circle of other opinions there; they shake hands all round, and each tells the others what good fellows they are.

This is amiable, but, in honesty, I don't like it. It is like the congress of religions, which I have never been able to understand, save on the assumption that each secretly hopes to convert the others by taking them off their guard, or that no one is in earnest about his religion except as regards its common moral basis. The old attitude used to be, "You think differently from me: therefore you're wrong, therefore you're bad, therefore I'll kill you." One by one these clauses have been dropped, beginning with the last one; thus reversing the system of "the House that Jack Built." First we stopped killing the other man, then we stopped thinking he was bad, and now we have nearly stopped thinking he is wrong. May this not be carried too far?

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXXIX. — FEBRUARY, 1902. — No. DXXXII.

THREE MONTHS OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

NOT many weeks ago, a person of some importance, with a punctilious disrelish for generous commendation, said, "The only political capital which Theodore Roosevelt possesses is courage." It is permitted to us to doubt if one who uttered so foundationless an apothegm even suspects the high character of the endowment with which he credited President Roosevelt. There is the courage which all normal men have in actual danger, — the courage which holds them fast under fire; there is also the courage which endures after the imagination has pictured horrors whose images drive many into panic; there is the courage which takes large responsibilities, — the courage essential to commanders in chief; there is, in civic life, the courage of first thoughts as well as the courage of convictions. The soldier or sailor who has merely the lowest kind of courage (which is often, after all, only another kind of fear, fear of contemporaneous opinion) will go forward no faster than his years carry him; the man who has the courage to subdue his imagination and to stay the panic of others is certainly fit to command divisions and squadrons, and may go higher; the man who reasons out his way to an object, and, with the responsibilities of life and death and of the honor and safety of the country upon him, goes directly to his end, possesses the serene soul of a great commander. The political leader who is ready for a fray at the drop of the first word, and has the courage to oppose

without the tact to make gain by persuasion, goes nowhere; but he who contends for a well-reasoned principle, stands by it amid all dangers, wins support for it from whom he may, fighting only when persuasion fails, though then fighting with his fortunes for the stake, has the kind of courage which he must possess who attains to the heights on which a President stands. If Theodore Roosevelt's only capital be courage, it must be this kind of courage, — a courage which is an element of a well-rounded character, in which large intelligence, prudence, forethought, and patience are found in abundance.

Mr. Roosevelt, at this writing, has been three months President, and I shall try to give, as briefly as possible, an outline of his administration during this period. The task is set me at a very early day, — too early for the prediction of results, but not too early to explain the steps taken which are indicative of the character of the administration, of what we may expect of the President. As to what we are to expect from Congress, and especially from the Senate, which asserts and exercises so much power over Presidents, time must determine.

In the first place, when President Roosevelt came into office, the civil service of the country was in a state of demoralization such as had not been known since the days of Grant. The evil influences of war had left their impress everywhere, but here so deeply that the friends of the merit system,

and the officers charged with its administration, had reached the state of depression in which the mind wonders whether absolute ruin can be averted. All effort for advancement had been abandoned; every energy was exerted to save what remained, and to prevent further demoralization and even disintegration. By means of devices — some cunning, and some merely impudent — the law was evaded in many departments of the government. To reveal the conditions prevailing in the civil service three months ago is not a grateful task, but some conception of them is necessary if we are to estimate the burden which has rested upon the shoulders of the new President. This burden will be, perhaps, sufficiently obvious to the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, if it be simply added that predatory politicians had again captured many important places in the service; that the federal offices in the Southern states were filled, almost without exception, with social outcasts whose business in politics was not only to enjoy the emoluments of office, but to sell quadrennially to the highest bidder nearly one third of the delegates to the National Convention of their party; that this corrupt organization was in close alliance with the Democratic rings of the Southern states, dividing the plunder between them, keeping down the Republican vote, and preventing decent whites from joining the Republican party. The rôle which the dominant Democrats have played is that of indorsers: they have assured the President, and the other powers at Washington, of the good character of the Republican officeholders in their part of the country. The conspiracy against morality and good government is as broad as the South. The Democratic politicians sustain the wretches who control the Republican organizations of the South, both because by reason of such leadership they retain their own power easily and cheaply, and because the Republican beneficiaries of the pol-

icy share with them the federal employments. No wonder that Mr. Procter, chairman of the Civil Service Commission, told a Boston audience that the South had been treated as a conquered province, and that if the Senators and Representatives of Massachusetts should secure the appointment, in their state, of such men as hold federal offices in every state of the South, there would be a revolution in the Commonwealth. In the capital, one officer, at least, has openly used his government place for party purposes, and in more than one department the rules for promotions for merit have been openly violated. So much for the evil effects of war upon the civil service of the country.

In view of the existence of this state of things, the reason for speaking first of the civil service in an article on Theodore Roosevelt as President must be clear to every one. He entered upon the duties of his office during the recess of Congress. He was not obliged, as most Presidents are, to choose a Cabinet, to frame a policy, to set an administration going. He took up the task which had been dropped by Mr. McKinley, but he took it up at a time when the distracting pressure of exoteric interests had been lightened, and when, therefore, the Executive might turn his attention to such affairs of domestic importance as had gone awry. Moreover, he was, in his place at the head of the nation, absolutely free from obligations to any leader or faction of his party. His enemies had nominated him for Vice President, partly to prevent his reelection as governor of New York, and partly in the hope that in the vice presidency he would find his political grave. A terrible tragedy had wrought their disappointment, and they suddenly found themselves face to face with a man of whom they had thought to rid themselves, against whose natural and characteristic assertions of independence and idealism they had not even the right to protest.

At the very beginning of his term

the President was called upon to apply his principles and his experiences as a civil service reformer. He knew the service from top to bottom. He had been active in the reform movement, and had been a member of the federal Civil Service Commission. Never in the history of the office has the country had a President so well equipped for the tasks of administration; never one with such an intimate knowledge of the civil service, of its virtues and its weaknesses, of the shifts of those who desire to defeat the merit system, of the attitude of Congressmen toward it, of the means by which evasion can be discovered and opposition brought to naught. Knowledge had strengthened his theories, and he was possessed of a deep conviction not only of the value, but of the necessity of the merit system. Therefore, it followed instantly upon his entrance into the presidency that the spirits of civil service reformers began to revive; from one end of the country to the other, the service itself took on a new air; those whose places and fortunes depended upon their own deserts took heart; those who had only political or personal influence to sustain them faced a discouraging future. Very soon the Civil Service Commission itself was strengthened by the appointment of Mr. W. Dudley Foulke, who has been a practical worker in behalf of the merit system for years. When this appointment was made, the administration of the civil service law passed not only into the hands of those who believed in it, but into the hands of two men whose ability and tact are equal to their zeal, — Mr. Procter, the chairman, and Mr. Foulke. With Mr. Roosevelt as President, the war on the merit system ceases for three years, at least; and at the end of that period its professed enemies will hardly have the courage to repeat their farcical assaults upon it in Congress, or their real and insidious raids upon it in the departmental and outside services.

The changes which the President has already made in the rules for the classified service are of the first importance. Among the earliest of them is one modifying the order of May 29, 1900, concerning which there has been much controversy. That order exempted from the operation and protection of the law, among others, certain designated employees and laborers of the War Department, and directed that appointments to such places and employments should be made by regulations and tests to be prescribed by the Secretary of War. This new order had not been put into operation when Mr. Roosevelt became President, and he revoked it, thereby restoring sixteen hundred persons to the classified service, and relieving Secretary Root of a task that had loomed up disagreeably before him.

Another order placed sixty Indian agents in the classified service. The importance of this change can best be illustrated by a quotation from a petition of the Indians of Fort Berthold Agency, directed to the President, and dated October 23, 1900. After reciting their charges against their agent, who was appointed and retained through political influence of the kind which has always injured our unfortunate Indian service, the petitioners say: —

"We are driven to appeal to you to relieve us from our intolerable position. We are tired of having our agency, our substance, our chances for becoming respected and self-supporting citizens, given over to these politicians who use us for political traffic. We are tired of inspectors who win our confidence and sell our interests to the highest political bidder. We are tired of having our agent place the example of drunkenness before our young men and offer them intoxicating liquors. We are tired of the spectacle of our agent's wife, decked in a blanket, dancing the Indian dances with our Indians, who were four years ago almost entirely weaned from these old and evil customs. We are tired of chasing this political

phantom. We want the fulfillment of promises. We want either the appointment of Mr. Robinson as agent, with Mr. Mattoon as clerk, or the return of Mr. Mattoon as our agent. Not only our agency, but the whole Indian nation is crying out against the evils of the political deals put upon it. We want a thorough course of civil service reform, — agents appointed from the ranks of workers in the Indian service, appointed for good morals and good standing in the Indian Department. Then we will be free from political espionage, — free to grow and become good, self-supporting citizens of the great West. We feel that the sympathy of both our commissioner and the Secretary of the Interior is and has been with us in our struggle for the right, but the Indian service has been politically handicapped.”

Here are set forth, in strong but true colors, the evils which Mr. Roosevelt's new rule will eventually abolish.

Heretofore the commissioners have often met with difficulty in securing evidence to sustain charges of violations of the civil service law, because officers and employees have refused to testify, and the commissioners have lacked the power to compel them. Mr. Roosevelt has issued a new rule, which gives the commissioners power to compel such testimony under penalty of dismissal. Another abuse has been the evasion of the law through transfers. A post office, for example, was about to be raised to the grade which would bring its employees within the classified service. The spoilsmen would rush their friends into its clerkships and other places. When the post office was promoted, the recipients of the spoils would go with it into the classified service, and would then be transferred to postal appointments which had been closed to them before except through competitive examination. The President has issued an order forbidding the transfer of any one who has not served for six months in the office before its inclusion in the

classified service. The commissioners have also been clothed with an important authority for the prevention of the too frequent shifty evasions of the law; in brief, they may stop the pay, through a certification to the proper authority, of one who is in the service through a violation of the law.

These are the accomplishments of the President, during the first three months of his administration, for the purification of the civil service. They certainly augur well for the future, and the country may reasonably expect such an extension of the fundamental principle of the law to the more important branches of the service — to the consular service, for example — that, at the end of the present term, in 1905, the opportunities of the spoils politicians will be fewer than they have ever been in the history of the government.

Among the branches of the public service in which the merit system has not prevailed are those where it is of the most obvious importance. The President's opportunities for giving the country the benefit of the services of the ablest and worthiest officers of the army and navy have been systematically neglected. With rare exceptions, promotions to brigadier and major generalships in the army have been made on political or personal or social influence, and rarely as a recognition of merit or a reward for service. Details to pleasant posts, to agreeable duties, to staff places, which carry temporarily higher rank and better pay, have depended on the same unjust and unworthy principle. The favorites of fortune and of society, and the officers with influential political friends, have worn the stars of the army, and have had the easy, well-paid opportunities of both services. When Mr. Cleveland was President, and Mr. Lamont Secretary of War, some changes for the better were made; but Mr. Roosevelt has decreed an end to the evil, and has announced in his message that all promotions and details in the army shall be

made "solely with regard to the good of the service and to the capacity and merit of the man himself. No pressure, political, social, or personal, of any kind, will be permitted to exercise the least effect in any question of promotion or detail; and if there is reason to believe that such pressure is exercised at the instigation of the officer concerned, it will be held to militate against him." These sentences apply to the navy as well as to the army, and are like fresh, strong northwest breezes stirring up the waters of a neglected and stagnant pool. The President quickly demonstrated the sincerity of his words by appointing as chief of ordnance, with the rank of brigadier general, a captain who was twenty-ninth on the list of the officers of his corps. The old rule not only put age and incompetency at the head of the army, but also told with special force against the graduates of the Military Academy, who have no politics and usually very few friends among the politicians. During Mr. Roosevelt's administration, officers who have accomplished something, and the younger and educated soldiers, will have a chance such as the service has not been blessed with since the necessities of the Civil War brought to the front Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan, and other graduates of West Point.

The genuineness of the President's attitude toward the army and navy, the strength of his determination to compel discipline, and his fearlessness in the discharge of his duties are shown in the deserved rebuke which he has administered to General Miles. The disastrous controversy in the navy touching Admiral Schley had been aggravated by failure on the part of the Executive to suppress it by quick and decisive action. It had lived mainly because the right thing had not been done at the right time. If the judgment that was rendered by the Court of Inquiry had been rendered by the Executive as soon as the partisan and

sectional campaign in Schley's behalf had broken out, the claims finally made for him could not have lived a moment in the face of the ridicule with which they would have been greeted. But the scandalous talk went on, encouraged by the promotion of Schley; the events of the campaign faded out of the public memory; the real commander in chief, suffering from the injustice of the country to himself and his loyal captains, was forgotten, or, if remembered, was made the victim of the coarsest insults that ingratitude could invent; the whole naval service was in a state of intense exasperation, to the detriment of its discipline and to the threatened injury of the country; finally, the admiral of the navy, who had done so much and received so much, threw oil upon the flames by flying in the face of the law and the facts, by denying the decision of the courts, by doing his best to take from Admiral Sampson the honors that were his, after denying him the right to be heard in his own defense. At such a moment, when the navy was almost in a state of insubordination against the admiral who had been so unjust and so ungrateful, when passion was at its hottest, General Miles, forgetting his duty of subordination, careless of the obligation which rested upon him to set an example of discipline, indifferent to the welfare of the two services and to the necessity of preserving active good will between them, joined in the controversy, and, in an interview which was printed in a daily newspaper, took the side of Admiral Dewey, and therefore excited the wrath of a very large majority of the navy against the commander of the army.

The President acted promptly. General Miles was sent for. He was invited into the Cabinet room, but avoided a private interview, and was publicly reprimanded. Secretary Root, acting under the direction of the President, sent him a reproof, which will be of record for all time, the like of which

no general officer of our army had ever before received. His duty was pointed out to him, his offense explained, and he was informed that the obligation to maintain discipline increased, rather than diminished, with increase of rank. Meanwhile, Secretary Long was permitted a free hand in dealing with the report of the court which found that Schley had shown himself a dilatory and vacillating commander, and, in his indorsement, he indirectly informed Admiral Dewey that his dissenting opinion, which he had not been asked for, in which he gave to Schley the honors of the destruction of Cervera's fleet, was an impropriety. Not only that: the Secretary so pointed out the character of the impropriety as to show that it consisted in the admiral's effort to rob a brother officer of his honors after refusing a hearing. In censuring General Miles and Admiral Dewey, and in indorsing the just verdict against Schley, the President had no thought but to do that which he deemed right, — to do justice, to teach a lesson of discipline to the lieutenant general of the army, to put an end to a disrupting controversy in the navy: and in doing this he invited a storm of criticism, faced an angry mob in and out of Congress, but taught a needed lesson to the two services, and, incidentally, to heroes who abuse their popularity to the injury of the government whose welfare they are bound to put above their own ambitions.

So far, we have considered that part of the public service which will be generally recognized as non-political, and to which almost any business man would at once and without question apply the merit system. There is, also, a numerous and important class of offices known as presidential offices, because the President nominates and the Senate confirms those who perform their duties. No effort has yet been made to include these offices within the merit system, although the time is probably coming when the system will be ex-

tended to first-class post offices, customs and internal revenue collectorships, and to the diplomatic as well as the consular service. Heretofore, however, these important offices have always been regarded as the spoils of the victors. A general change, a universal sweeping out of incumbents, efficient as well as inefficient, good as well as bad, has been expected as a matter of course with every change of administration. The vicious practice is followed whether the change in Presidents be simply of one individual of a party for another, or of one party for the other. In the one case, the personal adherents of the new President used to take the places vacated by the expulsion of the personal adherents of the retiring President; in the other, Republicans have been succeeded by Democrats, or *vice versa*. In either case, the public service suffers, and the country pays the political debts of an individual or a party. Of recent years the power of the Senate has enormously developed, so that the federal patronage in the different states has been bestowed upon their Senators, who, with rare exceptions, have had merely to name their candidate in order to secure his nomination by the President. The meretricious "rule of courtesy," also, by which the Senate is guided, has been so extended that a President denies the application of a Senator at the peril of seeing his own selections rejected by the confirming power; for the Senators stand by one another with the loyalty of pretorian guards. So dominating has the Senate become that a President has been known to ask, in all meekness of spirit, for the privilege of naming one of his own subordinates to an office situated in his own state. It must not be imagined, of course, that such a request from the President would be met churlishly: a Senator can be generous to the Executive, on occasion.

The attitude of President Roosevelt on the subject of his own appointments is interesting and refreshing. He treats Senators as advisers, but not as

controllers of his discretion. The offices for which he makes nominations are to him, as they are to the law, executive and administrative, and therefore he is responsible for the character of the men whom he selects. Senators are now beginning to learn from experience with the new President that they can secure an appointment in each instance only for one who, in the President's judgment, is the best of all who are named for the place. Republican Senators are consulted first, as a matter of course, but they are not the only persons whose advice is sought. The testimony of others is taken. The Representatives in Congress are not neglected, and the investigation into character and capacity does not stop even here. If the case is a difficult one, if the President remains in doubt after all his inquiries of Republican Senators and Representatives and of the leaders of Republican organizations, he does not hesitate to seek advice elsewhere; and occasionally he receives disinterested and valuable counsel from gold Democrats, especially in the Southern states, where the character of the Republican organization is so bad that its testimony as to applicants for office is quite worthless; indeed, it would not be far from the truth to say that a recommendation from a Southern Republican organization is evidence of the bad character of the person in whose favor it is given. That the President will be deceived and misled, and will make mistakes in his selections, goes without saying. Mistakes are inevitable under our system. No human mind is capable of making the right choice between candidates for every federal office in our widespread country. What is important to know is that the President will never appoint any one merely on the recommendation of a Senator or any other party leader, or as a personal favor, or to build up a faction for himself or for another. He will not, if he can help it, permit the employment of the public service for private or

party ends. His attitude in this respect is illustrated by a recent incident. A Senator had named two candidates for an internal revenue collectorship, both of whom proved to be utterly worthless. At last the President asked the Senator if he could not find a good man anywhere in his state. The Senator replied that he had done his best; that he had named the two men who could get the most Roosevelt delegates for 1904. He was reasoning along customary lines from a familiar premise; and so fixed was his habit of thought that it was some time before the President was able to convince him that he was looking, not for delegates, but for a good internal revenue collector. Indeed, the President was forced, finally, to pry open the senatorial mind to the truth by declaring that if a good Republican could not be named, he would himself find a Democrat.

The President makes no war on Senators and their personal power. He has never yet sought to build up a personal organization of his own. His principle in Washington is the same as it was at Albany. He did not war with Senator Platt and Mr. Odell. He contented himself with demanding, in every instance, the best possible man for the place. If the organization named such a man, he was appointed. If the Addicks faction in the state of Delaware, for example, should name a better man for an office than the candidate of the worthier faction, the Addicks man would receive the appointment. If the Kerens man of Missouri or the Burton man of Kansas — an extreme supposition, though not impossible or even unprecedented — is the best offered, he will succeed. The extent of the Senator's or the party leader's privilege is the opportunity to name the best candidate, and priority.

Little by little, Senators are learning that the President is keeping his hands off from faction fights and their own political affairs. He is not look-

ing for delegates; he is not building up or pulling down with an eye to the convention of 1904. If he receives the nomination then, it will be because his administration has been successful, and because the rank and file of his party want him. It will not be because he has a machine to support him; nor will he fail of receiving the nomination by the opposition of the enemies inevitably created by such a machine. The politicians are learning that when the President disapproves of their recommendations it is always in behalf of better men named by others. They are not "turned down," in the ordinary sense of the politician's term, when their advice is rejected; they have not gained a personal triumph when their man is appointed. The decision is not as to them at all, is not intended to affect their political fortunes one way or the other, but is invariably based on the merits or demerits of their recommendations.

The consequence of this attitude is that the President is forcing the recommendation of good men from those who have been in the habit of naming politicians who would advance their patrons' fortunes. This has already had an important influence on the character of the federal bench. In the appointment of judges, the President insists on a most thorough investigation into the characters and capacities of all who are named for a vacancy. This investigation is made by himself and Attorney-General Knox, and the opinion of the bar is often likely to have more weight than that of the politicians. The Republican machine of Virginia, for example, was opposed to both Judge Lewis and Henry Clay McDowell, Jr. The party leaders desired the selection of a lawyer of their own kidney, but, after a long struggle and many cunning efforts to circumvent the President, they learned that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Knox were well informed as to the relative merits of Virginia lawyers, and they assented to Mr. McDow-

ell's appointment. Judge Jones, a Democrat of Alabama, and Mr. Baker, of Indiana, were selected purely because the President believed that they were the best men who could be found for the positions. It has been said that the selection of Judge Baker was a triumph for Senator Beveridge; for while Senators are beginning to realize the truth, the ordinary newsgatherer continues to cling to the idea that, in every appointment, some one must be "turned down," and some one else must "win out." Senator Beveridge was shrewd enough to select the lawyer who of all the bar of Indiana was thought by the President the one best qualified for a judgeship, and Senator Fairbanks opposed Mr. Baker on old-fashioned spoils principles. If both Senators had united in opposition, Judge Baker would nevertheless have been appointed; for the President was satisfied, by an independent investigation, that he was pre-eminently the man for the place. Of all the appointments that he is called upon to make, the President properly regards those to the bench as the most important, and he hopes that hereafter his judicial appointees will be spoken of as examples of what judges should be, and that they will furnish a standard, to attain which future Presidents will be obliged to search as carefully, to investigate as closely, to take as much personal pains as he is taking now.

When Mr. Roosevelt succeeded to the presidency, he promised to continue the policy of his predecessor, and he invited Mr. McKinley's Cabinet to retain their portfolios to the end of his term. The feature of the so-called McKinley policy which was of most importance to the country was that touching its money, its currency, and its commercial interests. Certainly there is no change here. So far as our insular or colonial system can be said to have been determined, it also will evidently undergo no change; but in many of its important features it was and is in an embryonic state. New questions are constantly

arising; new phases of old questions are constantly presenting themselves. For example, the recent decision of the Supreme Court determining the status of the Philippines under the tax clause of the Constitution has made tariff legislation necessary. The bill which, at this writing, has just passed the House of Representatives, having the concurrence of the administration, imposes upon imports into the Philippines the taxes levied under the McKinley administration, and on imports from the Philippines the Dingley rates which were collected by the McKinley administration. The Taft Commission continues the work which it began under Mr. McKinley. There is precisely the same determination to put down the "insurrection." In the policy of justice to the Cubans as regards commercial relations, the new President agrees with Mr. Root, Mr. McKinley's Secretary of War. We find, also, the continuance of opposition to tariff changes except through reciprocity treaties; an advocacy of ship subsidies, but not of the adoption of the Frye bill of the last session of Congress; the same purpose to construct an isthmian canal; a firm adherence to the Monroe Doctrine; and the same view of the Chinese Exclusion Act that Mr. McKinley entertained.

The old policies are not changed, although they are likely to be modified, as they might have been had Mr. McKinley lived. Time as well as man changes policies. New questions present themselves, also, and the mind of the new President has necessarily a different point of view, and a perspective that differs from that of his predecessor. It is not only the combinations of wealth known as trusts which present themselves in larger proportions to the mind of the one than they did to that of the other, but the subjects of forestry and game preservation, of irrigation, of practical army and navy reforms, appeal more strongly to Mr. Roosevelt than they did to Mr.

McKinley. The general policy of the one, however, if it differs in the relative proportions of its details, is substantially that of the other. Commercial and financial interests, at least, have the promise of essentially the same support and encouragement under Mr. Roosevelt that they had under the McKinley administration. How the plans that are in the area of discussion only are to work out is another question: whether expectations entertained by both administrations are to be realized, or abandoned as unworkable, time alone can tell; and time and changing and developing conditions would bring forth the same results to policies whether Roosevelt or McKinley were President. What we know is that the promise to maintain the general policy of the dead President has been kept, and is likely to be kept, by his living successor, and that the material welfare of the country is as safely and wisely guarded as it would have been if the awful tragedy at Buffalo had not been enacted.

It was impossible for the McKinley Cabinet to remain intact as the Roosevelt Cabinet, but the invitation to its members to remain was wisely given. There was in this invitation, however, precisely the guarantee that there is in an original appointment, and no more. A Cabinet remains together just so long as it works well unbroken and with the President. When it ceases to do so, a change is not only wise, but necessary to the welfare of the country. Mr. Roosevelt was no more bound to keep the Cabinet intact to the end of his term than Mr. McKinley would have been. His acceptance of the new President's invitation did not bind any member of the Cabinet to remain any more than he would have been compelled to continue in office by reason of his acceptance of Mr. McKinley's appointment. It is reasonably certain that neither Mr. Roosevelt nor the members of the Cabinet took any other view than this of their mutual relations. The

Cabinet is the President's political family, and there must be that intimacy between the chief and his associates which is inspired by friendship and confidence; and there must be, too, not only a common general purpose, but also an absolute agreement as to the best methods of attaining it. Two men having a common object cannot always, or nearly always, work with the same tools. No two Presidents, however much they might be in agreement, would select the same advisers. Mr. Roosevelt is fortunate in having at least four men in the present Cabinet whom he would now select for the places which they hold. Mr. Arthur was not so fortunate, nor were Tyler and Fillmore. The last two appointed absolutely new Cabinets, and several of them, while Mr. Arthur retained Mr. Robert T. Lincoln alone of the Garfield Cabinet. At this writing, Postmaster-General Smith has resigned, and Mr. Henry C. Payne has succeeded him. This change has been followed by the resignation of Mr. Gage, Secretary of the Treasury, and the appointment of Governor Shaw, of Iowa, to succeed him. Mr. Gage's task has been well performed, but, in one form or another, the tariff question is again coming to the front, and in the consideration of its problems the new Secretary will

probably be of more assistance to the President. The country will be glad to learn that Mr. Hay, at the President's earnest request, has consented to remain in the Cabinet to the end of the term. The two men complement each other perfectly.

It is not yet the time to consider the effect of Mr. Roosevelt's system of administration on his relations with the Senate, nor to discuss his policies of state; for the future alone can tell what will happen from the one, or in what direction and with what force and perspective the others are to develop. A marvelous change has already been wrought in the morale of the civil service; much more ought to be done, and much will be done. A like change is promised for the army and navy. It remains to be seen whether or not the politicians will stand in the President's way; but at all events this is true: that the very efforts of the President to elevate the tone and character of the public services, the fine spirit in which he has begun to avail himself of his splendid opportunities, will influence for good the politics of the country, — help the blind to see the value of public chastity, and the deaf to hear the voices of the people greeting unselfish service in their behalf.

Henry Loomis Nelson.

ONLY AN EPISODE.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

BIRTH, breeding, and inclination had fitted Larrie Norman for the complex civilization of Eastern cities. Fate, in the shape of a weak lung, had placed him on a cattle ranch in the West. When the doctors had given a verdict of perpetual banishment, he had gone into exile alone, and the woman he loved married another man. Loving her too well to ask her to follow him,

Larrie had never known if she loved him well enough to do so, and he told himself that he lived very well without her, as men who lose a leg or an arm manage to live and be happy without forgetting the loss.

For seven years he lived in the solitude of northern California, with a Chinese cook, an Indian half-breed, and one other, — a man from the East, like

himself, who was called John; and though Larrie wrote home amusing letters concerning his life as a ranchman, the idiosyncrasies of the Chinese cook and the half-breed, he never mentioned John.

One spring, at the end of seven years, his sister Nora wrote that she was coming to spend a month with him. It was characteristic of her not to ask permission or question convenience, but to state simply that she was coming, and that she should bring her ward, Evelyn Winsor, with her. Larrie accepted the invasion as he accepted most things, with a shrug and a smile and a sigh. But the morning after their arrival, as he watched his guests on the piazza steps, there was a whimsical twist to his smile. He was not troubled by their arrival, but he was wondering what he should do with them, or they with him.

A bold, immense landscape lay at their feet, other men's horizons were their near distances, and great tracts of country lay in sunlight and shadow, while a band of purple cloud trailed showers over woods and meadows twenty miles away. In all these vast sunlit spaces there was no softening haze; for it was a day when one seemed to see the edge of the world, and beyond. Down in the hollow, near the lake, the blackbirds were singing riotously, but through the sound of their joy came the yearning call of the mourning dove. Two peacocks strutted daintily on the short grass in front of the house, and pecked food from the ground with disdainful grace. Almost hidden by the eucalyptus trees, John sat with his back to the house, mending a saddle, while Larrie lounged on the porch, pulling the collie's ears and watching his guests.

His sister Nora was an ugly woman. Her face was worn, and the pitiless sunlight showed every graceless line. But in the dark eyes, that were fixed on the mountain, twenty miles away, across the lake, a deep and hungry na-

ture stood revealed as some naked thing; for she was one of those who, asking much, give more, and hold out empty hands at the last. To her had been given a sense of the thrill and the passion of life, but her own life held little of either; and from the day in which she seemed to hear the sum of the world's misery in the sound of one woman's voice, she had followed the sound. It had not led her to city charities, as embodied in mothers' meetings or home libraries, and boys' clubs, but beyond, — into streets where Charity holds her skirts aside, into lives where she stands helpless and abashed, into the grand, aching, sinning, struggling heart of humanity that is the subterranean life of great cities. Because the heart struggled, she forbore to blame, which made her wise and merciful. Because the heart ached, she understood and loved it, which made her patient and tender. But she was not fashioned for self-sacrifice, and would cease to want, passionately and personally, when she died, for which reasons the hands which gave so royally were always empty, and the self that had been thrust aside grew troublesome from time to time, and demanded impossible things. Each spring she heard the winds of the world calling her, as they swept by.

The girl who sat beside her was beautiful, with the fair, spiritual, haunting beauty that belongs to the dawn of things. Of pain and evil she knew nothing, for she was young, and her temperament turned to the lovely and happy side of life as a flower turns to the sun. The depths of her heart were as yet unsounded, and the metal of her nature untried.

Watching her, Larrie asked himself if her beauty could survive the heat and passion of noon, and wondered if any woman could be what she looked; he almost dreaded to hear her speak, and was sometimes sorry when she did. As a stray breeze blew a branch of a rose vine across her face, she put up her hand to detain it, and smiled at him.

"May I pick it?" she asked.

He did not answer at once. It sometimes took him several minutes to recover from the bewildering effects of her smile, and this was one of the times.

"Of course; you can have all you want," he said at last.

Nora withdrew her eyes from the mountains, and looked at the silent man who sat apart, mending a saddle.

"Who is that?" she asked.

"That is John."

"And who is John?"

"John." Larrie paused. "Who is he, to be sure?" he continued lazily, as he stroked the collie's ears. "He does most of my hard work, and much of my dangerous work, for one dollar and a half a day."

"Then he is your hired man," said Evelyn, busy with the rose vine.

Larrie smiled, an odd, repressed little smile. "Yes, I suppose we may call him that."

"Why did you never write me about him?" questioned Nora, who had been struck by the smile.

Larrie's far-seeing gray eyes seemed to be looking into great distances. As a matter of fact he was only looking at the man working under the eucalyptus trees, but Nora wondered if her brother were not learning to live up to his eyes.

"I have written you about him," he said finally.

"When?"

"You remember the man who nursed me through smallpox, when I first came out here?"

"Who died afterward of the same disease?"

"He did not die."

"You wrote me he was dying."

"He got well."

"And that is he?"

"That is he."

Larrie was the only person in the world whom Nora loved, and her worn face was suddenly brilliant with intensity of feeling. "I must speak to him," she said.

"I did n't know that you had had smallpox!" exclaimed Evelyn. "How queer that it did n't mark you!"

Larrie looked up at the exquisite face. "Decidedly," he thought, "it is a pity that she speaks."

Nora's eyes were on her brother. "Has he been with you all these seven years?"

"Yes."

"And you never wrote me of him."

"You have not lost your unfeminine power of stating a fact correctly." Larrie spoke in banter, but there was a sudden reserve in his eyes.

"I must speak to him," said Nora again.

Larrie hesitated perceptibly; then he raised his voice. "John, I wish you would come here for a moment," he called.

"I am busy," answered the hired man.

Nora smiled. "You don't seem to have him in very good training," she remarked.

"I want you very much," called Larrie, with mock plaintiveness.

"You will have to wait," was the answer.

Larrie rose, and strolled over to the eucalyptus trees. After a brief and inaudible conversation he came back with John at his side.

Nora rose to meet a pair of dark, compelling eyes on a direct level with her own. The heavily bearded face of the man was bronzed as an Indian's, marked from smallpox, and deeply and strangely lined. The broad forehead might have been of furrowed granite, though he was young, and there was neither gray in his hair nor stoop to his powerful shoulders.

These things Nora realized while the two men stood before her, and Larrie said simply, "This is my sister, John."

She held out her hand to him. "You saved my brother's life, seven years ago, at the risk of your own," she said, "and so — I wished to speak with you."

"The risk was less than the gain," answered John quietly. The hand that met hers was hard and stiff. It was the hand that belongs to all children of toil, and Nora had felt many such, in the fields and the slums and the prisons. The two pairs of dark eyes seemed to exchange a challenge, but suddenly those of the man became remote, impassive, expressionless, as if at will. Nora's grasp loosened, and his hand dropped.

Evelyn, with an armful of white roses, was leaning on the porch railing, when John looked up and saw her.

"My cousin, Miss Winsor," explained Larrie, as if he were in a drawing-room. "Evelyn, this is John, my most unprofitable servant and belligerent friend, who bullies me and conquers me, and has reduced my will power to such an extent that I no longer protest." As he spoke he put his hand on John's shoulder, and Nora knew he loved him.

John, with his hat in his hand, continued to look at Evelyn; and though she did not offer him her hand, she smiled, and asked if he would help her to break a rebellious rose branch. He did so without speaking, and then went back to the eucalyptus trees, to sit with his back to them, and work on the saddle as before.

There was a silence while Larrie sat on the steps beside his sister and threw dry bread to the peacocks.

"Why did n't you tell me that he was a gentleman?" asked Nora at last.

"Is that important?"

There was another silence. Nora wondered why a gentleman should live in the wilderness, to round up cattle and build fences for one dollar and a half a day. Larrie knew her thought; but he said nothing, and continued to throw bread to the peacocks.

During the next few days life at the ranch fell back into its well-worn channels, and Larrie adjusted himself to the advent of feminine influence with what

some friend had called his "fatal adaptability." It was a life in which a man must mend his own doorstep and go in search of his dinners with a gun, and Larrie did these things with the grace and distinction that had been his in the days when he led Newport cotillions and presided over select supper parties at Delmonico's. If he missed the old life, he never said so. To Evelyn he was merely a courteous gentleman masquerading in cowhides and sombrero. It was Nora who saw the sadness behind the mirth in his gray eyes, just as it was Nora who heard the mourning dove while Evelyn listened to the blackbirds.

After a day or so, Larrie felt it to be in the natural course of events that a sister should mend his shirts, and a flower-like girl drift in and out of his rough dwelling, bringing sunshine to dark corners and flowers to bare ones. Nora's spirits rose joyously in the free, careless life; for she could come and go, and dare and do, as in the glad and somewhat mad days of her girlhood. There was a horse for her to ride, which horse lived in a pasture, and had burs in his mane and tail. He was also the possessor of a great variety of paces, some of them wholly original and exercised without discrimination. But Nora was as little troubled by these things as she was by the broken roads and the perilous trails that led her over the lower spur of a great mountain range. She knew again her old, wild love of roaming, and would often go out alone, through saffron-tinted dawns, to come home with the dusk, and the pallor of twilight clouds, and the glint of the first star.

One day she met John, who was riding a fierce little mustang to the rounding up of a stray bull. He asked her to station herself at a certain gate, and prevent the animal's escape. It had not occurred to him that she might be afraid. When the bull — who was young and much bewildered — charged for a gap in the fence, Nora urged

her horse to a gallop, and felt the intoxication of swift motion and possible danger. As she headed off the creature's desperate bid for freedom, John hastened to her assistance, and meeting his eyes she laughed, — a glad, reckless laugh.

His look, with its grave question, haunted her consciousness for the rest of the day, and was with her in the evening when she told Larrie of the adventure. Her brother thought, as he listened to her, that a man might well find her eyes as bewildering as Evelyn's smile, in a different way. Evelyn's dawnlike presence was a refreshment to his eyes and heart. While Nora rode in perilous places and rounded up cattle, Evelyn picked flowers and played with the collie dogs; but he noticed that she never played with those that were old and ugly, and finally asked himself if she were anything but an exquisite egotism.

For one week John, at great inconvenience to himself, kept away from the guests; but at the expiration of that time came news of the supposed discovery of some lost cattle, and as those particular cattle had been under Larrie's charge, he only could identify them.

"It will take me three or four days to get there and back," he said.

"Then we shall be alone with John all the time, and he will have to speak to us!" exclaimed Evelyn.

"You may settle that for yourselves," was Larrie's answer.

"I think there's a mystery about John," continued Evelyn, when she and Nora were left alone.

"Do you?" asked Nora quietly.

They were out on the tiny rose-covered porch. Evelyn embroidered violets on a table doily, while Nora lounged at full length on a rough bench.

"Why don't you call him now, and perhaps you can find it out," she added, as John was seen coming up the hill with a coil of rope over his shoulder.

Evelyn looked out through the vines.

"I should like to," she said, "but I do not dare. Why don't you call him?"

Nora was silent.

"Why don't you call him?" said Evelyn again.

John passed before the house without raising his head, but as he was about to disappear Nora rose and stood on the steps. "Where are you going?"

He paused with evident reluctance. "Is there anything you or Miss Winsor would like to have me do for you?"

"Yes," said Nora, with mirth in her eyes.

"What is it?"

"We should like you to sit on the porch with us."

John shifted the coil of rope to his other shoulder. "Why?" he asked.

Nora smiled. "Before you come we must know your name," she continued.

"My name," he replied slowly, — "my name is John."

"But we cannot call you that."

"Why not?"

"I think you know as well as I."

The words were a fairly flung challenge, and a slight pause followed them. The man's brown, scarred face was motionless while he weighed the chances, and Nora stood on the step and waited.

Suddenly she laughed, — a low, audacious laugh. In his barren life women were not wont to laugh so, and Nora seemed to be daring him. He weighed the chances a little longer, and then he answered her.

"My name is John Peters," he said.

Her face was vivid with a strange power, a subtle witchery, and something of recklessness. John Peters seemed to know her as a part of himself; but his eyes fell upon Evelyn, who came out of the shadow of the rose vine, and smiled at him silently. In her dawnlike face, with its haunting, spiritual beauty, there was nothing that was, or ever could be, of himself; but he felt as one who comes upon a shrine in the desert, and stood at the foot of the steps, bareheaded in the sunshine, looking up at her.

"Won't you come in?" she said. And John Peters came.

That afternoon he met Larrie in the tool-house. "I thought I would let you know before you went away that I am going to tell them," he said.

Larrie, who was astride of a table, battering crooked nails into straight ones, laid down his hammer slowly, and looked at John. "Don't be a fool," he cautioned.

"That," said John, "is precisely what I intend being."

He leaned against the doorpost, a swarthy, square-shouldered, picturesque figure, with eyes that had suddenly grown desperate.

"I suppose you have thought it over?"

"I have thought."

"Think again."

John picked up some filings, and balanced them carelessly in his coarse hand. "I was with your sister and Miss Winsor this morning," he continued. "I cannot be with them again unless they know. I have weighed the risk and the loss and the gain. The loss seems" — He tossed the filings in the air. "And the gain, the universe — for an hour. The risk is mine only, and I choose to take it."

Larrie pounded the table gently, while he kept his eyes on John's face. "I am sorry," he said. "I think it is a mistake."

Through the doorway Evelyn could be seen feeding the peacocks.

"I am sure that Nora can be trusted," he continued slowly. "I don't know about — the other one."

John looked out through the doorway. "A man might trust her with his soul," he said.

"Doubtless. A man might trust some women with his soul rather than his secret." There was a silence before he added: "You may do as you like about Nora; she is fearless and true, and knows her world. But Evelyn is different: she is in my sister's

charge, and to my sister must be left the decision of telling her."

John's face stiffened. "She is your guest," he said shortly, "and if you insist" —

"I am afraid I must, John." Larrie's tone was quiet, but John turned away in anger.

He found Nora in the pasture. She had just caught her horse, and was preparing to saddle him, but paused, with her hand on his mane, when John stood before her.

"What is it?" she asked.

He moistened his lips before speaking. "There is something I want you to know," he said.

Nora waited. "I thought so," her eyes said gravely.

"When I have told you, you may not wish to see me again as you have seen me this morning."

She smiled, and, in the silence that followed, waited quietly for him to speak. She was used to waiting. John realized that the smile was beautiful, — patient and wise and womanly. It was the smile that is born of knowledge and suffering.

"There are some women who might be afraid of what I am going to tell you," he said.

"I shall not be afraid," she answered.

"Before you admit me to your companionship and confidence, I want you to know that I am" — He paused, and moistened his lips again. "There is, after all, only one way of saying it," he continued, with unwavering eyes on hers. "It may sound melodramatic, though it is nothing but a grim commonplace to me. I am a convict."

If he had expected her face to change, he was disappointed.

"I thought it was something like that," she said quietly. "Have you served your term?"

"No, I slipped it, — I escaped. My cap was found in a river, below the rapids — where I had been killed on the rocks — you understand?"

"And then?"

"Then I grew a beard and worked my way West. I meant to ship for Australia, but I met your brother."

"Yes?"

"We fought death with each other and the smallpox. One does not forget those hours."

"You risked it, and told him what you have told me?"

"Yes."

"And now you are risking it again."

"I think not."

There was a silence, and Nora stood looking at him with deeply questioning eyes. In his face she read the story of lost hopes, of useless power, of blunted sensibilities, of stunted aims; and when she had read these things, the eyes questioned deeper still, till it seemed as if her very soul were demanding his secret. He wondered if she saw what was beyond the lost hope or wasted power, and he stood motionless, willing that she should see, if she could.

At last he spoke. "Do you know it all?" he asked.

"I am not sure," she answered.

The moment of revelation was over, and the trained stolidity came back to his face. "You have not given me my answer."

Nora smiled.

"Is that the answer?"

"Yes, and this."

She held out her hand, and he took it without emotion, though there had been an instant when his face seemed about to quiver with feeling.

"There is one more thing" — he began.

"Yes?"

"I want Miss Winsor to know."

Nora hesitated. "I think not," she said.

"Why not?"

"It would be hard to explain, for I think you do not understand her."

"No! What am I, that I should understand her? What am I?" A deathless, untamed misery leaped into

his eyes for an instant, and was gone, but not before Nora had seen.

She did not ride that day, but went in search of Larrie instead, and found him smoking a pipe on the steps. Without dropping his eyes from the distant hills, he moved silently to make room for her beside him; and she thought that he looked tired and worn under his tan, but said nothing of it, knowing his health to be a forbidden subject.

"Is everything ready for the journey?" she asked.

"I think so."

"The Chinaman says there is fever in the marshes beyond the mountain," she continued, "so I slipped a box of quinine into the coffeepot. Don't forget it, or boil it with the coffee."

"I will endeavor not to."

"And I put in an extra pair of woolen socks, — some that I bought for a Klondike miner who was arrested for bigamy before setting out on his journey."

"Thank you. Anything else?"

"I can't think of anything now."

Larrie suspected that she had seen John, and admired her for a self-restraint that was almost manly; but at last he took his pipe from his mouth, and looked at her.

"Yes," said Nora, as if he had spoken.

"Are you going to tell Evelyn?"

"No."

He put back his pipe, and looked at the mountains again.

"You are an eminently satisfactory person," he said. "I wish that you had come out here to stay. Why do you not tell Evelyn?"

"She would either be frightened and go home, and run him into danger, or —"

"Yes?"

"Or fall in love with him."

Larrie whistled softly. "I don't know which would be more inconvenient," he said, "but I rather think she would run away. She would be afraid of a possibly guilty man."

"No, she would not imagine him guilty. Godfrey Landless and Harry Wingfield and Jack Cardew were not guilty."

"And who are Godfrey Landless and Harry Wingfield and Jack Cardew?"

"They are heroes of popular novels, — all of them convicts, inevitably innocent, and much maligned at the hands of fate. Evelyn reads novels."

Larrie looked at his sister with some curiosity. "Don't you like Evelyn?" he asked.

"We are very different," she answered, — "even more different than we look."

"She seems to me an exquisite child."

"She is one." Nora's voice and face were neutral. "Did he ever tell you he was innocent?" she asked, changing her subject, but not her tone.

"I prevented him from telling me everything. The less I knew, the better I could protect him. Besides which, his guilt or innocence did not seem important, so far as I was concerned."

Nora smiled upon Larrie approvingly. "I like you," she said. "You understand things. I think you do better out here with a weak chest than in New York with a strong one."

He smiled back at her as he rose. "It may be a blessing in disguise," he answered. "It seems a pity that one's blessings should come so very much disguised."

That night, at bedtime, Evelyn came to Nora's room with a confession. She was shivering, and Nora wrapped her in a brown shawl, thinking that she would never have submitted to anything so unbecoming unless the confession were serious. In the candlelight, Evelyn's face emerged from the dark folds more exquisitely fair and appealing than usual, as she told how she had been behind the fence in the pasture and heard John's confession.

"I could have got away," she went on hurriedly, as if to escape rebuke.

"If I pretend I could n't, it will only be worse for me afterward. But you must never, never tell. I could not bear to have any one know. It is bad enough to know, myself, for wrongdoing spoils all my" — she hesitated, in search of a word — "my feelings," she added vaguely. "You see, one has an ideal of one's self; and when one does something wrong it breaks it up, just as a dropped stone breaks up still water, and one can't be happy till the water is still again. Did you ever feel that way?"

"I don't think that I ever did."

"Perhaps you are not as sensitive about wrongdoing as I am."

"Perhaps not. I have often done wrong."

"I suppose you must have become blunted, being with prisoners and wicked people so much."

Nora smiled. "I suppose that I must have," she said.

Evelyn's serenity was partially restored, and the face above the brown shawl was like a spiritualized flower.

"It must be dreadful to be blunted," she said. "Perhaps you don't think that what I did was very bad?"

"I should be very sorry to have done it," answered Nora gravely, "and I am very sorry that you know."

"You won't ever tell him, Nora? Oh, promise you won't tell him, or any one! You know you did promise before I confessed. I should die to have him know."

"I shall not tell," said Nora.

"I could n't bear to have any one know and think ill of me!" continued Evelyn, with tears in her eyes. "No one ever did think ill of me, and I could n't bear it."

"I think you had better go to bed, Evelyn. I have said that I would not tell."

"I know, but I can't help being afraid, because it would be so dreadful if you did." She paused by the door. "But I feel much better now that I have confessed to some one," she added.

"Isn't it sad and terrible about poor John Peters?"

"Perhaps he deserved it," said Nora, and Evelyn turned to her with deep reproach.

"How can you be so suspicious!" she exclaimed. "Think how good he is to every one, and how he saved Larrie's life."

Nora, sitting in the shadow, smiled.

Larrie returned from his journey one late afternoon, after nearly a week's absence. There was great joy among the colliers, and resultant agitation in the barnyard, but no other sign of life till he came to the front of the house and found Nora sitting on the steps, almost as he had left her.

She rose to meet him, and kissed him quietly. "How well you look!" she said. "Did you find both heifers and the bull calf?"

"Yes, everything went well. But what have you been doing to tire yourself?"

"I am not tired."

"I thought you looked so. It must be the twilight."

"I think that it must be. Sit down here, Larrie; you can't do any work to-night."

"Where is John?" he asked.

"He has taken Evelyn out on the lake."

"I am glad of that," said Larrie.

"She will do him good."

Nora did not reply. She sat with her head against the piazza railing, and her strong, finely shaped hands folded loosely on her knees.

"How nice it is to be at home again!" continued Larrie, lighting his pipe, and proceeding to smoke it in great content. "Tell me the news."

Nora considered. "The white hen has hatched her eggs at last," she said, "and yesterday morning one of the peacocks was found torn to pieces. John Peters says a fox must have got him. The days have been rather long. The roses have gone, as you see, and

the mourning dove is more hopeless than ever. I think that is all the news. John Peters works all day, and sits with us in the evening. He does not talk much. I think that part of him died long ago; but I am not sure. For his sake, I hope that it is so."

"You are rather enigmatic, Nora, but I dare say I shall understand you in time."

"I dare say that you will. Here he comes now. I mean Mr. Peters and Evelyn."

The days that followed were laden with growing significance. There was a great and thoughtful stillness in the sky, and a pause, as of expectancy, on the earth. Huge clouds brooded motionless through long hours over lake and mountain, and it was only in the marshes, where the blackbirds sang, that the world was mad with spring.

From gray dawn to the setting of the sun, Larrie and John worked in the fields, while Nora rode, or sat with idle hands, looking at the mountain, and Evelyn played with books and flowers. In the late afternoon she would join Nora on the steps, and look at the mountain with eyes veiled like the spring skies, while she waited for John, who came up from his day of toil to take her on the lake. One evening, as he stood in silence before her, Nora thought of the Catholic before his shrine.

The next day was Sunday, and the great calm of nature was unchanged, save for deepening beauty as it neared the passion of climax and change. But Nora was troubled.

"The holy time is quiet as a nun, breathless with adoration."

She repeated the line over and over, but it brought her no peace; for John had not joined the little party at the ranch house, and lay on his back under the eucalyptus trees, with his hat pulled over his eyes, and it was the first day on which Evelyn had complained of the cry of the mourning dove.

Nora did not wonder of what John

was thinking, or with what he was battling, for she knew the one as well as the other, and at last she moved to the brow of the hill, and sat on the ground beside him.

He raised himself when he saw her, and pushed back his hat; but she did not glance at him. When she spoke, her voice was vibrant with depth upon depth of knowledge and feeling.

"Look out through the trees," she said, "and see the great shadow on the mountain. It is like a thought of God."

He turned his face to her, and she met his eyes. It seemed to her that they were haunted eyes. "Why do you say that to me?" he asked.

She did not answer him at once, but looked in silence at the loitering clouds, the drifting purple of their shadows, and the wide pause in the earth and sky.

"I have made a mistake," she said at last. "I thought that part of you had died. I was wrong, for it was only numbed, and now you are finding it out. I think that we had better go away."

John pulled the hat over his eyes again.

"If I could hurt her," he urged finally, his voice low and halting, "if it could bring her an hour's pain — but it could not, and" — he raised his head to look at Nora with wondering humility — "for some reason I think she likes to be with me."

"And if she should grow to like it too well?"

But John only smiled gravely, almost pityingly, as we smile at the question of a child.

"And as far as you only are concerned, are you willing to pay the price?" she persisted.

"It will be a big price," he said, "but I will pay." Then he laughed shortly. "Some hours are worth a life," he added, in a different tone. "I will pay for the hour with the life. When one has been maimed and starved and stunted, who would not look in at the gates of heaven?"

Nora's eyes met his, and in a moment of silence they exchanged a glance of deep recognition.

"You would do the same," he protested earnestly.

"Yes," said Nora, — "yes. But for me there is not even an hour to win." She spoke as he had spoken, with a sort of heedless madness, and John rose. "So you have chosen?" she said.

"Yes." He stood above her, strong and reckless and resolute.

Nora rose also, and stood beside him. The two pairs of dark eyes, so nearly on a level, met again. Her glance was unfathomable, and this time it bewildered and disturbed him. Suddenly she laughed, very low.

"John Peters," she said, "I think you are very much of a fool."

Eugenia Brooks Frothingham.

(To be continued.)

REMINISCENCES OF WALT WHITMAN.

I FIRST made acquaintance with Whitman's writings when a newspaper notice of the earliest edition of *Leaves of Grass* reached me, in Paris, in the autumn of 1855. It was the most exhilarating piece of news I had received from America during the six months

of my absence abroad. Such vigor, such graphic force, such human sympathy, such scope and audacity in the choice and treatment of themes, found in me an eagerly interested reader of the copious extracts which the notice contained. When I came to see the

volume itself, — the thin, small quarto of 1855, — I found in it much that impressed me as formless and needlessly offensive; and these faults were carried to extremes in the second and enlarged edition of 1856. Yet the tremendous original power of this new bard, and the freshness, as of nature itself, which breathed through the best of his songs or sayings, continued to hold their spell over me, and inspired me with intense curiosity as to the man himself. But I had no opportunity of meeting him till he came to Boston in the spring of 1860, to put his third edition through the press.

Then, one day, I was stopped on Washington Street by a friend who made this startling announcement: "Walt Whitman is in town; I have just seen him!" When I asked where, he replied: "At the stereotype foundry, just around the corner. Come along! I'll take you to him." The author of *Leaves of Grass* had loomed so large in my imagination as to seem almost superhuman; and I was filled with some such feeling of wonder and astonishment as if I had been invited to meet Socrates or King Solomon.

We found a large, gray-haired and gray-bearded, plainly dressed man, reading proof-sheets at a desk in a little dingy office, with a lank, unwholesome-looking lad at his elbow, listlessly watching him. The man was Whitman, and the proofs were those of his new edition. There was a scarcity of chairs, and Whitman, rising to receive us, offered me his; but we all remained standing except the sickly looking lad, who kept his seat until Whitman turned to him and said, "You'd better go now; I'll see you this evening." After he had gone out, Whitman explained: "He is a friendless boy I found at my boarding place. I am trying to cheer him up and strengthen him with my magnetism." My readers may think this a practical but curiously prosaic illustration of these powerful lines in the early poems: —

"To any one dying, thither I speed and twist
the knob of the door.

I seize the descending man, I raise him with
resistless will.

Every room of the house do I fill with an
armed force, lovers of me, bafflers of
graves."

The difference between the prosaic fact and the poetic expression was not greater than the contrast between Whitman as I had imagined him and the simple, well-mannered man who stood and talked with us. From his own descriptions of himself, and from the swing and impetus of his lines, I had pictured him proud, alert, grandiose, defiant of the usages of society; and I found him the quietest of men. I really remember but one thing he said, after sending away the boy. The talk turning on his proof-sheets, I asked how the first poems impressed him, at this re-reading; to which he replied, "I am astonished to find myself capable of feeling so much." The conversation was all very quiet, pitched in a low key, and I went away somewhat disappointed that he did not say or do something extraordinary and admirable; one of the noticeable things about him being an absence of all effort to make a good impression.

I got on vastly better with him when, the next Sunday morning, he came out to see me on Prospect Hill, in Somerville, where I was then living. The weather was perfect, — it was early May; the few friends I introduced to him were congenial spirits; he was happy and animated, and we spent the day together in such hearty and familiar intercourse that when I parted with him in the evening, on East Cambridge bridge, having walked with him thus far on his way back to Boston, I felt that a large, new friendship had shed a glow on my life. Of much of that day's talk I have a vivid recollection, — even of its trivialities. He was not a loud laughter, and rarely made a joke, but he greatly enjoyed the pleasantries

of others. He liked especially any allusion, serious or jocular, to his poems. When, at dinner, preparing my dish of salad, I remarked that I was employed as his critics would be when his new edition was out, he queried, "Devouring Leaves of Grass?" "No," I said, "cutting up Leaves of Grass," — which amused him more, I fancy, than the cutting up did which came later. As the afternoon waned, and he spoke of leaving us, somebody placed a book before the face of the clock. I said: "Put Leaves of Grass there. Nobody can see through that." "Not even the author?" he said, with a whimsical lifting of the brows.

Much of the talk was about himself and his poems, in every particular of which I was profoundly interested. He told me of his boyhood in Brooklyn; going to work in a printing office at the age of fourteen; teaching school at seventeen and eighteen; writing stories and sketches for periodicals under his full name, Walter Whitman (his first *Leaves of Grass* was copyrighted by Walter Whitman, after which he discarded "Walter" for "Walt"); editing newspapers and making political speeches, on the Democratic side; leading an impulsive, irregular sort of life, and absorbing, as probably no other man ever did, the common aspects of the cities he was so proud of, Brooklyn and New York. His friendships were mostly with the common people,—pilots, drivers, mechanics; and his favorite diversions, crossing the ferries, riding on the top of omnibuses, and attending operas. He liked to get off alone by the seashore, read Homer and Ossian with the salt air on his cheeks, and shout their winged words to the winds and waves. The book he knew best was the Bible, the prophetic parts of which stirred in him a vague desire to be the bard or prophet of his own time and country.

Then, at the right moment, he read Emerson.

I was extremely interested to know

how far the influence of our greatest writer had been felt in the making of a book which, without being at all imitative, was pitched in the very highest key of self-reliance. In his letter to Emerson, printed in the second edition of *Leaves of Grass*, speaking of "Individuality, that new moral American continent," Whitman had averred: "Those shores you found; I say, you led the States there, — have led me there." And it seemed hardly possible that the first determined attempt to cast into literature a complete man, with all his pride and passions, should have been made by one whose feet were not already firmly planted on "those shores." Then there was the significant fact of his having mailed a copy of his first edition to Emerson.

Whitman talked frankly on the subject, that day on Prospect Hill, and told how he became acquainted with Emerson's writings. He was at work as a carpenter (his father's trade before him) in Brooklyn, building with his own hands and on his own account small and very plain houses for laboring men; as soon as one was finished and sold, beginning another,—houses of two or three rooms. This was in 1854; he was then thirty-five years old. He lived at home with his mother; going off to his work in the morning and returning at night, carrying his dinner pail like any common laborer. Along with his pail he usually carried a book, between which and his solitary meal he would divide his nooning. Once the book chanced to be a volume of Emerson; and from that time he took with him no other writer. His half-formed purpose, his vague aspirations, all that had lain smouldering so long within him, waiting to be fired, rushed into flame at the touch of those electric words,—the words that burn in the prose-poem *Nature*, and in the essays on *Spiritual Laws*, *The Over-Soul*, *Self-Reliance*. The sturdy carpenter in his working-day garb, seated on his pile of boards; a poet in that rude disguise, as yet but dimly con-

scious of his powers; in one hand the sandwich put up for him by his good mother, his other hand holding open the volume that revealed to him his greatness and his destiny, — this is the picture which his simple narrative called up, that Sunday so long ago, and which has never faded from my memory.

He freely admitted that he could never have written his poems if he had not first "come to himself," and that Emerson helped him to "find himself." I asked if he thought he would have come to himself without that help. He said, "Yes, but it would have taken longer." And he used this characteristic expression: "I was simmering, simmering, simmering; Emerson brought me to a boil."

It was in that summer of 1854, while he was still at work upon his houses, that he began the *Leaves of Grass*, which he wrote, rewrote, and re-rewrote (to quote again his own words), and afterward set in type with his own hand.

I make this statement thus explicit because a question of profound personal and literary interest is involved, and because it is claimed by some of the later friends of Whitman that he wrote his first *Leaves of Grass* before he had read Emerson. When they urge his own authority for their contention, I can only reply that he told me distinctly the contrary, when his memory was fresher.

The Emersonian influence is often clearly traceable in Whitman's early poems; seldom in the later. It is in the first line of the very first poem in which he struck the keynote of his defiant chant: "I celebrate myself." Yet the form Whitman chose for his message was as independent of Emerson's as of all other literary forms whatsoever. Outwardly, his unrhymed and unmeasured lines resemble those of Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*; but in no other way are they akin to those colorless platitudes. To the music of

the opera, for which he had a passion, more than to anything else, was due his emancipation from what he called the "ballad style" of poetry, by which he meant poetry hampered by rhyme and metre. "But for the opera," he declared, that day on Prospect Hill, "I could never have written *Leaves of Grass*."

Whitman was at that time a man of striking personal appearance, as indeed he always was: fully six feet tall, and large proportionally; slow of movement, and inclined to walk with a lounging gait, which somebody has likened to an "elephantine roll." He wore his shirt collar open at the throat, exposing his hairy chest, in decidedly unconventional fashion. His necktie was drawn into a loose knot, or hung free, with serpentine ends coiled away somewhere in his clothing. He was scrupulously neat in person, — "never dressed in black, always dressed freely and clean in strong clothes," according to his own description of himself; head massive, complexion florid-tawny, forehead seamed with wrinkles, which, along with his premature grayness, made him look much older than he was. Mr. Howells, in his *First Impressions of Literary New York*, describes a meeting with him a few months later, that same year (1860), and calls him "the benign old man." Whitman was at that time forty-one.

I did not see him again for three years and a half: meanwhile the Civil War was raging, and in 1862 he went to the front, to nurse his brother, Lieutenant Colonel George W. Whitman, who had been wounded at Fredericksburg. This was the beginning of his hospital work, which became so important an episode in his life.

In the latter part of November, 1863, a fortunate circumstance placed me in friendly relations with Salmon P. Chase, then at the summit of his fame as Secretary of the Treasury in Lincoln's Cabinet, and I became a guest in his house.

I had at that time few acquaintances in Washington. One of the most prized of these was William Douglas O'Connor. He had turned aside from literature, in which we who knew him in the flower of his youthful promise had believed him destined to excel, and entered a department of the government, — one of those vast mausoleums in which so many talents, small and great, have been buried, and brave ambitions have turned quietly to dust. His first employment was in the Treasury; in the Treasury, also, when I first knew him, was that other valiant friend of Whitman's, John Burroughs, who, fortunately for himself and his readers, escaped O'Connor's fate. When O'Connor left the Treasury it was to enter the Light-house Board, where he became head clerk, and sat like a spider in the midst of his web, a coast light at the end of each invisible line, hundreds or thousands of miles away. In those useful radiations the beams of his genius became too deeply immersed to shine otherwise than fitfully in what I always deemed his proper sphere.

I knew of his intimacy with Whitman, and when one day I found him at his office, and had answered his many questions, telling him where I was domiciled, one of the first I asked in return was, "Where's Walt?" — the familiar name by which Whitman was known to his friends.

"What a chance!" said O'Connor, in his ardent way. "Walt is here in Washington, living close by you, within a stone's throw of the Secretary's door. Come to my house on Sunday evening, and I will have him there to meet you."

On seeing him again at O'Connor's, I found Whitman but little changed, except that he was more trimly attired, wearing a loosely fitting but quite elegant suit of black, — yes, black at last! He was in the best of spirits; and I remember with what a superb and joyous pace he swung along the street, between O'Connor and me, as we walked home with him, after ten o'clock.

Diagonally opposite to Chase's great house, on the corner of E and 6th streets, stood one of those old wooden buildings which then and for some years afterwards lingered among the new and handsome blocks rising around them, and made the "city of magnificent distances" also a city of astonishing architectural contrasts. In the fine, large mansion, sumptuously furnished, cared for by sleek and silent colored servants, and thronged by distinguished guests, dwelt the great statesman; in the old tenement opposite, in a bare and desolate back room, up three flights of stairs, quite alone, lived the poet. Walt led the way up those dreary stairs, partly in darkness, found the keyhole of a door which he unlocked and opened, scratched a match, and welcomed us to his garret.

Garret it literally was, containing hardly any more furniture than a bed, a cheap pine table, and a little sheet-iron stove in which there was no fire. A window was open, and it was a December night. But Walt, clearing a chair or two of their litter of newspapers, invited us to sit down and stop awhile, with as simple and sweet hospitality as if he had been offering us the luxuries of the great mansion across the square.

Sit down we did (O'Connor on the bed, as I remember), and "drank delight of battle" over books, the principal subjects being Shakespeare and Walt's own *Leaves of Grass*. Over Shakespeare it was a sort of triangular combat, — O'Connor maintaining the Baconian theory of the authorship of the plays, and Walt joining with me in attacking that chimera. On the other hand, I agreed with O'Connor in his estimate of *Lear* and *Hamlet* and *Othello*, which Walt belittled, preferring the historical plays, and placing *Richard II.* foremost; although he thought all the plays preposterously overrated. Of his own poems ("pomes" he called them) he spoke modestly, listening with interest to frank criticisms of them

(which he always had from me), and disclaiming the profound hidden meanings which O'Connor was inclined to read into some of them. Ordinarily inert and slow of speech, on occasions like this his large and generous nature became suffused with a magnificent glow, which gave one some idea of the heat and momentum that went to the making of his truly great poems; just as his sluggish moods seemed to account for so much of his labored, unleavened work.

O'Connor was a man of unfailing eloquence, whom it was always delightful to listen to, even when the rush of his enthusiasm carried him beyond the bounds of discretion, as it did in the Bacon-Shakespeare business. Whitman's reasoning powers were not remarkable; he did not impress me, then or at any time, as a great intellect; but he was original, intuitive, a seer, and his immense and genial personality gave an interest to everything he said. In my enjoyment of such high discourse, I forgot the cheerless garret, the stove in which there was no fire, the window that remained open (Walt was a "fresh-air fiend"), and my own freezing feet (we all kept on our overcoats). I also forgot that I was a guest at the great house across the quadrangle, and that I was unprovided with a latch key, — a fact of which I was reminded with rather startling unpleasantness, when I left O'Connor at the foot of Walt's stairs, hurried to the Secretary's door, I know not how long after midnight, and found myself locked out. All was still and dark within, except that I could see a light left burning low for me in my own chamber, a tantalizing reminder of the comfort I had exchanged for the bleak, deserted streets. My embarrassment was relieved when I reflected that in those wild war times the Secretary was prepared to receive dispatches at any hour of the night. I rang boldly, as if I had been a messenger bearing tidings of a nation's fate. The vestibule gas

was quickly turned up, and a sleepy-looking colored boy let me in.

Two mornings after this I went by appointment to call on Whitman in his garret. "Don't come before ten o'clock," he had warned me; and it was after ten when I mounted his three flights and knocked at the door of his room, — his terrible room, as I termed it in notes taken at the time.

I found him partly dressed, and preparing his own breakfast. There was a fire in the sheet-iron stove, — the open door showed a few coals, — and he was cutting slices of bread from a baker's loaf with his jackknife, getting them ready for toasting. The smallest of tin teakettles simmering on the stove, a bowl and spoon, and a covered tin cup used as a teapot comprised, with the aforesaid useful jackknife, his entire outfit of visible housekeeping utensils. His sugar bowl was a brown paper bag. His butter plate was another piece of brown paper, the same coarse wrapping in which he had brought home his modest lump from the corner grocery. His cupboard was an oblong pine box, set up a few feet from the floor, opening outward, with the bottom against the wall; the two sides, one above the other, made very good shelves.

I toasted his bread for him on the end of a sharpened stick; he buttered the slices with his jackknife, and poured his tea at a corner of the table cleared for that purpose of its litter of books and newspapers; and while he breakfasted we talked.

His last slice buttered and eaten, he burned his butter plate (showing the advantage of having no dishes to wash), and set his bag of sugar in the cupboard, along with his small parcel of tea; then he brought out from his trunk a package of manuscript poems, which he read to me, and which we discussed, for the next hour.

These were his war pieces, the Drum Taps, then nearly ready for publication. He read them unaffectedly, with force

and feeling, and in a voice of rich but not resonant tones. I was interested not alone in the poems, but also in his own interpretation of the irregular yet often not unrhythmical lines. I did not find in them anything comparable with the greatly moving passages in the earlier *Leaves*: they were more literary in their tone, showing here and there lapses into the conventional poetic diction, which he had flung off so haughtily in the surge of the early impulse. They contained, however, some fine, effective, patriotic, and pathetic chants; and were, moreover, entirely free from the old offenses against propriety. I hoped to be able to persuade some good Boston house to publish the volume, but found, when I came to make the attempt, that no firm would undertake it; and it remained in manuscript until 1865, when Whitman issued it at his own expense.

From that morning, I saw him almost every day or evening as long as I remained in Washington. He was then engaged in his missionary work in the hospitals; talking to the sick and wounded soldiers, reading to them, writing letters for them, cheering and comforting them sometimes by merely sitting silent beside their cots, and perhaps soothing a pallid brow with his sympathetic hand.

He took me two or three times to the great Armory Square Hospital, where I observed his methods of work. I was surprised to learn that he never read to the patients any of his own compositions, and that not one of those I talked with knew him for a poet, or for anybody but plain "Mr. Whitman." I cannot help speaking of one poor fellow, who had asked to see me because Whitman had told him I was the author of one of the pieces he liked to hear read, and who talked to me with tears in his eyes of the comfort Whitman's visits had given him. The pathos of the situation was impressed upon me by the circumstance that his foot was to be amputated within an hour.

Whitman always carried into the wards a few fruits and delicacies, which he distributed with the approval of the surgeons and nurses. He also circulated, among those who were well enough to read, books and periodicals sent to him for that purpose by friends in the North. Sometimes he gave paper and envelopes and postage stamps, and he was never without some good tobacco, to be dispensed in special cases. He never used tobacco himself, but he had compassion for those who had been deprived of that solace, as he had for all forms of suffering. He wrote Washington letters that winter for the *New York Times*, the income from which, together with contributions from Northern friends, enabled him to carry on his hospital work.

Whitman and Chase were the two men I saw most of, at that time, in Washington. I saw Chase daily, at his own table, with his friends and distinguished guests, and had many long walks and talks with him, when we took our morning exercise together before breakfast. That I should know them both familiarly, passing often from the stately residence of the one to the humble lodging of the other, seemed to me a simple and natural thing at the time; it appears much less simple to me now. Great men both, each nobly proportioned in body and stalwart in character, and each invincibly true to his own ideals and purposes; near neighbors, and yet very antipodes in their widely contrasted lives. One princely in his position, dispensing an enormous patronage, the slenderest rill of which would have made life green for the other, struggling along the arid ways of an honorable poverty. Both greatly ambitious: Chase devoutly believing it his right, and likewise his destiny, to succeed Lincoln in the presidency; Whitman aspiring to be for all time the poet of democracy and emancipated manhood, — his simple prayer being, "Give me to speak beautiful words; take all the

rest!" One a conscientious High Churchman, reverencing tradition, and finding ceremonious worship so helpful and solacing that (as he once said to me earnestly) he would have become a Roman Catholic, if he could have brought himself to accept the Romish dogmas; the other believing in the immanent spirit and an ever living inspiration, and as free from all forms and doctrines as Abraham alone with Deity in the desert. For the statesman I had a very great admiration and respect; for the poet I felt a powerful attraction, something like a younger brother's love; and I confess a sweet and secret joy in sometimes stealing away from the company of polished and eminent people in the great house, and crossing over to Walt in his garret, or going to meet him at O'Connor's.

I thought no man more than Whitman merited recognition and assistance from the government, and I once asked him if he would accept a position in one of the departments. He answered frankly that he would. But he believed it improbable that he could get an appointment, although (as he mentioned casually) he had letters of recommendation from Emerson.

There were two of these, and they were especially interesting to me, as I knew something of the disturbed relations existing between the two men, on account of Whitman's indiscreet use of Emerson's famous letter to him, acknowledging the gift copy of the first *Leaves of Grass*. Whitman not only published that letter without the writer's authority, but printed an extract from it, in conspicuous gold, on the back of his second edition,—“I greet you at the beginning of a great career;” thus making Emerson in some sense an indorser not only of the first poems, but of others he had never seen, and which he would have preferred never to see in print. This was an instance of bad taste, but not of intentional bad faith, on the part of Whitman. Talking of it once, he said, in his grand

way: “I supposed the letter was meant to be blazoned; I regarded it as the chart of an emperor.” But Emerson had no thought of acting the imperial part toward so adventurous a voyager. I remember hearing him allude to the incident shortly after that second edition appeared. Speaking of the attention the new poet was attracting, he mentioned an Englishman who had come to this country bringing a letter to Whitman from Monekton Milnes (afterward Lord Houghton). “But,” said Emerson, “hearing that Whitman had not used me well in the matter of letters, he did not deliver it.” He had afterwards made a strenuous effort to induce Whitman to omit certain objectionable passages from his edition of 1860, and failed. And I knew that the later writings of Whitman interested him less and less. “No more evidence of getting into form,” he once remarked, — a singular comment, it may be thought, from one whose own chief defect as a writer seemed to be an imperfect mastery of form.

With these things in mind, I read eagerly the two letters from Emerson recommending Whitman for a government appointment. One was addressed to Senator Sumner; the other, I was surprised and pleased to find, to Secretary Chase. I had but a slight acquaintance with Sumner, and the letter to him I handed back. The one written to Chase I wished to retain, in order to deliver it to the Secretary with my own hands, and with such furthering words as I could summon in so good a cause. Whitman expressed small hope in the venture, and stipulated that in case of the failure he anticipated I should bring back the letter.

As we left the breakfast table, the next morning, I followed the Secretary into his private office, where, after some pleasant talk, I remarked that I was about to overstep a rule I had laid down for myself on entering his house. He said, “What rule?” I replied, “Never to repay your hospitality by

asking of you any official favor." He said I need n't have thought it necessary to make that rule, for he was always glad to do for his friends such things as he was constantly called upon to do for strangers. Then I laid before him the Whitman business. He was evidently impressed by Emerson's letter, and he listened with interest to what I had to say of the man and his patriotic work. But he was troubled. "I am placed," he said, "in a very embarrassing position. It would give me great pleasure to grant this request, out of my regard to Mr. Emerson;" and he was gracious enough to extend the courtesy of this "regard" to me, also. But then he went on to speak of *Leaves of Grass* as a book that had made the author notorious; and I found that he judged it, as all but a very few persons then did, not independently, on its own epoch-making merits, but by conventional standards of taste and propriety. He had understood that the writer was a rowdy, — "one of the roughs," — according to his descriptions of himself.

I said, "He is as quiet a gentleman in his manners and conversation as any guest who enters your door."

He replied: "I am bound to believe what you say; but his writings have given him a bad repute, and I should not know what sort of a place to give to such a man," — with more to the same purpose.

I respected his decision, much as I regretted it; and, persuaded that nothing I could urge would induce him to change it, I said I would relieve him of all embarrassment in the business by withdrawing the letter. He glanced again at the signature, hesitated, and made this surprising response: —

"I have nothing of Emerson's in his handwriting, and I shall be glad to keep this."

I thought it hardly fair, but as the letter was addressed to him, and had passed into his hands, I could n't well reclaim it against his wishes.

Whitman seemed really to have formed some hopes of the success of my mission, after I had undertaken it, as he showed when I went to give him an account of my interview with the Secretary. He took the disappointment philosophically, but indulged in some sardonic remarks regarding Chase and his department. "He is right," he said, "in preserving his saints from contamination by a man like me!" But I stood up for the Secretary, as, with the Secretary, I had stood up for Whitman. Could any one be blamed for taking the writer of *Leaves of Grass* at his word when, in his defiance of conventionality, he had described himself as "rowdyish," "disorderly," and worse? "I cock my hat as I please, indoors and out," I quoted. Walt laughed, and said, "I don't blame him; it's about what I expected." He asked for the letter, and showed his amused disgust when I explained how it had been pocketed by the Secretary.

I should probably have had no difficulty in securing the appointment if I had withheld Emerson's letter, and called my friend simply Mr. Whitman, or Mr. Walter Whitman, without mentioning *Leaves of Grass*. But I felt that the Secretary, if he was to appoint him, should know just whom he was appointing; and Whitman was the last person in the world to shirk the responsibility of having written an audacious book.

Whether the same candor was used in procuring for him a clerkship in the Interior Department, to which he was appointed later, I do not know. He had been for some time performing the duties of that position, without exciting any other comment than that he performed them well, when a new Secretary, coming in under Johnson, and discovering that the grave and silent man at a certain desk was the author of a reprehensible book, dismissed him unceremoniously.

It was this incident that called out from O'Connor his brilliant monograph,

The Good Gray Poet, in which Whitman was so eloquently vindicated, and the Secretary received so terrible a scourging. What seemed for a time unmitigated ill fortune proved to be a very good thing for Whitman. He was soon after appointed to a better place in the office of the Attorney-General, and he himself used to say that it was O'Connor's defense that turned the tide in his favor; meaning the tide of criticism and public opinion, which had until then set so tremendously against him. O'Connor's pamphlet was followed, two years later (1867), by John Burroughs's *Walt Whitman as Poet and Person*. Countless other publications on the same inexhaustible theme have appeared since, — reviews, biographies, personal recollections, studies of Walt Whitman; a recent Study by Burroughs himself; volumes of eulogy and exegesis, commentary and controversy, wise and foolish; a whole library of Whitman literature, in English, French, German, and other languages. There are Walt Whitman Societies and Fellowships, and at least one periodical is devoted mainly to Whitmanana.

I saw Whitman many times in Washington, after that memorable season of 1863; again when he came to Boston to deliver his lecture on Lincoln; and lastly in his Camden home, where the feet of many pilgrims mounted the steps that led to his door, and where an infirm but serene old age closed the "great career" Emerson had been the first to acclaim.

All this time I have watched with deep interest the growth of his influence and the change in public opinion regarding him. To me, now almost the sole survivor among his earliest friends and adherents, wonderful indeed seems that change since the first thin quarto edition of the *Leaves* appeared, in 1855. If noticed at all by the critics, it was, with rare exceptions, to be ridiculed and reviled; and Emerson himself suffered abuse for pronouncing it "the

most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom America had yet contributed." Even so accomplished a man of letters as James Russell Lowell saw in it nothing but commonplace tricked out with eccentricity. I remember walking with him once in Cambridge, when he pointed out a doorway sign, "Groceries," with the letters set zigzag, to produce a bizarre effect. "That," said he, "is Walt Whitman, — with very common goods inside." It was not until his writings became less prophetic, and more consciously literary in their aim, that Lowell and scholars of his class began to see something besides oddity in Whitman, and his popularity widened.

That such a change took place in his writings Whitman himself was aware. Once when I confessed to him that nothing in the later poems moved me like some of the great passages in the earlier editions, he replied: "I am not surprised. I do not suppose I shall ever again have the afflatus I had in writing the first *Leaves of Grass*." One evening he was reading to O'Connor and me some manuscript pieces, inviting our comments, when he came to the line, —

"No poem proud I, chanting, bring to thee."

"Why do you say 'poem proud'?" I asked. "You never would have said that in the first *Leaves of Grass*."

"What would I have said?" he inquired.

"I bring to you no proud poem," I replied.

O'Connor cried out, in his vehement way, "That's so, Walt, — that's so!"

"I think you are right," Walt admitted, and he read over the line, which I looked to see changed when the poem came to be printed; but it appeared without alteration. It occurs in *Lo, Viêtress on the Peaks*, an address to Liberty, for which word he uses the Spanish "*Libertad*," — another thing with which I found fault, and which I hoped to see changed. I will say here that I do not believe Whitman ever changed a line or a word to please

anybody. In answer to criticism, he would sometimes maintain his point; at others, he would answer, in his tolerant, candid way, "I guess you are right," or, "I rather think it is so;" but even when apparently convinced, he would stand by his faults. His use of words and phrases from foreign languages, which he began in his 1856 edition, and which became a positive offense in that of 1860, he continued in the face of all remonstrance, and would not even correct errors into which his ignorance of those languages had betrayed him. In one of his most ambitious poems, *Chanting the Square Deific*, he translates our good English "Holy Spirit" into "Santa Spirita," meant for Italian; but in that language the word for "spirit" is masculine, and the form should have been "Spirito Santo," with the adjective correspondingly masculine. William Rossetti, who edited a volume of selections from *Leaves of Grass* for the British public, pointed this out in a letter to Whitman, who, in talking of it with me, acknowledged the blunder; yet through some perversity he allowed it to pass on into subsequent editions.

In these editions Whitman showed that he was not averse to making changes; he was always rearranging the contents, mixing up the early with the later poems, and altering titles, to the confusion of the faithful. Now and then he would interject into some familiar passage of the old pieces a phrase or a line in his later manner, strangely discordant to an ear of any discrimination. A good example is this, where to the original lines, —

"My rendezvous is appointed, it is certain,
The Lord will be there, and wait till I come,
on perfect terms," —

he adds this third line, —

"The great Camerado, the lover true for whom
I pine, will be there," —

a tawdry patch on the strong original homespun. The French "rendezvous" in the first line is legitimate, having

been adopted into our language because it expresses something for which we have no other single word, and Whitman would be a benefactor had he enriched our vernacular in that way. But "camerado" — of which he seems to have become very fond, using it wherever he had a chance — is neither French (camarade) nor Spanish (camarada), nor anything else, to my mind, but a malformed substitute for our good and sufficient word "comrade." "Lover true," like "poem proud," is of a piece with those "stock poetical touches" which he used to say he had great trouble in leaving out of his first *Leaves*, but which here, as in other places, he went back and deliberately wrote into them.

For another set of changes to which I objected he was able to give a reason, though a poor one. In the *Poem of Faces*, "the old face of the mother of many children" has this beautiful setting: —

"Lulled and late is the smoke of the Sabbath
morning,
It hangs low over the rows of trees by the
fences,
It hangs thin by the sassafras, the wild cherry,
and the cat-brier under them."

"Smoke of the Sabbath morning" he altered, after the first two editions, to "smoke of the First Day morning." In like manner, elsewhere, "the field-sprouts of April and May" was changed to "the field-sprouts of Fourth Month and Fifth Month;" "the short last daylight of December" to "the short last daylight of Twelfth Month," and so on, — all our good old pagan names for the months and days, wherever they occurred in the original *Leaves*, being reduced to numbers, in plain Quaker fashion, or got rid of in some other way. "I mind how we lay in June" became "I mind how we once lay;" and

"The exquisite, delicate-thin curve of the new
moon in May" —

a most exquisite and most delicate line, it may be observed in passing — was

made to read, not "new moon in Fifth Month" (that would have been a little too bad), but "new moon in spring." I thought all of these alterations unfortunate, except perhaps the last; nearly all involving a sacrifice of euphony or of atmosphere in the lines. When I remonstrated against what seemed an affectation, he told me that he was brought up among Quakers; but I considered that too narrow a ground for the throwing out of words in common use among all English-speaking peoples except a single sect. To my mind, it was another proof that in matters of taste and judgment he was extremely fallible, and capable of doing unwise and wayward things for the sake of a theory or of a caprice.

In one important particular he changed, if not his theory, at least his practice. After the edition of 1860 he became reserved upon the one subject tabooed in polite society, the free treatment of which he had declared essential to his scheme of exhibiting in his poems humanity entire and undraped. For just six years, from 1855 to 1860 only, he illustrated that theory with arrogant defiance; then no further exemplifications of it appeared in all his prose and verse for more than thirty years, or as long as he continued to write. It was a sudden and significant change, which was, however, covered from observation in the reshuffling of the Leaves. In thus reëditing the earlier poems, he quietly dropped out a few of the most startling lines, and would, I believe, have canceled many more, but his pride was adamant to anything that seemed a concession.

No doubt Whitman suffered some impairment of his mental faculties in the long years of his invalidism. He is said to have gone over to the Bacon side of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy, and even to have accepted the Donnelly cipher. How confused his memory became on one subject of paramount interest is evinced by a passage in his *Backward Glance o'er Trav-*

el'd Roads, where he says of the beginnings of *Leaves of Grass* that, although he had "made a start before," all might have come to naught — "almost positively would have come to naught" — but for the stimulus he received from the "sights and scenes" of the secession war. To make this more emphatic, he adds the astounding assertion, "Without those three or four years [1862 to 1865], and the experiences they gave, *Leaves of Grass* would not now be existing." Whereas he had only to look at his title-pages to see that not his first, nor his second, but his *third* edition, comprising the larger and by far the most important part of his poetic work, was published in 1860, months before the first gun of the war was fired or a single state had seceded. After this, we need not wonder that he forgot he had read Emerson before writing his first *Leaves*.

When Whitman's genius flows, his unhampered lines suit his purpose as no other form of verse could do. The thought is sometimes elusive, hiding in metaphor and suggestion, but the language is direct, idiomatic, swift, its torrent force and copiousness justifying his disregard of rhyme and metre; indeed, it has often a wild, swinging rhythm of its own. But when no longer impelled by the stress of meaning and emotion, it becomes strained and flavorless, and, at its worst, involved, parenthetical, enfeebled by weak inversions.

There are the same disturbing inequalities in his prose as in his verse. The preface to his first edition exhibits the masterful characteristics of his great poems; indeed, much of that preface made very good *Leaves*, when he afterwards rewrote it in lines and printed it as poetry. At its worst, his prose is lax and slovenly, or it takes on ruggedness to simulate strength, and jars and jolts like a farm wagon on stony roads. Some of his published letters are slipshod in their composition, and in their disregard of capitalization and punctuation, almost to the verge of illiteracy.

Had William Shakespeare left any authentic writings as empty of thought and imagination, and void of literary value, as some of the Calamus letters, they would have afforded a better argument than any we now have against his authorship of the plays. Perhaps some future tilter at windmills will attempt to prove that the man we know as Walt Whitman was an uncultured impostor, who had obtained possession of a mass of powerful but fragmentary writings by some unknown man of genius, which he exploited, pieced together, and mixed up with compositions of his own.

But after all deductions it remains to be unequivocally affirmed that Whitman stands as a great original force in our literature; perhaps one of the greatest. Art, as exemplified by such poets as Longfellow and Tennyson, he has little or none; but in the free play of his power he produces the effect of an art beyond art. His words are often steeped in the very sentiment of the themes they touch, and suggest more than they express. He has largeness

of view, an all-including optimism, boundless love and faith. To sum all in a sentence, I should say that his main purpose was to bring into his poems Nature, with unflinching realism,—especially Nature's divine masterpiece, Man; and to demonstrate that everything in Nature and in Man, all that he is, feels, and observes, is worthy of celebration by the poet; not in the old, selective, artificial poetic forms, but with a freedom of method commensurate with Nature's own amplitude and unconstraint. It was a grand conception, an intrepid revolt against the established canons of taste and art, a challenge and a menace to the greatest and most venerated names. That the attempt was not so foolhardy as at first appeared, and that it has not been altogether a failure, the growing interest in the man and his work sufficiently attests; and who can say how greatly it might have succeeded, if adequate judgment had reinforced his genius, and if his inspiration had continued as long as he continued to write?

John Townsend Trowbridge.

TWO TENDENCIES IN MODERN MUSIC.

TSCHAIKOWSKY AND BRAHMS.

I.

WHEN musical criticism tries to explain or interpret the inner meaning, what may be called the emotional gist of music, it exposes itself to grave dangers. In the first place, it easily degenerates into glib and meaningless cant about "the higher life" and "the harmony of the spheres." The critic, once he admits metaphysic into his calculations, is apt to ignore technique, to forget that music is an art, and to lose himself in a maze of edifying platitude. On the other hand, if he escapes this pitfall, and sets himself soberly to

examine the actual effects of music, he is now in danger of conceiving his task too ambitiously, and fancying that a commentary can be as eloquent as a creation. Not content to describe effects, he wishes to produce them. He mistakes his own use, which is, after all, not to fire the imagination, but to direct the attention. If, however, a musical critic, while treating his subject in a humane and untechnical spirit, avoids the visionary and the over-expressive, he does a work well worth doing; he helps intelligent laymen to penetrate the husk of music and get at its precious kernel.

Two tendencies in the music of our day — tendencies definite and strongly contrasted — seem susceptible of such treatment. To attempt a rough provisional definition, we may say that there is noticeable in modern music, first, an effort to express emotions more directly, more poignantly, and with less of the restraint imposed by non-emotional considerations than ever before. Music becomes, above all, the language of mood, an utterance passionate and wayward. But, secondly, this tendency is opposed by another, which seeks, not a more intense expression of feeling, but a more highly organized type of beauty. Music, it says, in order to progress, must seek no outer bond, no power dependent on association; it must aim rather at a greater perfection, increasing differentiation of inner means and effects, a unity built upon wider variety, a symmetry more many-sided and complex. In brief, one ideal of music is emotional expression; another is plastic beauty. Let us add at once that these are the ideals of the two greatest composers of our time, Tschai-kowsky and Brahms, in whose works the two phases of art can be best exemplified and interpreted.

That both phases have their place and justification we hope to show as we go on. The undoubted greatness of both our composers, the undoubtedly deep appeal made by the work of both, must indeed convince us at once that there are reasons in the nature of things for their two kinds of power. Music, as a matter of fact, makes its appeal like the other arts, partly by expression, and partly through its formal or plastic beauty. On this double aspect of artistic appeal we must here linger a moment.

In all arts there is more or less conflict between beauty, the aim of the art as an art, and expression, its necessary condition as a human instrument. Beauty is the result of harmony with inner needs (the fundamental needs of the mind for clearness, propor-

tion, symmetry, contrast, and so on); but expression, which necessitates relation with outer facts, too often throws out this harmony. Thus, for example, the poet, in order to express his thought, must often use words either harsh and discordant in themselves, or cheapened by vulgar associations; beauty becomes a victim on the altar of expression. Or again, the landscape painter has to choose whether he will represent a given tree in its actual position, thereby injuring the balance of his picture, or place it where beauty would have it, thereby abating the truth of his expression. Such dilemmas illustrate the conflict that always exists in the real world between inner need and outer fact. Stubborn maladjustments of material are ever hindering the representative artist in his pursuit of beauty.

Such maladjustments, however, are at their minimum in the art of music. The material it deals with is not objective, given as brute fact, alien to the mind, and therefore in defective harmony with it. For the hierarchy of tone, extending not in space and time, like the physical world of poetry, painting, and sculpture, but in pitch only, immaterial, with all its relations predetermined by the laws of the mind that creates it, — this hierarchy of tone is but an outward projection of the perceiving mind: here, therefore, subject and object are in preadjusted harmony. Stated in so abstract a form, the point is rather difficult; and, unhappily, the concrete facts involved, both acoustical and psychological, are complex and numerous: but if the reader will reflect that all the relations of harmony, melody, and rhythm — that is to say, all the relations of music — have been founded by the laws of the human mind, expressing themselves historically in the selection and disposal of the twelve tones of our scale, with such relations to each other as consonance, dissonance, and the like, he will get a general notion how mu-

sical material is ductile to the creative mind as no wholly external material can be.

Looked at in the light of this analysis, musical history is seen to be in large part the gradual and tentative establishment of inner principles of structure that to-day we accept almost as we accept the sun and moon, — as facts of nature. They were not facts of nature until human nature made them so. Each was the object of a long probation; it had to prove its validity before it could be incorporated in tradition. Few thoughts are more fascinating in their implications or can lead one further in fruitful study than this of the mind of man painfully finding itself, day by day making excursions into its own nature, and gradually placing in the light eternal facts that grew in the darkness. Could the major third be heard as a consonance? Could the natural tendency of a melody note to pass to its nearest neighbor be overcome by a momentum established in the opposite direction? Was the memory span large enough to grasp relations of form broader than any heretofore used? The answers to such questions, asked for the most part, of course, unconsciously or subconsciously, determined the present status and resources of music.

It is as a continuation of this work of the musicians of all time toward greater organization of their medium, with increased differentiation of parts and wealth of plastic beauty, that we must conceive the work of Brahms. Sebastian Bach, adopting an equally tempered scale, which opened up to him and his successors all the new wealth of unfettered modulation through twelve keys, was followed by Beethoven, who perfected the musical organism of interdependent and contrasting themes. Then Brahms, unmistakably a member of the same series, discovered new possibilities of key relationship as a means for organizing thought, magnified the formal

scheme of Beethoven, and, most important of all, so developed the means for rhythmical evolution and variation of motifs as to attain a type of organic beauty quite unprecedented in its complexity and perfection. When Von Bülow devised his musical creed, of which the trinity was Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, he probably had in mind, however unconsciously, the creative trait that their work shares. They made not only their individual works of art; they made, or modified, the very material of art itself.

And this concern of theirs with the inner symmetry of the musical fabric stamped all their work with a quality for which critics have adopted the word "classic." Whatever impression of particular feeling a classic work may make upon us, whatever its special burden of expression, we find always that this special expression comes to us with a peculiar dignity of effect, a largeness and grandeur of utterance, a purity reflected from the vehicle itself, which impresses us constantly and profoundly, and *under* which, so to speak, we find the more particular burden of the piece. A Bach fugue may be quick and light, like that in G major in the first book of the Well-Tempered Clavichord, or it may be solemn, grievous, and weighted with earnest meaning, like the B-flat minor fugue in the same book; Beethoven will follow up a slow movement of the sternest solemnity with a finale built on a rustic jig; Brahms will put the lightest, most gracious sentiment into a folk song like the "Tell me, O beauteous shepherdess," or fill a piece to the brim with stormy and turgid passion as he has done in part of his first Rhapsody. Yet in all these cases we feel that the sentiments we have named are of secondary importance; that the true character and value of the piece comes from the larger emotion that overlies them all, — the emotion we feel when we recognize pure beauty, when we see that the piece is well wrought and fair in proportion, full of

that *κοσμος*, or order, which was the dearest of all qualities to the most artistic of all peoples.

Of this general emotion exhaling from any work of beauty, and always underlying the appeal of classic art, we shall have more to say after a while. For the present we must observe, first, that it proceeds from the prearranged harmony between subject and object which, as we have shown, happily exists to a peculiar degree in music; but, secondly, that emotions themselves, nevertheless, the "object" of music, may take on an independence that shall break this harmony, in which event we shall find music at the same disadvantage as the other arts. For so soon as emotions are recognized as being expressed in music one may set one's attention on these emotions for themselves, and one's artistic aim may be, not to preserve the classic harmony between emotion and its expression, but rather to intensify the expression of the emotion at any cost. The conflict which exists for the painter between "truth to nature" in the position of his tree and artistic felicity in the balance of his composition is now introduced for the musician as between exhaustiveness in expressing his emotion and inner beauty or concinnity in his tonal fabric. In any such dilemma, the Brahms type of composer prefers to sacrifice the first desideratum in favor of the second; but there is another type which gives its entire allegiance to emotional expression, and values music less for its formal beauty than for its dramatic power.

Of this type Tschaikowsky is a striking example. His ideals are not the classic ideals. He is a poet and humanist who, finding in music an eloquent voice for the ardent and noble emotion he wishes to express, seizes upon it without further reflection, and proceeds to use it for his purposes. In his hands it becomes, in truth, a wonderfully powerful and persuasive language. It is frenzied, it is yearning, it is gracious, it is despairing. Above

and through all, it is always direct in its appeal, always the expression of a mood; always a language, in short, and never a form. It does not arouse in us the classic emotion, the happiness in pure beauty, but it says to us a thousand things that are moving, vital, tragic. It has stood at the parting of the ways, and, without knowing what it did, has sacrificed the perfect adjustment between the form and the content of music, in order to magnify and in a sense humanize the latter. And it has met with undoubted, if partial success. Whether it can ever justify itself, like classic music; whether it is in the same degree "conformable to the nature of things," we shall see as we progress. At present it is chiefly important to note that Tschaikowsky stands for a definite attitude toward art, sharply contrasted with that of Brahms and the classicists. These we may imagine formulating their musical creed in the words of Keats:—

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet
breathing."

To which Tschaikowsky, a soul less at unity with itself, if not less noble, may retort with Browning:—

"Only I discern
Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn."

II.

But turning away from general principles for a little, it is time to show how their operation is observable in the works of our two composers. Our thesis, we must remember, is that Brahms is ever aiming at beautiful organization in his musical fabric, while Tschaikowsky strives rather for poignant emotional effectiveness. The contrast appears already when we compare two characteristic phrases, — such, for example, as the opening phrases of the

well-known songs *The Sapphic Ode* and *Nur Wer die Sehnsucht Kennt*. Here we are dealing with elements, with irreducible units back of which we cannot go; for the phrase is in music what the simple sentence of noun and verb is in language,—it is the thought-germ, from which all higher forms are developed. Technically, the phrase is to be defined as a series of notes ending in a “cadence,” a device of which the reader need understand no more than that it clinches and completes the melodic sense much as a verb clinches and completes the grammatical sense. A phrase is thus the mould of a musical idea, and the smallest complete unit of musical thought. The initial phrase of the Brahms song contains a dozen notes, that of Tschai-kowsky one less; they are thus nearly of the same size, and the time measure is the same: but here the similarity ceases. Their characteristic effects are entirely dissimilar. The first is an epitome of all the large dignity, the breadth, the calm and genial humanity, of the German composer; the second is instinct with the nervous emotion of the more expressive Slav. The first is deliberate, the second restless; the first fluent and gracious, the second angular and passionate. In a word, the varying traits of the two masters are here clearly present in the fundamental and primitive elements of their work. Cut off the smallest sample, each stuff is unmistakably itself.

Looking now a little more closely, we can see certain technical differences that are not unworthy of study. There is, for instance, a marked contrast in the harmonic bases of the two phrases. Brahms builds his sentence entirely on the most primitive of all chords, the tonic and dominant triads. Of the first nine notes, all but one brief passing-note belong to the tonic chord; the remaining three notes make up the familiar and universal “authentic cadence.” Tschai-kowsky, on the other hand, begins with an extreme disso-

nance, changes harmony in each of his four measures, and ends with a formula of dubious cadential virtue, in an alien key. Again, the melodic lines are of different types, Brahms proceeding by simple leaps or by steps in the natural scale line, Tschai-kowsky commencing with the downward leap of a seventh, and continuing after a somewhat serated fashion until he gets to the last half of his phrase, which is quietly diatonic. Obviously, the two phrases are strikingly different both in harmonic basis and in melodic curve. And though examples selected like these to illustrate a special line of argument may well exaggerate the differences they reveal, yet no one familiar with the melodic methods of the two men can fail to see that such differences are indeed far-reaching and thoroughgoing, and must ultimately depend on deeply rooted psychic habits. We shall hope to show, as we go on, that they do indeed depend upon an impulsive appetite in Tschai-kowsky for immediately impressive effects, and upon an instinctive sense in Brahms of the superior availability of simple, almost commonplace material for that many-sided and ingenious development to which he submitted his ideas in the effort to attain breadth, complexity of structure, and symmetry of form.

We may first, however, pause a moment to compare the status of the two composers at this initial stage of their creation. Idea for idea, phrase for phrase, Tschai-kowsky has in some respects the advantage,—an advantage upon which depends much of that current popular criticism which is so dithyrambic in its praise of the Russian, and so sweeping in its condemnation of the “dryness” and “pedantry” of Brahms. As a matter of fact, the simplicity of Brahms is not always a source of strength. If at its best it is incomparably noble and elevated, at its less than best it is frequently bare, empty, and trite. As even Wordsworth can nod to the extent of writing

Peter Bell, so even Brahms can give us pages of aridity like the opening of the Scherzo of the A-major Quartet, built on what an irreverent young musician called "one of Brahms's scrapbasket themes." To Brahms, we must remember, a theme is not so much a thought as a tonal pattern capable of interesting manipulation, and such capability does not at all involve intrinsic interest. The interest may well be all secondary and derivative; it may ensue only when the manipulator begins to use his skill; it may, as some one has cleverly said, "steam out of the materials." And many a theme that thus begins to simmer with interest when Brahms fairly gets at work upon it is in its first estate entirely cold and lifeless. Again, even in his working out Brahms occasionally falls a victim to his own skill, and in building a structure of consummate polyphonic virtuosity quite forgets that art must please. A fair critic can hardly deny that the accusation of dryness so often heard against Brahms has some basis in fact.

Tschaikowsky's themes, on the contrary, always the creatures of emotional impulse (except the themes of his early symphonies, which can hardly be the creatures of anything but intellectual chaos), have generally an appealing freshness and vitality. He seldom opens his mouth without saying something. Thus, the phrase we have been considering from the song *Nur Wer die Sehnsucht Kennt* immediately enlists the hearer's interest, and wins him by its sincerity and abandon. The classicist, whose effects depend on his skill in ordering and combining, sinks whenever these means fail him into mere dullness. But the romanticist, who strives only to express himself, is always just as interesting as what he has to say. Indeed, one of the most admirable of Tschaikowsky's qualities is the high intellectual self-respect that keeps him always loyal to the dictates of his imagination. His conception of music is that it should express poetic or impassioned states of

mind, and he never puts ink on paper without at least attempting such expression. That he has amply succeeded we know. As standing proofs, we have the last three Symphonies, the E-flat minor String Quartet, the orchestral Suites, the *Romeo and Juliet* Overture, and other works of the greatest originality. In all these compositions we find the utmost frankness and directness; there is none of the occasional dryness of Brahms; every note is vital with imaginative life.

One gets an interesting side light on Tschaikowsky's sincerity in his artistic faith from his own criticism of Brahms. "There is something dry, cold, vague, and nebulous in the work of this master," he says, "which is repellent to Russian hearts. . . . Hearing his music, we ask ourselves, Is Brahms deep, or does he only desire to have the semblance of depth in order to mask the poverty of his imagination? This question is never satisfactorily answered." "It is all very serious," he continues, "very distinguished, apparently even original, but in spite of all this the chief thing is lacking, — beauty!" This one *sine qua non* of beauty, however his conception of it might differ from that of Brahms, Tschaikowsky never forgot to strive for. But to him it was not a matter of formal structure, the cumulative result of order and symmetry in the parts, but rather a sudden effluence of passion, a "fine, careless rapture," coming and going with the breath of inspiration, and not to be wrought or harnessed. To others art might be craftsmanship; to him it was an obsession, or it was nothing.

We pass now at once to the consideration of those larger cyclical forms produced by the evolution of the germinal phrases: here, as we should expect, where the element of craftsmanship becomes so much more important, Brahms has the advantage of Tschaikowsky. By virtue of the simplicity of his original themes, much more suited to manipulation than the other's florid and

characteristic ideas, as well as through his consummate mastery of technique, he attains a cumulative growth of interest and a homogeneity of effect which Tchaikowsky's methods cannot give.

Let us take, for analysis, that wonderful masterpiece of musical architecture, that perfect monument of grace and strength, the first movement of the D-major Symphony, Opus 73. Here, as in the Sapphic Ode, the first phrase, germ of the most varied and extended organism, is founded entirely upon the tonic and dominant harmonies. In rhythm it is almost equally simple, consisting of a motif of one half- and one quarter-note, repeated twice, and of another motif of three quarter-notes cadencing into a half-note. We may call these motifs, to which we must refer again, A and B. Though only a systematic, detailed analysis of the movement could reveal the full scope of Brahms's invention in dealing with these simple motifs, a briefer study will suffice to set before us his most salient devices and effects. The reader will forgive the necessary technical details, remembering that nothing is pedantic which enables us to trace the workings of the creative mind.

After the first announcement of his theme, Brahms works down into a subordinate idea entering at the forty-fourth measure. In calming down for this entrance he gives us a charming example of how he can make his motifs serve him. The three quarter-notes of motif B, without the final half-note, occur sporadically in measures thirty-five and thirty-nine, and then, doubled into half-notes, the deliberateness of which effects a skillful retardation, they occur once more, just before the new theme, in measures forty-two and forty-three. This doubling up of time values, termed "augmentation," is a favorite device with Brahms. After fifteen measures of his new theme he reverts to motif B (this time in its complete estate), tossing it from soprano to bass, and presently letting the soprano take

it in "diminution," the reverse of augmentation, while the bass executes a rhythmic variant of motif A. But Brahms has not yet by any means exhausted the potentialities of these three notes; before he gets very far into the development of his material he lets the trombones play tag with them. The first trombone gives them out in their normal position in the measure; before he is through, the second enters with them on beat three; and the third steps on his heels by blaring them out on beat two of the next measure. Just before the "return" of his theme Brahms subjects motif A to a similar displacement, shortening it to two quarter-notes so that he can introduce it three times in two measures, with a very curious effect of contorted accentuation. With these examples of his three favorite methods of motival metamorphosis, augmentation, diminution, and displacement in the measure, we must rest content; but any reader who will continue the research for himself will find many other interesting and beautiful devices. Our main effort here is to show how fertile is Brahms in evolving the novel from the simple, and how by so doing he weaves a fabric of quite inimitable homogeneity and richness. This movement, with its constantly ramifying melodic pattern, with its ceaseless germination of idea, beginning with the two simple motifs, and ending with the lovely coda in which they are wrought to their final adjustment, is a masterpiece of concinnity and organic beauty.

We find, then, that whatever may be the bareness of Brahms's initial themes, his after treatment of them is for two reasons masterly: (1) because, owing partly to this very simplicity of his material, and partly to his enormous technical skill, he is able to make his themes evolve and develop as he proceeds; (2) because, by means of his ingenuity in the transformation of motifs, he is able to superimpose all needful variety of detail on a solid, constant basis. Whatever his diversities of

rhythmical figure, his fundamental pulse persists throughout, binding every part to every other. His work is admirably coherent. These two qualities of growth and coherence are what make us consider Brahms so great a master of organic beauty.

Turning now to Tschaiakowsky, we find an entirely different mode of procedure. For purposes of comparison, perhaps a fairer choice than the *Pathétique* would be the Fifth Symphony, in E minor, a highly characteristic work that is at the same time conceived within the conventional symphonic mould. What could be more charming, and yet more utterly polar to the Brahms style, than the tripping and piquant first theme, in syncopated rhythm, given out by the clarinets and bassoons against a steadily recurrent pulse in the strings? The whole air of it is gracious, genial, and unpremeditated. Yet as it proceeds one begins to feel that, after all, perhaps it is too complete and delightful; that its primary individuality is so great that no features can be added. Like Athena, it came forth complete in the first place from the brain of Zeus, and now it can evolve no new lineaments. Accordingly, it receives but a perfunctory polyphonic treatment; and even when we reach the triple fortissimo, where it comes out in all the wind and upper strings, with an effective descending bass, we still find in it, one must fear, more smoke than fire. It cannot evolve, because it was full-fledged at the outset.

Tschaiakowsky himself evidently shares our dissatisfaction, for he now quickly enters upon a new theme, a subsidiary in B minor. At this point, moreover, he begins to show himself weak in coherence. Coming shortly to where he sees the opportunity for a poignant phrase on the violins and 'celli, he gives the cue for a slower tempo, which, however, he immediately accelerates back into the original pulse; a little later comes a curious dialogue be-

tween wind and strings, marked *Un pochettino più animato*; but hardly has he got into that before he is off again, this time on the beautiful and noble cantabile second theme, which he marks *Molto più tranquillo*, and for which he even assigns a new metronome number. Each of these themes is delightful in itself: but the point to notice is that their variety is not superimposed upon unity; it is a variety without unity. In the last analysis, such variety is always inimical to any real homogeneity or coherence in the piece as a whole. One has only to apply the somewhat brutal test of playing the movement through with a metronome to find that its themes do not really belong together, in the sense that they combine to form a musical organism. They represent successive phases of mood, and have only the interconnection that comes from the train of thought that gave them birth. Any deeper bond of union, such as is secured by a common metrical basis, they lack.

That this crumbling of the structure, so to speak, is an inevitable result of Tschaiakowsky's attitude toward art we shall realize the moment we reflect that themes which are primarily the expressions of feeling must share all the diversity and waywardness of feeling. Each theme will be beautiful, because it is the effluence of a noble personality; but all will be heterogeneous just in proportion to the many-sidedness of that personality. Here is the reason for the frequent cues of tempo; Tschaiakowsky finishes with one mood and begins with another. And note further that so long as he stays in one mood his phrases are all alike; there is monotony of rhythm because the division is so regular, phrase answering phrase as in a wall paper figure answers figure. All the variety will come at the points of transition. Whereas with Brahms, on the contrary, all the variety is the product of varying metres, phrases of divers lengths, superimposed on one uniform time measure.

A good way to clarify this rather abstruse distinction will be by means of analogy with the metrics of verse. Tchaikowsky's effect is comparable to that of a poet who should write half a dozen lines of iambic pentameter, then, say, a Spenserian stanza, and end with a sheaf of Alexandrines; maintaining rigidly the mould of each, and passing from one to the other by sudden transition. On the other hand, Brahms, like Milton in *Paradise Lost* or Keats in *Endymion*, chooses first a definite measure, and then seeks to vary it all he can by manifold minor displacements and adjustments within it. His augmentations and diminutions, his shiftings of a motif within the measure, his phrases of varying length, are similar in effect to the licenses of omission or interpolation of syllables, the momentary subordination of verse accent to word accent, that give the verse of Keats its marvelous music. Let the reader, turning back to the lines we have quoted from *Endymion*, note the feminine endings of the first two and the last, the dactylic opening of the third, the strong stress that begins the fifth, and the hovering of emphasis over the words "sweet dreams:" with all this variety there goes perfect unity, — each line has its five accents. "The poet," says Mr. Gummere, in his *Handbook of Poetics*, "plans his verse as an architect plans a building, — with a general idea of the style and effect intended. The majority of his verses will convey the impression of a definite scheme. This scheme he may follow with great fidelity or with great license; *but he cannot in any case follow it absolutely*. First, he will intentionally deviate from it, in order to give variety to his verse. . . . Secondly, he involuntarily deviates from the scheme by reason of the laws of language itself." It is in precisely the same way that the skillful musician will constantly deviate from absolute regularity of rhythm, partly in order to attain variety, and partly constrained by

his motifs, which are to him what words are to the poet. Says Mr. Gummere, later in his book: "It is the mutual relations of the metrical scheme and the word-groups which give character to rhythm. We have already noticed this strife between type and individual, between unity and variety, and the beauty which results when a true poet is in the question."

The reader will now understand more clearly, we trust, the justification a critic has in saying that Tchaikowsky gives us a variety without unity or coherence, and that Brahms, always superimposing the diversity of individual motifs on the uniformity of his typical measure, thus attains true organic structure.

III.

We have now traced, however inadequately, the technical differences that underlie the contrasts we started with between music which aims at beauty and music which aims at expression. The full and unrestrained expression of each emotion, we have discovered, throws out inevitably the harmony of the piece as a whole; we cannot have in one work the maximum of emotional expressiveness and the maximum of organic perfection. Tchaikowsky is liable to incoherence, Brahms to dryness.

We have, moreover, hinted our conviction that if the two qualities are indeed mutually exclusive, and if each composer must choose between them, the choice of Brahms seems the wiser, because the quality he seeks is more germane to the genius of music. What we have described as the "classic emotion," the product of a prearranged adjustment between the artistic form and the perceiving mind, is possible to music in a higher degree than to any other art, because the material of music is less external to the mind than any other material. Accordingly, that musician is the wisest who builds his effects on precisely this adjustment, who trusts more to the appeal of the

classic emotion than to the mingled appeals of other fragmentary feelings, and who is strong enough to sacrifice a momentary eloquence for an abiding beauty. However we may be stirred by the *Pathétique* Symphony, whatever new vistas of tragic or noble feeling it may open to us, it can never satisfy us as the D-major Symphony of Brahms can satisfy. Satisfaction is an effect, in art as in life, that comes only from the sense of wholeness. The artist has to renounce beauties that conflict with his central, permeating beauty, just as the man has to renounce delights that conflict with his central ideal of happiness. And we have at least the analogy with the ethical sphere to support our belief that the integral conception of art is the higher, and that classicism is a saner artistic creed than romanticism. In the long run, the emotion that fills us when we hear a work of perfectly controlled and organized symmetry and loveliness, like the Fourth Symphony of Beethoven, the G-minor Organ Fugue of Bach, or the G-minor Piano Quartet of Brahms, is a more moving emotion than all the fine heats with which we listen to Wagner, Schumann, or Tschai-kowsky.

If, however, we are now ready to admit that in any absolute estimate the classic must be assigned a higher place than the romantic, this is by no means to say that the romantic lacks justification or good reason for being. It is indeed essential to the progress of art. For consider: if, dominated by our wish to produce only classic works, which must deal with a thoroughly plastic medium, we were always to rest content with that material over which we had complete mastery, we should never advance toward new modes of thought, greater complexities of structure, deeper powers of expression. Throughout the history of music, men have ventured into the realm of the novel, to win a foothold there which

either in them or in their successors became established, and served as a new platform for classical utterance. Such innovators are like pilgrims or crusaders, who discover new lands to be colonized by their more conservative brothers. Mr. W. H. Hadow, in his admirable essay on Brahms, points out the service of the romantic successors of Beethoven in "widening the range of emotional expression," and so "affecting music from the standpoint of the idea." He shows that the failure of such a romanticist as Schumann to couch his ideas in entirely adequate polyphony naturally followed from the novelty of those ideas, and their complexity of outline. He concludes that either "polyphony should grow obsolete, which the most unthinking audacity can hardly affirm," or that "the extreme of romantic expression has lost in art what it has gained in poetry." Finally, he defines Brahms as the reformer who, while in "full accord with the general conception of our age," is able "to select from its entire range [of musical thought] those particular forms of phrase and melody which are most conspicuously plastic and malleable." In other words, Brahms has stamped the romantic ideas of Schumann and his fellows with the organic beauty of classicism.

Our conclusion is inevitable. We must look upon Tschai-kowsky as a new romanticist, opening up unexplored fields of emotional expression; "losing in art," to be sure, "what he gains in poetry," but enriching the resources of music just as Schumann enriched them before him. Once looked at in this light, Tschai-kowsky falls into his true place, and we see that his fresh and sincere expression is a real contribution to the development of art, awaiting only some future Brahms to assimilate and reconstitute it in those forms of inner harmony that can alone give music its highest eloquence.

Daniel Gregory Mason.

WHO FELL FROM ALOFT?

THROUGHOUT the dark November day a dense bank of fog had hung like a pall over the heights of Isle-au Haut, leaving to view only a fringe of gloomy-looking spruces clinging to gray ledges near the water's edge. As night came on, the fog settled down and remorselessly swallowed everything in sight, excepting here and there the blurry glimmer of a light in one of the straggling houses close to the shore of the Thoroughfare.

A drizzling rain also set in, and the freshening southeast wind blew in fitful gusts across the narrow harbor, ruffling its waters into miniature whitecaps, and beating the halliards of a few belated herring boats against their masts in a ceaseless tattoo. Occasionally the faint bleat of sheep came through the fog, from up among the boulders of Kimball's Island, while during the lulls of wind the sea's dull rote could be heard, as a long ground swell tumbled and churned among the kelps on the East Side.

On board the ancient pinky *Rainbow*, of Brandon's Cove, old Skipper Rufus Condon and his two men had passed the day chiefly in their bunks, asleep; rousing merely to eat, and eating, as the skipper said, merely to smoke afterwards, but as usual denouncing the prevailing spell of weather as without doubt the longest and dirtiest and altogether the most assuredly condemned ever experienced by fishermen since the Concorde fight.

As the old man poked his shaggy white head through the scuttle, intending to put up the riding-light for the night, he was hailed by a townsman, Skipper Lemuel Spurlin, who with his three sons navigated the little schooner *Quickstep*, then lying at anchor but a few lengths away.

"Uncle Rufe!" cried he. "What was it they called the ole Gertrude

Withington after she was sold furrin that time?"

"Lemme see! Tell ye in a minute!" answered the old man. "Falls o' Ettrick, I b'lieve 't was! Some sich gawk of a name, anyways! Yas, that's jes' what 't was, — Falls o' Ettrick!"

"Wal," shouted Skipper Spurlin, "seems 's though she's gone to kingdom come! She laid her bones on the Diamon' Shoal that last heavy breeze o' wind we had!"

"Git out, you!" exclaimed Uncle Rufe, setting his lantern on the deck. "How in blazes did ever you git holt o' that?"

"Why, Hoddy, here, he's been ashore this aft'noon, an' made out to drum up a paper somewheres!" replied Lemuel. "I was only jes' now readin' into her where the English ship *Falls o' Ettrick* had went onto the Diamon' Shoal an' broke up in that ole twister of a breeze we had last week! It come acrosst me all to once that was jes' what them parties called the ole Gerty the time she was sold outen the Cove! I'll take an' fetch the paper over to ye soon 's ever we down a mug o' tea!"

Shortly after the *Quickstep's* dory bumped alongside, and Skipper Lemuel and his three strapping sons were soon lighting their pipes in the *Rainbow's* warm cuddy. After relieving his mind with great freedom concerning the weather, and exchanging expert opinions as to the further prospect of herring, the skipper took out a crumpled newspaper, and, putting on his glasses, read aloud with much precision the item referred to.

"Wal," said Uncle Rufe, with something of a sigh, "seems 's though the ole gal's gone, then. That's her, without no doubt! Wal, wal. Sich is life. She was the very last one o' the square-riggers ever they sot up there to home, an' one o' the best built ships

ever left the state o' Maine, 'lowin' I'm any jedge. I see every stick o' timber went into her, an' was one o' the gang to calk her, an' I'll gurren-tee you could n't strike ary holler seam into her from the garboards chock to the wales!"

"A consid'ble smart-appearin' packet she was, too, I allus called her," said Skipper Spurlin. "To be sure, I wa'n't only a young shaver the time she was launched, but I see her afterwards quite a few times a-loadin' there to Portlan'; an' then ole lady Withington she's got a set-fired great paint-in' of her that hangs there into the settin' room, — every dog-gone thing aboard pict'ed out complete, now I tell ye! Prob'ly it's one the Ole Sir hisself had drawn somewheres."

"Lord, you!" exclaimed Uncle Rufe. "I was 'long on him the time he had it took. 'Twas one o' them Frenchmen done that job, there to Havre. Yas, there wa'n't nothin' the matter with the ole Gerty's looks, an' she was full better 'n what she looked to be, — there's where the beauty on't come in! Burdensome, ye know; more 'n an av'rage good sailer, an' stiff's a blame' church, even with a swep' hold! Speakin' 'bout the time she was launched, though, why, I was there, too, that day, myself, an' ain't only got a couple o' toes to my right foot on account on't!"

"Sho! I want to know!" said Skipper Lemuel. "Git ketched someways, did ye?"

"Wal, yas, I kind o' thought so," replied the old man. "Ye see I was consid'ble spy the time days, an' so they turned to an' picked me out to knock away the dog-shore at the launchin'. That's the very last thing that holds the vess'l, ye know, an' whoever has the job o' knockin' of it away is liable to do some pooty tall hustlin' to git out from un'neath on her with a whole hide. Some folks I know would n't try to git out at all, but soon's ever they'd made out to knock away this

here dog-shore, they'd take an' scrouch down betwixt the ways jes' snug's ever they could git, an' let the ship an' the whole bus'niss slide over 'em!

"That allus 'peared to me like takin' 'most too damn many chances, though, so quick's ever I'd knocked everythin' clear, an' see the ship commence a-movin', I fetched a leap to git out; but seems's though there was grease from offn the ways on the sole o' my boot, so's't I slipped an' made a bad misgo on't. 'Twas a dod-blowed wonder the tar wa'n't all squat outen me, but someways this here foot 'peared to take the heft on't, an' ole Dr. Copwell he took an' trimmed them toes down slick's a whistle."

"Wal, there, you!" exclaimed the skipper. "That's the fust time ever I heern tell o' that! I knowed you went a number o' v'yages offshore into the Gerty 'long o' the Ole Sir, an' I allus heern tell how you see some dretful cur'us works aboard on her."

"Godfrey mighty, you!" interrupted Uncle Rufe. "That was after she was sold furrin. She wa'n't the Gertrude Withington no longer then. She was flyin' the English flag, an' luggin' deals from Quebec to Liv'pool."

"Oh, was that it? For king's sake, how ever come you shippin' aboard one o' them English timber droghers up to Quebec there?"

"Wal," said the old man, tapping the ashes from his pipe, "I'll tell ye. 'Twas jes' on account o' the fancy wages they was offerin'. Them timber ships as a gin'ral rule was loaded out o' all reason, ye see, an' slues on 'em was lost 'fore ever they'd git clear o' the Gulf o' St. Lawrence. Come ri' down to the fine thing, betwixt you an' me an' the win'lass-bitts, there was so damn much insurance took out on 'em, I cal'late some on 'em could n't make out to swim with it; but fin'ly there come a time when they was put to it to find crews for the blame' ole cof-fins, without they'd pay more 'n the goin' wages."

"Set-fire, you! I sh'd say so!" cried Skipper Spurlin. "Seems 's ef it was a kind o' duberous sight a-shippin' 'fore the mast into one o' them things, you. Double an' thribble the goin' wages would n't been no objec' to me."

"Yas, yas, I un'stan'," said Uncle Rufe. "I dunno what possessed us them days, but there *was* consid'ble many o' our folks turned to an' shipped into them same droghers out o' Quebec there. We 'd turn to an' ship jes' only by the run to Liv'pool, ye see, an' like's not make high's seventy or eighty dollars out on't. Then we 'd take an' git aboard a steamer an' give it to her back ag'in, an' ship into another drogher right away, so's't there was dollars into it ef only your luck was tol'ble good!"

"Wal, but 'lowin' how a feller's luck wa'n't none too good, he was liable to git snubbed up with a round turn, all stannin'!" said the skipper. "But I'll tell ye, Uncle Rufe, I wisht to gracious you 'd turn to an' reel us off the true hist'ry o' them hell-fired goin's-on you see aboard that vess'l. I've heern tell how it was a sight wuss racket 'n what you see aboard the ole Harvester that time."

"Wal," said Uncle Rufe, "they was cur'us works, the two on 'em, an' I never asked nobody to b'lieve ary one, myself. Allst ever I say is jes' this much: *I seen this thing* with my own eyes, but 's fur 's you or anybody is concerned, why, you can take it or leave it, as the feller says. It ain't no sich a very lengthy yarn, anyways."

"I went a couple o' v'yages offshore 'long o' ole Cap'n Withington into the Gerty, an' then brother Ephe he coaxed me to stop to home a spell, an' go hand-linin' 'long o' him into a little jigger he 'd jes' bought. We hung to that a number o' seasons, an' 't was jes' then them Englishmen grafted onto the Gerty. I never knowed at the time what it was they called her, nor nothin' only that she 'd been sold furrin for a crackin' ole price."

"Wal, fin'ly one night we was on-lucky 'nough to strike the jigger on the tail end o' the Hue an' Cry up home there. 'T was thick o' fog an' rough's a grater out there, ye know; jes' breakin' a clean torch everywheres. The creetur she dropped offn a sea, an' jes' fetched one dod-blasted clip, but never stopped goin' a mite, an' we made out to git her in home someways. Come to find out, she 'd started her stern-post pooty bad, an' stove the keel to flinders chock aft, so's't Ephe he had to haul her up for repairs; an' then thinks I, bedide ef I don't try a trip or so into one o' them timber ships they was all tellin' 'bout."

"I took an' put her for Quebec, an' run afoul o' this here ship the fust thing, all loaded an' 'most ready to sail. Quick's ever I see her I knowed she was Yankee-built fast 'nough, though there 't was painted on her stern plain's daylight, 'Falls o' Ettrick, Sunderland; ' but come to once git aboard, an' 't wa'n't only a short time 'fore I 'd bated dollars to doughnuts she was the Gertrude Withington. They 'd turned to an' changed her over into full ship rig, an' painted her all up diff'rent; an' besides that, she was nigh buried out o' sight un'neath a tormented great deckload o' deals; but still there was a number o' things I twigged pooty quick, so's't there wa'n't no doubt in my mind but what she was the ole Gerty for sure."

"There wa'n't ary one o' the crew knowed the fust blame' thing 'bout her, mind ye, but soon's ever the chance showed up I took an' sounded the mate on the subje', an' he 'lowed right off 't was jes' how I thought."

"Wal, o' course I was kind o' pleased like to git aboard the ole packet ag'in so fashion, bein' how I 'd seen her built an' launched, an' had made r'ally my fust deep-water v'yage into her, let alone o' bein' ter'ble well acquainted 'long o' ole Cap'n Withington ever sence I knowed anything at all. An' besides all that, 's I say, she was a

gran' good, dry, comfort'ble creetur to go into, take it 'most any kind o' chance, but ye see it did 'pear so sort o' sing'lar the way I 'd fell in 'long o' her ag'in that nat'rally I made some consid'ble amount o' talk 'bout it for-rard there amongst the rest part o' the crew.

"They was a tol'ble clever class o' fellers that trip, take 'em by an' large, but there was one hard-lookin' ticket in pertikler amongst 'em that come aboard crazy drunk, an' kep' so long after everybody else had sobered off. When he did fin'ly git hisself straightened out, he turned to in good shape, an' 'peared to be a proper sailor man; but still there was allus suppn 'bout the cut o' the feller's jib I could n't go nohow. Seems 's though he wa'n't the leastways anxious to chum in 'long o' nobody, an' it 's damn sure nobody did n't hanker for no truck 'long o' him! To look at the cuss, nine out o' ten would set him down for a reg'lar-built Dago, without no efs nor an's about it; but the steward he 'lowed the feller had shipped under the name o' McLaren, an' had give out how he was a Novy Scoshy Scotchman. Anyways, McLaren is how he was called 'board the ship, though 'most any pore fool would knowed that wa'n't his right name, not by a jugful!

"Wal, 's I was sayin', I 'd been in the habit o' makin' more or less talk about this here ship Falls o' Ettrick bein' the ole Yankee bark Gertrude Withington; but this here yaller-mugged Portogee Novy Scoshyman he seldom ever set round 'long o' the rest part on us, without 't was jes' to bolt his grub same 's a dog, an' git out ag'in, so 's 't seems 's though he 'd never heern none o' this talk till one time it come round that somebody happened to speak it right out afore him 'bout my bein' a towney o' ole Cap'n Withington's, an' goin' into the vess'l when she was a Yankee bark in room o' bein' an English timber drogher.

"Wal, sir, that blame' Dago he set

there shovelin' in his supper horrid, same 's usual; but quick 's ever he heern this here talk he sort o' choked up like, an' bedide, now, ef he did n't jes' turn some consid'ble white round the gills! The cuss tried his dingedest to pass it off, though, but I took notice he was all of a tremble the whole length on him; an' after this here, seems 's though he acted even queerer 'n what he had afore. He 'd allus try to sneak off all soul alone by hisself, ef 't was a pos'ble thing; an' come to that, his actions the whole time was for all the world same 's though he cal'lated folks was a-watchin' an' huntin' of him like.

"But I know I ketched him dezens o' times givin' me his ugly black looks, jes' eggsac'ly same 's though he was fairly itchin' for a chance to knife me in the back, ye know; an' 't wa'n't jes' only me that twigged it, neither, for the ole steward he come one time an' gimme warnin' to keep a good sharp eye to wind'ard for that feller. Ole steward he 'lowed how he 'd been ship-mates 'long o' them Dagos so 's 't to know 'em root an' branch, — a bloody sight better 'n what he wanted to, 's 'e; an' he 'lowed this one had a bad gredge ag'in' me for suppn or other, that was dead sure, though what under the livin' canopy he was down on me for in pertikler I could n't noways make out to fathom. I never even so much 's see him that I knowed on 'fore comin' aboard the ship, an' sence then I 'd took oath him an' me had n't had no kind o' truck together one way or t' other.

"Come to keep turnin' of it over, though, I could n't seem to rec'lec' seein' of him gimme none o' them cut-throat looks o' hisn till after the time he overheern the talk 'bout my bein' acquainted 'long o' the vess'l the way I was. Wal, I bothered my head some consid'ble for a spell tryin' to put this an' that together, but I could n't never 'pear to make no great sight o' head-way.

"'T was plain 'nough that findin' out

that night 'bout the ship's bein' the ole Gertrude was the biggest kind o' s'prise party to him, an' it was jes' so plain he did n't love me none the better for claimin' to know so much 'bout her. Them two things I could see all clear enough; but whenever I'd git that fur, I'd be sure to fetch up all stannin', an' so bimeby the thing pooty much dropped out o' mind altogether.

"The blame' Dago he kep' on skulk-in' round same's ever, but never once opened his face to me, nor to nobody else for that matter, an' we'd made out to wiggle the ole craft somewheres nigh half acrosst the big pond, when 'long in the aft'noon one day it shet in thick o' fog on us; an' ef ever it *was* thick o' fog, that air was the time, too, — one o' them proper ole black, dreep-in' fogs, ye know, jes' thick 's ma'sh mud, so's't you could n't begin to see nothin' like the length o' the vess'l. It'd bunch up into great big drops on every namable thing you'd lay hand on, an' I rec'lec' plain's can be the stiddy dreepin', dreepin' it kep' up offn the spars an' riggin', same's so much rain in the summer time.

"An' soon's ever it come night, wal, bedide, now, but did n't it everlastin'ly make out to be some black, though! It could n't been no darker'n what 't was that night, noways they could rigged it, — jes' a reg'lar out-an'-out dungeon it was, — an' that fog would soak up a light so's't thirty foot off you'd scureely know she was lit 't all!

"The ole man, I know, he was chock-full o' trouble, frettin' an' stewin' around, him an' the mate together, 'bout keepin' an extry good lookout there forrard, an' all that; though Lord knows, for all the good a lookout was sich a chance as that, he might full better be turned in, with a blanket hauled over his head. What mod'rit little air o' wind there was that day had been out here to the south'ard an' east'ard, but it kep' peterin' out after sundown, an' I know when it come our watch there wa'n't so much's a breath from

nowheres, — jest a perfec' stark dead calm she was, so's't the ship had lost every mite o' steerageway.

"There was one o' them long-drawed ole seas on, ye know, an' the creetur she'd fell off, an' laid there wallerin' right in the trough, a-rollin' an' rollin' away, oh, ter'ble slow an' lonesome like, with the sails aloft givin' out little easy flaps every time she fetched up, an' sendin' down a spatter o' them big drops atop o' the deckload.

"Wal, I was stannin' somewheres 'bout 'midships, I know, an' this here Novy Scoshy Dago, it was his trick to the wheel, ye un'stand. The second mate he was aft too there somewheres, an' the rest part o' the watch was scattered round one place an' another. There did n't 'pear to be ary man talkin' a word, neither. Someways it made out to be so cussed still an' black that night, seems's though all our tails was sort o' down like, though prob'ly nobody would n't owned up to it then.

"All to once, whacko! there come the ongodliest ole thump right on deck chock aft there, so's't the ship jarred the whole length on her, an' 'most the very same instant that set-fired Dago let go a screech outen him, I swan, fit to turn the blood cold in your veins!

"Then the second mate he up an' commenced yellin' somebody had fell from aloft, an' all hands on us made a break aft. The ole man he turned to an' fetched a light outen the cabin quick's ever he could, an', sir, layin' right there on the quarter-deck, jes' forrard o' the wheel, betwixt it an' the after end o' the house, was a heap o' suppn dressed in oilskins, an' a big pool o' blood dreeblin' out from un'-neath on't!"

"Sho, you!" exclaimed Skipper Lemuel.

"Gospel truth," said the old man. "McLaren he'd fell forrard acrosst his wheel in a dead faint, with his arms hangin' down limp an' swingin' every time the rudder kicked an' give it a spoke or two one way or t' other.

Seems 's ef I could see him there this minute, doubled over that way for all the world same 's ef he was stoopin' down so 's't to git a close squint at this here thing on deck in front on him! Wal, now, ef there wa'n't the devil's own shindy aboard that ship! The ole man he took his lamp an' tried to find out who it was that had fell, though so fur 's known there wa'n't nobody aloft, anyways; wa'n't no airthly call for it, ye know. They took an' kind o' straightened the thing out so 's't to git a look at the face, an' we see he was a big, black-lookin' devil; but, sir, there wa'n't ary soul aboard knowed who 't was, not ef they was to swing for it!"

"Wal, I'll be jiggered!" cried the skipper. "Wa'n't none o' your folks missin' nor nothin'?"

"Nary one o' the ship's comp'ny wa'n't missin', that was a blame' sure thing, an' you can bate them fellers commenced to git nerved up in good shape over the bus'niss! McLaren had been lugged below, an' soon 's ever he come to hisself we tried to git suppn outen him 'bout it; but seems 's though the feller had flew right offn his nut complete, an' allst in the world he'd do was to jabber away stiddy mostly in some dod-blasted outlandish lingo or other, an' keep a-rollin' them big, wild-lookin' eyes o' hisn fit to beat creation.

"Wal, the boys all the time was gittin' more an' more worked up, ye see, an' commencin' to take on the very wusst way. Every mother's son on 'em 'lowed how the ole man had ought to turn to an' heave the dod-blasted thing to hell overboard quick 's ever he could; but he kep' a-hangin' back like, a-backin' an' fillin', an' tryin' to quiet 'em down someways. For one thing, I know he would have it the feller was a stowaway; but set-fire! he knowed better all the time 'n to talk sich stuff 's that to us! There the ship's hold was stowed chock-a-block full o' lumber jes' solid 's you could pack it, an' there wa'n't no sight at all no place

else for ary livin' soul to take an' hide hisself away for a fortni't goin' on three weeks, same 's he must ha' done. An' 'lowin' there *was* some feller made out to stow hisself aboard, what in the name o' reason should possess him to turn to an' go aloft a dirty black night same 's that was?

"No, siree, sir! The ole man he could n't make out to shove no sich guff 's that down our throats, not much he could n't! There wa'n't ary one on us call'ated to turn in ag'in with that dev'lish thing in oilskins layin' aboard the ship, an' I guess, ef the truth was known, both mates felt 'bout the same 's we done. Anyways, they held a number o' confabs 'long o' the ole man, an' fin'ly seems 's though he come to see 't wa'n't no good buckin' ag'in' the whole on us, so fashion.

"Bedide, now, you! I won't un'take to say but what there'd been a risin' aboard that hooker ef he had n't give in jes' he did! You take the common run o' hands afore the mast ye know, an' they 'll most gin'ally put up with a sight o' crowdin' most ways, but sure 's ever you live, now, I tell ye the ole man's head was level when he turned to an' give us leaf to take an' heave the thing over the side that same night.

"But come to git ri' down to it, though everybody wanted to be red o' the hell-fired thing the wusst ole way, still there wa'n't ary man into the whole ship's comp'ny that darst to up an' tech of it. The mate he tried orderin' an' coaxin' this one an' that one, but he could n't stir nobody to make ary move, when all to once, be dinged ef that there lunny McLaren did n't fetch a spring out on deck an' yells fit to stund ye like, 'I've handled him once, an' I can ag'in!' 's 'e."

"Wal, I'll be jig—" essayed Skipper Spurlin again, but Uncle Rufus cut him short.

"They'd pooty nigh stripped the cuss below there, tryin' to fetch him to, ye know, an' I'm tellin' of ye he did look some despr'it the time he give

that tiger leap an' grappled 'long o' that thing on deck there! Up he picked it same 's ef 't wa'n't no heft at all, an' whisked acrosst deck to the rail 'fore ever we'd r'ally took it in, an' was jes' in the very act o' endin' of it up so's't to give it a header, when, true's ever I'm settin' here, that air hell-fired thing fetched a twist, wropped two big, long arms clean round McLaren, an' the pair on 'em div over the rail together! My soul an' body, but that's the hones' truth; an' jes' they done so, up come the dog-gonedes'-soundin' laugh ever was heern yit, I'll gurentee!"

"By the jumpin' Judas, you!" gasped Skipper Lemuel, his eyes protruding like those of a gigantic lobster. "That air jes' doos make out to — wal, there, I'll be everlastin'ly jiggered, swan to man ef I won't!"

"Wal, sir, then there was hell to pay an' no pitch hot, now don't you go to thinkin' there wa'n't!" continued Uncle Rufus, not heeding his visitor's interruption. "The ole man an' the mates was yellin' to launch a bo't, an' to heave 'em a cork jacket, an' to do I dunno what not, but now sure's you live, there wa'n't none o' that crowd would git into no bo't; not that night they would n't! The ole man he swore how McLaren had fell overboard, or else jumped over of his own accord; but there! we all seen ourselves jes' how it was, an' I cal'late there wa'n't ary man but what would n't stood keel-haulin' sooner'n took chances into a bo't after them two jes' that pertikler time. There was a pair o' life-preservers hove after 'em, an' some on 'em made out to pry over a stick o' timber from offn the deckload; though o' course they done it jes' by way o' sayin' they done suppn, for everybody knowed nothin' in God's world would n't be no good.

"Wal, for a consid'ble spell there wa'n't much else talked on aboard that packet, I tell ye; but bimeby the thing kind o' blowed over like, same's them

things doos, ye know, in time. I left her there to Liv'pool, an' the very fust time I was to home there, I made it a p'int to jes' go right up an' see ole Cap'n Withington. I'd been mullin' the thing over to myself pooty much all the time, ye see, tryin' to git at the true bearin's some ways or 'nother, so I took an' walked up to the Ole Sir's place there, an' put it to him plain an' fair was ever there ary cuttin' scrape or ary great shakes of a row aboard the Gertrude after I'd left her.

"'No,' says the Ole Sir right away. 'No,' 's 'e, 'there never was no cuttin', nor no trouble 't all to speak on, without,' 's 'e, 'without it was on the last trip but one ever I made into her,' 's 'e. 'There was a Portogee, or some sich outlandish man, took a tumble from offn the mizzen tops'l yard one night, an' killed hisself deado; an' what's more,' 's 'e, 'they allus mistrusted most damnly how there was foul play mixed up into it.'"

At this, Skipper Spurlin was once more moved to declare his expectation of being jiggered throughout all time, while the others also evinced a lively interest in various ways; but, pausing merely solemnly to reassure them of his strict adherence to facts, Uncle Rufus proceeded: —

"Seems 's though there was these two outlandish men shipped aboard the Gerty for the run to Havre from Mobile with cotton, — one big one, an' one kind o' mejum-sized feller. Seems 's though there was bad blood betwixt 'em from the fust, an' the big one he was allus an' forever pickin' on the other feller like, an' thumpin' of him round, so's't the small one was heern more'n once to make his threats how he'd git a come-uppance someways.

"Seems 's though them two was aloft on the mizzen tops'l yard this here wet, dirty night, an' some o' the boys was knowin' to it they'd had an extry lively fallin' out that very same af'noon. Wal, sir, the big one he fin'ly come down an' struck the quarter-deck

same 's a thousan' o' brick, — killed hisself deader 'n forty herrin', — an' his pardner give out how the footrope had parted un'neath the pair on 'em, an' how he like to have fell hisself; but mind ye, every soul that see that piece o' riggin' 'lowed how 't had been cut with a knife, in the room o' partin', so's't they did n't make no bones 'bout layin' the job right plumb to this here Dago, an' got the cuss fairly skeered of his life 'fore ever they made port.

"Ole Sir, there, he 'lowed how he was like to have clapped the feller in irons an' give him up soon 's ever they got in, but seems 's though they was

ter'ble short-handed that time, so's't he kep' lettin' the thing go, an' the bloody cut-throat made out to give 'em the slip 'fore ever the ship was docked there to Havre. Ole Sir he turned to, that time I see him, an' overhauled his chist o' logbooks so's't to show me the eggsac' entry where the big Dago was killed that way.

"So there, now you have the whole bus'niss complete. I could n't seem to read the thing jes' right at fust, but same time I wa'n't so tormented numb but that I could see through a millstone quick 's ever the hole showed up good an' plain!"

George S. Wasson.

THE SECOND MAYORALTY ELECTION IN GREATER NEW YORK.

FOUR years ago, in the Atlantic for January, 1898, I discussed the first election for mayor of Greater New York, held the preceding November. I shall now, in like manner and for a like purpose, discuss its second mayoralty election, held last November. The two elections were, I believe, the most striking applications of universal suffrage to the business concerns of a single municipality which the world has ever known. The population of the city in 1897 was more than 3,000,000, and in 1901 more than 3,500,000. In the former year more than 509,000 citizens, and in the latter more than 560,000, by secret ballot expressed their preference between candidates for the chief magistracy of the city, and meant to express their preference between the methods of its civil administration, or between rival political programmes proposed for the future. The vote in 1901 was far more than the total popular vote of the United States in the earlier presidential elections, and more than the latest vote for President in any American state except New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois,

Michigan, Missouri, Indiana, and Iowa. The specific administrative functions, which the voters had to award to one candidate or the other, were, in variety, extent, and intrinsic importance, greater than ever before in the Greater New York, or any of the former cities and towns of which it was the consolidation, and far greater, I believe, than were ever involved in a popular municipal election. Its government had become highly centralized. Its annual budget exceeded \$97,000,000. Under its first consolidated charter, that of 1897, the prerogatives of the mayor had been large; but under the revised charter of 1901 the mayor was to have prerogatives much larger, and no doubt was justly to be held to a correspondingly greater responsibility. He would, during his entire term, have the right, and the sole right, not only to appoint his principal subordinates, but to remove any one of his appointees except members of the board of education. No one of his predecessors had had the right of removal except for a brief period after his inauguration. The new right of removal would enormously increase the

mayor's practical power of control and direction, and would likewise compel him, with his own repute and prestige, to answer for the ability and integrity with which the vast number of his subordinates should perform their duties. The perfect understanding of all this gave the election of 1901 a very great dignity and critical importance. No chief magistrate of any city in the world — certainly none chosen by popular suffrage — has a power equal, or nearly equal, to that which has just been placed in the hands of Mayor Low. It may be truly said that, within the limits of the city, the elections of 1897 and 1901 were not, in respect of intensity of popular feeling and intelligence of popular discussion, inferior to the presidential elections of our generation.

These mayoralty elections of the metropolis in 1897 and 1901 deserve, therefore, the profound interest of every student of municipal government — and of every citizen, whether a student or not — who is concerned with the political competence of the masses of American men. I told the readers of the *Atlantic*, four years ago, that I deplored — and I still deplore — the result of the election of 1897. It would, in my opinion, have been far better for New York if Seth Low had in that year been chosen, representing — as he then did, beyond any doubt — the independent sentiment rejected of both party organizations. Nevertheless, as I then said, there was much in the result to confirm and cheer those who believed that universal suffrage was to work well even when applied to the business problems of the great cities of our American democracy. It will, no doubt, be assumed — and rightly — that I regret the result of the mayoralty election in 1901, although it gave the rulership of the city to the same able and high-minded citizen whom I should have been glad to have seen chosen in 1897. In spite, however, of my regret, I find in the result as a whole, and especially in the campaign

which preceded it, much — and more than I found in the election of 1897 — to increase confidence in the political ability and character of our urban populations. Both the struggles demonstrated the wholesome concern of the masses of the American metropolis with moral questions when distinctly put before them. Whether, in 1901, such questions were in truth and practically involved in the competition between the two candidates is a very different question of sound public policy, as to which there were, during the campaign, and remain after it, wide differences of opinion between men equally intelligent and loyal to the honor of their city. My personal position as the defeated Democratic candidate for mayor disables me from speaking of that and of other questions concerning persons with entire frankness; or rather, makes me fear that, however frankly I might speak about them, what I should say would not, by some, or perhaps many, be accepted as frank. Where I cannot freely speak, whether for praise or for blame, I shall not speak at all. But I can, and quite without *arrière-pensées*, discuss the general and most instructive features of the campaign. They may well interest the voters of other American cities.

The result in November, 1897, which four years ago I regretted, was strictly a "Tammany victory." For although the Greater New York consists of five boroughs, in only two of which, Manhattan and the Bronx, the ancient Democratic organization of Tammany Hall exists, still the principal nominations and the fundamental theory of the Democratic campaign of 1897 were determined by Tammany Hall, and conceded by its associates of the three boroughs of Brooklyn, Queens, and Richmond. Tammany Hall is likewise, no doubt, credited by many with the origin and direction of the Democratic mayoralty campaign of 1901; but those who accord it that credit are ill informed. It was in no

proper sense a Tammany campaign, — certainly not in the bad sense in which the enemies of that organization interpret the expression. The differences between 1897 and 1901 are obvious. In my former article I pointed out that, however well disposed, personally, the Democratic candidates for mayor and comptroller might have been in November, 1897, the fact was clear, nor, indeed, was there any concealment of it on the Democratic side, that they “were not chosen for their own equipment in ability, in experience for the duties of really great and critical offices requiring statesmanship of the highest order, or any public confidence earned by any past public service;” that although, during their tenure of office, it might turn out that in truth they had had such sense of right and such force of character, nevertheless it had not been for those qualities that they had been nominated. “They were chosen,” I then said, “from among the large body of men counted upon to do absolutely and without troublesome protest the will of . . . powerful politicians with no official responsibility.” That was the first of the two chief grounds of my extreme condemnation of the Tammany campaign of 1897.

And there was a second and equally important ground. However good the nominees might turn out to be, their nominations meant — and were in substance declared to mean — that the Democratic organizations of Manhattan and Brooklyn reaffirmed adherence to the methods of administration against which just popular judgment had been pronounced at the polls in 1893 and 1894. In the latter year, legislative investigation had convinced the public that in the Manhattan borough (the old city of New York) detestable practices had existed in some departments of the Tammany administration then drawing to a close, and more especially among the police. Neither the Democratic candidate for mayor nor the organization which nominated him pro-

mised in 1897, nor, so far as the public was informed, did his nomination imply, any amendment, or any attempt at amendment, of the abuses of 1894 and the year immediately preceding. A like thing was true of the borough second in population to Manhattan, but rapidly overtaking it. In 1893 independent Democrats and Republicans had joined to defeat the local Democratic organization at the mayoralty election in that borough, — then the city of Brooklyn, — and for what was believed to be political and administrative wrongdoing. That election resulted in complete Democratic defeat; and the next year the election in the old city of New York resulted in an even more overwhelming defeat of the Tammany ticket. The second ground upon which I condemned the Democratic municipal campaign of 1897 was, as I here wrote in January, 1898, the refusal of the Democratic organizations to reverse their support of what had been condemned by the popular and just verdicts of 1893 and 1894. I pointed out — and quite without imputation upon the principal Democratic candidates, whose ability and character still had to be tried in actual administration — that both those organizations “stood with explicit and bad courage upon the very record which had received a damning popular judgment not only in the decent homes of New York, but at the polls of the city.” I did not, however, — certainly I could not, in the philosophic reasonableness of these pages, — practice the exaggeration which is so fashionable in dealing with urban politics in our country, though so unnecessary for any beneficent purpose, or indulge in the wholesale imputations made upon the largest single body of voters in the city, — almost a majority of the whole electorate, — or upon all of the men whom that body chose to have lead them. On the contrary, I said — and truly, as the present retrospect shows — that “the plurality which had returned Tammany Hall to power included thousands of honest,

good citizens, and even citizens both intelligent and high-minded; that, under its restored administration, some things — probably many things — would be well and fairly done; that the masses of its voters had not deliberately intended to surrender their city to corruption and incompetence; that even among its politicians were men whose instincts were sound and honorable." I protested against the abnormal pictures of iniquity in New York, pointing out that, without exaggeration, there was quite enough to arouse the wholesome indignation of good citizens. Nor did I confine my criticism to Tammany Hall. I said that in 1897 "nine tenths of the organized jobbery of the city sought Tammany success;" but I also said that they did it both directly and through the "indirect, but no less practical alliance of the Republican organization, — a machine more Anglo-Saxon, perhaps, in its equipment, but not a whit better in morals, than its rival." I expressed my grief at the defeat of Seth Low, the candidate of the Citizens' Union in 1897, my congratulations to him upon the great political strength with which he had emerged from his defeat, and my fear that New York was "doomed to a low standard of civic administration until the end of 1901." Finally, and in spite of all we had wished to be otherwise, I insisted that there was much, very much, in the first mayoralty election of the Greater New York to encourage good citizens; that there then appeared in its municipal politics, "far more plainly than ever before, a powerful and wholesome tendency" to independent voting, that very first condition of permanently good municipal politics; that the election had shown that "the democratic experiment here on trial would work out well even in great cities; and that, in the very dear school of experience, the mass of people would learn to insist upon exceptional ability and character in public administration, and to vote for nothing else."

Such, four years ago, was my view of the first mayoralty election; and except as, for obvious reasons, I may not and will not, in this general discussion, deal with the actual merits or demerits of those chosen to office in 1897, or with the wisdom or fairness of those who, before or after their election, condemned them, I have not since seen, and do not now see, any reason to reverse my view. I venture only to say, by way of a single personal note, that my acceptance of the Democratic nomination in 1901 not only implied no such reversal, but, on the contrary, proceeded, and was, at the time of my acceptance, explicitly stated to proceed, upon a complete affirmation of the views I had expressed four years before. It was intended, whatever the result at the polls, to be a practical promotion of those views. Whether the intention were wise or not is another question: as to that, there were, and will doubtless remain, widely differing opinions.

The formidable independent strength shown in 1897 gave the Democratic organizations, upon entering into power on New Year's Day, 1898, a serious reason for caution and restraint. Having the advantage of the popular discontent with the "reform" or Fusion administration of Mr. Strong, and the far from satisfactory Republican administration of Brooklyn in 1896 and 1897, those organizations still found themselves definitely in a minority. In November, 1897, Judge Van Wyck, the Democratic candidate for mayor, received 233,997 votes; General Tracy, the Republican candidate, 101,873; Mr. Low, the candidate of the Citizens' Union, 151,540; and Henry George, Jr. (running in place of his famous and noble father, who died suddenly during his candidacy), 21,693 votes. That is to say, the regular Democratic vote was 234,000 votes, or only 46 per cent, as against an opposition of 275,000 votes, or 54 per cent. Clearly, the election of the Democratic candidate had resulted from a division of the opposi-

tion, which might well be temporary. The caution and restraint exercised in 1898-1901 were, to say the least, insufficient. The course of public sentiment during those years became increasingly adverse; at the last it was intense and irresistible.

The most powerful stimulus of that sentiment (apart from the facts before the people) was the press of New York. Any one familiar with its daily journals, during the past quarter century, must acknowledge — and he should do so with gratitude — the great increase of their political independence, and with it the signal growth of their practical and immediate hold upon voters. In our time the old-fashioned party organ brings even to its partisan readers little that is useful; and it is an almost negligible quantity on election day. Not, indeed, that the modern independent press is omnipotent. Far from it. In 1897 almost the entire press of New York supported Mr. Low, but he polled less than 30 per cent of the total vote. There are other and sometimes greater forces than the newspapers. Nevertheless, what they did in 1897 was an extraordinary achievement. There may be great power without omnipotence. From 1897 until election day, 1901, the same press carried criticism to the point of condemnation of the entire administration, from top to bottom, as utterly corrupt and incompetent, except only in the finance department, whose chief, Mr. Coler, enjoyed during his entire term of office a general concession of his ability and upright independence. The newspaper picture dur-

ing the years 1898-1901 was otherwise one of almost complete blackness.¹ That this was exaggeration is obvious to every resident of New York who, during those four years, had ordinary opportunities of observation, and who made his judgments upon his own knowledge. It really went to the limit of impossibility. If what was said were literally true, the public service would have fallen to pieces in the complete and foul disintegration which is sometimes imputed to New York in the prints of London and Paris. Intelligent observers, when not addressing the public, made fairer and less absurd judgments. There is a curious illustration of this in the editorial statement of a principal independent journal of New York,² with respect to Mr. Keller, the commissioner of charities, that, "although a Tammany man and a pretty stiff partisan, he has given the best administration of that department the city has ever had." This, of course, was not printed until after the election of 1901. The admission was withheld as unsafe while the stress of the campaign was laid upon Democratic misbehavior. Mayor Low has reappointed two of the three civil service commissioners of his Democratic predecessor, thus accrediting that part of his predecessor's administration. He has reappointed one of his predecessor's two commissioners of accounts, those officers being the mayor's special and chief representatives in supervision of the departments. He has appointed as health commissioner an important subordinate of the Democratic

¹ Even after the election like criticism continued for a time. "The ring of rascals" was said, in the *World* of November 18, 1901, to have secured "unlawful revenues" amounting to *twenty million dollars a year!* The *Times* declared, on December 28, 1901, that "the complete and completely rotten system of Tammany rule . . . practically embraced all departments."

² Evening Post editorial, November 21, 1901. So the *Times*, another powerful independent paper, on January 1 paid tributes to the retiring Democratic comptroller and president of

the council, being two of the three chief officers for the whole city elected upon the Tammany ticket in 1897. It said that the city had lost in Comptroller Coler "a brave and faithful financial officer;" and that President Gugenheimer had been "on the right and decent and civilized side of every question," so "that his fellow citizens think well of him, in spite of his four years' service in a Tammany government." These admissions could not, of course, have been made during the campaign.

health commissioner, who had been retained under him for four years. He has appointed to be commissioner of correction one of the long-time subordinates of the Democratic finance department. It is quite safe to predict that, although he and his heads of departments have an almost complete power of removal of their subordinates, except in the uniformed police and fire forces, they will not feel justified in removing more than a small proportion of them, except only as they may (and doubtless should) reduce the number of public employees. So elsewhere, even in the unspeakable police, various merits in Democratic administration have been discovered since the election.¹ Mayor Low and his staff will probably discover — or at least think they discover — such merits more and more as their own practical difficulties dawn upon them. The real danger is, I fancy, with them as with most public servants, that, after the new brooms have become worn, they will think too well, rather than too ill, of their predecessors' performance. The zeal to undo wrongs, and especially reduce extravagance, often abates as the labors and troubles of practical reform become nearer and more real. Such merits, however, of the late mayor's administration, whether in fact they were more or less, and the difficulties with which he had to contend, whether they were more or less, were not, during the campaign, pointed out, or even admitted, by the able journalists of New York. And *their* campaign lasted from his very first official acts and utterances, in January, 1898, until election day, in November, 1901. There was so much material for just criticism that fair and intelligent discrimination would have made the journalistic condemnation quite as effective at the polls, — that

being its prime purpose, — and probably even more so than it was. And there would not now exist the expectation — perfectly reasonable in view of the campaign, but quite impossible to meet — of a complete alteration, plain to every one, even the wayfaring man, in methods, ideals, and details of administration, and a great reduction in municipal burdens. Nor would there be the risk, through the unreasonable expectation created by such criticism, of a demoralizing reaction in public sentiment at the end of Mayor Low's term.

The newspapers estimated, with practical genius, the danger of scattering fire, and the advantage of a specific target, from which their range should never be diverted, and which should have about it a personal and familiar picturesqueness sure to hold popular attention. This they found in Richard Croker, the leader of Tammany Hall. In cartoons, and in the virile and unweariedly continuous work of reporters and editorial writers alike, they held him up as a heavy, brutal, dull, insolent, corrupt, tyrannical, reckless, unreasoning, absentee, political "boss." What measure of justification there was for this it is not within the scope of this article to inquire. I may say, however, that where, in our country, with our secret ballot and free and constant discussion, one man holds for half a generation (not for the five or six years of a Tweed, or the three or four years' popular militarism of an Alcibiades) the effective support of great masses of citizens of an industrial and highly civilized community (including, for shorter or longer periods, men of all grades of wealth, intelligence, and public spirit), so that his will is, or rather, seems to be, theirs, a philosophic observer will probably believe that there are at least some errors or omissions in

¹ Mayor Low's deputy police commissioner declared, when appointed, that the police (most of them appointed, and the force nearly altogether formed and disciplined, under Democratic administrations) "as a whole are a fine

body of men, capable, honest, and intelligent. . . . While there are some black sheep, you will always find them in any organization with so many members."

such a portraiture. If not, then there are many problems, puzzling indeed, in the history of Manhattan borough, and among them the nomination of so justly distinguished a character as Abram S. Hewitt by Tammany Hall under the Croker leadership in 1886, and his appointment of Mr. Croker to important office in 1887 after many years' political acquaintance between them.

The next and perhaps equal object of journalistic attack was the police department; and the practical success of that attack was of itself proof that superior discrimination in the treatment of other departments, while avoiding ultimate risks, would not have reduced the effect of the campaign upon the voters. Here the evidence, as it was made public, was sufficient to justify an extreme condemnation. In a cosmopolitan city like New York, subjected, as it most unwisely is, to sumptuary and restrictive regulations disapproved by its public sentiment, and enforceable or negligible in the discretion of the police, the temptations to blackmail and other forms of corruption to which the police are subjected are enormous. Prior to 1901, those temptations were aggravated, or, at the least, responsibility for their results was concealed from the people, by division of police power. Its head was a board of four members, no more than two of whom could, under the law, belong to either political party, but all of whom were to be appointed by the mayor, who did belong to one political party.

It was in November, 1900, that the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New York, the Rev. Dr. Henry C. Potter, became the *avant-coureur* of the proposed Fusion campaign, protesting "before God, and in the face of the citizens of New York," against "the base complicity of the police with the lowest forms of vice and crime." The city was profoundly stirred by the blistering declaration that, in his belief, "nowhere else on earth" did there

"exist such a situation as defiles and dishonors New York city." The Chamber of Commerce, the chief representative of the financial and business interests of the city, upon this peremptory call, appointed a Committee of Fifteen, to prove, where possible, and to break up, the repulsive and dangerous alliance. Although the committee did not have much success in detail, it did valuable service by keeping the moral issue before the community, and especially by its promotion of the picturesque and awakening attacks upon the gamblers and their police allies made by William Travers Jerome, a judge of one of the criminal courts. The sentiment which had long existed in favor of a single-headed police department was now decisively felt in the legislature of the state. In February, 1901, the police board was abolished by statute, which in its place provided for a single police commissioner, to be appointed by the mayor, with two principal deputies, to be appointed by the commissioner. It is of little moment to inquire whether the police department, during the few months in which it has had a single head, has in itself been better or worse than under the board of four. The usefulness of the change has been otherwise signally demonstrated, and to the instruction of every city which blunderingly intrusts executive duties to boards. Whatever the merits or demerits of police administration in New York were after the change, it is clear beyond peradventure that the people at last knew precisely where to place blame. Individual and undivided responsibility is an advantage of the very first order to the soundness of administration subject to popular judgment at the polls.

After the enactment of the law, it was the obvious duty of the mayor—and very certainly to the political interest of himself and his party—to appoint as the first commissioner not only a citizen of signal ability and of the very highest character, but one ac-

ceptable as such to the independent voters, — who, it had been clear since November, 1897, would hold the balance of power in 1901, — and to urge like care in choosing his two principal deputies. It was plain that if the new experiment were not thus inaugurated, the opposition would find it an easy and exhilarating task to organize and direct the public suspicion and anger, ready to burst into effective flame. William S. Devery, a man against whom, whether rightly or wrongly, the sentiment of all strains in the community had already run strongly, and even savagely, was, as first deputy, nominally under Michael C. Murphy (an elderly politician, far from *persona grata* to independent public sentiment), put in practical charge of the borough of Manhattan, — the very borough in which the abuses were believed to exist. But for those appointments the mayoralty competition of 1901 would have had a different end. Whatever may have been the merits or demerits of Chief Devery's former career as captain, inspector, and superintendent of police under the bipartisan board, or of the public sentiment that put him on the defensive from the outset, it is certain that the power wielded by him in the borough of Manhattan, as practical head of police during the few months before election in 1901, aroused against himself, and, what was far more serious, against the party which, whether rightly or wrongly, was held responsible for his incumbency, an enormous and intense public feeling. With singular fatuity, under skillful goading by the press, he indulged, until the eve of the election, in crude utterances which strengthened the impression of his abuses and oppressions. His very energy — that most useful single quality, after honesty, in the head of a police force — seemed to possess a baleful fury, exquisitely disturbing to every person intelligently concerned for Democratic success.

In the work of gathering the harvest

thus prepared by the press, the first place clearly belongs to the Citizens' Union, — a body whose ideals and methods may wisely be adopted in every great American city. Upon its nomination, Mr. Low had been a mayoralty candidate in 1897, receiving, as already observed, and under its emblem as a political party recognized by law, almost 30 per cent of the entire vote of the metropolis. After its defeat in that year, the Union suffered from the inevitable post-election weariness of men not regularly in politics; and it is not too much to say that but for the resolute and self-sacrificing public spirit of one citizen its elements would not have been gathered together, as they were, for their remarkably effective work in 1901. R. Fulton Cutting did not postpone his labors until within a few weeks of election day, but taught inferior politicians a lesson by his dedication of the rest of the year to that instruction and organization of public sentiment which are the vital work of true politics. For more than a year before the election he was industrious and persistent in gathering together independent men, and in earning by a frank and genuine sympathy the respect of representatives of labor organizations and of those (too generally ignored by the so-called "practical" men in politics) who are interested in this or that constructive work fit for municipalities, and especially the large and growing body who believe in the ownership and use of street franchises by the city. By the spring of 1901 the Union had again secured public confidence, and from that time on was able, if it would, to dictate the main features of the proposed opposition campaign. It found a valuable ally in the City Club, which had, since 1897, prepared and issued, and in most effective form, a mass of statistical and literary material for the attack upon Tammany Hall.

The problem during the summer and early September of 1901 was to unite the elements of the opposition, so as to

avoid the defeat which the opposition majority had suffered four years before. The Republican organization would undoubtedly make a party nomination; and there seemed no reason to doubt that its voters would very far outnumber any other element of the opposition. In fact, it became clear afterwards, when the votes were counted, that it far outnumbered all other of those elements taken together.¹ Besides the two greater bodies of the Republicans and the Citizens' Union, there were ready for fusion in the campaign several bodies of seceding or dissentient Democrats, animated by motives ranging all the way from sincere love of the city or hatred of abuses, whether practiced by their own party or not, to a spirit of mere vengeance or a desire to raise the value of their corrupt service to their old associates. The like is inevitable, perhaps, and, although just ground for suspicion, is far — very far — from being sufficient objection to every fusion movement. The principal of such Democratic bodies was the so-called Greater New York Democracy, headed by John C. Sheehan, a politician formerly and long of Tammany Hall, who had for many years suffered under the extremest reprobation of independent sentiment. Several of the bodies were German, the most influential being represented in the press by the *Staats Zeitung*, an important factor in its influence upon opinion, and enjoying the honorable prestige of the name of the late Oswald Ottendorfer, a

German-born Democrat of distinction. It was sufficient, or well-nigh sufficient, for the Citizens' Union, in its relations even with the least worthy of the bodies of dissenting Democrats, that, upon the mayoralty in this one election, their politicians and followers were willing, or might be induced, to vote aright. In this respect the Union observed the usual rule of politics, although with naïveté, or now and then with something akin to Pharisaism, some of them condemned other and equally sincere and independent Democrats for application of precisely the same practical rule in their welcome of regular Democrats to their reformatory programme. Nor did the Citizens' Union shrink from the necessity of according their aboriginal allies, with the war paint still upon them and the scalps of their wicked and unrepented warfare still at their belts, recognition in public places of considerable importance. To that element was conceded, upon the Fusion ticket,² the borough presidency of Manhattan which, with its independent budget of nearly \$2,000,000, and the large patronage given it by the charter amendments to take effect in January, 1902, was the office, next after the mayoralty, most important for the customary but not exalted uses of a seceding political faction; that is to say, the compulsion, by the use of spoils of office, of its recognition by the regular body of its own party.

When the Fusion ticket was to be made up, the professional politicians a Tammany candidate for state senator, the Voter's Directory of the *Evening Post*, a most able and generally fair leader of the independent sentiment, declared that, in his four or five legislative terms, he had been a "professional politician" with a "bad record," a "blind partisan of Tammany, leader of Tammany, and mouthpiece of Tammany machine." When, however, the *Post's* Voter's Directory appeared, in October, 1901, although it was declared to be strictly impartial and non-partisan, these unfavorable criticisms were omitted, and a good character given the candidate, in whom there had been no change except in his party or factional relations.

¹ Of the 297,000 voters in 1901 for Mr. Low, 250,000 voted under the Republican, 36,600 under the Citizens' Union, and 10,700 under the independent (Sheehan) Democratic emblem. No doubt some Democrats voted under the Republican emblem. But 250,000 was about the Republican strength. In 1900 the Republican candidate for governor received 272,130 votes in Greater New York. Reducing this by five per cent for the general reduction of vote in 1901 from 1900, we should have about 258,000 as the Republican strength in 1901. In the latter year, clearly, there was large Democratic abstinence from voting.

² When this candidate was, in former years,

so arranged the division of power as that the Citizens' Union should have but a small fractional share, although it was the creator and leader of the alliance. Its leaders, resolute for a practical result, yielded to this, although it is doubtful whether they needed to make the surrender. The breach between the regular Republican organization and Mr. Low had been healed by his resumption of "regularity" as early as 1898; and it was willing, or rather, desirous, that he should be the candidate. It was the preference of the Citizens' Union that the candidate should, this year, be a Democrat. Independent Democrats had in 1893, in the reform campaign in Brooklyn, supported a Republican for mayor. So had they done in the campaign in Manhattan and the Bronx in 1894; and so, also, in the campaign of 1897, in the Greater New York. The Greater New York was Democratic by a large majority; and in the opinion of the Citizens' Union its movement would be more clearly recognized as non-partisan if in 1901 Republicans were called upon to support a reform Democrat for mayor, as independent Democrats had three times supported a Republican. The Citizens' Union did not mean, however, for any retrospective or sentimental consideration of justice, to risk failure of its plan of an alliance of all elements of the opposition. When, early in September, 1901, the terms of fusion were practically discussed, it yielded; and for the fourth consecutive time within eight years — and without any reciprocity meantime — independent Democrats were called upon to support a Republican as the reform candidate for mayor.

There is, however, much reason to believe that no candidate for the mayoralty would have better met the difficulties incident to the Fusion movement than Mr. Low. Four years ago, when he was in the shadow of apparent defeat, I pointed out in these pages his unique strength; and I may, therefore,

in his victory, repeat my tribute. He was conceded to be able and high-minded; he had had valuable experience during the four years of his mayoralty in Brooklyn, sixteen years before; and he had honorably served for ten years, or more, in the distinguished position of president of Columbia University. He had performed ably and with great public spirit several important functions, such as his services upon the Rapid Transit Board and at the Hague Peace Conference. He enjoyed an exceptional popularity among the Germans; and it was certain, in view of his party regularity, that he would receive substantially the entire Republican vote.

The Fusion mayoralty ticket thus nominated had great elements of strength. Although an independent ticket, it was also a "regular Republican ticket," supported as such loyally by a great mass of voters having no sympathy with the idea of non-partisanship animating the Citizens' Union. German voters had been won by explicit promise that the liquor laws would not be rigorously or offensively enforced. It had the enthusiastic and effective support of nearly all of the daily press of New York. The Democratic candidates, outside of the small fraction of journalistic support accorded them (some of which was, however, genuinely able), would have to rely upon such access to independent voters as might be accorded in the news columns of hostile journals or upon the purchased hospitality of blank walls.

The Democratic organizations and their leaders found, therefore, that, able and resourceful as in many ways they were, they had neglected the dynamic and all-controlling element of their problem. That element was public opinion, and more especially the opinion of that hard-worked, moral, reading, and intelligent body which the English call the "lower middle class," and from which probably comes the very best of political sentiment in Great Britain and the United States. The

Democrats clearly faced, as, long before election day, some of the best informed of their leaders told their mayoralty candidate, a "Waterloo with an adverse majority of at least one hundred thousand." This situation was particularly dangerous in the many square miles of small dwellings in Brooklyn, with its great German constituency and its generally fervid dislike of Tammany Hall. The rather desperate problem of the Democrats was how much of all this could be overcome in a campaign of four weeks.

And first they had to choose a candidate for mayor. The Brooklyn Democrats insisted upon a candidate quite unrelated to Tammany Hall, and of whom it would with good reason be believed that his determination was to reverse such of the methods of city government as were under popular condemnation, and to undo and punish past wrongdoing. A very large part of the Tammany constituency in Manhattan, and, I think, most of its leaders, were heartily in sympathy with this requirement; and at the last it was conceded. The choice of the Brooklyn Democrats, and especially of the reform Democrats of that borough, intensely desirous that their party should be an instrumentality of good government, not only for the sake of the city, but also for the wider purposes of wholesome opposition in state and national politics, was Comptroller Coler, and upon the plain political consideration that, as the people of the city believed him to have been able, upright, and independent in their second office, in which he was serving his fourth year, they would believe the promises of his trustworthiness in their first office. The leaders of Tammany Hall refused, however, to accept him, as, before that, the Republican leaders of the Fusion had likewise refused to accept or consider him. The author of this article was then nominated as the Democratic candidate for mayor. His qualifications and character are not open

to comment here; but, that this discussion may have value, it is necessary to state some public opinions of him which led to his nomination. He was reputed to be a lifelong member of the Democratic party, who had been zealous for sound money, for low tariff, for civil service reform, and for the steadfast loyalty of the United States to the cause of democratic self-government the world over. In the political relations of Brooklyn, he had been deemed independent, though always and outspokenly preferring coöperation with his party when its success did not seem to be inconsistent with the welfare of Brooklyn. There had in late years, and especially since 1898, — and under Democratic auspices, — been a great improvement in the local administration and political conditions of that great borough; and the influence of the independent and reformatory part of the Democratic party had, since that year, more than for many years before, been hospitably welcomed and acted upon by its regular organization. He had in 1897 supported the Citizens' Union, and had attacked Tammany Hall and the Brooklyn Democrats for their administrations (rejected at the polls in 1894 and 1893), and for their refusal, by nominations of men definitely committed to reform, to promise amendment of what had then been amiss, and also because their principal nominations in 1897 seemed to him (whether rightly or not is of no consequence here) to represent a deliberate intention that the great officers of the city should be subordinate representatives of politicians not responsible to the public. He was believed to have been zealous and successful in well-known prosecutions of public wrongdoing. He had for several years before 1898 been one of the leaders of an independent and influential Democratic body formed, in Brooklyn, to enforce a high standard of municipal nominations, and under public promise to coöperate with the regular body when the latter should yield to that standard.

His candidacy was intended, by those who proposed him, and very certainly by himself, as a signal promise that, if it were successful, the ideas of public service for which he had stood should dominate the mayoralty during 1902 and 1903. The sincerity of the promise was disbelieved by the opposition; nor was such disbelief unreasonable, if there were to be imputed to the quarter million voters who made up the regular Democratic strength the unworthy motives, corrupt purposes, and low ideals attributed — and no doubt often with reason — to political leaders. But that great body of voters deserved no such imputation; and they had first to be reckoned with. The nomination — leaders or no leaders, bosses or no bosses — was for them; its strength had to depend chiefly upon their good will; and they were sincere, whether or not their leaders were. It is the plain truth, however, that many of the leaders were also in sympathy with this view. In the candidate's opinion, he had the right to assume, and the public welfare required him to assume, that the promise signified by his nomination was sincere. If the mayoralty were to come to him, and if he failed in steadfastness to the ideas of public service which he had given out, and for the impression of which on the public he had been nominated, the insincerity would then be his, his the broken promises.

He accordingly required that the record of his public utterances be examined, and that it be perfectly understood, before his acceptance, that he receded from nothing which he had said. He next insisted upon an explicit agreement that he was free of promises or pledges of any kind, except such as he should take upon himself in public. He next caused it to be understood that he should announce his own platform, and that his obligations to the people at large, to those who should vote for him and to those who should nominate him, should be precisely and solely what he himself pub-

licly stated. It was believed by those who proposed his nomination that he was sincere; and they certainly had no reason, public or private, to believe otherwise, unless it were supposed that they recalled with hope the moral failures of other seemingly worthy men chosen to high office. The Democratic nominee could not reasonably be expected to make, or to acquiesce in, such an imputation upon himself. It would have been most unfit for him to make such an imputation upon them.

Some criticisms upon the Democratic candidate present questions of a political and moral character not without general and permanent interest. It was at once said that the acceptance of such a nomination by a man of his antecedents involved gross political inconsistency. But if he were sincere there was no inconsistency. He had opposed the Democratic mayoralty nomination of 1897, and for the reason that, to him, it had then seemed (whether rightly or wrongly) to be in theory the very reverse of the nomination of 1901. In the view expressed by him in 1897 (whether right or wrong), the nominee of that year was not intended to be an independent chief magistrate, representing his own reformatory views, but to be a political subordinate of politicians not answerable to the people. The nomination of 1901, on the other hand, meant to the candidate of that year, and was intended to mean to the public, the very opposite of this. So other criticisms implied that he intended, if he were elected, to give administration of the very kind which in the past he had condemned, and for condemnation of which he had been nominated; or even that he had entered into some kind of agreement, direct or indirect, to do, if he were chosen mayor, the very contrary of what he publicly and solemnly promised to do. Except upon denial of the integrity of his personal purpose and the truthfulness of his promises, there was no merit whatever in those charges of inconsistency.

He was also condemned for accepting a nomination from unworthy politicians and political bodies. But a like charge could be made against his competitor, with reference to some, at least, who nominated him, and indeed against the best of men who have been chosen to public office by universal suffrage. The proposition that evil men should be made to support evil candidates, and otherwise continue in their evil courses, is, in reality, sheer treason to good municipal government.

The Democratic candidate, immediately upon his nomination, was strongly pressed to peremptorily demand from Mr. Croker, the leader of Tammany Hall, the Democratic organization in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, his intervention to remove Mr. Murphy, the police commissioner, and his obnoxious deputy, Chief Devery; or, if that were not done or could not be, to declare that, if he were elected, he would, as soon as he took office, himself remove the police commissioner. He was offered valuable and perhaps decisive support if he would do either the first or the second of these things. But it should have been obvious that he could not make the demand upon Mr. Croker — even if it would have been successful — without complete self-stultification. The statutory power to remove the police commissioner rested either with the governor of the state, a Republican who certainly was not amenable to Mr. Croker's influence, or with the mayor, and with no one else. Upon both the governor and the mayor rested an undoubted and sworn duty to remove, if the public welfare required removal; but no such duty rested upon the leader of Tammany Hall. If, holding no office or public trust, he nevertheless held any such power, it was clearly the very power against which the Democratic nomination was a protest, and which the nominee certainly could not ratify by appeal to it, without surrendering, in case he were elected, his own official

self-respect, and depriving himself of the moral strength and independence accorded by the circumstances of his nomination. Neither could he, with reason or decency or consistency, in order to promote his own political fortunes at the polls, ask the mayor to remove a public officer whom the mayor would not remove upon the score of public necessity.

It was equally clear — or rather, it would have been equally clear but for the different view taken by Mr. Low — that a candidate for the mayoralty should give no pledge as to his official treatment of a specific person, whether then in office or out of office. If the modern constitutional prohibition of New York not only against payment of money or value to influence votes, but against any promise to influence votes, were not meant for such a case, then it is difficult to know for what it was meant. And that prohibition was no more than an expression — imperfect, perhaps, but still clear — of a fundamental and wholesome rule of American public life. The police commissioner had been appointed for a term of five years, less than one of which had expired. If he were removed, he was to be punished not only with loss of the remainder of his term, but with ineligibility to reappointment. He was justly removable only because the public welfare required it. Plainly, therefore, his removal ought to be an official act, determined, not by a candidate for the exigencies of his candidacy, and upon facts as he learned them, during his campaign, from a newspaper press, excited and heated, however honestly, but by the elected mayor when he should be in office, acting under the sanction of his oath and upon the facts as he should then find them to be. I hope that the precedent unfortunately set by Mr. Low will not be followed. Before he gave his pre-election pledge to remove the police commissioner, it had been supposed — and quite apart from constitution or

statute — that, in our democratic republic, a candidate for president or governor or mayor or other office must enter his office with an absolute freedom from pledges respecting persons. It is impossible to distinguish between a pledge to remove one man and a pledge to appoint another. It would be lamentable, and ultimately the source of corruption, if candidates should hereafter feel justified, or be open to compulsion by the threats of good men or bad men, or by other campaign necessities, to announce programmes of dismissals or appointments of specific persons.

The campaign, beginning with the most serious probability of Democratic defeat, seemed less favorable to the Fusion as it wore on. The promise of a firm, upright, and constructive mayoralty by the Democratic candidate; his pledge that he would not permit municipal powers or moneys to be used for partisan purposes; the argument that his nomination was in itself a victory for the sentiment represented by the Citizens' Union, and that, with the great normal Democratic majority in the city, a more radical and permanent improvement in standards of administration could be accomplished by giving success to the reformatory movement for the time powerful in the Democratic party rather than by defeating the party when, for the first time in many years, it controlled the all-important nomination to the mayoralty, and of inflicting that defeat in favor of an alliance, at the best but temporary, of the incongruous elements of the Fusion; the necessity in the country of an honorable and effective opposition, when political power was elsewhere so nearly completely in the hands of the Republican party, — such arguments seemed to make headway with the body of independent Democrats with whom the decision rested. But near the end of the campaign the tendency was effectively reversed, and enough of the original situation restored to assure Democratic defeat. This was the work of Judge

Jerome, who was the candidate for the important office of prosecuting attorney in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. At the last he became the hero or Prince Rupert of the campaign. Sounding the single note of a corrupt alliance between crime and the police force under the Democratic administration, he addressed his appeal to the simplest and strongest sense of morality. Better than any one else he adopted the text sternly given by Bishop Potter the year before. In effective, often rude, but often, also, most impressive manner, he produced the very deepest impression of his own truth-telling sincerity and utter courage. He was followed and listened to as was no other candidate. He had the burning zeal of a true crusader, and to that were forgiven what were deemed mere faults of taste. Near the end of the struggle his speeches became the dominant feature. Until then it was, during the latter half of the campaign, believed by most disinterested judges that the enormous advantages with which the Fusion had begun had been overcome, and that the Democratic candidate for mayor would be chosen by a narrow majority.

The election resulted in a decisive victory for Mr. Low and the Fusion ticket, all of the boroughs except Queens giving him majorities. His total vote was about 297,000, against his adversary's 265,000. His victory was at the first welcomed as a novel exhibition of independent voting full of beneficent promise, as a final destruction of the Democratic organizations in the Greater New York, and more especially of Tammany Hall, and (curiously ignoring the plain facts of the case) as a definite and final establishment of the new system of exclusively non-partisan nominations. While the result in 1897 had to many seemed a permanent abasement of the public life of their city, the result in 1901 seemed to the same observers a permanent establishment of that life on a firm and wholesome basis. The happy change of sentiment was at

once reflected abroad. The London and Paris newspapers hailed Mr. Low's election as a "revolution."

The first impression has somewhat faded upon more careful examination of the result. It was not many days after the election that Mr. Wheeler H. Peckham, a distinguished independent Democrat, declared his disappointment at the meagreness of the majority, in comparison with the impressive blackness of the picture which had been drawn of misgovernment, and in view of the expectations cherished for months and years, and of the many signs of a really overwhelming uprising. There was, in truth, great reason to rejoice at the achievements of public sentiment which the campaign had demonstrated. But the character of the result was at first quite misunderstood. If there had sim-

ply been a struggle between the forces of righteousness all on the one side and the forces of vice all on the other, with the enormous advantages which the former had enjoyed, Mr. Peckham's depression would have been quite justifiable. If 265,000 citizens of the American metropolis, after a campaign of several years, conducted with extraordinary energy, had, in the face of object lessons so appalling as those held up to them, deliberately voted to continue iniquitous government, it would surely have been a calamity, and almost an extinction of patriotic hope. But that was a partisan and superficial view. It was, indeed, the plain truth that the Democratic strength had increased, and the Fusion strength had diminished, from 1897 to 1901. The votes in the several boroughs were as follows:¹ —

BOROUGH.	Year.	Democrat.	Fusion.	Fusion Majorities.
Manhattan and Bronx	1897	143,666	146,120	2,454
	1901	156,629	162,292	5,663
Brooklyn	1897	76,185	110,105	33,920
	1901	88,858	114,625	25,767
Queens	1897	9,275	12,621	3,346
	1901	13,679	13,118	561
Richmond	1897	4,871	6,160	1,289
	1901	6,009	6,772	763

The total Fusion majority in the entire city, which in 1897 had been 41,209, was in 1901 reduced to 31,632, although the total vote had increased by more than ten per cent. The difference was that while in 1897 the Fusion votes were divided between Mr. Low, the Citizens' Union candidate, General Tracy, the Republican candidate, and Henry George, Jr., in 1901, on the other hand, the Fusion votes were united for Mr. Low. The Democratic vote had both relatively and absolutely increased, and the Fusion vote had relatively decreased. Nor was this all; for in former elections the proportional Fusion strength had been greater than in either 1897 or 1901. Thus in 1894 the Tammany candidate received in the old city (the present

boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx) 108,907 votes against 154,094 for the Fusion candidate, Mr. Strong, — being thus a plurality of 45,187 out of a total vote of 263,001. Had the campaign of 1901 resulted in an equivalent division of political strength in the same boroughs, the total vote of 318,921 would have been divided, so that Mr. Low would have received a majority of 55,000 instead of the 6000 which in fact he received. In the corresponding Democratic defeat of 1893 in Brooklyn, already noted, the Fusion mayoralty candidate had received 95,859 against 65,100 for the Democratic candidate, — a majority of 30,759 out of a total of 160,959; while in 1901

¹ The Prohibition and Labor votes are ignored, as numerically insignificant.

Mr. Low received a majority of 25,767 out of a total of 203,483. Had the division of the Brooklyn voters in 1901 been the same as in 1893, Mr. Low's plurality in 1901 would have been upwards of 40,000 instead of 26,000.

Nor was it true, as the independent press seemed to assume, that fusion and independent voting had their really first success in 1901. There had, indeed, been more than three times as many ballots cast under the independent emblem in 1897 as were in 1901 cast under both the Citizens' Union and independent Democratic emblems. And not only had the proportion of independent voting been larger in 1893 and 1894, but in still earlier years there had been still more striking exhibitions of non-partisan sentiment and independent voting. Such, for instance, was the revolt against the corrupt Tweed régime in 1871. In the preceding year, 1870, the Tammany mayoralty candidate had received 71,037 votes against only 46,392 for the independent Democratic candidate supported by the Republican party. But twelve months later, after an extraordinary and memorable agitation of only four or five months, the Tammany ticket was overwhelmed, receiving only 45,916 votes against 89,127 for the head of the Fusion ticket. How very much larger was the measure of non-partisan voting then than in 1901 is obvious from the fact that while in 1871 the head of the Democratic local ticket had received 45,916 votes, the Democratic state ticket received 89,326; and while the Republican state ticket received but 34,391 votes, the head of the Fusion local ticket received 89,127.

The congratulations of good citizens must not, therefore, rest upon the proposition that the election of 1901 was a plain, simple struggle between Ahri-man and Ormuzd. The truly cheering significance of the campaign of 1901 will be lost if it be assumed that the mayoralty contest was between complete and obvious evil on one side and

complete and obvious good on the other. If that were true, then the dark principle had been making headway over its adversary of light. Surely, we ought to be depressed if we knew that the cause of vice and misgovernment had, in the American metropolis, failed of a majority of the votes by but three per cent, and that the fraction of the total vote in favor of depravity has increased, in spite of an educational campaign of nearly four years by the press, by the Citizens' Union, the Chamber of Commerce, and other reformatory bodies, by an almost continuous outpouring of eloquence, and by uninterrupted object lessons, startling and in the sight of all men. The assumption, however, is untrue. All the good was not on one side, nor all the evil on the other. There need be no disappointment, if we respect the facts rather than, after the fashion of the doctrinaire, reason upon preconceived theories unrelated to the wonderful and complex stream of human life in what Mr. Low, in his campaign, has well called a *Weltstadt*, — the most cosmopolitan city in the world. The reformatory campaign, with its struggles of unselfish and high-minded men, did not result in a Pyrrhic victory, probably to be reversed in 1903; certainly to be reversed if, during the coming two years, there shall be a reaction of public sentiment for reasons sufficient or insufficient.

The whole campaign ought to bring solid satisfaction, because it has shown, far better than in numerical totals, a deeper, broader, and more intelligent influence, practically exercised by public sentiment upon municipal politics, than the city had known in 1897 or ever before. For, first, it was demonstrated that independent voters held the balance of power, and that, large as was the normal Democratic majority in the city, any grave offense given by its officials or leaders to its independent members would readily put it in a minority. And, further, independent sen-

timent had compelled the Republican party to a better loyalty to the city, and therefore to accept the alliance with the Citizens' Union which it had refused in 1897. The compulsion would, no doubt, have been as great if Republican politicians had been less skillful in persuading the Citizens' Union to surrender part of its programme; but the compulsion was effective, and we know it may be effective again, and that is the point. And, next, and perhaps most significant of all, the same sentiment had made itself powerful with the politicians and organizations of the Democratic majority. Their mayoralty nomination was no less the work of the Citizens' Union and the sentiment for which it stood than was the Republican nomination. On all sides, indeed, there had come to be a measure of enlightened deference to the reformatory and independent spirit, — insufficient, no doubt, sadly insufficient, but still far greater than in 1897 or ever before.

Neither of the great party organizations will, during our generation, cease to be active and powerful in the municipal politics of Greater New York. They will continue to nominate mayors and other municipal officers, and to provide by far the greater part of the votes for them. But hereafter, and until the memory of the campaign of 1901 shall have grown dull, they will accept — not completely, indeed, but more hospitably and largely than they have hitherto — the sentiment of the intelligent and loyal citizenship of their city. More and more have we reason to believe that that sentiment, if organized and well directed, will effectively influence the standards of party nominations, party ideals, and party behavior in its municipal affairs, and in those of cities affected by its example. Party forces will not be destroyed in American cities, nor will they be there confined to activity in national or state matters. They may, however, — and will, if reformers exercise practical

good sense, — be harnessed to the work of honest and effective city government.

I hope that Mr. Low will, in his great office, have a large and noble success. Such success is of the first consequence to the cause of good municipal government not only in the metropolis, but in every city of the land. If he be genuinely successful, if he administer well, and especially if he uncover and punish a large part of the past wrongdoing described during his campaign, he will secure a hold upon the confidence of the voters of this city which will wholly or largely neutralize the reaction which must inevitably come. Such success will, perhaps, if he desire it, although with the large Democratic majority that is far from assured, bring him two years hence a renewal of the vote of popular confidence. If, however, he fail in vigor of administration, in the vigor and thorough extent with which he procures justice to be meted out for the past wrongdoing so obvious and pervading, or if, for any reason, his administration fail to hold the zealous loyalty of the people, the reformatory and independent sentiment in both parties, — and no less in the Democratic party than in the Republican party, — and also the independent sentiment not closely allied to either party, will be inevitably and calamitously weakened. If his administration be so successful as to genuinely interest the voters, it will strengthen intelligent and high-minded sentiment in both parties, and augment that reasonable independence which is, after all, the fundamental condition of good government, whether in the city or in the nation. And thus, in the Greater New York, and indeed in all the great cities of the United States, no less than in great private corporations, it can help to make effective and fruitful the splendid capacity of the American people for business administration, — splendid in energy, in originality, and in fertility of resource.

Edward M. Shepard.

FEBRUARY IN ENGLAND.

How pleasant smelt the wood smoke as it rose in a blue column against the pines! Against the sky its ethereal woof was invisible. For a space the pines, with their wintry noise that never ceases, alternating with grizzled oak trees, lined the roadside. A sudden freshness told us where they ended; then the trees grew farther apart, and ash, beech, and elm made a great silence that was startling, after the companionable murmur of the firs. Their color was that green which, though never old, is never quite youthful. Every other tree was black for miles, discovering those deep-hued cantles of the sky, betwixt the branchwork, that are the peculiar wonder of leafless woods. On every side rose and fell leagues of untenanted lawn, of a cold green, that in the light of a February dawn, so clear, so absolutely clear, looked as the savannas of Eden must have looked on the first day of the world. There were gardens, ingeniously remarked Sir Thomas Browne, before there were men; and these pastoral solitudes seemed not to have been "made with hands." For aught I knew, no one was abroad in all the world. It was hard to believe otherwise; for there was an extraordinary, virginal purity in the notes of a thrush that sang (as it sang every day) on its particular bough of elm, in the sheen of the first celandines, and in the herbage that waved, encased in dew. Everything was the same as of old, — yet not the same. I seemed to be on the eve of a revelation. I could have wept that my senses were not chastened to celestial keenness, to understand the pipits singing as they flew. In a short time the common look of things returned. The rooks began to pass overhead, and some alighted, their feathers changing to silver as they turned in the sun. A gate was banged far off. The

cock crew, and the sound stirred the sleeping air farther and farther round, like a stone falling into a pool. I felt that it was cold. Beside a distant pool the ash trees had still some magic. Some "potent spirit" was surely hidden among their boughs; as we approached them, indeed, we expected to discover their secret. But on passing underneath all had fled except a whimpering of the breeze, and instead of something "mystic, wonderful," nothing appeared save a robin singing alone,

"And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

The afternoon of that same day was in another style. A railway journey had effected just such an inconsequent change as comes in dreams. The air was full of that oppressive silence into which changes the unintelligible clamor of towns. Looking scarce farther or higher than the cathedral tower, the sun vainly competed with the clock face gleaming beside the Thames. Over the gray water rose and fell continually the gray wings of gulls; others screamed with a melancholy "dying fall" in the gray spaces of heaven, soaring doubtless into silence beyond the mist, in the enjoyment of we knew not what amenities of light and warmth.

"Solemque suum, sua sidera norunt."

Gray roofs, gray ships; indeed, only one immobile ruddy sail of a barge, drifting up, colored the Quakerish raiment of the day. By dipping my pen into the gray Thames ripple I am fain to make gray the reader's mind as it did mine. But words are frail; even the word "gray," which of all chromatic epithets is most charged with mental and sentimental meaning, has boundaries. The gray changed somewhat; it was night. If the day had seemed a dying thing, the night seemed dead, and

"not a funeral note" came through the mist. So a week passed, and, defrauded thus of a sweet tract of life (such as that February dawn had promised), I watched the clockwork movements of the gray-minded men and women pacing the streets. I met hundreds of people in the streets that might have taken rôles in the inferno. And in a more personal and horrible sense than Goethe meant, I felt that here on earth we have veritably to enact hell, as I looked down from a great bridge. A steamer—the ghost of a steamer—passed under. I could hear a voice, perhaps two; I could see a form—the shadow of a form—flit past upon the deck.

"Is that a Death? and are there two?"

But the ship slid softly away under her pyramid of almost motionless smoke. A barge soon afterwards followed: it seemed a league long, and at the stern—ridiculously small—was what must have been the figure of a man straining at an immense oar, and black, thrice black, in that horrid twilight. He passed: I was powerless to speak, though I felt he was drifting on to hell,—calmly as at the smoothly swirling outmost circle of a whirlpool. Close to the bridge where I stood were many ships aground, with many men at work, climbing masts, walking dreadfully on rippling planks to land, going and coming, coming and going. Only those nearest were thus visible. Those farther off seemed more grisly or more fantastic in their employments. The sun, lying as it were in blood-red pools upon the mud left by the ebb, unnaturally exaggerated men and trades. There was a sense of continuous, inexorable motion. Surely I could see wheels revolving? Almost as surely did I see Ixions bound thereon. I saw yokefellows for Pirithous, Salmoneus, and Tityus. Some of the forms were certainly not human, and the scene, under the doubtful conflict of fierce light with utter darkness, seemed

"a palace bright
Bastioned with pyramids of glowing gold;
And all its curtains of Aurorean clouds
Flushed angerily: while sometimes eagle's
wings,
Unseen before by Gods or wondering men,
Darkened the place; and neighing steeds were
heard,
Not heard before by Gods or wondering men."

It was almost more horrible still that nothing groaned. The air was left silent with a sense that over all watched some omnipotent assessor who grimly shook the urn. I had no sleepy, honeyed passport for the Cerberus thereof. But *quid memorem?* I would not for a great price have ventured there, though close behind rang the noise of hoofs, slightly drowned by the hiss of mud. I felt as some lonely spectator of a tragedy in a great theatre.

"In vacuo tristis cessor plausorque theatro."

The sun was burning like newly minted copper.

From London, I remember, we traveled to the county of —, in South Wales. February was making the best of his short life, and leaving March a great deal to undo. "Is there no religion for the temperate and frigid zones?" asks Thoreau, at the end of his Winter Walk. Round the great open Welsh hearths we found a sufficient creed in the sweet paganisms of a fire worship which in that country insists on a blaze in June; preferring it, since for mental and sentimental warmth the sun is some few millions of miles too distant. Spending such an evening by the fireside, it was pleasant to note a culinary genius which experiments evoked. I know nothing that makes the conversation go more "trippingly on the tongue" than the discussion of such dainties as hands modestly declared inexperienced will compose out of scant elements.

"Matter! with six eggs and a strike of rye
meal
I had kept the town till Doomsday, perhaps
longer;"

and with less than old Furnace, the cook in Massinger's play, we did succeed in keeping melancholy from the door. Through the window we saw a gray beggar feeding a party of sparrows with his crumbs, — a fine economy, charity reduced to its lowest terms. Not, however, that it was a hard season. But the willows were in bud, and for that very reason — there were so many tender things to look cold — the sting was more keen. All day were seen rapid clouds tumbling past a white horizon, firmly stamped with the outlines of trees; the willow undulating all together, like a living wave of foliage and limber boughs; the river flowing out of silver into blue shadow, and again into silver where the sky bent as if to touch it; leaf and flower of celandine gleaming under the briers; whilst the air was vibrant though windless, — stirred like water in a full vessel when more is still poured in. It was the most perfect of days. The air had all the sparkling purity of winter. It had, too, something of the mettle and gusto of the spring. The scent of young grass, uncontested by any flower or fruit, was sharp though faint, and thus the air was touched with a summer perfume. Now and then a black-bird fluted a stave or two. But the silence was mysteriously great, because the incalculably subtle sound of the ocean was ever there, solemnizing, deepening, and as it were charging with "large utterance" the silence it could not break. The whole countryside of grassy level and rolling copse was like a shell put to the ear. For the shore was never still. A little way out the fisher boats might be curtsying on the tranquil tide; but reaching the shore, the same tide came upon fantastic rocks that were an organ out of which it contrived an awful music. Under the beams of the rocking moon, those tall, cadaverous crags rose up like stripped reapers, gigantic and morose, reaping and amassing the dolorous harvest of wrecks, waist-deep in a surge

whose waves seemed not to flow and change, but to turn, turn ceaselessly in the contracted corridors among the rocks, like wheels revolving, and bespattered by the foam that huddled, yellow, coagulate, quaking, in the crevices.

Soon afterward snow fell, apparently making the air meeter for its freight of scent from the first violets, which certainly smelt sweeter than they had ever done before. The strong bells were choked by snow, and tinkled very timidly in the church. Lightly clothed by the same fall, the pillared tower of white stone looked wonderfully radiant in the moonlight, as if fresh from the footsteps of angels or garnished for a day of extraordinary celebration. Then, too, was the bell note sweetest, though always unequaled in pure aerial quality, because

"We cannot see, but feel that it is there,"

hid as it is in some dim belfry or mossy turret from which one never expects so fine a music.

As we passed upward to the hills, one day, the snow was fading in the sun, and the laurels rose suddenly up as they shook it off in shower after shower. On one hand the ghost of a distant mountain hung lighter than cloud. For a moment another snow shower fell, but settled only on the scattered green of the arable fields: so on that hand lay miles of dark land under a veil of delicatest cirrus. Two miles ahead, on the boldest height of all, was the ruin — the mere dust and ashes — of a castle, pale, continually lost among clouds of which it seemed a part, and as unreal as if it were still in "the region of stories," and we were reading of it in the monkish chronicle.

The path followed one side of a steep wooded valley, and at the bottom a mountain river ran fast over great stones, its noise muffled by the trees, as if it talked in its beard. For almost a mile we could hear the sounding smoke of a white cataract which gave the river its speed. The great marsh

marigolds had come. Fragments of an ancient wall stood here and there among the trees: the stones were blessed with mosses, in whose miniature forests an autumnal red prevailed, which, however, loaded with dew, turned to perfect silver in the sun.

Reaching the castle on the hill, I came from those creations of the seasons and the hours as if straight upon time itself. The noble masonry preserved the curves of several pointed arches; some of the apartments might still have sheltered a stout physique from the pleasantries of wind and rain; but the building had unmistakably been overtaken by eternity. It had for centuries ceased to live. Now death itself was dead within these stones; it was resolved into its elements again. Approaching the castled crag, it was hard to say where crag ended and castle began. Examining the masonry, it was indistinguishable from the rock on which it lay. In summer the wild thyme and the harebell did their best to conceal what was written in terse hieroglyphics on the stones. But winter had undone these sweet deceits. By degrees a feeling of horror grew and became less vague. I accidentally loosened a stone, which fell noisily down the almost perpendicular cliff for two hundred feet to the fields below, and by no hard feat of the fancy I felt myself as insignificant as that stone; I too was cast over the abyss. One of the walls rose almost in line with this sheer cliff, and I could not help picturing the dreadful trade when that side was building. Many a slave must have dropped from the rising wall on to the plain. It is said that Roman mortar was made so durable by addition of human blood. That may be; here, it is certain, every stone owes its place to human blood. I passed several gaps for the crossbowmen, and looked out: nothing nearer than three hundred feet was visible, and that was below. I followed all the grisly windings of the dripping dungeon, and had scarce the

heart to trace back my footsteps into the light. How well these builders expressed themselves! How perfect is their style, the shadow of their personality! There is no mistaking the superb brutality of their nature. So forcibly was this still expressed that unwillingly I conjured up their subtlest cruelties to my mind. I too, like the prisoner five hundred years ago, was thrust through that deep and narrow window on to the plain below!

I cannot imagine any beings more unlike the builders and owners of this castle than the legendary mediæval knights. What has a Kehydus or a Perceval to do with shrieks which I still could hear amidst this ruin? Yet tradition connected these walls with Urian.

Then we passed into the little chapel of the castle, still a holy place, where a furze bush flowered, and the ancient turf lay innocent of the footprints even of wind. It was a refuge of eternal peace, — peace entailed and handed down through centuries of pleasant and melodious calm, to the chanting of holy men. Our entering footsteps and voices sounded most unreal. We were the ghosts. Antiquity — the echo, the shadow — was the one thing real. In a short time the ruins were lit by that weird light “sent from beyond the skies,” just after sunset, when far-off things are dim, but near things are strangely near. Those who walked there took deep draughts of eternity.

“Securos latices et longa oblivia potant.”

A lark was scaling the clouds as day fell, and sang, though driven madly backward by the wind. In their motion past the sun the monstrous clouds were transmuted into fiery vapors, “such stuff as dreams are made on,” light and graceful as Aphrodite rising from the sea. And already a valley here and there was full of night, as for a time that noblest of all Arthurian figures vanished, taking his helm and shield, and with words of perfect

knightliness "thanked God of his adventure."

Day was almost gone, when again, just as at a certain part of dawn, for a short time spring seemed to be coming down the wind into the land, undeniably the genius of spring, though invisible, inaudible. This promise was nearer a perfume than anything else, — as of remote blossom, driven hither across leagues of drenching Atlantic air, making the nostrils dilate with half-diffident expectation and surprise. A

bat flew round the keep, and his snipping sound could be heard overhead. Hesperus came out, and burned longer than it had done before that year, so that in its tender light the land seemed in that brief half hour to advance a long way toward the season of catkins, through which the first voices from the south — chiff-chaff and wood wren — would presently creep and stir vapors of golden pollen, while in the clear noon there would be no shadow save the fly's on the great buttercup.

Edward Thomas.

AUDREY.¹

XXIX.

AMOR VINCIT.

By now it was early spring in Virginia, and a time of balm and pleasantness. The season had not entered into its complete heritage of gay hues, sweet odors, song, and wealth of bliss. Its birthday robe was yet a-weaving, its coronal of blossoms yet folded buds, its choristers not ready with their fullest pæans. But everywhere was earnest of future riches. In the forest the blood-root was in flower, and the bluebird and the redbird flashed from the maple that was touched with fire to the beech just lifted from a pale green fountain. In Mistress Stagg's garden daffodils bloomed, and dim blue hyacinths made sweet places in the grass. The sun lay warm upon upturned earth, blackbirds rose in squadrons and darkened the yet leafless trees, and every wind brought rumors of the heyday toward which the earth was spinning. The days were long and sweet; at night a moon came up, and between it and the earth played soft and vernal airs.

Then a pale light flooded the garden; the shells bordering its paths gleamed like threaded pearls, and the house showed whiter than a marble sepulchre. Mild incense, cool winds, were there, but quiet came fitfully between the bursts of noise from the lit theatre.

On such a night as this, Audrey, clothed in red silk, with a band of false jewels about her shadowy hair, slipped through the stage door into the garden, and moved across it to the small white house and rest. Her part in the play was done; for all their storming she would not stay. Silence and herself alone, and the mirror in her room; then, sitting before the glass, to see in it darkly the woman whom she had left dead upon the boards yonder, — no, not yonder, but in a far country, and a fair and great city. Love! love! and death for love! and her own face in the mirror gazing at her with eyes of that long-dead Italian. It was the exaltation and the dream, mournful, yet not without its luxury, that ended her every day. When the candle burned low, when the face looked but dimly from the glass, then would she rise and quench

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the flame, and lay herself down to sleep, with the moonlight upon her crossed hands and quiet brow.

She passed through the grape arbor, and opened the door at which Haward had knocked that September night of the Governor's ball. She was in Mistress Stagg's long room. At that hour it should have been lit only by a dying fire and a solitary candle: now the fire was low enough, but the room seemed aflame with myrtle tapers. Audrey, coming from the dimness without, shaded her eyes with her hand. The heavy door shut to behind her; unseeing still she moved toward the fire, but in a moment let fall her hand and began to wonder at the unwonted lights. Mistress Stagg was yet in the playhouse; who then? She turned, and saw Haward standing, with folded arms, between her and the door.

The silence was long. He was Marmaduke Haward with all his powers gathered, calm, determined, so desperate to have done with this thing, to at once and forever gain his own and master fate, that his stillness was that of deepest waters, his cool equanimity that of the gamester who knows how will fall the loaded dice. Dressed with his accustomed care, very pale, composed and quiet, he faced her whose spirit yet lingered in a far city, who in the dreamy exaltation of this midnight hour was ever half Audrey of the garden, half that other woman in a dress of red silk, with jewels in her hair, who, love's martyr, had exulted, given all, and died.

"How did you come here?" she breathed at last. "You said that you would come never again."

"After to-night never again," he answered. "But now, Audrey, this once again, this once again!"

Gazing past him, she made a movement toward the door. He shook his head. "This is my hour, Audrey. You may not leave the room, nor will Mistress Stagg enter it. I will not touch

you, I will come no nearer to you. Stand there in silence, if you choose, or cover the sight of me from your eyes, while for my own ease, my own unhappiness, I say farewell."

"Farewell!" she echoed. "Long ago, at Westover, that was said between you and me. . . . Why do you come like a ghost to keep me and peace apart?"

He did not answer, and she locked her hands across her brow that burned beneath the heavy circlet of mock gems. "Is it kind?" she demanded, with a sob in her voice. "Is it kind to trouble me so, to keep me here?" —

"Was I ever kind?" he asked. "Since the night when I followed you, a child, and caught you from the ground when you fell between the corn rows, what kindness, Audrey?"

"None!" she answered, with sudden passion. "Nor kindness then! Why went you not some other way?"

"Shall I tell you why I was there that night, — why I left my companions, and came riding back to the cabin in the valley?"

She uncovered her eyes. "I thought — I thought then — that you were sent" —

He looked at her with strange compassion. "My own will sent me. . . . When, that sunny afternoon, we spurred from the valley toward the higher mountains, we left behind us a forest flower, a young girl of simple sweetness, with long, dark hair, — like yours, Audrey. . . . It was to pluck that flower that I deserted the expedition, that I went back to the valley between the hills."

Her eyes dilated, and her hands very slowly rose to press her temples, to make a shadow from which she might face the cup of trembling he was pouring for her. "*Molly!*" she said, beneath her breath.

He nodded. "Well, Death had gathered the flower. . . . Accident threw across my path a tinier blossom, a helpless child. Save you then, care for you then, I must, or I had been, not man, but

monster. Did I care for you tenderly, Audrey? Did I make you love me with all your childish heart? Did I become to you father and mother and sister and fairy prince? Then what were you to me in those old days? A child fanciful and charming, too fine in all her moods not to breed wonder, to give the feeling that Nature had placed in that mountain cabin a changeling of her own. A child that one must regard with fondness and some pity, — what is called a dear child. Moreover, a child whose life I had saved, and to whom it pleased me to play Providence. I was young, not hard of heart, sedulous to fold back to the uttermost the roseleaves of every delicate and poetic emotion; magnificently generous, also, and set to play my life *en grand seigneur*. To myself assume a responsibility which with all ease might have been transferred to an Orphan Court, to put my stamp upon your life to come, to watch you kneel and drink of my fountain of generosity, to open my hand and with an indulgent smile shower down upon you the coin of pleasure and advantage, — why, what a tribute was this to my own sovereignty, what subtle flattery of self-love, what delicate taste of power! Well, I kissed you good-by and unclasped your hands from my neck, chided you, laughed at you, fondled you, promised all manner of pretty things, and engaged you never to forget me, and sailed away upon the Golden Rose, to meet my crowded years with their wine and roses, upas shadows and apples of Sodom. How long before I forgot you, Audrey? A year and a day, perhaps. I protest that I cannot remember exactly."

He slightly changed his position, but came no nearer to her. It was growing quiet in the street beyond the curtained windows. One window was bare, but it gave only upon an unused nook of the garden where were merely the moonlight and some tall, leafless bushes.

"I came back to Virginia," he said, "and I looked for and found you in the

heart of a flowering wood. . . . All that you imagined me to be, Audrey, that was I not. Knight errant, paladin, king among men, — what irony, child, in that strange dream and infatuation of yours! I was — I am — of my time and of myself, and he whom that day you thought me had not then nor afterwards form or being. I wish you to be perfect in this lesson, Audrey. Are you so?"

"Yes," she sighed. Her hands had fallen; she was looking at him with slowly parting lips and a strange expression in her eyes.

He went on quietly, as before, every feature controlled to impassivity and his arms lightly folded: "That is well. Between the day when I found you again and a night in the Palace yonder lies a summer, — a summer! To me all the summers that ever I had or will have, — ten thousand summers! Now tell me how I did in this wonderful summer."

"Ignobly," she answered.

He bowed his head gravely. "Ay, Audrey, it is a good word." With a quick sigh he left his place, and walking to the uncurtained window stood there looking out upon the strip of moonlight and the screen of bushes; but when he turned again to the room, his face and bearing were as impressive as before in their fine, still gravity, their repose of determination. "And that evening by the river, when you fled from me to Hugon" —

"I had awaked," she said, in a low voice. "You were to me a stranger, and I feared you."

"And at Westover?"

"A stranger."

"Here in Williamsburgh, when by dint of much striving I saw you, when I wrote to you, when at last you sent me that letter, that piteous and cruel letter, Audrey?"

For one moment her dark eyes met his, then fell to her clasped hands. "A stranger," she said.

"The letter was many weeks ago. I

have been alone with my thoughts at Fair View. And to-night, Audrey?"

"A stranger," she would have replied, but her voice broke. There were shadows under her eyes; her lifted face had in it a strained, intent expectancy, as though she saw or heard one coming.

"A stranger," he acquiesced. "A foreigner in your world of dreams and shadows. No prince, Audrey, or great white knight and hero. Only a gentleman of these latter days, compact, like his fellows, of strength and weakness; now very wise, and now the mere finger-post of folly; set to travel his own path; able to hear above him in the rarer air the trumpet call, but choosing to loiter on the lower slopes. In addition a man who loves at last, — loves greatly, with a passion that shall ennoble. A stranger and your lover, Audrey, come to say farewell."

Her voice came like an echo, plaintive and clear, from far away: "Farewell."

"How steadily do I stand here to say farewell!" he said. "Yet I am eaten of my passion. A fire burns me, a voice within me ever cries aloud. I am whirled in a resistless wind. . . . Ah, my love, the garden at Fair View! The folded rose that will never bloom, the dial where linger the heavy hours, — the heavy, heavy, heavy hours!"

"The garden," she whispered. "I smell the box. . . . The path was all in sunshine. So quiet, so hushed. . . . I went a little farther, and I heard your voice where you sat and read — and read of *Eloisa*. . . . *Oh, Evelyn, Evelyn!*"

"The last time, the last farewell!" he said. "When the Golden Rose is far at sea, when the winds blow, when the stars drift below the verge, when the sea speaks, then may I forget you, may the vision of you pass! Now, at Fair View, it passes not; it dwells. . . . Night and day I behold you, the woman that I love, — the woman that I love in vain!"

"The Golden Rose!" she answered. "The sea! . . . Alas!"

Her voice had risen into a cry. The walls of the room were gone, the air pressed upon her heavily, the lights wavered, the waters were passing over her as they had passed that night of the witch's hut. How far away the bank upon which he stood! He spoke to her, and his voice came faintly, as from that distant shore or from the deck of a swiftly passing ship: "And so it is good-by, sweetheart; for why should I stay in Virginia? Ah, if you loved me, Audrey! But since it is not so, good-by, good-by! This time I'll not forget you, but I shall not come again. Good-by!"

Her lips moved, but there came no words. A light had dawned upon her face, her hand was lifted as though to stay a sound of music. Suddenly she turned toward him, swayed, and would have fallen but that his arm caught and upheld her. Her head was thrown back; the soft masses of her wonderful hair brushed his cheek and shoulder; her eyes looked past him, and a smile, pure and exquisite beyond expression, just redeemed her face from sadness. "Good-morrow, Love!" she said, clearly and sweetly.

At the sound of her own words came to her the full realization and understanding of herself. With a cry she freed herself from his supporting arm, stepped backward and looked at him. The color surged over her face and throat, her eyelids drooped; while her name was yet upon his lips she answered with a broken cry of ecstasy and abandonment. A moment, and she was in his arms and their lips had met.

How quiet it was in the long room, where the myrtle candles gave out their faint perfume and the low fire leaped upon the hearth! Thus for a time; then, growing faint with her happiness, she put up protesting hands. He made her sit in the great chair, and knelt before her, all youth and fire, handsome, ardent, transfigured by his passion into such a lover as a queen might desire.

"Hail, Sultana!" he said, smiling, his

eyes upon her diadem. "Now you are Arpsia again, and I am Moneses, and ready, ah, most ready, to die for you."

She also smiled. "Remember that I am to quickly follow you."

"When shall we marry?" he demanded. "The garden cries out for you, my love, and I wish to hear your footstep in my house. It hath been a dreary house, filled with shadows, haunted by keen longings and vain regrets. Now the windows shall be flung wide and the sunshine shall pour in. Oh, your voice singing through the rooms, your foot upon the stairs!" He took her hands and put them to his lips. "I love as men loved of old," he said. "I am far from myself and my times. When will you become my wife?"

She answered him simply, like the child that at times she seemed: "When you will. But I must be Arpsia again to-morrow night. The Governor hath ordered the play repeated, and Margery Linn could not learn my part in time."

He laughed, fingering the red silk of her hanging sleeve, feasting his eyes upon her dark beauty, so heightened and deepened in the year that had passed. "Then play to them — and to me who shall watch you well — to-morrow night. But after that, to them never again; only to me, Audrey, — to me when we walk in the garden at home, when we sit in the bookroom and the candles are lighted. That day in May when first you came into my garden, when first I showed you my house, when first I rowed you home with the sunshine on the water and the roses in your hair! Love, love! do you remember?"

"Remember?" she answered, in a thrilling voice. "When I am dead I shall yet remember."

Rising from her chair, she stood looking down upon him who yet knelt. Her hands were in his clasp, and the smile upon his handsome face was very tender, for he loved her truly.

"This dress that I wear is not mine,"

she said, "and this crown upon my head has no value. Last May Day I won a guinea, but the minister spent it; another that was given to me I gave away. I am so poor that there is naught in the world that is mine. My parents were humble folk, and I know not so much as their names. I have lived with people that are not well spoken of, and to the houses which you enter as an honored guest I have gone on their errands and as their servant. I am Darden's Audrey. . . . The constable took Joan, the smith's daughter, and at the Court House one day they whipped her; and Annis Ray, who lived at the Point, she must stand one morning at the church door with a paper in her hand; and Darden's Audrey sat in Bruton church yonder, and the preacher spoke to her, and all the people turned to look. They say now that it was all a mistake and that she had done no wrong, but I think that the smirch will never leave her name. And now she is only a play actress. . . . Oh, one day you may be sorry, — I shall see it in your eyes! Think well, think well of what you do!"

The smile had left his lips. Profoundly moved, he rose, and twice walked the length of the room before he returned to her side. "I have thought," he said. "Months ago I thought, yonder in Marrot's ordinary, when I came to my senses, Audrey, when I remembered. . . . I will not speak of repentance, atonement. I love you, — better than my life I love you!"

"Life!" she exclaimed. "Life is very long. You love me now, but will you love me always? Perhaps before the end you'll tire of me; perhaps some day I shall come upon you unawares in the garden and see that you have counted the cost. Oh, if this, also, is a dream, and I must again awaken!"

"It is no dream!" he cried. "Audrey, Audrey, believe me now, at last and forever!"

She smiled, and put out her hand to

him with a gesture of her childhood. "I believe," she said. "I will forget the things of the past; I will try to learn. You will be gentle with me, I know, and patient."

"God knows I must learn of you!" he answered. "Oh, love, let be these things which matter not. The garden awaits us, and the long sunshine, and the opening roses."

"I will come when you want me," she said. "After to-morrow night I will come. . . . Oh, cannot you hear the river? And the walls of the box will be freshly green, and the fruit trees all in bloom. The white leaves drift down upon the bench beneath the cherry tree. . . . I will sit in the grass at your feet. Oh, I love you, have loved you long!"

With her head upon his breast and his arm about her, they stood in the heart of the soft radiance of many candles. His face was bowed upon the dark wonder of her hair; when at last he lifted his eyes, they chanced to fall upon the one uncurtained window. Audrey, feeling his slight, quickly controlled start, turned within his arm and also saw the face of Jean Hugon, pressed against the glass, staring in upon them.

Before Haward could reach the window the face was gone. A strip of moonlight, some leafless bushes; beyond, the blank wall of the theatre, — that was all. Raising the sash, Haward leaned forth until he could see the garden at large. Moonlight still and cold, winding paths, and shadows of tree and shrub and vine, but no sign of living creature. He closed the window and drew the curtain across; then turned again to Audrey. "A phantom of the night," he said, and laughed.

She was standing in the centre of the room, with her red dress gleaming in the candlelight. Her brow beneath its mock crown had no lines of care, and her beautiful eyes smiled upon him. "I have no fear of it," she said. "That is strange, is it not, when I have feared it

for so long? I have no other fear to-night than that I shall outlive your love for me."

"I will love you until the stars fall," he said.

"They are falling to-night. When you are without the door look up, and you may see one pass swiftly down the sky. Once I watched them from the dark river" —

"I will love you until the sun grows old," he said. "Through life and death, through heaven or hell, past the beating of my heart, while lasts my soul! . . . Audrey, Audrey!"

"If it is so," she answered, "then all is well. Now kiss me good-night, for I hear Mistress Stagg's voice. You will come again to-morrow? And to-morrow night, — oh, to-morrow night I shall see only you, think of only you while I play! Good-night, good-night."

They kissed and parted, and Haward, a happy man, went with raised face through the stillness and the moonlight to his lodging at Marot's ordinary. No phantoms of the night disturbed him. He had found the philosopher's stone, had drunk of the divine elixir. Life was at last a thing much to be desired, and the Giver of life was good, and the *sum-mum bonum* was deathless love.

XXX.

THE LAST ACT.

Before eight of the clock, Mr. Stagg, peering from behind the curtain, noted with satisfaction that the house was filling rapidly; upon the stroke of the hour it was crowded to the door, without which might be heard angry voices contending that there must be yet places for the buying. The musicians began to play, and more candles were lighted. There were laughter, talk, greetings from one part of the house to another, as much movement to and fro as could

be accomplished in so crowded a space. The manners of the London playhouses were aped not unsuccessfully. To compare small things with great, it might have been Drury Lane upon a gala night. If the building was rude, yet it had no rival in the colonies; and if the audience was not so gay of hue, impertinent of tongue, or paramount in fashion as its London counterpart, yet it was composed of the rulers and makers of a land destined to greatness.

In the centre box sat his Excellency William Gooch, Lieutenant Governor of Virginia, resplendent in velvet and gold lace; and beside him Colonel Alexander Spotswood, arrived in town from Germanna that day, with his heart much set upon the passage, by the Assembly, of an act which would advantage his iron works. Colonel Byrd of Westover, Colonel Esmond of Castlewood, Colonel Carter, Colonel Page, and Colonel Ludwell were likewise of the Governor's party, while seated or standing in the pit, or mingling with the ladies who made gay the boxes, were other gentlemen of consequence, — Councilors, Burgesses, owners of vast tracts of land, of ships and many slaves. Of their number, some were traveled men, and some had fought in England's wars, and some had studied in her universities. Many were of gentle blood, sprung from worthy and venerable houses in that green island which with fondness they still called home, and many had made for themselves name and fortune, hewing their way to honor through a primeval forest of adversities. Lesser personages were not lacking, but crowded the gallery and invaded the pit. Old fighters of Indians were present, and masters of ships trading from the Spanish islands or from the ports of home. Rude lumbermen from Norfolk or the borders of the Dismal Swamp stared about them, while here and there showed the sad-colored coat of a minister, or the broad face of some Walloon from Spotswood's

settlement on the Rapidan, or the keener countenances of Frenchmen from Monacan-Town. The armorer from the Magazine elbowed a great proprietor from the eastern shore, while a famous guide and hunter, long and lean and brown, described to a magnate of Yorktown a buffalo capture in the far west, twenty leagues beyond the falls. Masters and scholars from William and Mary were there, with rangers, traders, sailors ashore, small planters, merchants, loquacious keepers of ordinaries, men — now free and with a stake in the land — who had come there as indentured servants, or as convicts, runaways, and fugitives from justice. In the upper gallery, where no payment was exacted, were many servants with a sprinkling of favorite mulatto or mustee slaves; in the boxes the lustre and sweep of damask and brocade, light laughter, silvery voices, the flutter of fans; everywhere the vividness and animation of a strangely compounded society, where the lights were high and the shadows deep, and the colors laid by a master eye for contrast.

Nor did the conversation of so motley an assemblage lack a certain pictorial quality, a somewhat fantastic opulence or reference and allusion. Of what might its members speak while they waited for the drawing aside of the piece of baize which hung between them and an Oriental camp? There was the staple of their wealth, a broad-leafed plant, the smoke of whose far-spread burning might have wrapped its native fields in a perpetual haze as of Indian summer; and there was the warfare, bequeathed from generation to generation, against the standing armies of the forest, that subtle foe that slept not, retreated not, — whose vanguard, ever falling, ever showed unbroken ranks beyond. Trapper and trader and ranger might tell of trails through the wilderness vast and hostile, of canoes upon unknown waters, of beasts of prey, creatures screaming in the night-time through the ebony woods;

of Indian villages, also, and of red men who, in the fastnesses that were left them, took and tortured and slew after strange fashions. The white man, strong as the wind, drove the red man before his face like an autumn leaf; but he beckoned to the black man, and the black man came at his call. He came in numbers from a far country, and the manner of his coming was in chains. What he had to sell was valuable, but the purchase price came not into his hands. Of him also mention was made to-night. The master of the tall ship that had brought him into the James or the York, the dealer to whom he was consigned, the officer of the Crown who had cried him for sale, the planter who had bought him, the divine who preached that he was of a race accursed, — all were there, and all had interest in this merchandise. Others in the throng talked of ships both great and small, and the quaintness of their names, the golden flowers and golden women, the swift birds and beasts, the namesakes of Fortune or of Providence, came pleasantly upon the ear. The still-vexed Bermoothes, Barbadoes, and all the Indies were spoken of; ports to the north and ports to the south, pirate craft and sunken treasure, a flight, a fight, a chase at sea. The men from Norfolk talked of the Great Dismal and its trees of juniper and cypress, the traders of trading, the masters from William and Mary of the humanities. The greater men, authoritative and easy, owners of flesh and blood and much land, holders of many offices and leaders of the people, paid their respects to horse-racing and cock-fighting, cards and dice; to building, planting, the genteel mode of living; and to public affairs both in Virginia and at home in England. Old friends, with oaths of hearty affection, and from opposite quarters of the house, addressed one another as Tom, or Ned, or Dick, while old enemies, finding themselves side by side, exchanged extremely civil speeches, and so put a keener edge upon

their mutual disgust. In the boxes, where glowed the women, there was comfit talk, vastly pretty speeches, asseverations, denials, windy sighs, the politest oaths, whispering, talk of the play, of Mr. Haward of Fair View, of Darden's Audrey.

Haward, entering the pit, made his way quietly to where a servant was holding for him a place. The fellow pulled his forelock in response to his master's nod, then shouldered his way through the press to the ladder-like stairs that led to the upper gallery. Haward, standing at his ease, looked about him, recognizing this or that acquaintance with his slow, fine smile and an inclination of his head. He was much observed, and presently a lady leaned from her box, smiled, waved her fan, and slightly beckoned to him. It was young Madam Byrd, and Evelyn sat beside her.

Five minutes later, as Haward entered the box of the ladies of Westover, music sounded, the curtain was drawn back, and the play began. Upon the ruder sort in the audience silence fell at once: they that followed the sea, and they that followed the woods, and all the simple folk ceased their noise and gesticulation, and gazed spellbound at the pomp before them of rude scenery and indifferent actors. But the great ones of the earth talked on, attending to their own business in the face of Tamerlane and his victorious force. It was the fashion to do so, and in the play to-night the first act counted nothing, for Darden's Audrey had naught to do with it. In the second act, when she entered as Arpasia, the entire house would fall quiet, staring and holding its breath.

Haward bent over Madam Byrd's hand; then, as that lady turned from him to greet Mr. Lee, addressed himself with grave courtesy to Evelyn, clothed in pale blue, and more lovely even than her wont. For months they had not met. She had written him one letter, — had written the night of the day upon which

she had encountered Audrey in the Palace walk, — and he had answered it with a broken line of passionate thanks for unmerited kindness. Now as he bent over her she caught his wrist lightly with her hand, and her touch burned him through the lace of his ruffles. With her other hand she spread her fan. Mr. Lee's shoulder knot also screened them while Mr. Grymes had engaged its owner's attention, and pretty Madam Byrd was in animated conversation with the occupants of a neighboring box. "Is it well?" asked Evelyn, very low.

Haward's answer was as low, and bravely spoken, with his eyes meeting her clear gaze, and her touch upon his wrist. "For me, Evelyn, it is very well," he said. "For her, — may I live to make it well for her, forever and a day well for her! She is to be my wife."

"I am glad, — very glad."

"You are a noble lady," he answered. "Once, long ago, I styled myself your friend, your equal. Now I know better my place and yours, and as from a princess I take your alms. For your letter — that letter, Evelyn, which told me what you thought, which showed me what to do — I humbly thank you."

She let fall her hand from her silken lap, and watched with unseeing eyes the mimicry of life upon the stage before them, where Selima knelt to Tamerlane, and Moneses mourned for Arpasia. Presently she said again, "I am glad;" and then, when they had kept silence for a while, "You will live at Fair View?"

"Ay," he replied. "I will make it well for her here in Virginia."

"You must let me help you," she said. "So old a friend as I may claim that as a right. To-morrow I may visit her, may I not? Now we must look at the players. When she enters there is no need to cry for silence. It comes of itself, and stays; we watch her with straining eyes. Who is that man in a cloak, staring at us from the pit? See, with the great peruke and the scar!"

Haward, bending, looked over the rail; then drew back, with a smile. "A half-breed trader," he said, "by name Jean Hugon. Something of a character."

"He looked strangely at us," said Evelyn, "with how haggard a face! My scarf, Mr. Lee? Thank you. Madam, have you the right of the matter from Kitty Page?"

The conversation became general, and soon, the act approaching its end, and other gentlemen pressing into the box which held so beautiful a woman, so great a catch, and so assured a belle as Mistress Evelyn Byrd, Haward arose and took his leave. To others of the brilliant company assembled in the playhouse he paid his respects; speaking deferentially to the Governor, gayly to his fellow Councilors and planters, and bowing low to many ladies. All this was in the interval between the acts. At the second parting of the curtain he resumed his former station in the pit. With intention he had chosen a section of it where were few of his own class. From the midst of the ruder sort he could watch her more freely, could exult at his ease in her beauty both of face and mind.

The curtain parted, and the fiddlers strove for warlike music. Tamerlane, surrounded by the Tartar host, received his prisoners, and the defiant rant of Bajazet shook the rafters. All the sound and fury of the stage could not drown the noise of the audience. Idle talk and laughter, loud comment upon the players, went on, — went on until there entered Darden's Audrey, dressed in red silk, with a jeweled circlet like a line of flame about her dark, flowing hair. The noise sank, voices of men and women died away; for a moment the rustle of silk, the flutter of fans, continued, then this also ceased.

She stood before the Sultan, wide-eyed, with a smile of scorn upon her lips; then spoke in a voice low, grave, monotonous, charged like a passing bell with warning and with solemn woe. The

house seemed to grow more still; the playgoers, box and pit and gallery, leaned slightly forward: whether she spoke or moved or stood in silence, Darden's Audrey, that had been a thing of naught, now held every eye, was regnant for an hour in this epitome of the world. The scene went on, and now it was to Moneses that she spoke. All the bliss and anguish of unhappy love sounded in her voice, dwelt in her eye and most exquisite smile, hung upon her every gesture. The curtain closed. From the throng that had watched her came a sound like a sigh, after which, slowly, tongues were loosened. An interval of impatient waiting, then the music again and the parting curtain, and Darden's Audrey, — the girl who could so paint very love, very sorrow, very death; the girl who had come strangely and by a devious path from the height and loneliness of the mountains to the level of this stage and the watching throng.

At the close of the fourth act of the play Haward left his station in the pit, and quietly made his way to the regions behind the curtain, where, in the very circumscribed space that served as green-room to the Williamsburgh theatre, he found Tamerlane, Bajazet, and their satellites, together with a number of gentleman invaders from the front of the house. Mistress Stagg was there, and Selima, perched upon a table and laughing with the aforesaid gentlemen, but no Arpasia. Haward drew the elder woman aside. "I wish to see her," he said, in a low voice, kindly but imperious. "A moment only, good woman."

With her finger at her lips Mistress Stagg glanced about her. "She hides from them always, she's that strange a child; though indeed, sir, as, sweet a young lady as a prince might wed! This way, sir, — it's dark; make no noise."

She led him through a dim passageway, and softly opened a door. "There, sir, for just five minutes! I'll call her in time."

The door gave upon the garden, and Audrey sat upon the step in the moonshine and the stillness. Her hand propped her chin, and her eyes were raised to the few silver stars. That mock crown which she wore sparkled palely, and the light lay in the folds of her silken dress. At the opening of the door she did not turn, thinking that Mistress Stagg stood behind her. "How bright the moon shines!" she said. "A mocking bird should be singing, singing! Is it time for Arpasia?"

As she rose from the step Haward caught her in his arms. "It is I, my love! Ah, heart's desire! I worship you who gleam in the moonlight, with your crown like an aureole" —

Audrey rested against him, clasping her hands upon his shoulder. "There were nights like this," she said dreamily. "If I were a little child again, you could lift me in your arms and carry me home. I am tired. . . . I would that I needed not to go back to the glare and noise. The moon shines so bright! I have been thinking" —

He bent his head and kissed her twice. "Poor Arpasia! Poor tired child! Soon we shall go home, Audrey, — we two, my love, we two!"

"I have been thinking, sitting here in the moonlight," she went on, her hands clasped upon his shoulder, and her cheek resting on them. "I was so ignorant. I never dreamed that I could wrong her . . . and when I awoke it was too late. And now I love you, — not the dream, but you. I know not what is right or wrong; I know only that I love. I think she understands, forgives. I love you so!" Her hands parted, and she stood from him, with her face raised to the balm of the night. "I love you so," she repeated, and the low cadence of her laugh broke the silver stillness of the garden. "The moon up there, she knows it; and the stars, — not one has fallen to-night! Smell the flowers. Wait; I will pluck you hyacinths."

They grew by the doorstep, and she broke the slender stalks and gave them into his hand. But when he had kissed them he would give them back, would fasten them himself in the folds of silk that rose and fell with her quickened breathing. He fastened them with a brooch which he took from the Mechlin at his throat. It was the golden horse-shoe, the token that he had journeyed to the Endless Mountains.

"Now I must go," said Audrey. "They are calling for Arpasia. Follow me not at once. Good-night, good-night! Ah, I love you so! Remember always that I love you so!"

She was gone. In a few minutes he also reëntered the playhouse, and went to his former place, where, with few of his kind about him, he might watch her undisturbed. As he made his way with some difficulty through the throng, he was aware that he brushed against a man in a great peruke, who, despite the heat of the house, was wrapped in an old roquelaure tawdrily laced; also that the man was keeping stealthy pace with him, and that when he at last reached his station the cloaked figure fell into place immediately behind him.

Haward shrugged his shoulders, but would not turn his head and thereby grant recognition to Jean Hugon, the trader. Did he so, the half-breed might break into speech, provoke a quarrel, make God knew what assertion, what disturbance. To-morrow steps should be taken — Ah, the curtain!

The silence deepened, and men and women leaned forward, holding their breath. Darden's Audrey, robed and crowned as Arpasia, sat alone in the Sultan's tent, staring before her with wide dark eyes; then, slowly rising, began to speak. A sound, a sigh as of wonder, ran from the one to the other of the throng that watched her. Why did she look thus, with contracted brows, toward one quarter of the house? What inarticulate words was she uttering?

What gesture, quickly controlled, did she make of ghastly fear and warning? And now the familiar words came halting from her lips: —

"'Sure 't is a horror, more than darkness brings,
That sits upon the night!'"

With the closing words of her speech the audience burst into a great storm of applause. 'Gad, how she acts! The world hath seen no such paragon. What now? Why, what is this? She is leaving the stage —

It was quite in nature and the mode for an actress to pause in the middle of a scene to curtsy thanks for generous applause, to smile and throw a mocking kiss to pit and boxes, but Darden's Audrey had hitherto not followed the fashion. Also, it was not uncustomary for some spoiled favorite of a player, between her scenes, to trip down the step or two from the stage to the pit, and mingle with the gallants there, laugh, jest, accept languishing glances, audacious comparisons, and such weighty trifles as gilt snuffboxes and rings of price. But this player had not heretofore honored the custom; moreover, at present she was needed upon the stage. Bajazet must thunder, and she defy; without her the play could not move, and indeed the actors were now staring with the audience. What was it? Why had she crossed the stage, and slowly, smilingly, beautiful and stately in her gleaming robes, descended those few steps which led to the pit? What had she to do there, throwing smiling glances to right and left, lightly waving the folk, gentle and simple, from her path, pressing steadily onward to some unguessed-at goal? As though held by a spell they watched her, one and all, — Haward, Evelyn, the Governor, the man in the cloak, every soul in that motley assemblage. The wonder had not time to dull, for the moments were few between her final leave-taking of those boards which she had trodden supreme and the crashing and terrible

chord which was to close the entertainment of this night.

Her face was raised to the boxes, and it seemed as though her dark eyes sought one there. Then suddenly she swerved. There were men between her and Haward. She raised her hand, and as at the command of a queen indeed they made for her a path. Haward, bewildered, started forward. But her cry was not to him. It was to the figure just behind him,—the cloaked figure whose hand grasped the hunting knife which, from the stage, as she had looked to where stood her lover, she had seen or divined. "Jean! Jean Hugon!" she cried.

Involuntarily the trader pushed toward her, past the man whom he meant to stab to the heart. The action, dragging his cloak aside, showed the half-raised arm and the gleaming steel. For many minutes the knife had been ready. The play was nearly over, and she must see this man who had stolen her heart, this Haward of Fair View, die. Else Jean Hugon's vengeance were not complete. No warning cried from the stage could have done aught but precipitate the deed, but now, for the moment, amazed and doubtful, he turned his back upon his prey.

In that moment the Audrey of the woods, a creature lithe and agile and strong of wrist as of will, had thrown herself upon him, clutching the hand that held the knife. He strove to dash her from him, but in vain; the house was in an uproar; and now Haward's hands were at his throat, Haward's voice was crying to that fair devil, that Audrey for whom he had built his house, who was balking him of revenge, whose body was between him and his enemy! Suddenly he was all savage; as upon a night in Fair View house he had cast off the trammels of his white blood, so now. An access of furious strength came to him: he shook himself free. The knife gleamed in the air, descended. . . . He drew it from the bosom into which he

had plunged it, and as Haward caught her in his arms, who would else have sunk to the floor, the half-breed burst through the horror-stricken throng, brandishing the red blade and loudly speaking in the tongue of the Monacans. Like a whirlwind he was gone from the house, and for a time none thought to follow him.

They bore her into the small white house, and up the stair to her own room, and laid her upon the bed. Dr. Contesse came and went away, and came again. There was a crowd in Palace Street before the theatre. A man, mounting the doorstep, so that he might be heard of all, said clearly, "She may live until dawn,—no longer." Later, one came out of the house and asked that there might be quiet. The crowd melted away, but throughout the mild night, filled with the soft airs and thousand odors of the spring, people stayed about the place, standing silent in the street or sitting on the garden benches.

In the room upstairs lay Darden's Audrey, with crossed hands and head put slightly back. She lay still, upon the edge of death, nor seemed to care that it was so. Her eyes were closed, and at intervals one sitting at the bedhead laid touch upon her pulse, or held before her lips a light ringlet of her hair. Mary Stagg sat by the window and wept, but Haward, kneeling, hid his face in the covering of the bed. The form upon it was not more still than he. Mistress Stagg also stifled her sobs, for it seemed not a place for loud grief.

In the room below, amidst the tinsel frippery of small wares, waited others whose lives had touched the life that was ebbing away. Now and then one spoke in a hushed voice, a window was raised, a servant bringing in fresh candles trod too heavily; then the quiet closed in again. Late in the night came through the open windows a distant clamor, and presently a man ran down Palace Street, and as he ran called aloud some tidings.

MacLean, standing near the door, went softly out. When he returned, Colonel Byrd, sitting at the table, lifted inquiring brows. "They took him in the reeds, near the Capitol landing," said the Highlander grimly. "He's in the gaol now, but whether the people will leave him there" —

The night wore on, grew old, passed into the cold melancholy of its latest hour. Darden's Audrey sighed and stirred, and a little strength coming to her parting spirit, she opened her eyes and loosed her hands. The physician held to her lips a cordial, and she drank a very little. Haward lifted his head, and as Contesse passed him to set down the cup caught him by the sleeve. The other looked pityingly at the man into whose face had come a flush of hope. "'T is but the last flickering of the flame," he said. "Soon even the spark will vanish."

Audrey began to speak. At first her words were wild and wandering, but, the mist lifting somewhat, she presently knew Mrs. Staggs, and liked to have her take the doctor's place beside her. At Haward she looked doubtfully, with wide eyes, as scarce understanding. When he called her name, she faintly shook her head; then turned it slightly from him and veiled her eyes. It came to him with a terrible pang that the memory of their latest meetings was wiped from her brain, and that she was afraid of his broken words and the tears upon her hand.

When she spoke again, it was to ask for the minister. He was below, and Mistress Staggs went weeping down the stairs to summon him. He came, but would not touch the girl; only stood, with his hat in his hand, and looked down upon her with bleared eyes and a heavy countenance.

"I am to die, am I not?" she asked, with her gaze upon him.

"That is as God wills, Audrey," he answered.

"I am not afraid to die."

"You have no need," he said, and going out of the room and down the stairs, made Staggs pour for him a glass of aqua vitæ.

Audrey closed her eyes, and when she opened them again there seemed to be many persons in the room. One was bending over her who at first she thought was Molly; but soon she saw more clearly, and smiled at the pale and sorrowful face. The lady bent lower yet, and kissed her on the forehead. "Audrey," she said; and Audrey, looking up at her, answered, "Evelyn."

When the dawn came glimmering in the windows, when the mist was cold and the birds were faintly heard, they raised her upon her pillows and wiped the death dew from her forehead. "Audrey, Audrey, Audrey!" cried Haward, and caught at her hands.

She looked at him with a faint and doubtful smile, remembering nothing of that hour in the room below, of those minutes in the moonlit garden. "Gather the rosebuds while ye may," she said; and then, "The house is large. Good giant, eat me not!"

The man upon his knees beside her uttered a cry, and began to speak to her, thickly, rapidly, words of agony, entreaty, and love. To-morrow and for all life habit would resume its sway, and lost love, remorse, and vain regrets put on a mask that was cold and fine and able to deceive. To-night there spoke the awakened heart. With her hands cold in his, with his agonized gaze upon the face from which the light was slowly passing, he poured forth his passion and his anguish, and she listened not. They moistened her lips, and one opened wide the window that gave upon the east. "It was all a dream," she said; and again, "All a dream." A little later, while the sky flushed slowly and the light of the candles grew pale, she began suddenly, and in a stronger voice, to speak as Arpsia: —

"If it be happiness, alas! to die,
To lie forgotten in the silent grave" —

"Forgotten!" cried Haward. "Audrey, Audrey, Audrey! Go not from me! Oh, love, love, stay awhile!"

"The mountains," said Audrey clearly. "The sun upon them, and the lifting mist."

"The mountains!" he cried. "Ay,

we will go to them, Audrey, we will go together! Why, you are stronger, sweet-heart! There is strength in your voice and your hands, and a light in your eyes! Oh, if you will live, Audrey, I will make you happy! You shall take me to the mountains, — we will go together, you and I! Audrey, Audrey" —

But Audrey was gone already.

Mary Johnston.

(*The end.*)

LINCOLN'S RIVAL.

HAMILTON and Jefferson, Clay and Jackson, Douglas and Lincoln, — these have been the three great rivalries of American politics. The third was not the least. If it fell short of the others in variety of confrontments; if it was not so long drawn out, or accompanied with so frequent and imposing alignments and realignments of vast contending forces on a broad and national field, it surpassed them in the clearness of the sole and vital issue it involved, in a closer contact and measuring of powers, in the complete and subtle correspondence of the characters of the rivals to the causes for which they fought.

In March, 1834, Stephen Arnold Douglas, an unknown youth from Vermont, poor, delicate, almost diminutive in physical stature, and not yet of age, was admitted to the bar of Illinois, and opened an office at Jacksonville, in the county of Morgan. From that day he rose faster than any other man in the state, if not in the whole country, notwithstanding that he rose on the lines along which many and many a young American was struggling toward eminence, and notwithstanding that Illinois was full, as later years were to prove, of young men exceptionally fit for such careers as he was seeking.

Within a month he had got the leadership of the Democrats of his neighborhood and county. At twenty-one he was public prosecutor, or district attorney, of the judicial district, — an office which at twenty-three he resigned in order to enter the legislature. At twenty-four he was register of public lands at Springfield. At twenty-five he was his party's candidate for Congress in a Whig district, the largest in the country, and was beaten by five votes in a total poll of more than 36,000. At twenty-seven, after serving a few weeks as secretary of state, he was appointed a justice of the Supreme Court of Illinois. At thirty he was in the lower house of Congress. At thirty-three he took the seat in the Senate which he held until he died. From 1848, when he was thirty-five, until 1860, when he was nominated, his name was presented to every Democratic National Convention as a candidate for the presidency.

When he was elected to the Illinois legislature, Abraham Lincoln, a Whig representative from Sangamon County, was already well known for his ungainly length of body, for his habit of reasoning in parables which were now Scriptural and now vulgar to the point of obscenity, and for a quaint and rare

honesty. He was four years older than the new member from Morgan, and nearly two feet taller. Douglas, many years later, declared that he was drawn to Lincoln by a strong sympathy, for they were both young men making an uphill struggle in life. Lincoln, at his first sight of Douglas, during his canvass for the attorneyship, pronounced him "the least man he ever saw."

When Douglas, as register of public lands, went to live at Springfield, which was just become the capital, he found Shields, McClernand, Lincoln, and other rising young men already gathered there; and thereafter he and Lincoln knew each other well, for they lived together several years in an atmosphere of intimate personal scrutiny. For searching study of one's fellows, for utter disregard of all superficial criteria of character and conventional standards of conduct, there is but one sort of life to be compared with the life of a Southern or Western town, and that is the life of students in a boarding school or a small college. In such communities there is little division into classes, as of rich and poor, educated and illiterate, well and obscurely born. On the steps of the courthouse, in the post office while the daily mail is sorted, in the corner drug store on Sundays, in lawyers' offices, on the curbstone, — wherever a group of men is assembled, — there is the freest talk on every conceivable subject; and the lives of men are open to their fellows as they cannot be in cities by reason of the mass, or in country districts by reason of the solitude, and the shyness which solitude breeds. Against Douglas there was the presumption, which every New England man who goes southward or westward has to live down, that he would in some measure hold himself aloof from his fellows; but the prejudice was quickly dispelled. No man entered more readily into close personal relations with whomsoever he encountered. In all our accounts of him he is represented as sur-

rounded with intimates. Not without the power of impressing men with his dignity and seriousness of purpose, we nevertheless hear of him sitting on the knee of an eminent judge during a recess of the court; dancing from end to end of a dinner table with the volatile Shields, — the same who won laurels in the Mexican War, a seat in the United States Senate, and the closest approach anybody ever won to victory in battle over Stonewall Jackson; and engaging, despite his height of scarce five feet and his weight of a hundred pounds, in personal encounters with Stuart, Lincoln's athletic law partner, and a corpulent attorney named Francis.

On equal terms he mingled in good-humored rivalry with a group of uncommonly resourceful men, and he passed them all in the race for advancement. Buoyant, good-natured, never easily abashed, his maturity and *savoir-faire* were accentuated by the smallness of his stature. His blue eyes and dark, abundant hair heightened the physical charm of boyishness; his virile movements, his face, heavy-browed, round, and strong, his firm, rich voice, and his well-formed, extraordinarily large head gave him an aspect of intellectual power. He had a truly Napoleonic trick of attaching men to his fortunes. He was a born leader, beyond question; and he himself does not seem ever to have doubted his fitness to lead, or ever to have agonized over the choice of a path and the responsibilities of leadership. There is some reason to believe that Lincoln, strange as it seems, was successful as his rival in a love affair, but otherwise he left Lincoln far behind.

Twenty years later, in 1858, when he went back to Illinois to take the stump in his campaign for reelection to the Senate, he was by far the most conspicuous figure in American public life. He had been for some years the most active and the most brilliant man in Congress, and he was the leader of his

party as Clay had been the leader of the Whigs. He had given it a policy on the uppermost question of the day, — the question of slavery in the territories. The Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854, which threw open to slavery the vast region consecrated to freedom by the Compromise of 1820, was entirely his work. He had written it of his own motion, by himself, in his own house, and, as he truly declared, he had passed it himself. "I had," he said afterwards, "the authority and power of a dictator throughout the controversy in both houses." The famous measure had altered the whole face of American politics. The Democrats had adopted the principle of it — the principle which Douglas called "popular sovereignty," and which its opponents nicknamed "squatter sovereignty" — in their platform of 1856. It made the South so solidly Democratic that for a time all semblance of opposition disappeared in that quarter. In the North it summoned the Republican party into life.

From motives of expediency the Democrats chose Buchanan, and not Douglas, to be their candidate in 1856; but he was no sooner in office than, in his subserviency to the Southerners, he took a course with Kansas in which Douglas would not follow him. The administration tried to force upon the Kansans the pro-slavery Lecompton Constitution, and Douglas, with a handful of followers in Congress, joined the Republicans, and defeated the daring last attempt to bring Kansas into the Union as a slave state, contrary to the will of the great majority of her people. He went home a victor in that stirring parliamentary contest, and Chicago, which in 1854 had hooted and hissed and stoned him into silence when he tried to defend the Kansas-Nebraska Act, now welcomed him uproariously. The whole North, in fact, which had but a little while before reviled him and burnt him in effigy, was now beginning to praise him. Horace Greeley and

other important persons were even suggesting that he might after all prove to be the very man to lead the new party to victory on a more moderate platform. But there awaited him in Illinois treason in the ranks of his own party, — for the administration, beaten in Congress, attacked him at home, — and an opposition now completely formed and led by the man whom Douglas himself in his own heart dreaded as he had never dreaded the ablest of his rivals at Washington. The Republicans had taken the unusual course of holding a convention to nominate their candidate for the Senate, and the candidate was Lincoln.

Douglas was the very type of that instant success which waits on ability undistracted by doubt and undeterred by the fear of doing wrong, — the best exemplar of that American statesmanship which accepts things as they are and makes the most of them. Facile, keen, effective, he had found life a series of opportunities easily embraced. Precocious in youth, marvelously active in manhood, he had learned without study, resolved without meditation, accomplished without toil. Whatever obstacles he had found in his path, he had either adroitly avoided them or boldly overleaped them, but never laboriously uprooted them. Whatever subject he had taken in hand, he had swiftly compassed it, but rarely probed to the heart of it. With books he dealt as he dealt with men, getting from them quickly what he liked or needed; he was as unlikely to pore over a volume, and dog-ear and annotate it, as he was with correspondence and slow talk and silences to draw out a friendship. Yet he was not cold or mean, but capable of hero worship, following with ardor the careers of great conquerors like Cæsar and Napoleon, and capable, too, of loyalty to party and to men. He had great personal magnetism: young men, especially, he charmed and held as no other public man could, now Clay was dead.

His habits were convivial, and the vicious indulgence of his strong and masculine appetites, the only relaxation he craved in the intervals of his fierce activities, had caused him frequent illnesses; but he was still a young man, even by American standards, for the eminence he had attained. At the full of his extraordinary powers, battling for the high place he had and the higher he aspired to, there was nowhere to be seen his equal as a debater or a politician, — nowhere but in the ungainly figure, now once more erected into a posture of rivalry and defiance, of the man whom he had long ago outstripped and left behind him in the home of their common beginnings.

Slower of growth, and devoid altogether of many brilliant qualities which his rival possessed, Lincoln nevertheless outreached him by the measure of two gifts which Douglas lacked, — the twin gifts of humor and of brooding melancholy. Bottomed by the one in homeliness, his character was by the other drawn upward to the height of human nobility and aspiration. His great capacity for pain, which but for his buffoonery would no doubt have made him mad, was the source of his rarest excellencies. Familiar with squalor and hospitable to vulgarity, his mind was yet tenanted by sorrow, a place of midnight wrestlings. In him, as never before in any other man, were high and low things mated, and awkwardness and ungainliness and uncouthness justified in their uses. At once coarser than his rival and infinitely more refined and gentle, he had mastered lessons which the other had never found the need of learning, or else had learned too readily and then dismissed. He had thoroughness for the other's competence; insight into human nature and a vast sympathy for the other's facile handling of men; a deep devotion to the right for the other's loyalty to party platforms. The very core of his nature was truth, and he himself is re-

ported to have said of Douglas that he cared less for the truth, as the truth, than any other man he knew.

Hanging for some years upon the heels of his rival's rapid ascent, Lincoln had entered the House as Douglas left it for the Senate; but at the end of the term he retired from politics, baffled and discouraged. Tortured with the keen apprehension of a form and grace into which he could never mould his crudeness, tantalized with a sense that there must be a way for him to get a hold upon his fellows and make a figure in the history of his times, he had watched the power of Douglas grow and the fame of Douglas spread, until it seemed that the voice of Douglas was always speaking, the hand of Douglas everywhere. Patiently working out the right and wrong of the fateful question Douglas dealt with so boldly, he came into the impregnable position of such as hated slavery and yet forbore to violate its sanctuary. Suddenly, with the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, Douglas himself had opened a path for him. He went back into politics, and took a leading part in the Anti-Nebraska movement. Whenever opportunity offered, he combated Douglas on the stump. The year Trumbull won the senatorship Lincoln had first come within a few votes of it. Risen now to the leadership of the Republicans in Illinois, he awaited Douglas at Chicago, listened to his opening speech, answered it the next evening, followed him into the centre of the state, and finally proposed a series of joint debates before the people. Douglas hesitated, but accepted, and named seven meeting places: Ottawa and Freeport, in the northern stronghold of the Republicans; Galesburg, Quincy, and Charleston, in a region where both parties had a good following; and Jonesboro and Alton, which were in "Egypt." The first meeting was at Ottawa, in August; the last at Alton, in the middle of October. Meanwhile, both spoke incessantly at other places, — Douglas oftener

than once a day. First the fame of Douglas and then Lincoln's unexpected survival of the early meetings drew the eyes of the whole country upon these two foremost Americans of their generation, face to face there on the Western prairie, fighting out the great question of the times.

Elevated side by side on wooden platforms in the open air, thrown into relief against the low prairie skyline, the two figures take strong hold upon the imagination: the one lean, long-limbed, uncommonly tall; the other scarce five feet high, but compact, manful, instinct with energy, and topped with its massive head. In voice and gesture and manner Douglas was incomparably the superior, as he was, too, in the ready command of a language never, indeed, ornate or imaginative, and sometimes of the quality of political commonplace, but always forcible and always intelligible to his audience. Lincoln had the sense of words, the imagination, the intensity of feeling, which go to the making of great literature; but for his masterpieces he always needed time. His voice was high and strained, his gestures ungraceful, his manner painful, save in the recital of those passages which he had carefully prepared or when he was freed of his self-consciousness by anger or enthusiasm. Neither of them, in any single speech, could be compared to Webster in the other of the two most famous American debates, but the series was a remarkable exhibition of forensic power. The interest grew as the struggle lengthened. People traveled great distances to hear them. At every meeting place, a multitude of farmers and dwellers in country towns, with here and there a sprinkling of city folk, crowded about the stand where "Old Abe" and the "Little Giant" turned and twisted and fenced for an opening, grappled and drew apart, clinched and strained and staggered; but neither fell. The wonder grew that Lincoln stood up so well under the on-

slaughts of Douglas, at once skillful and reckless, held him off with so firm a hand, gripped him so shrewdly. Now the wonder is that Douglas, wrestling with the man and the cause of a century, kept his feet and held his own.

He was fighting, too, with an enemy in the rear: when he turned to strike at the administration, Lincoln would call out: "Go it, husband! Go it, bear!" Apart from that diversion, however, the debate, long and involved as it was, followed but three general lines. The whole is resolvable into three elements, — personalities, politics, and principles. There were the attacks which each made upon the other's record, the efforts which each made to weaken the other's position before the people, and the contrary views which were advanced.

Douglas began, indeed, with gracious compliments to his opponent, calling him "an amiable, kindly, and intelligent gentleman." Lincoln, unused to praise from such a source, protested he was like the Hoosier with the gingerbread: "He reckoned he liked it better than any other man, and got less of it." But in a moment Douglas was charging that Lincoln and Trumbull, Whig and Democrat, had made a coalition in 1854 to form the Black Republican party and get for themselves the two senatorships from Illinois, and that Trumbull had broken faith with Lincoln. Lincoln in turn made a charge that Douglas had conspired with Presidents Pierce and Buchanan and Chief Justice Taney to spread slavery and make it universal. The Kansas-Nebraska Act was their first step, the Dred Scott decision the second; but one more step, and slavery could be fastened upon states as they had already fastened it upon territories. Douglas protesting that to bring such a charge, incapable of proof or disproof, was indecent, Lincoln pointed out that Douglas had similarly taxed the administration with conspiring to force a slave constitution upon Kansas; and afterwards took up a charge

of Trumbull's, that Douglas himself had at first conspired with Toombs and other Senators to prevent any reference to the people of whatsoever constitution the Kansas convention might adopt. When they moved southward, Douglas charged Lincoln with inconsistency in that he changed his stand to suit the leanings of different communities. Of all these charges and countercharges, however, none was absolutely proved, and no one now believes those which Douglas brought; but he made them serve. And Lincoln's, though he sustained them with far better evidence, and pressed them home with a wonderful clearness of reasoning, — once he actually threw his argument into a syllogism, — did no great harm to Douglas.

It was Douglas, too, who began the sparring for a political advantage. He knew that Lincoln's following was heterogeneous. "Their principles," he jeered, "in the north are jet-black, in the centre they are in color a decent mulatto, and in lower Egypt they are almost white." His aim, therefore, was to fix upon Lincoln such extreme views as would alarm the more moderate of his followers, since the extremists must take him, perforce, as a choice of two evils, even though he fell far short of their radical standard. To this end, Douglas produced certain resolutions which purported to have been adopted by an Anti-Nebraska convention at Springfield in 1854, and would have held Lincoln responsible for them. In a series of questions, he asked if Lincoln were still opposed to a fugitive slave law, to the admission of any more slave states, and to acquiring any more territory unless the Wilmot Proviso were applied to it, and if he were still for prohibiting slavery outright in all the territories and in the District of Columbia, and for prohibiting the interstate slave trade. It soon transpired that Lincoln was not present at the Springfield convention, and that the resolutions were not adopted

there, but somewhere else, and Douglas had to defend himself against a charge of misrepresentation. Nevertheless, when they met the second time at Freeport, Lincoln answered the questions. He admitted the right of the South to a fugitive slave law. He would favor abolition in the District only if it were gradual, compensated, and accomplished with the consent of the inhabitants. He was not sure of the right of Congress to prohibit the interstate slave trade. He would oppose the annexation of fresh territory if he thought it would tend to aggravate the slavery controversy. He could see no way to deny the people of a territory, if slavery were prohibited among them during their territorial life, and they nevertheless asked to come into the Union as a slave state. These mild and cautious answers displeased the stalwart anti-slavery men. Lincoln would go their lengths in but one particular: he was for prohibiting slavery outright in all the territories.

Then he brought forward some questions for Douglas to answer. Would Douglas vote to admit Kansas, with less than 93,000 inhabitants, if she presented a free-state constitution? Would he vote to acquire fresh territory without regard to its effect on the slavery dispute? If the Supreme Court should decide against the right of a state to prohibit slavery, would he acquiesce? "Can the people of a United States territory, in any lawful way, against the wish of any citizen of the United States, exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a state constitution?"

Douglas had no great difficulty with the first three questions, and the fourth — the second, as Lincoln read them — he had in fact answered several times already, and in a way to please the Democrats of Illinois. But Lincoln, contrary to the advice of his friends, pressed it on him again, with a view to the "all hail hereafter;" for it was meant to bring out the inconsistency of the prin-

ciple of popular sovereignty with the Dred Scott decision, and the difference between the Northern and the Southern Democrats. Douglas answered it as he had before. The people of a territory, through their legislature, could, by unfriendly laws or merely by denying legislative protection, make it impossible for a slaveowner to hold his slaves among them, no matter what rights he might have under the Constitution. Lincoln declared that the answer was historically false, since slaves had been held in territories in spite of unfriendly legislation, and pointed out that if the Dred Scott decision was right, the members of a territorial legislature, when they took an oath to support the Constitution, bound themselves to grant slavery protection. Later, in a fifth and last question, he asked whether, in case the slaveowners of a territory demanded of Congress protection for their property, Douglas would vote to give it to them. But Douglas fell back upon his old position that Congress had no right to intervene. He would not break with his supporters in Illinois, but by his "Freeport Doctrine" of unfriendly legislation he had broken forever with the men who were now in control of his party in the Southern states.

It was Lincoln who took the aggressive on principles. A famous paragraph of his speech before the convention which nominated him began with the words: "'A house divided against itself cannot stand.' I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free." That was a direct challenge to Douglas and his whole plan with slavery, and throughout the debate, at every meeting, the doctrine of the divided house was attacked and defended. Douglas declared that Lincoln was inciting half his countrymen to make war upon the other half; that he went for a uniformity of domestic institutions everywhere, instead of letting different communities manage their domestic affairs

as they chose. But no, Lincoln protested, he was merely for resisting the spread of slavery, and putting it in such a state that the public mind would rest in the hope of its ultimate extinction. "But why," cried Douglas, "cannot this government go on as the fathers left it, as it has gone on for more than a century?" Lincoln met him on that ground, and had the better of him in discussing what the fathers meant concerning slavery. They did not mean, he argued, to leave it alone to grow and spread; for they prohibited it in the Northwest Territory; they left the word "slave" out of the Constitution, in the hope of a time when there should be no slaves under the flag. On the true meaning of the Declaration of Independence, however, Douglas had a certain advantage, for Lincoln found the difficulty which candid minds still find in applying the principle of equality to races of unequal strength. Douglas plainly declared that ours is a white man's government. Lincoln admitted such an inferiority in negroes as would forever prevent the two races from living together on terms of perfect social and political equality; and if there must be inequality, he was in favor of his own race having the superior place. He could only contend, therefore, for the negro's equality in those rights set forth in the Declaration. Douglas made the most of this, and of Lincoln's failure, through a neglect to study the economic character of slavery, to show clearly how the mere restriction of it would lead to its extinction.

But Douglas did not, and perhaps he could not, follow Lincoln when he passed from the Declaration and the Constitution to the "higher law," from the question of rights to the question of right and wrong; for there Lincoln rose not merely above Douglas, but above all that sort of politics which both he and Douglas came out of. There, indeed, was the true difference between these men and their causes. Douglas seems to shrink

backward into the past, and Lincoln to come nearer and grow larger as he proclaims: "That is the real issue. That is the issue which will continue in this country when these poor tongues of Judge Douglas and myself shall be silent. It is the eternal struggle between these two principles, right and wrong, throughout the world."

Nevertheless, Douglas won the senatorship and kept his hold on the Northern Democrats. Immediately he paid a visit to the South. He got a hearing there, and so made good his boast that he could proclaim his principles anywhere in the Union; but when he returned to Washington, he found that the party caucus, controlled by Buchanan and the Southerners, had deposed him from the chairmanship of the Committee on Territories, which he had held so many years, and from this time he was constantly engaged with the enemies he had made by his course on Lecompton and by his Freeport Doctrine. His Northern opponents were no longer in his way. He had overmatched Sumner and Seward in the Senate and beaten the administration, and held his own with Lincoln; but the unbending and relentless Southerners he could neither beat nor placate. It was men like Jefferson Davis in the Senate, and Yancey at Southern barbecues and conventions, who stood now between him and his ambition. That very slave power which he had served so well was upreared to crush him because he had come to the limit of his subserviency. His plan of squatter sovereignty had not got the Southerners Kansas or any other slave state to balance California and Minnesota and Oregon. They demanded of Congress positive protection for slavery in the territories. The most significant debate of the session was between Douglas on the one side and a group of Southern Senators, led by Jefferson Davis, on the other. He stood up against them manfully, and told them frankly that not

a single Northern state would vote for any candidate on their platform, and they as flatly informed him that he could not carry a single Southern state on his.

He was too good a politician to yield, even if there had been no other reason to stand firm, but continued to defend the only doctrine on which there was the slightest chance of beating the Republicans in the approaching election. One method he took to defend it was novel, but he has had many imitators among public men of later years. He wrote out his argument for Harper's, the most popular magazine of the day. The article is not nearly so good reading as his speeches, but it was widely read. Judge Black, the Attorney-General of Buchanan's Cabinet, made a reply to it, and Douglas rejoined; but little of value was added to the discussions in Congress and on the stump. The Southerners, however, would not take warning. As they saw their long ascendancy in the government coming to an end, their demands rose higher. Some of them actually began to agitate for a revival of the African slave trade: and this, also, Douglas had to oppose. His following in the Senate was now reduced to two or three, and one of these, Broderick, of California, a brave and steadfast man, was first defeated by the Southern interest, and then slain in a duel. John Brown's invasion of Virginia somewhat offset the aggressions of the South; but that, too, might have gone for a warning. The elections in the autumn of 1859 were enough to show that the North was no longer disposed to forbearance with slavery. Douglas went as far as any man in reason could go in denouncing John Brown, and those who were thought to have set him on; and he supported a new plan for getting Cuba. But Davis, on the very eve of the Democratic convention at Charleston, was pressing upon the Senate a series of resolutions setting forth the extreme demand of the South concerning the territories. He was as

bitter toward Douglas as he was toward the Republicans. At Charleston, Yancey took the same tone with the convention.

Practically the whole mass of the Northern Democrats were for Douglas now, and the mass of Southern Democrats were against him. The party was divided, as the whole country was, by a line that ran from east to west. Yet it was felt that nothing but the success of that party would avert the danger of disunion; and, the best judges were of opinion that it could not succeed with any other candidate than Douglas or any other platform than popular sovereignty. His managers at Charleston offered the Cincinnati platform of 1856, with the addition of a demand for Cuba and an indorsement of the Dred Scott decision and of any future decisions of the Supreme Court on slavery in the territories. But the Southerners would not yield a hair's breadth. Yancey, their orator, upbraided Douglas and his followers because they did not dare to tell the North that slavery was right. In that strange way the question of right and wrong was forced again upon the man who strove to ignore it. Senator Pugh, of Ohio, spokesman for Douglas, answered the fire eaters. "Gentlemen of the South," he cried, "you mistake us! You mistake us! We will not do it!" The Douglas platform was adopted, and the men of the cotton states withdrew. On ballot after ballot, a majority of those who remained and a majority of the whole convention stood firm for Douglas; but it was decided that two thirds of the whole convention were required to nominate. Men who had followed his fortunes until his ambition was become their hope in life, wearied out with the long deferment, broke down and wept. Finally, it was voted to adjourn to Baltimore. In the interval Davis and Douglas fell once more into their bitter controversy in the Senate.

At Baltimore a new set of delegates

from the cotton states appeared in place of the seceders; but they were no sooner admitted than another group withdrew, and even Cushing, the chairman, left his seat and followed them. Douglas telegraphed his friends to sacrifice him if it were necessary to save his platform; but the rump convention adopted the platform and nominated him. The two groups of seceders united upon the Yancey platform, and Breckinridge, of Kentucky, for a candidate. A new party of sincere but unpractical Union-Savers took the field, with John Bell, an old Whig, for a candidate, and a platform of patriotic platitudes. The Republicans, guided in ways they themselves did not understand, had put aside Seward, and taken Lincoln to be their leader.

The rivals were again confronted, but on cruelly unequal terms. From the first, it was clear that nearly the whole North was going Republican, and that the cotton states were for Breckinridge or disunion. Whatever chance Douglas had in the border states and in the Democratic states of the North was destroyed by the new party. But he knew he was at the head of the true party of Jefferson; he felt that the old Union would not stand if he were beaten. He was the leader of a forlorn hope, but he led it superbly well. He undertook a canvass of the country the like of which no candidate had ever made before. At the very outset of it he was called upon to show his colors in the greater strife that was to follow. At Norfolk, in Virginia, it was demanded of him to say whether the doctrine of a Black Republican President would justify the Southern states in seceding. He answered, no. Pennsylvania was again the pivotal state, and at an election in October the Republicans carried it over all their opponents combined. Douglas was in Iowa when he heard the news. He said calmly to his companions: "Lincoln is the next President. I have no hope and no destiny before me but to do my best to save

the Union from overthrow. Now let us turn our course to the South," — and he proceeded through the border states straight to the heart of the kingdom of slavery and cotton. The day before the election he spoke at Montgomery, Yancey's home; that night he slept at Mobile. If in 1858 he was like Napoleon the afternoon of Marengo, now he was like Napoleon struggling backward in the darkness toward the lost field of Waterloo. There was a true dignity and a true patriotism in his appeal to his maddened countrymen not to lift their hands against the Union their fathers made: —

"Woodman, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!"

An old soldier of the Confederacy, scarred with the wounds he took at Bull Run, looking back over a wasted life to the youth he sacrificed in that ill-starred cause, remembers now, as he remembers nothing else of the whole year of revolution, the last plea of Douglas for the old party, the old Constitution, the old Union.

He carried but one state outright, and got but twelve votes in the electoral college. Lincoln swept the North, Breckinridge the South, and Bell the border states. Nevertheless, in the popular vote, hopeless candidate that he was, he stood next to Lincoln, and none of his competitors had a following so evenly distributed throughout the whole country.

When all was over, he could not rest, for he was still the first man in Congress, but hurried back to Washington and joined in the anxious conferences of such as were striving for a peaceable settlement. When South Carolina seceded, he announced plainly enough that he did not believe in the right of secession, or consider that there was any grievance sufficient to justify the act. But he was for concessions, if they would save the country from civil war. Crittenden, of Kentucky, coming forward, after the manner of Clay, with a series of amend-

ments to the Constitution, and another Committee of Thirteen being named, Douglas was ready to play the same part he had played in 1850. The plan could not pass the Senate, however, and one after another the cotton states followed South Carolina. Then he labored with the men of the border states, and broke his last lance with Breckinridge, who, when he ceased to be Vice President, came down for a little while upon the floor as Senator, to defend the men whom he was about to join in arms against their country. Douglas engaged him with all the old fire and force, and worsted him in the debate.

His bearing toward Lincoln was generous and manly. When Lincoln, rising to pronounce his first inaugural address, looked awkwardly about him for a place to bestow his hat, that he might adjust his glasses to read those noble paragraphs, Douglas came forward and took it from his hand. The graceful courtesy won him praise; and that was his attitude toward the new administration. The day Sumter was fired on he went to the President to offer his help and counsel. There is reason to believe that during those fearful early days of power and trial Lincoln came into a better opinion of his rival.

The help of Douglas was of moment, for he had the right to speak for the Democrats of the North. On his way homeward he was everywhere besought to speak. Once he was aroused from sleep to address an Ohio regiment marching to the front, and his great voice rolled down upon them, aligned beneath him in the darkness, a word of loyalty and courage. At Chicago he spoke firmly and finally, for himself and for his party. While the hope of compromise lingered he had gone to the extreme of magnanimity; but the time for compromise was past. "There can be no neutrals in this war," he said; "only patriots and traitors." These were the best words he could have spoken. They

were the last he ever spoke to his countrymen, for at once he was stricken down with a swift and mortal illness, and hurried to his end. A little while before the end his wife bent over him for a message to his sons. He roused himself, and said, "Tell them to obey the laws and support the Constitution of the United States." He died on June 11, 1861, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

It was a hard time to die. War was at hand, and his strong nature stirred at the call. Plunged in his youth into affairs, and wonted all his life to action, he had played a man's part in great events, and greater were impending. He had taken many blows of men and circumstance, and stormy times might bring redress. He was a leader, and for want of him a great party must go leaderless and stumbling to a long series of defeats. He was a true American, and his country was in danger. He was ambitious, and his career was not rightly finished. He was the second man in

the republic, and he might yet be the first.

But first he never could have been while Lincoln lived, nor ever could have got a hold like Lincoln's on his kind. His place is secure among the venturesome, strong, self-reliant men who in various ages and countries have for a time hastened, or stayed, or diverted from its natural channel the great stream of affairs. The sin of his ambition is forgiven him for the good end he made. Yet for all his splendid energy and his brilliant parts, for all the charm of his bold assault on fortune and his dauntless bearing in adversity, we cannot turn from him to his rival without changed and softened eyes. For Lincoln, indeed, is one of the few men eminent in politics whom we admit into the hidden places of our thought; and there, released from that coarse clay which prisoned him, we companion him forever with the gentle and heroic of older lands. Douglas abides without.

William Garrett Brown.

THE FAME OF VICTOR HUGO.

THE purpose of this paper is to review the history of Victor Hugo's fame. It may thus be possible to arrive at an opinion, that shall not be founded on individual taste or mere caprice, as to the quality and order of his genius. We shall do well to defer to the judgment of the most competent among his countrymen. It has always been impossible for his English and American critics to find common ground. Matthew Arnold, for example, could say of him, in that apparently casual and parenthetical manner which veils some of his most audacious assumptions, that if the French were more at home in the higher regions of poetry "they would perceive with us

that M. Victor Hugo, for instance, or Sir Walter Scott, may be a great romance-writer, and may yet be by no means a great poet." In the eyes of Mr. Swinburne, Hugo was "the greatest Frenchman of all time," "the greatest poet of this century," "the spiritual sovereign of the nineteenth century," — no less! Mr. Dowden, in an eloquent and sympathetic essay, considers chiefly Victor Hugo's public aspect,—his relation to politics, his patriotism, his character as a representative Frenchman. Throughout at least the early half of Hugo's career a large part of our public knew him as a dramatist and romancer almost exclusively. And yet, of the eminent French writers who,

in this hundredth year from his birth, are estimating his place and importance in their literature, it is unlikely that many will take his romances into very serious account, or treat his dramas as if they possessed much vital and intrinsic excellence. Already, too, as in the case of Coleridge, it is being said of Victor Hugo that his value lies in the innovations which he made and the impulse he gave to other writers as much as in the power or the beauty of his works.

One might have expected less temerity of judgment. Even in these swiftly moving times, when men learn and forget so soon, sixteen years are a short period for so turbid and so vast a manifestation of literary effort to settle into clarity. And, moreover, there has been with us, all this time, the disquieting spectacle of Victor Hugo's spirit still stirring the waters; for, strong fighter that he was, even death did not silence him. A giant spectre of the man has projected itself, with grandiose and characteristic gesture, past the day that seemed to round off his earthly career. For sixteen years the enormous series of his volumes has kept on increasing, not by mere posthumous dribblings, but by substantial and characteristic books; and two of the most interesting contributions to literature in 1901 were from his hand.

Yet, in spite of his vigorous defense during a lifetime of amazing resourcefulness, — in spite, too, of a startling palingenesis, — time and the critics and the changing taste of the public have affected his reputation, and, on the whole, diminished it. It was, of course, inevitable that his mere popularity should thus dwindle, that his name should gradually become less frequent on men's lips. It must, indeed, have been easy to foresee that in his case the falling off would be very marked, because, for many reasons, only in part connected with the degree of his literary excellence, he was a man of extraordinary prominence in a period of rapid political and social

change. But apart from this mere fading of the light of day, — his day of actual presence before the public, — apart from this, and more unexpected, has been the diminution, already sensible to every eye, of that light of glory which he, and most other men also, took for the radiance of eternal fame. It may be that this centenary of his birth will witness a rally; but if so, it will be a rearguard pause in a swift retreat. Already newcomers in realms where he once held sway deny his ever having been a rightful sovereign there, and trace their lineage and legitimacy farther back. Already the importance of his innovations is disputed. Already the public realizes that, if it is to continue reading him, competent judges must first winnow out the best of him, and present this in a compass that shall be to his whole production as perhaps one to twenty. Already critics have qualified and minimized their former praise, even of his best. Already literary artists have become attached to new methods, ideals, and tendencies, and many of his disciples themselves are no longer in a humble attitude toward their master.

Still, even if Victor Hugo's fame were in ruins, which it is not likely to be within a time that can be predicted, enough might be saved from the wreckage of so colossal an edifice for posterity to erect therewith an imposing temple. Would the superscription on the frieze be to the Man of Letters in general, or to the Romancer, or to the Dramatist, or to the Epic Poet, or to the Lyric Poet, or to the Innovator in literary theory and practice? Toward answering this question some progress has really been made by French critics, despite the popular tendency to confound all distinctions in indiscriminating praise. But to discover the answer and appreciate its cogency, we shall do well to take a glance at the history of Hugo's reputation. The stages of its development succeeded one another by sudden and strongly marked movements, although it is true (and baffling enough

the fact is to the observer) that the advance was seldom made all along the front of his endeavor, but by detachments, like the charging of a modern line of battle. With respect to the general public, the advance was almost unchecked down to the year of Hugo's death. But criticism has had much to say at every important point, especially between 1835 and 1840, and after 1885.

If any excuse be required for considering with attention and even deference what the judgment of this higher court has been, it may be worth while to remember how very superior French criticism is. It has a substantive value of its own, — the best of it, — which rests both upon its formal excellence and upon its importance as a manifestation of human reason. In each of these elements it is at least equal to French poetry. Indeed, it would be difficult to point anywhere in the world, at present, to a more brilliant display of concerted literary talent than the writings of the French critics of our day. If in any large variety of intellectual success, any organization of the highest results of culture, France is distinctly a leader among the nations, it is in literary criticism; it is in applying to the problems of civilization that stored-up wisdom which her literature contains. No other country has had a succession of critics comparable for combined effectiveness to the French critics of the last eighty years. With all the individual genius of our own critics, from Coleridge and De Quincey to Mr. Dowden and Mr. Henry James and Mr. Howells, English criticism presents less unity of purpose and has exerted less influence. The French critics possess much in common, and, in spite of wide differences of opinion among them, their influence, on the whole, moves in a definite direction. Their style, with all its infinite variety and the distinct personality which each of them has impressed upon it in turn, has unfailingly the quality of being perfectly adapted to the subjects which they treat. 'It

is alive and intelligent on every page, — almost every word a picture, almost every phrase a figure of speech. And how our respect for the French people is intensified when we reflect that such a style, so full of reference and allusion, so full of symbol and trope, presupposes a public capable of appreciating its qualities! It is true, indeed, in a wider sense, that the best we get from France, not merely in this form, but in every form of literature, is criticism, after all. We read even her poetry less for its sensuous beauty than for what in it appeals to our reason.

Victor Marie Hugo was born on the 26th of February, 1802. In 1817, two years after the century had, for France at least, begun a second time with the fall of Napoleon, he had already found recognition as a poet. Between that date and his death, on May 22, 1885, amid many political revolutions and many changes of literary fashion, he was a constant and conspicuous presence in the intellectual life of his country. He was a great figurehead, prominent by virtue of his own qualities, and representing tendencies of forces at his back. That he was a pilot of the thought of France has been less commonly taken for granted; yet, notwithstanding early opposition and recent obscurement, he has probably meant more to the world at large for the past seventy years than any other French man of letters in the same period. To be a public character in this sense required an unusual combination of strong elements: Hugo was intensely serious, and applied his personal force in many directions, now here, now there, but never failing to impart his individual touch. His public career in the narrow sense, as an influence in politics, is not without significance: he was almost officially the poet laureate of the Restoration; he was a member of the Assembly before the *coup d'état*; he was the Exile from 1851 to 1870; he sat in the Assembly in 1871, and in the Senate after 1876.

Moreover, he responded with ready sensibility to the spirit of the times, as it spoke in varied language at different epochs. In his early years he agonized between two ideals, — the dream of Napoleonic empire and the fiction of a permanently restored Bourbon kingship, — and for a while found safe common ground in Roman Catholicism as a basis of conservative government. Toward the middle of the century, when scientific research was establishing realms independent of political boundaries, he became more detached from politics and dogma, and gave himself up more to what he regarded as his function of prophecy. But when a usurper forced politics back upon his attention, Hugo shared the feeling of almost all the literary men around him, and excelled them all in promptitude and decisiveness of action. In the closing years of his life, on his return from exile, he flung himself into every movement for the aggrandizement of his country, with a leaning always toward socialism.

On the whole, his existence made for the maintenance in France of what is most admirable in her recent history, of what has been perhaps her principal contribution to the world, — a culture urbane, practical, and most conservative, but ready to kindle into radical idealism upon occasion. Yet it appears that his influence of this general character was much less profound than men used to imagine. These, however, are considerations which concern more particularly his own countrymen. They may well be more interested than we can be in estimating his influence upon domestic life, upon public regard for religion and morality, upon the spirit of nationalism, upon social progress. Still, it may be worth while to observe that his reputation as the poet *par excellence* of domestic life became a subject of mirth to his detractors when he published *Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois*, in 1865; and that his humanitarian ideals have been termed

naïve and hollow; and that he is declared to have been in general behind the spirit of the age, rather than its guide, in matters of religious and ethical thought, while, as to his political influence, he is held responsible more than any other man for the creation of the Napoleonic legend. Really, critics of the first order in France have come to regard Victor Hugo's mark upon the culture of his age as the impress of only a human hand, and not the compelling touch of a god, and they have almost ceased to discuss the matter.

What engages their attention still is the delimitation of his qualities as a literary artist, and the question of the permanency of his fame. It would be interesting to know how many times on the 26th of February of this year the words, "*Ce siècle avait deux ans*," will be quoted and these subjects opened for debate. It is an impressive thought that, although Victor Hugo's latest publication appeared in 1901, his place in French literature began to be warmly discussed more than seventy years ago. William IV. was not yet King of England, nor Andrew Jackson yet President of the United States, when Victor Hugo's rank and influence in literature were already matters of animated interest to French critics.

At that time — let us say in 1828 — it was almost generally conceded that the Odes et Ballades, notwithstanding the reactionary tone of their political ideas, were poetry of considerable merit. In versification they were just bold enough to give a sense of originality, though not so audacious as to excite alarm. But the drama *Cromwell*, published in 1827, with its preface challenging the sacred traditions of the French theatre, had awakened a storm of protest, and for many years to come, years that witnessed the publication of *Hernani*, *Marion Delorme*, *Le Roi s'amuse*, *Lucrèce Borgia*, *Marie Tudor*, *Angelo*, and finally *Ruy Blas* in 1838, his principles of dramatic composition and his methods of versifying in dramatic form were objects of

much hostile criticism and, in equal measure, of enthusiastic praise. It was not till about 1840 that it became clear how large a field was really in dispute between classicism and romanticism, — not the drama, merely, but every form of imaginative composition, and indeed every one of the fine arts. Victor Hugo, more than any other writer, had blown the spirit of romanticism wide over the dry grass in every quarter of the plain, throwing Notre Dame de Paris as a firebrand into the region of prose fiction, and four astonishing handfuls of sparks into the thirstier levels of lyric poetry. It was not till some time after the publication of these four volumes — *Les Orientales*, 1829, *Les Feuilles d'Automne*, 1831, *Les Chants du Crépuscule*, 1835, and *Les Voix Intérieures*, 1837 — that the public realized their import as contributions to the general struggle between the schools. When this realization came, and men began to look back upon the large and varied work of the poet, dramatist, and romancer, Hugo was recognized on all hands as a great force in contemporary literature, as perhaps the greatest living French writer, and certainly as a man of whom it was safe to predict that he would have a remarkable career. In and about 1840 the world came around to him, and his election to the Academy, early in 1841, only sealed and confirmed the popular admission of his extraordinary claims to honor.

Three men, however, whose suffrage really counted for almost as much as the favor of all the rest of France, held back in a manner that, as was afterwards made only too evident, embittered for Hugo the wine of success. One of them, Sainte-Beuve, offended by silence. Considering his interest in the points at issue, and how many contemporary celebrities were among the subjects of his discourse, we may well be surprised that the name of Victor Hugo occurs so seldom in his *Causeries* and *Portraits* after 1835. Sainte-Beuve was, ostensibly at least, among

the romanticists, though we know now that in reality he was a very uncertain convert and his heart was in the other camp. Many years later he wrote of himself: "I am a man most thoroughly supplanted and broken in to metamorphoses. I began frankly and crudely with what was most advanced in the eighteenth century, — with Tracy, Daunou, Lamarek, and physiology: there is the real basis of my intellectual character, after all. Thence I passed through the doctrinaire and psychological school of the *Globe* newspaper, but with mental reservations and without adhering to it. From that stage I went on to poetic romanticism and into the circle of Victor Hugo, and there I appeared to make a complete surrender of myself. . . . In all these voyages of my spirit I never alienated my will and my judgment, except for a brief time in the circle of Victor Hugo and under the influence of a charm." These last words are said to be at once an explanation and a confession, and to allude to Madame Hugo. In 1868, on re-editing his *Portraits Contemporains*, which contained flattering reviews of Hugo's work between 1831 and 1835, Sainte-Beuve appended a footnote which explains his silence after that period: "On reading them over again to-day, I admit that these articles on Victor Hugo satisfy me very imperfectly. And yet they are (if we add to them two old articles, the first of all, on the *Odes et Ballades*, inserted in the *Globe* of the 2d and 9th of January, 1827) the only pieces of criticism which I have written expressly about his works. I have not treated of his dramas or his later romances or any of his collections of poetry subsequent to 1835; or if I have perchance written anything for my private view, I have suppressed it." And he goes on to say that, dazzled though he has often been by Hugo's genius, he has never, since those early days, yielded him complete admiration: "Always, in praising or blaming him, I have wished him to be a little

different from what he was or could be; always I have drawn him more or less toward me, according to my tastes and individual preferences; always I have set up, instead of the puissant reality before which I found myself, a softened or embellished ideal, which I detached from the reality to suit myself."

Sainte-Beuve has had enemies enough, who have insinuated that jealousy, either literary or private and very personal, was the real cause of his negative attitude toward Hugo after 1835. But knowing, in the light of his whole career, that his delicate and after all classical taste could not have surrendered to *Ruy Blas* or *La Légende des Siècles*, we may easily now admit that, whatever the temptation to unfairness may have been, he really was perfectly true to himself in refusing further homage to Hugo. If he rejected Balzac, who thrashed about like leviathan in the sea of prose fiction, which to Sainte-Beuve was comparatively remote and uninteresting, by how much the more must the great critic have turned his eyes away from the monstrous *ébats* of Hugo in the home waters of drama and lyric poetry! If to bring the public back from its temporary infatuations to what has always been pleasing and elevating, if to dispel *engouements* by recalling attention to classic beauty and eternal truth, — if this be, as Sainte-Beuve declared it was, the properest function of criticism, he was never more truly fulfilling his mission, according to his light, than in maintaining with regard to Hugo a disquieting and piquant reserve.

But Nebuchadnezzar-Hugo could never forgive. And as the three stanch men, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, refused, what time they heard "the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and dulcimer, and all kinds of music," to fall down and worship the image which the king had set up, so not only Sainte-Beuve, but two other critics of firm judgment and cultivated even if somewhat old-fash-

ioned taste were cast into the fiery furnace of Hugo's rage and fury, and "the form of his visage was changed against" Désiré Nisard and Gustave Planche.

The music of Babylon was not more varied and captivating than the harmonies which Hugo's orchestra was at this time performing. Between the publication of *Les Orientales* in 1829 and *Les Rayons et les Ombres* in 1840 three other notable collections of lyric poetry appeared, — *Les Feuilles d'Automne*, *Les Chants du Crépuscule*, and *Les Voix Intérieures*.

Here were enough, if quantity, variety of form, novelty of matter, and personality of tone suffice to make a poet great, — here were surely enough, we might suppose, to compel the adhesion of every reader. Indeed, if Hugo had died in mid-career, these volumes would go far to establish a very considerable fame for him. Nisard and Planche, with what now seems perfect impartiality and good temper, with seriousness and deference and a high sense of responsibility, wrote discriminatively, and incurred Hugo's lasting hatred, though they really gave enthusiastic acknowledgment of his lyric genius. Nisard, indeed, was at first wholly favorable to Hugo. In reviewing *Notre Dame de Paris* and *Les Feuilles d'Automne*, in 1831, his praise was without reserve; and from him, a most conservative critic, it meant much, and was of great service to the poet. Why, then, does Hugo, thirty years later, in the time of his apotheosis, when mildness might have been expected from the god, go out of his way to vent his rancor on Nisard, with grotesque ingenuity of insult? It is because Nisard, admirer of his poetry though he was, yet ventured to qualify and to offer suggestions.

No man was better fitted to do this, and it had been well for Hugo if he had lent a less credulous ear to adulation, and paid some attention to Nisard's kindly advice. The immediate cause

of Hugo's bitterness was an article by Nisard, published in the *Revue de Paris* in 1836, which began inauspiciously as follows: "The last three productions of Victor Hugo have given some anxiety to his best friends." The essay is, however, sufficiently impersonal, and deals with general principles. The following extract, for example, is criticism of the highest order, penetrating, illuminating, large, and based on exact knowledge: "An imagination fecundated by a powerful memory, — here is the whole of M. Hugo's talent: it is by this that he is truly an innovator in our country, where we have no instance of a great writer who possessed nothing but imagination; it is by this that he has made a great stir, that he has aroused the younger generation, that he has acquired a tumultuous kind of glory. An imagination at once exact and abundant, with no element of feeling and without the balancing restraint of reason, but able sometimes to make a show of the former, and stumbling sometimes upon the sound and correct views of the latter, — this is all there is to M. Victor Hugo. And when we say that he has been an innovator, it is not meant as praise. In France, a country whose literature is essentially practical and full of sense, a writer who has only an imagination, even though it be of the rarest kind, cannot be a great writer. The honor of our great poets consists especially in having expressed in perfect language some of the verities of practical life, — in having created, in some sort, the poetry of reason. Genius, in France, is an admirable concurrence of all the fitnesses at once." And in the same article Nisard remarks: "If there is truth in what you have just read, you must conclude that what we appeared to fear at the beginning of this article as a thing possible is perhaps a thing close at hand and inevitable, — to wit, the literary death of M. Victor Hugo."

It cannot have been agreeable for Hugo to read this prophecy, even

though it was followed, two pages later, by the admission that a poet so richly though defectively endowed might die and rise again, purified and strengthened, to run a more glorious course. This resurrection, Nisard ventured to suggest, could come about only if the poet, turning a deaf ear to flatterers, should "tear himself away from his false glory, and dip his soul in the double source of eternal thoughts, — solitude and reason." And this is what Hugo did, in part, difficult as it must have been for him; and to this retirement to deeper feelings and the solitude of grief he owed unquestionably the new birth of his genius which we observe in *Les Contemplations*.

It was not a voluntary retirement and Nisard had little enough to do with it. We must attribute Hugo's nearest approach to genuine human sympathy, and, in the opinion of many readers, his most affecting poetry, to his daughter's death, in 1843. Until then his life had been precociously progressive. He had reached the various stages of his domestic happiness and his public celebrity very early. His successes had been uninterrupted and cumulative. It is the general testimony of his contemporaries that this had spoiled his personal character; that he was self-willed, self-centred, and vain. His personality may be pertinent to our purpose if, as his critics began to observe about 1835, he was too egotistic to give up his literary mannerisms, fertilize the barren portions of his mind, enrich his individuality by going outside of himself in sympathetic projection, and strengthen his reason by exact discipline.

A few characteristic passages from Hugo's poetry of that period will indicate what his critics had in mind. There is something of Shelley's doctrine, though none of the poignant appealingness of Shelley's pain, none of Shelley's convincing seriousness, in the lines from the poem to the Greek hero Canaris, in *Chants du Crépuscule*: —

"Car le héros est fort et le poète est saint !
Les poètes profonds qu'aucun souffle n'éteint
Sont pareils au volcan de la Sicile blonde
Que tes regards sans doute ont vu fumer sur
l'onde :

Comme le haut Etna, flamboyant et fécond,
Ils ont la lave au cœur et l'épi sur le front."

Again, from the poem *Sunt Lacrymæ Rerum*, in *Les Voix Intérieures* : —

"Nous, pasteurs des esprits, qui du bord du
chemin,

Regardons tous les pas que fait le genre humain,
Poètes par nos chants, penseurs par nos idées,
Hâtons vers la raison les âmes attardées."

And again, the amazing line in praise of poets : —

"Tous ceux en qui Dieu se concentre."

These assertions of the poet's prerogative, these exaggerated statements of the poet's function, are not the "sound and correct views" which Nisard considered essential to great poetry. We have in Shelley many passages of the same import, but expressed plaintively rather than bombastically. What seems pompous in a man fed full on praises may have the dignity of a brave challenge to fate in one whom the world has treated ill, or who sincerely believes himself afflicted. Of the note of merely personal vanity instances are to be found on almost every page of the volumes to which Nisard referred. In the poem on the death of his brother Eugène, in *Les Voix Intérieures*, we have in one stanza several of the elements that gave offense: the eternal *Moi*, the consciousness of being a celebrated poet, and an unnecessary ostentation of grief, — grief without cause, often, and evidently a poetical "property." —

"Et moi, je vais rester, souffrir, agir et vivre ;
Voir mon nom se grossir dans les bouches de
cuivre

De la célébrité ;

Et cacher, comme à Sparte, en riant quand on
entre,

Le renard envieux qui me ronge le ventre,
Sous ma robe abrité."

He was careful enough not to hide "the fox." It was a "property."

And Gustave Planche, to merit the insults which Hugo fastened to his name in after years, — what was the enormity of his offense? Only that he followed Nisard, two years later, with a more thoroughgoing examination of the poet's tendencies, and expressed dissatisfaction with the monotony and insignificance of his ideas, and amusement at his vanity, his *jactance*. He wrote with cruel courage as follows: "M. Hugo has reached a decisive hour: he is now thirty-six years old, and lo! the authority of his name is growing less and less. . . . As for the works which he has signed with his name during the last twenty years, he must make up his mind to see them disappear soon under the invading flood of oblivion. This is a hard saying, I admit, and yet it expresses without exaggeration a thought to which many minds have already given admittance. However, the hard saying need not be taken in an absolute sense; if the works of M. Hugo seem to us to be condemned to speedy forgetfulness, the name of M. Hugo will find a place among those of the boldest, the most skillful, the most persevering innovators, and surely this incomplete glory is not without value. . . . If he tries a new course, if he transforms himself, if he seeks a new birth, if he renounces the love of words for the love of ideas, in two years criticism will have to pronounce upon a man whom we do not yet know." Admitting that Hugo's original endowment had been well cultivated in one respect, and that he had wonderful command of words, Planche continues: "He says all he wishes to say, but I must add that he has nothing to say. . . . He forgets to feel and to think." He dismisses Hugo's dramas with something like disdain: "The dramas of M. Hugo are, in our opinion, the feeblest part of his works."

The critics of that day were very little affected by Hugo's romances, except as throwing light on the poet's temperament and resources of mind and

heart. In their view, the dramas, also, while extremely important as "innovations," possessed far less intrinsic value than the poems. Indeed, as we shall see, the critics of our own day maintain essentially the same attitude.

These "hard sayings" date from 1838. Within five years Hugo did much to make them seem unjustly severe by writing a large part of *Les Contemplations* and of *Les Misérables*. Yet as we read the works upon which Nisard and Planché based their criticism we must admit its cogency. Much as the poetry of those early volumes may stir us, we feel how unfortunate it would have been for Hugo and for the world if he had allowed himself to become more confirmed in his mannerisms, and had continued to be satisfied with his emotional and intellectual range. The poems of *Les Contemplations* show perhaps no very marked technical advance; but that was not necessary. No one could ask for better technique than Hugo had already acquired; and if he afterwards made wonderful progress, it was simply heaping up the measure of perfection. But it is a new man speaking now. It is a man who has suffered. Varied as are the subjects in this collection, and great as is the advance in emotional and intellectual maturity shown by many of the poems, one series of pieces is the real heart of the whole, and their superior loveliness indicates what was no doubt the principal cause of the improvement. These are the poems which commemorate his daughter's death. They fulfill the requirement of his critics, that he should make self subordinate, and write at the dictation of love or some other universal passion. Hence this *dolce stil nuovo*. Modern French poetry has nowhere expressed more touchingly the deep heart of man.

In 1841 Hugo was received into the Academy, and in 1845 he was made a peer of France. After the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, he left the country, and was formally banished. He

sojourned at Brussels and on the island of Jersey, and finally settled in Guernsey, where he made his home till September, 1870. When offered amnesty he declined it, and returned to France only when the empire had dissolved. In 1853 he published a volume of poetical satire against Louis Napoleon and his adherents, called *Les Châtiments*. Three years later he published *Les Contemplations*, a large part of which, however, had been written before his exile. The first series of *La Légende des Siècles* appeared in 1859, *Les Misérables* in 1862, *Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois* in 1865, *Les Travailleurs de la Mer* in 1866.

The romances being, after all, of inferior importance as compared either with the novels of the best French writers of fiction — Balzac, let us say, or George Sand — or with the poetry of Hugo himself, we may, in this brief sketch, leave them out of consideration. Their most striking qualities, perhaps, are a vague but emphatic humanitarianism and an inconsecutive style, which set them apart from the writings of other men, in a place honorable or low according to the reader's feeling for reality and prose. But whatever one's opinion of their artistic excellence may be, their fervid didactic passages, their soaring flights of vision, and their pervading lyric afflatus possess independent value, and make a strong appeal, especially to the young.

La Légende des Siècles is a collection of narrative poems, in epic style, but often unmistakably lyric in spirit. They were designed to present in concrete episodes a history of civilization. Some of them, a great many of them, are of a very high order. Victor Hugo nowhere else performs more astounding miracles of versification and diction, his fertility is nowhere else so abundantly illustrated; whether true to history or not, many of these narratives give to the dead past an undeniable vitality. We almost forget what critics like M. Lemaître have called to

our attention, namely, that the general ideas which are insisted on so strenuously are few and commonplace. It is, for the time being, enough for us to realize, with admiration and gratitude, that this great lyric poet was also a narrative poet, endlessly resourceful, with almost as much virtuosity at his command as a Chaucer even, or a Schiller, and able here and there to write with entire objectivity.

Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois are masterpieces in a lighter vein. Their subjects, it may be said in general, are the same as those favorite topics of Béranger, the mansard and alcove of the Latin Quarter. The songs of Béranger, however, are gayety itself, and sufficiently unreal to possess a certain innocency, a certain detachment. But Hugo's reminiscences — if they are reminiscences — dwell feelingly upon points which Béranger touched lightly. We look curiously at the date of the volume.

L'Année Terrible, published in 1872, is a collection of poems occasioned by the war, the siege of Paris, and the Commune. Quatrevingt-treize, Hugo's third monumental romance, was published in 1874. Between that date and his death appeared two more series of *La Légende des Siècles*; *L'Art d'être Grand-père*, a delicious picture of his home life in old age; *Les Quatre Vents de l'Esprit*; and other less notable but equally large volumes of poetry, which contain signs of failing genius. Several new volumes of his poetry have been printed since his death, among them *Toute la Lyre*, which includes many poems of high quality, dating from various periods of his life.

It may be said that between 1838 and 1885 Hugo's literary reputation received scarcely a single check. On his return to France he entered upon such a period of idolization as no other man of letters ever enjoyed, — longer than the period allotted to Voltaire. Of his popularity there can be no doubt. But literary criticism in France is admira-

bly independent of mere popular vogue. The two most authoritative critics twenty years ago, not to say the two most magisterial, were probably Faguet and Schérer. About the time of Hugo's death the former wrote an analysis of his qualities, which marks an epoch in the history of opinion on this subject. M. Faguet did not hesitate to avail himself of what was known of Hugo the man, in order to understand his works, and he says, "The truth is that Victor Hugo was an ordinary and mediocre character." In support of this judgment he mentions Hugo's rancor, his swollen vanity, his want of tact, his having no sense of the ridiculous, — in short, his pedantry. "Of real wit, such as was possessed by La Fontaine, Molière, Voltaire, and Heine, Victor Hugo had not a trace," although he did, M. Faguet admits, have an inferior species of wit, "a certain dashing, unbridled, and adventurous fancy." M. Faguet grants him, also, a certain kind of sensibility: not the finest kind, but rather, indeed, a common, bourgeois kind, which most men possess, though few have ever turned it to so much account in literature. Proceeding in his analysis, M. Faguet remarks: "It is easily seen that he has few ideas, and even that he does not care for ideas, nor for men who possess them; and at the same time we behold him talking incessantly about ideas, and forever exalting 'thinkers,' 'great minds,' and 'sublime verities.' . . . It is a commonplace to say that he is a trivial moralist and not well acquainted with man, and that the heroes of his novels and dramas are not alive and have no concreteness and complexity, being only the magnificent speaking-trumpets of his sonorous muse, and by the same token hollow as a horn." It may, at first thought, seem as if a mediocre man, deficient in refined sensibility and in wit, and so ill equipped with general ideas, could hardly, then, be a great poet; but M. Faguet, with some deli-

cate manœuvring, presently discovers, in Hugo's power of composition, his mastery of diction, and his gift of rhyme and rhythm, quite sufficient grounds for concluding: "He is our greatest lyric poet. He is almost our only epic poet. He would be, for style and rhythm, our most skillful artist in verse if La Fontaine did not exist."

Is it not going too far, however, to call Hugo an epic poet? If words mean anything, and if distinctions are to be preserved at all, he wrote no epic poem; and his narrative poems in epic style are disparate in tone, and possess no unity of subject. They are not even, therefore, branches of an epic cycle. Moreover, just as we may say that Browning, though employing for the most part lyrical and narrative forms, is really dramatic in temperament, and has imparted a dramatic spirit to nearly all his work, so Hugo, whatever form he may adopt, be it dramatic, narrative, or critical, verse or prose, is always and inevitably a lyric poet. He is a singer, and the subject, almost the only subject of his song, is himself, with his views, his feelings, his ideals.

Among judgments pronounced by men of eminent authority at the end of Hugo's life, Schérer's is one of the most favorable. It occurs, to be sure, in an article which is little more than a note, dated May 22, 1885, the day of Hugo's death, and entirely eulogistic, as the occasion demanded. He writes: "Hugo has been more and better than the head of a school: he has been a creator, an initiator. I see no one to compare with him in this, — neither Ronsard, nor Corneille, nor Voltaire." He remarks "Hugo's continual development, unceasing fresh departures, and new surprises; his force of temperament, power of hard work, and length of life; the immensity of his production, the variety of his forms of expression." In conclusion he calls attention to Hugo's generous ideas and to his personal qualities, — his patriotism, humanity, and faith. "Yes, his

faith!" he exclaims. "Victor Hugo was an optimist, — that is to say, a believer; he had confidence in human nature, in society and its future. Glory will never fall to the skeptics; the people love only those who share the certitudes or the illusions on which they live themselves." This is a sufficient account of the causes of Hugo's popularity; but fame is a different kind of glory, and we may find more to enlighten us as to the progress of Hugo's fame in writings more remote from the day of his death.

M. Brunetière and M. Lemaître will suffice for our purpose, both because of their eminence and because they represent two different manners of criticism. M. Brunetière, being especially interested in all that concerns the drama, has much to say about Hugo; but the long and short of it is that he dismisses his dramatic productions as of far less consequence than his lyric poetry, and concentrates attention upon this. In an essay written in 1886, his attitude reminds us that the point of view of the best judges has not changed since 1836. His appreciation of Hugo's real excellence is enthusiastic, but even Planche does not analyze his defects with so much mordant energy. He admits that Hugo is the greatest lyric poet of France, and agrees with earlier critics in thinking that imagination was his master faculty. But he is keenly aware of his decadence, of the inferiority of much of his later work. "Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois," he says, "marked the beginning of the decline, and, by imperceptible degrees, there remained of this poetical imagination in the Solitary of Hauteville House only an inimitable versifier, an astonishing rhetorician, and the old satyr who, if he showed his face already in *Les Chansons des Rues et des Bois*, displayed himself more cynically in *Le Théâtre en Liberté*." This judgment is not too morose, in view of the documents. It is, indeed, disillusioning to find that the poet of

domestic life, the inconsolable mourner, the celebrant of an old religion and the prophet of a new faith, "le sonneur profond," "l'exile farouche," "l'homme à l'œil morne," "le vieux marcheur sombre," should sing even more ardently of Suzon and Fanchette than of his favorite archangels, and make the ludicrous admission that

"Aucune délicatesse
N'est plus riante ici-bas
Que celle d'une comtesse
Mouillant dans l'herbe ses bas."

"What was the use," cries M. Brunetière, "of having poured forth so many Pleurs dans la Nuit, and of being called Victor Hugo, if one is to end thus like the singer of Lisette, but without ever having had his gayety?"

In a passage which is less expressive of offended taste, and, therefore, perhaps, has greater weight, M. Brunetière remarks that "it is not by his ideas, which are few, of little import, of little originality, and seldom his own, that Hugo has influenced our age, but by his rhetoric." He also concludes, with the older critics, that in French literature "Victor Hugo is perhaps the only poet who has never recognized any other law or submitted to any other domination than those of his imagination." "While all the others," he continues, "and — without mentioning our classics — while Lamartine, Musset, Vigny, in this century, realize, complete, and illuminate the idea by the image, Hugo alone never thought except in so far as he imagined; and as it is the rhyme that constitutes the core of his verses, so, even in his prose, one may say literally that the image creates the idea." Is not this, we are impelled to ask, the natural and usual order of poetic creation? But M. Brunetière has his ideals, which he finds in "the poetry of reason," and it is a long time since the poetry of reason has been regarded as the highest standard in English. M. Brunetière shows that he is not inaccessible to Hugo's charm, in the following enthu-

siastic terms: "Of the Victor Hugo of *Les Contemplations* and *La Légende des Siècles*, one may say that his fecundity of invention, and especially his poetic imagination, are more than incomparable, and are veritably unique in our literary history."

M. Lemaître, in his amusing but fundamentally serious way, has been even less respectful to Hugo than M. Brunetière. Yet, like his predecessors, from Nisard to M. Faguet, he finds a saving quality in Hugo's command of language. "If then," he writes, "we attempt to define Hugo's genius by what is essentially his own, I fear we must set aside his ideas and his philosophy; for they do not belong to him, or belong to him only by the excess, the enormity, the prodigious redundancy, of the translation he has made of them. And, moreover, he has adopted them only because they lent themselves to this enormity and this excess of expression. With him, it is the manipulator of words, the man of style, who dominates the man of thought and feeling. To analyze and describe his poetics and his rhetoric is to define the whole of Hugo, — or almost." Then M. Lemaître shows how this virtuosity itself furnishes ideas, or at least produces great poetry: "He was the king of words. But words, after so many centuries of literature, are impregnated with sentiments and thought: they necessarily, then, by virtue of their combinations, forced him to think and feel. Thus this dreamer, who was so far from being philosophical, has at times deep verses, and this poet of much more imagination than tenderness has delicate and tender verses. Then, since the slightest idea suggests to him an image, and as images call up others and link themselves together in his mind with supernatural rapidity, the subject which he treats may be never so meagre and insufficient in its essence, yet the form in which he clothes it is a vast enchantment." M. Lemaître protests, however, that even this en-

chantment fails with him, for he says, "Hugo never had more than one manner," and remarks that the facility with which he has been parodied "proves at least that there is in the poetry of the author of *Les Quatre Vents de l'Esprit* an enormous share of almost mechanical and automatic fabrication, something in which neither the heart nor the mind is concerned." And he asserts furthermore that "his failure to understand men's souls and human life with its complexities is incredible."

It is needless to say that the opinions quoted in this paper, though they faithfully represent the judgment of those men in France, during the last sixty-five years, who have been best qualified to write about Victor Hugo, do not coincide with the popular judgment. An account of Hugo's literary reputation with the reading public would be a story of continued successes and accumulating praise, at least up to the time of his death. The public has not even made, in regard to his works, the primary discrimination which the critics one and all make tacitly and as a matter of course; for the public still thinks of Hugo as not merely a great poet, but a great dramatist and (*pace* Matthew Arnold) a great romance-writer. It is not often that an artist of any kind or degree has so thoroughly utilized all his resources in the service of the public. None of Hugo's qualities were wasted. None of them, except perhaps the finest parts of his excellence as a versifier, were over the heads of the public. The steady-going world has appreciated, also, those elements of his success which bear a close analogy to business virtues, — the shrewdness, calculation, and foresight, the sense of opportuneness, the careful consideration of demand and supply, — and all this in a poet, in a romanticist, in a contemporary of Musset and Béranger! Length of days and quantity of work done, — the public is deeply impressed by these. To the

critics, however, who realize how small an amount ultimately survives of the production of almost any writer, quantity is of little account. Will there be more of Hugo than of Musset in the anthologies five hundred years hence? Which of the two utters the note of deeper feeling? Which speaks more nearly from the inmost heart of the age? Criticism asks such questions as these, and cares less than the public about the variety and amount of an artist's productiveness. If we remember how secure in English literature is the fame of Gray and of Keats, we shall find it easy to understand that criticism is probably right in affirming that quality is all.

On one point criticism and the popular mind are agreed. The optimism which Schérer notes with such lively appreciation was one source of Hugo's acceptability with the world at large. Modern French poetry is dyed deep with melancholy. From André de Chénier down to the singers now alive, it is tinged with a vague sadness, which often seems to have no meaning. Of all these poets, Hugo has perhaps least often lent his ringing voice to tones of world-weariness or nervous distress or moral despair. His was a life so happy that even through his darkest expressions of sorrow there shines forth an acknowledgment of gratitude.

It would seem that in one respect the arbiters of his fame have failed to do him justice. To a foreign observer, they appear to make too little account of the reforms he effected in versification, in dramatic principles, and in literary standards generally. In other words, they seem scarcely to appreciate his importance as the chief of the romantic school. If we try to imagine the history of nineteenth-century French drama and poetry without Victor Hugo, surely these arts would have been poorer not only by the loss of their most accomplished and productive master, but also by the absence of those innovations for which more credit is due to him than

to any other man, and which have by this time been so generally accepted that we fail to realize their value. A comparison from English literature will make the case clearer. Suppose that in 1817 English literature had been where it was in 1789, dominated almost entirely by classical ideals; and suppose that then a man had begun to be prominent whose works combined in themselves some of the most novel lyrical qualities of Shelley, Browning, Tennyson, and Mr. Swinburne, besides dramatic qualities with which our recent literature affords no parallel! This man would indeed have been an innovator. And if he had lived to be eighty-three years old, and remained productive and resourceful to the last, his career would have been comparable to that of Victor Hugo.

On the whole, however, it may as well be admitted that the verdict of the critics is just. It might perhaps here and there be a little more generous. But we must remember that Sainte-Beuve and Nisard and Lemaitre, at least, began by being ardent admirers of Hugo. If they lost their enthusiasm and freed themselves from his domination, we may believe them when they tell us that the process was involuntary and painful. They could no

longer constrain their better judgment. And their verdict will stand.

More and more, as education brings the masses up to a level where current literature becomes one of their interests, popularity and fame will have to be carefully distinguished. They rest on quite different bases. There is no longer any ground for the assumption that what the reading public enjoys will be approved by persons who know most or have the most refined taste. In Victor Hugo's case, there is at present every indication that what literary history will say a hundred years hence will be something like this: "He was immensely popular in his day and long afterwards. Although he was a character and an intelligence of secondary order, he was popularly accepted as a leader of opinion and feeling in the nineteenth century. But posterity has hearkened not so much to the popular voice as to the great French critics of his time; and they found him wanting in many qualities which the larger public thought he possessed. In compensation, the critics appreciated, and posterity appreciates, more than the general public of his day ever did, Hugo's wonderful mastery of the French language, Hugo's energy and versatility, Hugo's exuberant imagination."

George McLean Harper.

THE LITTLE COYOTE.

WITHOUT doubt a man's son is his son, whether the law has spoken or no, and that the Little Coyote was the son of Moresco was known to all Maverick and the Campoodie beyond it. In the course of time it became known to the Little Coyote. His mother was Choyita, who swept and mended for Moresco in the room behind the store, which was all his home. In those days Choyita was young, light of foot, and pretty, — very pretty for a Piute.

The Little Coyote was swart and squat, well-knit but slow-moving, reputed dull of wit, though that, people said, he did not get from Moresco. Moresco was a Hebrew of the Hebrews, and sharp, so that they said at Maverick "as sharp as Moresco," and there was an end of comparison. Land and goods gravitated to Moresco. His Bed Rock Emporium was the centre of their commercial world, running out threads of influence to the farthest corners of

the desert hills. Everybody at Maverick owed or had owed Moresco, and would be glad, if opportunity offered, to owe him again.

Moresco dealt in merchandise and miners' supplies at a profit that made men swear as they continued to buy. Moresco grubstaked prospectors, and outfitted miners for the working of prospect holes, for a lion's share of the findings. To do him justice, if there were no findings he was not heard to complain. Moresco had always the cash in hand for the backing of new enterprises, for a consideration. In short, Moresco was the burning glass that focused at Maverick whatever of bustle and trade was left in the depleted hills.

What the people perceived chiefly was, that as the country grew poorer Moresco waxed richer, and they grumbled accordingly. But the real sore spot in Maverick was his relation to the Campoodie.

It was said, and believed, that Moresco dealt brotherly by the Piutes. He gave them plain terms, forbore to haggle, preferred them for small employments, warmed them at his fire, gave them good-morrow and good-night. The fact was, Moresco had the instincts of a patriarch. To outwit Maverick was business, to despoil the Gentile might be religion; but the hapless, feckless people who dwelt gingerly beside them were his dependents, his beneficiaries, — in a word, his children. In reality they cost him very little. He was amused, he was diverted, he expanded with paternal graciousness. For their part, the Indians revered him, and Choyita was envied of the women to have borne him a son.

Not that Moresco admitted anything of the kind, but there are no secrets in a Campoodie. Choyita left the child behind when she went to clean and mend for Moresco. What was she or her son that her lord should be mindful of them? Once, when the child was about a year old, and she sat with the Mahalas by the sun-warmed wall,

watching the daily pageant of white life as it passed through the streets of Maverick, Moresco called her into the store, and gave her a pair of shoes for the child, and red calico for a frock. Thereafter Choyita walked proudly. To her mind the child was acknowledged, and so it was received in the Campoodie. Happy was she among women, though her son should be called the Coyote.

Among Piutes, Coyote as a name to be called by is a matter for laughter or killing, as the case may be. For the coyote, though evilly bespoken, is of all beasts the most gullible; the butt, the cat's-paw, the Simple Simon, of four-footed things, — the Jack Dullard of Piute folk lore. So from the time he stumbled witlessly about the Campoodie on his fat, bowed legs, Choyita's son was the Little Coyote; and the time is past when a man may win a new name for himself, — long past with the time when there were deeds worth naming. The Little Coyote he remained when he was come to his full size, which was something short of the stature of a man.

By that time, Choyita, who had lost her prettiness and grown fat, had gone to keep house for a miner down Pan-niment way, and Moresco had married a wife, who bore him only daughters, and spent much of her time and most of his money in San Francisco. By that time, too, the Coyote knew whose son he was. It came to him as a revelation, about the time his slow wit perceived that the other children mocked him for his tainted blood.

"Nana," he asked, when the savory smell of the cooking pots drew the children in from their long day's playing, — "Nana, whose son am I?"

"Moresco's," she answered, and there fell a long silence between them. If she had said the alpenglow had fathered him, he would not have been more amazed. It lay all about them now, the diurnal benediction of high altitudes, the transfiguration of the rifted hills, and the boy at the heart of it

thought of Moresco, — Moresco, who stood for power and pleasure, the quintessence of all things desired or feared, the little god of the Piutes.

"Moresco, Moresco," he repeated softly, under his breath. He did not call him "father," and he told no man, but he never forgot.

When the Little Coyote was, as nearly as he could guess, about seventeen, he killed his first big game. It was a deer, shot at the time of piñons, when all the tribe went up to the annual harvest. The Coyote made next to nothing of it, for he had the good manners of his tribe; but he put by the best cut, wrapped in fern leaves, and the next day walked the eleven miles to Maverick that he might bring it to Moresco. He stood at the door of the Bed Rock Emporium until the merchant noticed him.

"Vell, Kyode, vat you wandt?" said Moresco.

"That you should have this," said the Coyote, and then he went away.

A few days later the merchant called him into the store, and gave him a box of sardines and two tins of corn. Nobody understood the etiquette of present-giving better than Moresco.

After that, when it began to be observed there was a kindness between the Hebrew and the Coyote, people crooked one finger to the curve of an aquiline nose and winked slyly.

Although Maverick could not deny Moresco's ultimate winnings in the financial game, it permitted itself the luxury of questioning the several moves by which he achieved them. Never, in the opinion of Maverick, had he behaved more foolishly than in the matter of Jean Rieske's sheep. Jean Rieske was a sheep-owner in a small way, shepherding his own flock in the windy passes of the hills, made his exclusive pasture by the strip of barrenness that encompassed them. Jean Rieske had been several other things in a small way, and had thoughts other than belong properly to sheep-herding.

He collected bits of ledges and outcrops, and carried them to Maverick to be assayed, until at last he conceived that he had made a "strike." Forthwith he would be a miner.

Making a mine out of a prospect hole is an expensive business, but if Moresco was willing to risk the money, Jean Rieske would risk his sheep. He worked at it ten months, and at the end of that time he discovered that he had no mine and no flock. So he went a-shepherding again, and to the same flock, but as a hireling, not an owner, — at which he considered himself aggrieved, and was comforted with strong waters. At the end of other ten months Moresco discharged him, and gave his place to the Little Coyote.

Whatever Jean Rieske swore and Maverick prophesied, the Coyote proved himself born for it. He knew the hills; he scented pasture from afar; he had an instinct for short cuts like a homing pigeon; he was weather-wise as — an Indian. The flock prospered. The Little Coyote was happy: he did a man's work, and he served Moresco. Two or three times in a year he came in to replenish his stores and to make report. He stood at the door of the store, grave and still, until Moresco came out and spoke to him: "Vell, vat you wandt, Kyode?" The shepherd gave the tale of his flock in straight-spoken words and few, with long pauses. When he had quite done, Moresco would say, with his hand withdrawn from his left breast pocket, "Take a cigar, Kyode." Then he would light his own, and they smoked together, the man and his son, for a sign of good understanding, and went each his own way.

The flock increased and became notable. Moresco trusted his shepherd. It was a responsible employment, and there were men in Maverick who coveted it. Persons who felt the situation to be indefensible probed it a little, gingerly. Why should the likes of that job fall to a Piute, when there

were better men wanting it? "Vell, for one ting, id is cheaber," said the merchant, with his bland, inclusive smile. And that was as much as most people got out of Moresco.

Three, four, five years the Little Coyote worked the flock from Keynot across the summit to Rose Springs, and in all the foodful hollows that lie between. He saw little of men, and missed them not at all. If in the wickiups beyond Maverick there were young breasts and bright, desirous eyes, he took no thought of them: he thought only of Moresco and the flock, how he might prosper it. All the slow heat of his being burned in a passion of service for the man who treated him as if he were white. He ran at the head of his flock; he lay down with it by night; he carried the lambs in his bosom. He lived as simply as one of his own sheep, and looked a young god, walking clear on the skyline with the nimble flock, or coming up out of streams on summer mornings, with the sun shining on his fine gold-colored limbs. And oh, but he was a silent one, was the Little Coyote. He had no pipes to play, nor any song; but at times, as he walked in the full tide of the spring, near naked and unashamed, throwing up the tall stalk of some hill-side flower and catching it, his lips moved in the minor croon of his people, the "*he-na, ah-na, há-na,*" that is the burden of their songs, — an old word of a forgotten tongue, never to be laid aside. It seemed as if the morning prime of earth persisted in him with that word.

By this time the flock had trebled, and the Coyote, going down to make report, so far forgot his Indian training as to admit his pride.

"Id is too much for you, Kyode," said Moresco. "I vill ged Chopo to helb you."

"Chopo is a fool," said the Coyote. "I would rather have another dog."

"Two dogs, if you like," returned Moresco.

The Coyote considered. "No," he said, "one, if I may choose him."

So Moresco's shepherd had one of the famous dogs of Del Mar, and Maverick outdid itself guessing the price Moresco paid for it. Maverick had other things to talk about before the season was over, for that was the winter of the "great snow." Snows came occasionally to Maverick, in the wake of storms fleeting over from ridge to crest. They whitened the hills, crusted the streams, and snuggled away into the roots of the pines by the bare rock gullies. They came in a swirl of wind sometimes, that packed them deep in the cañons, and left the high places bare to days of twinkling cold, but afforded nothing by way of contrast to the great snow. For two days the sky lowered and brooded, and the valleys filled and filled with a white murk, dry, and warmer than should be for the time of year. The moon of nights showed sickly white and cast no shadow.

The Little Coyote smelled snow in the air, and began to move the flock toward the Marionette. The Marionette was the hole in the ground that Jean Rieske hoped would turn out a mine. It was a deep, wide gouge in the face of the hill, at the head of a steep gully. The Coyote had built corrals in the gully, and used it at lambing time. The Indian's instinct proved him right. The third morning snow fell, wet and clogging. It increased with the day, and grew colder. The man and the dogs put all their skill to the proof, but the sheep huddled and stumbled. They were half a day's journey from the mine in the best of weather, and every hour the storm thickened. Crossing Cedar Flat, two miners, going hastily down from a far, solitary mine, gave the Coyote a friendly hail.

"Leave the sheep to the dogs, and get out of this!" they cried. "It's going to be a hell of a storm."

But that the cold had stiffened his face into immobility the Coyote would

have smiled. They to talk to him of the weather and the sheep!

He saw what his work was to be, and settled to it. He lightened the camp burro of his pack and let him go. The little beast trudged doggedly beside him, until presently they came to a wind-tilted cedar in the lee of a hill. The burro considered; he looked at the shepherd, and put his nose to the thick, sodden snow; he backed under the cedar and dropped his head. It was a hard shift, but he would see what came of it. The shepherd spoke to his dogs: they lagged and whimpered, but they heard his voice. He who had been chary of words grew voluble: he shouted, he urged, he adjured them; he wrestled with them in the white silence of the snow. The Piute had none of the white man's gift for expedients to save himself and as many of the sheep as he could. The sheep were Moresco's, and Moresco trusted him: he must bring them all in. If one halted and stumbled, the Coyote carried it until it was warmed and rested a little. They floundered in a drift, and he lifted them out upon his shoulders, the dogs whining a confession of helplessness. It grew dark, and the snow still fell, sharp, and fine, and most bitter cold. The wind came up and snatched his breath from him; but there was no longer any need for crying out,—the dogs understood. They had passed the first revolt of physical terror, and remembered their obligations; their spirits touched the man's spirit and grappled with their work. They were no longer dogs, but heroes. Moreover, they knew now where they went, and helped him with their finer sense. Happen what would to the man and the dogs, the sheep would all come in.

Late, late they found the ravine of the Marionette. The Little Coyote had lost all sense of time and feeling. He drowsed upon his feet, but moved steadily about the flock. The dogs bayed, and he heard the sharper clang of the bells given back by the rocks as

the sheep began to pour into the cavern of the mine. His head floated in space; he was warm and comforted, and he knew what these things might mean. His feet slipped in the yielding drifts.

"Moresco! Moresco!" he cried, as a man might call, in extremity, on God.

The morning broke steely blue and cold upon a white wonder. At Maverick, people looked up from their path-shoveling to ask if the men from the mines had all come in, and what was to be done for those who had not. Two miners, arriving late the previous day, had told redoubtable tales of the trail and the wind and the snow. Incidentally, they mentioned having seen the Little Coyote. By ten o'clock it was known in all the saloons that Moresco was offering inducements for men to go to the rescue of his shepherd. Opinion gained ground that the Coyote was a fool for not looking out for himself better, and that cold never hurt a Piute anyway, and if he was at the Marionette he was all right.

"Yes," said a man nursing a frozen foot, — "yes, if he got in."

Within an hour there were three found willing to start,—Salty Bill, an Indian called Jim, and one Duncan, a miner from Panniment way, — and who else but Moresco! People said it was ridiculous; Moresco was short and fat, and turned fifty. The barkeeper at the Old Corner wanted to know if anybody thought Moresco would trust the counting of his sheep to any other.

It is fifteen miles from Maverick to the Marionette, and all uphill. By the time they came to the turn of the trail they were knee-deep in the snow. It was soft and shifty, and balled underfoot. They kept as much as possible to the high places; this avoided the drifts, but made more climbing. Crossing the flats they floundered hip-deep, wide of the trail. Perspiration rolled from their foreheads and froze upon their beards. Their bodies were warm

and wet, and their lungs wheezing; they had lost the sense of their feet under them. The sun on the snow made them blind and sick. They had been out four hours, and were little more than halfway. The white men cursed with what breath they had; only the Indian kept a stolid front. Moresco was purple and gasping.

"Give up," cried Salty Bill, — "give up, Moresco! We'll never make it. Such a peck of trouble about a Piute and a parcel of sheep. Better for the Coyote to freeze than us four. Give up, I say."

"Ah yes, der Kyode," said Moresco, dazed and feebly, — "der Lidle Kyode. He vas my son," and he burrowed on through the snow.

The men stared, but they followed. Salty Bill kept the lead; he was in a ferment to have the thing over with, that he might go home and tell his wife.

Six hours out, quite spent, and drunk with fatigue, they came to the ravine of the Marionette. They heard the sheep bleat and the dogs yelp, trailing frozen-footed across the snow. At the foot of the gully a white heap lay, covered but well defined, spread out in the symbol of a sacrifice that the Hebrew repudiated and the Indian had never known. Moresco brushed the snow from it with his hands, and, as he stooped above it, tears fell upon a face grown white in death and strangely like his own. It was the Little Coyote.

Mary Austin.

MR. SCUDDER'S LIFE OF LOWELL.

MR. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL occupied a unique position in the history of American literature. In the first place, he was a poet of a high order. At the age of twenty-two he published a volume of poetry, and from that time his gift was recognized: he was spoken of as the coming American poet. Although the promise of his youth was never quite fulfilled, his poetry alone would entitle him to distinction and remembrance. He is not so widely read nor so popular as Longfellow and Whittier; there is too much metaphysical subtlety, and often difficult and remote allusion, in his poetry; yet by the few he is cherished as having done some exquisite things. But as he did not give himself exclusively to poetry, we are not called upon to speculate on the possibilities wrapped up in his imaginative art. He devoted himself to other lines of intellectual activity, and, as his biographer¹ intimates, his critical

powers were developed at the expense of his poetry. Thus he became a professor in Harvard College, holding the position for nearly twenty years; lecturing on Dante and on German and Spanish literature, and acquiring influence and repute as a teacher and philosophical critic. And still further, from his youth he was interested in political issues, taking a prominent part in the anti-slavery movement. He never became a professional reformer, as did many of his contemporaries, and he was never quite identified with the abolitionist party, but yet was regarded as a most valuable ally. He continued to follow the course of politics, and with intenser interest, in the years immediately preceding the Civil War; in his capacity as editor successively of the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *North American Review*, he wrote numerous articles by which he exerted a deep and far-reaching influence, especially on the Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

¹ *James Russell Lowell. A Biography.* By HORACE ELISHA SCUDDER. In two volumes.

more thoughtful minds. In the third stage of his career he appears as a statesman, sent as American minister first to Spain, and then to England, where his reputation and popularity reached the fullest measure. He rose to be one of the foremost citizens of America, making his country respected in other lands, and receiving at home and abroad honorable recognition, such as comes but rarely and to the few. When his term of service as minister to England expired, the English people would gladly have retained him in some other capacity; and had he been willing to accept it, he would have been elected to a professorship of literature in Oxford University. He returned to America to enjoy the few remaining years of his life. In 1891 he died, at the age of seventy-two.

As we muse over this record of a life, Lowell appears not only as the poet, the man of letters, and the minister of the state, but as having fulfilled in his age something of the rôle which Petrarch played in the time of the early Renaissance, or Erasmus in the sixteenth century. His high character as a man, his capacity for affairs, his entire devotion to ideal ends,—these qualities, combining with his endowment of imagination and his acquirements as a scholar, placed him upon a pinnacle in the eyes of the world. Such a life deserved a careful and an ample record; there was called for in the biographer a rare union of gifts in order to do justice to so rich and complex a career. No one who reads the life of Lowell, by Mr. Horace Scudder, can rise from its perusal without a profound sense of gratitude that it was given to him to write this biography. He has wrought out his task with painstaking and conscientious fidelity, bringing to it qualifications which no one else possesses in equal degree. Tenderness and reverence, delicacy and restraint, are everywhere apparent. There is criticism and comment, but always subordinate to telling the story of a life. The hand of

the accomplished literary artist is manifest in the disposition of the material. But especially valuable to the reader is the insight which serves for the interpretation of Lowell's work. Incidentally, also, the book becomes a history of American literature in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

To do justice to this biography in a brief review is not possible, nor is it here attempted. Only a few comments are offered, which are suggested by some of the more striking aspects of Lowell's life as Mr. Scudder has described them. And in the first place, we are impressed with a certain vagueness of purpose running through all the years, a tone of dissatisfaction with himself and with his work, as though Lowell did not feel that he had ever quite found or completely realized his mission to the world. The history of the first stage of his life, from the time he left Harvard College in 1838 till his appointment to the chair of literature in 1855, is like that of many young men, with a consciousness of undeveloped power, blindly feeling their way in search of the motive or the opportunity of self-expression. What to say, how and where to say it, in order to the fulfillment of the moral obligation which life by its very law imposes,—that was Lowell's problem. The inference would seem to be that to know definitely, without shadow of misgiving, what one's task is in this world, and exactly how it is to be performed, is not always, at least, essential to the highest success. Lowell is one of many illustrations of this groping after a vocation, to which one may know he is called without knowing what the vocation is. In these cases a fascination attaches to the seeking and the groping, no longer felt so keenly when the vocation has been found. St. Francis of Assisi and Ignatius Loyola are more interesting as we watch them in their uncertainty, eager to pour their lives into some new mould, unwilling to follow tamely in the steps of their prede-

cessors, and yet forced at last to accommodate themselves to the world's order, to combine somehow the new impulse with past achievement. John Henry Newman, on his way back to England, burning with intense purpose to do something, he knew not what, is more thrilling than the record of what he achieved. It was so with Lowell for many years. There were tentative efforts, in all of which he was more or less successful, until at last it was evident that, consciously or unconsciously, he had devoted his life to the promotion of American literature, helping to win for it natural expression and also native independence, in contrast with the imitiveness and the servile sensitiveness to foreign criticism which had marked its previous history.

Mr. Scudder has not failed to point out some of the defects in Lowell's attitude and in his mental make-up in the earlier years. There were traces of crudeness and of flippancy, an apparent effort always to be saying new or smart things, an air of jauntiness and of forced jocularity, as though these were essential features of the literary attitude. To some extent, it appeared in Lowell as a sort of intoxication with life, exuberant and tumultuous. Perhaps it was likewise a reminiscence of what may be called the Knickerbocker phase in our history, when affectation became almost natural, and to give humorous expression to life was the aim of every literary aspirant. But in Lowell's case the wit, the humor, and the satire had deeper roots and touched more closely the springs of life, yielding fruit as in the Fable for Critics, and finally, in its perfected form, the Biglow Papers. Here also deep moral purpose underlay the humor. It is an interesting incident, which Mr. Scudder records, that Lowell's second wife could not endure the Biglow Papers. She was not without a sense of humor, but she told Mr. Stillman that she thought this line of expression was unworthy of her husband's genius.

Humorous satire often verges on irreverence, and we get a glimpse of this in Lowell's youth, in his criticism on Daniel Webster. The criticism, of course, was anonymous, appearing in the Standard, an anti-slavery newspaper; but it hardly seems quite right for so young a man to be taking the venerable statesman to task for his supposed deficiencies, even to be twitting him with his defeat and sore disappointment. Here are a few of Lowell's sentences:—

“ ‘What will Mr. Webster do?’ asks Smith. ‘Greatest man of the age!’ says Brown. ‘Of any age!’ adds Jones triumphantly. Meanwhile the greatest man of any age is sulking at Marshfield. It has had its rattle taken away from it. It has been told that nominations were not good for it. It has not been allowed to climb up the back of the presidential chair. . . . We would not be understood as detracting in the least from Mr. Webster's reputation as a man of great power. He has hitherto given evidence of a great force rather than of a great intellect. But it is a force working without results. It is like a steam engine which is connected by no band with the machinery which it ought to turn. A great intellect leaves behind it something more than a great reputation. The earth is in some way the better for its having taken flesh upon itself. We cannot find that Mr. Webster has communicated an impulse to any of the great ideas which it is the destiny of the nineteenth century to incarnate in action. His energies have been absorbed by Tariff and Constitution and Party, — dry bones into which the touch of no prophet could send life.”

But Lowell, it may be said by way of apology, was for the moment in a somewhat exceptional mood, unable to recognize the great principle for which Webster stood, — the cause of national unity, endangered alike by Southern devotees and Northern abolitionists. The Lowell of later years was a differ-

ent man from the young Lowell who was anonymously assaulting the great statesman.

At the age of twenty-one Lowell had become engaged to Miss Maria White, of Watertown, near Cambridge, a young lady of beautiful appearance and possessing marked intellectual and spiritual gifts. She was also of a transcendental tendency, of which Emerson was then the spokesman; but she was practical withal, and her influence upon Lowell was profound. She interested him in reforms, especially in the anti-slavery movement, to such an extent that he was almost ready to identify himself with it, and in danger of making his poetry "a handmaid to wait upon Reform." But there was an inward protest which he could not silence, and in the final outcome he refused to go to the full extent of the abolitionist dream. Thus he saved his art from degradation, while yet also he helped the cause of anti-slavery by his poetry as well as by his prose. During the period of his engagement to Miss White, which lasted for five years, Lowell seems to have been living in exalted, ecstatic mood, writing much poetry to be compared with that of Petrarch as giving the language of love. No one can understand Lowell who does not dwell on this episode in his life, fully described by Mr. Scudder:

"Maria White and her brother belonged to a group of young people on most friendly terms with one another, and known offhand by themselves as the Band. They lived in various places, Boston, Cambridge, Watertown, Salem, and were constantly seeking occasions for familiar intercourse. . . . To this coterie Lowell was now introduced, and the relations between him and Miss White made the pair the centre of attraction. Miss White's spirituelle beauty and poetic temperament and Lowell's spontaneity of wit and sentiment were heightened in the eyes of these young people by the attachment between them, and they were known with affectionate jesting as the

Queen and King of the Band. In the exalted air upon which the two trod, stimulating each other, their devotion came to have, by a paradox, an almost impersonal character, as if they were creatures of romance; their life was led thus in the open. . . . The letters exchanged by them were passed about also among the other young people of the circle. . . . The two young poets — for Maria White was not only of poetic temperament, but wrote verses, some of which found place in current magazines — were lifted upon a platform by their associates, and were themselves so open in their consciousness of poetic thinking and acting that they took little pains to abscond from this friendly publicity. It is a curious instance of freedom from shamefacedness in so native a New Englander as Lowell, but his letters, his poems, and common report, all testify to an ingenuousness of sentiment at this time, which was a radical trait and less conspicuous later in life only because, like other men, he became subject to convention."

Lowell was married in 1844, and went for a while to Philadelphia, managing to support himself and his wife by his writings, although, it must be admitted, in a somewhat meagre way. He soon returned to Cambridge, where his father and mother were living, taking up his residence with them at Elmwood; writing articles for various newspapers and magazines with forgotten names, for which he received slight compensation, and sometimes none at all. One is struck with the amount of his literary productiveness, and with his ingenuity in the suggestion of schemes of works, or plans for articles and books. It was, or seems, a desultory process, but he thought he detected beneath it all a unity of purpose. Thus he proposed to classify his poetry into four divisions: 1, Love; 2, Freedom; 3, Beauty; 4, Life. All of his projects, with a complete summary of his accomplished work, have been carefully collated by

his biographer, as they deserved to be, for they stand in vital relation to his development. It also appears that poverty or a straitened income was the experience of Lowell for many years, and, indeed, with one brief period of release, was the normal tenor of his life. There came a small legacy from his wife's father, and this, together with money received from the sale of his ancestral acres, enabled him to spend the year 1851-52 in Europe, with his family. Hardly had they returned when the health of his wife gave way, and she died in 1853. Of four children who had been born to him but one survived, so that he was left alone with a little girl as the only salvage from the wreck of his life.

Yet this bereavement, as Mr. Scudder has remarked, proved an end and a beginning. His life gained concentration and steadier purpose from the time when he entered upon his Harvard professorship in 1856, though attended with the bitter regret that his wife could not share in the enrichment it brought. In preparation for his teaching he spent another year in Europe, mostly in Germany, for the purpose of acquiring the language. In 1857 he married Miss Frances Dunlap. He had only begun his work in the college when he accepted an invitation to become the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Scudder has enumerated the successive efforts to establish some kind of monthly magazine as a vehicle for the best literature, in many of which schemes Lowell was interested to the extent of sending contributions; once even making himself financially responsible, — of course to his loss. These literary journals, with queer names, and with no financial support pledged in advance, were short-lived; sending out two or three interesting numbers, and then passing out of existence. With the *Atlantic Monthly*, however, a journal was projected destined to live and to exert a wide and profound influence. Lowell, as its first editor, stamped his

impress so powerfully that, after nearly fifty years, it still perpetuates his spirit.

But it may be questioned whether his assumption of the duties of an editor helped Lowell to greater efficiency in his college work. He was indeed an inspiring teacher, as is evidenced by the testimony of his pupils. The routine of his position, however, was irksome. He took little interest in faculty meetings, nor could he bring himself to perform certain functions of his office — such as conducting examinations or assigning to pupils their rank — without feeling a degradation of himself or of the subject he was teaching. Thus a story is told of him that, on one occasion, a student asked for the mark assigned to some thesis he had written. Lowell, in reply, after inquiring what grade was expected, offered to give it rather than undergo the drudgery of reading the paper. That his vocation in life was not that of a college teacher is shown in other ways. Not only did he complain that his duties were wearisome, interfering with creative work, but he also exhibited a serious defect in that he did not apparently individualize his pupils, treating them rather as opportunities for self-expression. He stimulated powerfully a few who were anxious to learn, by informal conversations in the classroom or at his home, when he poured himself forth in generous freedom, exerting the spell of a wonderful fascination. And yet one of these students, Mr. Barrett Wendell, who was also an enthusiastic admirer, found that Lowell did not remember him in after years.

The influence of his professional work on Lowell himself was marked and important; for it led him out of the provincial sphere of American literature with which he had been preoccupied, as in his *Fable for Critics*, into the study of the masterpieces of human thought. He had made his first beginning in this larger field when, still a youth, he had turned to the English

dramatists, laying the foundation for his knowledge and observation of life. Yet in a letter to a student inquiring about methods of reading, he answers that in his own experience it had been the study of Dante which had opened to him the interrelations of human knowledge, and proved the beginning of exact scholarship together with the acquisition of learning. Some impression of Lowell's work as a teacher may be gained from the volumes of his collected essays, where criticism is seen to have real and positive value, because the critic himself is also a producer in the line of creative, imaginative work. The wide range of Lowell's studies is apparent in the list of authors on whom he comments, from Chaucer down to Wordsworth. Charming as these essays are, revealing as they do the student, the scholar, the philosophical thinker, yet they must be regarded as yielding, both in interest and in importance, to another phase in the author's career. With Lowell life was always larger than literature, and its claim more pressing. The years of the Harvard professorship coincide with the preparation for the Civil War. Into that event he threw his soul with entire devotion, writing articles for the *Atlantic Monthly* and for the *North American Review*, — whose editor he became after closing his connection with the *Atlantic*, — articles whose appearance constituted sensations in the literature of the war. But this phase of Lowell's activity goes back in its origin to those early years when he began writing for the anti-slavery papers.

Lowell was from the first and preeminently an American citizen, glorying in his country, believing in its future, striving to make the American people realize their divine calling and their high destiny among the nations of the world. He sought to expound and to vindicate the superiority of distinctive American principles, and in so doing emancipate his countrymen from the weakness which led them to

look to the Old World for the standards of literary criticism. Lowell's Americanism had thus an aggressive quality, and was easily challenged. He will always be remembered by an essay entitled *On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners*. The tendency among Americans to feel that European countries possess advantages which their own country can never hope to gain, or to ask of foreigners their opinion of America, as though it had any special value; the disposition to wait upon the judgment of European journals as to the merit of our literature; the fear of being laughed at or condemned by English critics, as though they were any better judges than ourselves of literary or artistic worth, — all this was obnoxious to Lowell in the last degree. It was a phase in our national experience which has now, for the most part, passed away. Indeed, it would be humiliating, if it were not also amusing, to recall that there was ever a time when, as a people, we were hurt by the criticism of a Dickens, or were afraid lest we should be despised abroad if our writers dared to let themselves "go" with the abandon of native enthusiasm. It would be with a sense of shame, if it were not for a present consciousness of equality, not to say superiority, that we remember the depression caused by the English remark, "Who ever reads an American book?" We have learned better now, and it is to Lowell in great measure that we owe our larger self-respect. He was not afraid of enthusiasm; he even proposed, at one time, to write in defense of fanaticism. He has taught us that if people of other countries do not read our books, it is they who are to be pitied, and not we. It is because Americans read all books, of whatever country, that they carry the promise of the future.

But now what is Americanism, and how shall it be defined? In Lowell's case the answer is apparent. There have been two potent influences acting

upon American society at large, and with a special force upon Lowell and such as he, — influences which are like the circulating waves of the invisible ether, known to exist by the manifestation of their results in American life. One of these is Puritanism, and the other is the French Revolution. The first asserted the grandeur and the urgency of moral ideals even to the extent of resisting, and, if necessary, overthrowing every power, however strongly enthroned, which stands in the way of moral advance. That spirit or tendency has passed into American life as one of its chief constituents. Lowell was inspired by it when he wrote his poem *Prometheus*, or again the lines which he puts into the mouth of Cromwell: —

"Freedom hath yet a work for me to do;
So speaks that inward voice which never yet
Spake falsely, when it urged the spirit on
To noble emprise for country and mankind.
And, for success, I ask no more than this, —
To bear unflinching witness to the truth.
All true whole men succeed; for what is worth
Success's name, unless it be the thought,
The inward surety, to have carried out
A noble purpose to a noble end,
Although it be the gallows or the block?"

The other influence, proceeding from France, is closely akin to Puritanism, and yet differs from it widely. Its ideal is human freedom in terms of human brotherhood and equality. How profoundly Lowell yielded to this mood is apparent in his early poetry, especially in the anti-slavery poems, where his utterance is inspired by a concrete motive and a tangible appeal. To the principles of the Declaration of Independence, drawn as they were from French writers who became the precursors of the French Revolution, Lowell, at least in his earlier years, gave an unqualified approval. Thus he spoke of Jefferson, who was saturated with French ideas, as the "first American." When again in 1848 another revolution broke out in France, Lowell was stirred by his glowing enthusiasm into writing an *Ode to France*, together

with an article in which he exultingly celebrates the triumph of the idea of the people.

These two influences have contributed more powerfully than any other to make America what she is; they form the qualities in which Lowell gloried as distinctively American. They are distinctive, for no other country has felt them both or in like degree. England, for example, never accepted the Puritan movement to the same extent; indeed, it would be nearer the truth to say that she rejected it, banishing it beyond the seas or breaking its backbone at home, so that it ceased to exert a controlling influence. Nor did England receive with such enthusiasm as America the principles of the French Revolution; Burke's protest was the typical English attitude. France, on the other hand, never gained the moral force of the Puritan movement, and the aspiration for liberty, fraternity, and equality suffered from its absence. But it is not necessary to test the nations of Europe by this American standard, in order to demonstrate the existence of distinctive American characteristics; nor should we be justified in having introduced the subject here, were it not so prominent in the thought and experience of Lowell. While the Civil War was in process, he spoke of it as being waged for the "Americanization of all Americans;" that is, their more thorough fusion into a nationality by the operation of distinctive American forces. It was because Lincoln seemed to embody these truths in his personality as no one had done before to the same extent that Lowell proclaimed him the greatest American.

It should be added, however, that Lowell was far from being a mere visionary or theorist in these matters. He was not what is called a doctrinaire, pushing devotion to moral causes, like that of anti-slavery, to such an extreme as to endanger the nationality. The anti-slavery men could never be made to see that nationality was a higher

cause than their own. Hence their treatment of Daniel Webster, as in Whittier's poem entitled *Ichabod*. If Lowell were tempted for a moment, as we have seen, into a similar mood, he soon escaped from it. Thus he writes in 1848: "I do not agree with the abolitionists in their disunion and non-voting theories. They treat ideas as ignorant persons do cherries. They think them unwholesome unless they are swallowed stones and all." And again, he speaks of Reform as though he had entirely measured it as an ideal of living and found it impossible: "I find that Reform cannot take up the whole of me, and I am quite sure that eyes were given us to look about us with sometimes, and not to be always looking forward. If some of my good, red-hot friends were to see this, they would call me a backslider; but there are other directions in which one may get away from people besides the rearward one."

Lowell's enthusiasm for freedom and human brotherhood, but combined in organic fusion with his devotion to the cause of national unity, culminated in the Civil War. It was a proud moment in his life, as marking the fulfillment of his hopes, when he read his memorable *Ode at the Harvard Commemoration* in 1865. In that poem he reached the high-water mark of his poetic power and inspiration, and it is interesting to read what Mr. Scudder has told us of its composition, — that it was written at white-heat, the night before its delivery. To those who were looking forward, as was Lowell, to a period of moral advance and national honor, after the nation should have vindicated its unity and wiped away the stain of human slavery, — to such as those the revelation of corruption in the high offices of the state, in the years immediately following the Civil War, brought a sense of moral revulsion which words are inadequate to express. So deep was the sense of degradation as to make one blush to own that he was an

American citizen. No one felt more keenly than Lowell the disgrace which had befallen the state, nor did any one express more vividly the sense of the common shame. He was now satirizing the Republican party, as previously he had directed his satire against their opponents. When efforts to reform the Republican party, where corruption was entrenched in high places, proved hopeless, Lowell joined the band of independents, — "Mugwumps" they were called, — and became one of their leaders, presiding at their meetings and making speeches in behalf of civil service reform.

To his prominence as an independent politician Lowell may have owed in part his promotion — if so it may be considered — from private life to public office. In Massachusetts, where the independent voters were most numerous, he was chosen in 1876 as a presidential elector, in which capacity he cast his vote for Mr. Hayes. Many will recall the strange proposal made to him, in the emergency which for a moment thrilled the country with its awful possibilities, that he should fall back upon the original conception of the function of an elector, in the exercise of his freedom cast his vote for Tilden, and thus save the state from the threatening peril. It was the choice between personal honor and the salvation of the state from anarchy. If that were the issue, it contained the elements of tragedy.

The appointment of Lowell as American minister to England gave almost universal satisfaction, the only exception being certain discredited politicians who distrusted the appearance of the literary man in politics. In England, also, it was a welcome appointment; for Lowell was known and appreciated by his writings, and had been honored with degrees from Oxford and Cambridge. Among the incidents of the time spent in England Lowell's speeches are prominent, remembered for their grace and felicity, — the speech at Birming-

ham on Democracy, or in honor of Longfellow when his memorial was placed at Westminster, or again in memory of Coleridge when his bust was placed in the Abbey, after long years of unmerited neglect. While Lowell was our minister, what was known as the "Irish Question" was embarrassing the English government. There were possibilities of complication with America, which were treated by Lowell with practical wisdom in the interest of peace between the two nations. But Lowell's course none the less drew down on him the suspicion and the charge of sympathizing with the English against the Irish, and of pursuing an un-American policy. Some color for the suspicion may have been found in his popularity with the English people, but in anything said or done by him there was no ground for accusation. He performed the duties of his office as any other incumbent would have done, whatever his political sympathies or affiliations.

Yet a change had passed over Lowell in the latter part of his life, so that his attitude was not quite the same toward political issues, and in his mode of expression the difference was marked. Not that he had lost his faith in those elemental convictions which constitute the hope and foundation of great possibilities in the future of America. This point his biographer has made clear. But he had no longer the same confidence in political parties as agencies for carrying on the government, nor did he clearly see the way by which existing evils were to be abolished. He could not have written now the enthusiastic poems of his youth, nor the political papers where human brotherhood hovers in the air, as if almost ready for materialization. He was no longer under any illusions in regard to America, though still retaining his faith in democracy. The truth was, he had not recovered from the sore experience which had destroyed his faith in the Republican party. He had found, when in Europe, that the case of America

was being urged as the best argument against republican forms of government. From this abomination of desolation, with its frauds and defalcations, he saw no method of escape. In his own community in Massachusetts the men who were opposed to the removal of abuses were most in evidence: Butler running for office as governor, Boutwell the chief obstacle to civil service reform, and Banks returned to Congress by a large majority. And yet he writes: —

"These fellows have no notion what love of country means. It is in my very blood and bones. I am no pessimist, nor ever was. . . . What fills me with doubt and dismay is the degradation of the moral tone. Is it or is it not a result of democracy? Is ours a government of the people, by the people, for the people, or a kakistocracy rather, for the benefit of knaves at the cost of fools? Democracy is, after all, nothing more than an experiment like another, and I know only one way of judging it, — by its results. Democracy in itself is no more sacred than monarchy. It is Man who is sacred; it is his duties and opportunities, not his rights, that nowadays need reinforcement."

From this mood of moral revulsion, deep and intense as had been the previous mood of hope and exultation, Lowell did not live to recover, nor did he live to see the Republican party rise from its degradation under the influence of new motives and opportunities. The corruption had been but temporary and superficial, — the reaction, it may have been, after a period of prolonged tension, when for the moment the way of the state led through paths of dullness and monotony. However it may have been, Lowell did not live to discern the change which would bring moral purification. In his address *The Place of the Independent in Politics*, he falls back on the doctrine of the remnant as the only hope of the country, — a doctrine quite the opposite of

the democratic creed, that the opinion of the many is the ground of faith. He saw the dangers from the immigration of ignorant foreigners; he groaned over the degradation of the civil service; he had lost faith in political parties. If the attempt to reform these parties from without should fail, then "the failure," as he writes, "of the experiment of democracy would follow." Here is a notable utterance from an essay on Democracy, written in his last years: —

"No ideal [of democracy] is to substitute the interest of the many for that of the few as the test of what is wise in polity and administration, and the opinion of the many for that of the few as the rule of conduct in public affairs. That the interest of the many is the object of whatever social organization man has hitherto been able to effect seems unquestionable; whether their opinions are so safe a guide as the opinions of the few, and whether it will ever be possible, or wise if possible, to substitute the one for the other in the hegemony of the world, is a question still open for debate."

In the same essay he asserts the authority of the state as the supremely important thing, and deprecates the principle of natural rights: "The claim to any selfish hereditary privilege because you are born a man is as absurd as the same claim because you are born a noble. In a last analysis there is but one natural right, and that is the right of superior force." There is one sentence toward the close of his address on Democracy which deserves to be quoted, for it is significant as connecting the stages of Lowell's life in continuous and natural piety: "Our healing is not in the storm or in the whirlwind, it is not in monarchies or aristocracies or democracies, but will be revealed by the still small voice that speaks to the conscience and the heart, prompting us to a wider and a wiser humanity."

It is in the word "humanity" that we have the clue to Lowell's life and to his development, to any changes of

opinion he may have undergone. Gradually and more and more he was emancipating himself from theories, from crude experiments, because he was reverting to deep and enduring human ways and convictions. Whatever humanity as a whole had loved or had lived and labored for; whatever was essentially human, the necessary outcome of the spirit in man, — to that his soul responded. In this connection, it is to be noted of Lowell's intellectual history that he passed through life almost wholly unaffected by the scientific influence which was revolutionizing his age. It does not appear that he had given his allegiance to the doctrines of natural selection, the survival of the fittest, and heredity. He remarks on them that if they should be accepted they must profoundly modify the thought and action of men. Mr. Scudder has called attention to Lowell's "aversion" to the speculations of science: "he had but a bowing acquaintance with the investigations of Darwin and Huxley;" he was "impatient of the encroachments of science on the formation of intellectual beliefs." In his famous address on the occasion of Harvard's two hundred and fiftieth anniversary, when he was listened to eagerly by the large audience, he contended earnestly for the humanities as the chief interest of a university. His objection to the elective system was its appearance of making a departure "from the unbroken experience and practice of mankind."

From this point of view we may turn to Lowell's attitude on the subject of religion. Here again he seems to have resented the encroachments of science, which in the interest of a theory was condemning as superstitious those deeper impulses of the human soul, demonstrated to be essentially human by their existence in every age and land. Thus, in his great poem *The Cathedral*, he defends the religious doctrine of a divine Providence, and the doctrine also of the creation of the world and of man by

omnipotent will, in full consciousness of scientific opposition or denial. Again, after reading Mr. Leslie Stephen's *Essays on Free Thinking and Plain Speaking*, he writes: —

"Science has scuttled the old Ship of Faith, and now they would fain persuade me that there is something dishonest as well as undignified in drifting about on the hencoop that I had contrived to secure in the confusion. They undertake to demonstrate to me that it's a hencoop, and an unworthy perch for a philosopher. But I shall cling fast. 'T is as good as a line-of-battle ship, if it only keep my head above water."

To Mr. Stephen himself he writes: "My only objection to any part of your book is, that I think our beliefs more a matter of choice (natural selection, perhaps, but anyhow not logical) than you would admit, and that I find no fault with a judicious shutting of the eyes." During the last illness of Frances Dunlap Lowell, his second wife, he writes: "We took great comfort together in the twenty-third Psalm. I am glad I was born long enough ago to have had some superstitions left. They stand by one, somehow, and the back feels that it has a brother behind it." To his English friend Mr. Thomas Hughes he says, in a similar strain: "I hate farewells: they always seem to ignore another world by the stress they lay on the chances of never meeting again in this. We shall meet somewhere, for we love one another."

Once more the subject of religious faith is referred to in the poem *The Oracle of the Goldfishes*, where doubt of spiritual realities alternates with belief; yet both are human moods, accompanying each other as light and shadow. But the doubts must not be turned by science into dogmatic conclusion, for that were to err with the theologian, who raises belief to a virtue, and condemns doubt as a sin. Lowell refuses, therefore, to permit his doubts to dismay him, as in the lines, —

"And I am happy in my sight
To love God's darkness as His light."

During the last six years of his life (1885-91) Lowell spent most of his summers in England, and when at home lived partly at Southborough, the residence of his daughter, and partly at Elmwood, employing his time in literary work and to the bringing out of a complete edition of his writings. Ten volumes there are in all: three are given to poetry, two are occupied with his political papers, and the rest are devoted to literature and literary criticism. There is unity running through all that he has written, fusing together even contradictory utterances in its ample embrace, — ample enough to allow for a development whose latter end differed from its beginning. And the principle of the unity is the human outlook. Lowell is our great humanist, almost our solitary one in the closing part of the nineteenth century. He slowly escaped into his native air from the dogmatism of Puritanism, whether Orthodox or Unitarian; refusing also to allow himself to be identified with reforms which would have weakened his simple human sympathies by making him a partisan or an advocate of a theory, instead of an artist whose mission was a larger and a higher one, — to enlighten, to elevate, and to cheer humanity in its march through the world. To this end he held himself aloof from the scientific atmosphere: and here again he seems like an exception, a humanist in an age almost wholly given up to scientific interests or overcome by scientific presumptions. He became, as it were, the mouthpiece of humanity, and for this reason grew dear to his world, receiving in life and in death its highest honors. His wit and humor, as the years went on, became more simple and mellow, — more like that of Lamb or of Goldsmith. It may be said of his writings as Walter Scott said of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, that their charm lies in their power to reconcile us to life.

UNIVERSAL EMINENCE.

THERE is a curious, unconscious inconsistency which may be noted in some travelers in the United States, who enjoy an aristocratic or monarchical form of government at home. They complain of the monotony and lack of distinction and variety in democratic institutions, where, as they say, all are reduced to a dull level of uniformity, and with the same breath they jeer at the fact that every other man here has a title of distinction. The fact is that they are so blinded by preconceptions as not to see that we are really on an Alpine level of universal distinction, instead of a low level of uniformity. For though "distinction" and "eminence" are only relative, and all cannot be equally eminent at the same time and in the same way, because the idea implies that one stands out from the rest, each one may be distinguished in his own line and time. For instance, to be the chief justice of a supreme court is one of the most distinguished positions that man can conceive. In accordance with American principles, in Michigan, instead of one man being chief justice for life, each member of the supreme bench becomes such in turn, so that in the course of time, if he lives long enough, each justice becomes a chief justice.

It is true, of course, that monarchic institutions may be picturesque. I remember seeing at one time the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary going to mass upon Corpus Christi. Before him, under a baldachin richly embroidered, the most exalted Roman Catholic dignitary of the realm, the Cardinal Archbishop and Primate of Hungary, carried the viaticum. Then came the Emperor, bareheaded, in full uniform, surrounded by his Hungarian bodyguard of nobles, mounted on superb chargers, and dressed in full uniforms of white and

gold, with leopard-skin capes and drawn sabres. The streets were strewn with freshly cut grass and completely lined with close-set files of soldiers, who, as the imperial procession passed, headed by the emblems of God on earth, saluted and fell on their knees. It was indeed a picturesque spectacle. However, the figures in such a spectacle, in a monarchy or an aristocracy, remain much the same. Thus there is less variety than in this country, where each procession brings forth into conspicuous place a different aggregation of distinguished men.

I recall that once I marched in the great annual parade of the Boston school regiment, practically a brigade. I was on the colonel's staff, and I remember thinking no small pumpkins of myself, as we followed, well spaced, just behind him, and close behind the band. But certainly the most conspicuous figure that day was the colonel himself, at the head of the procession, or as he gave orders to the long-drawn-out line at the closing dress parade. He was distinguished that day, — almost enough so to last a lifetime, — and in fact, so far as I know, has not been so markedly honored since. Thus it goes in turn. One day it is a procession of militia; another day it is the Knights Templars, made knights, not by royal appointment, but by coöptation. Another day it may be the Knights of Khorassin; another day the Knights of Pythias, the Maccabees, the Woodmen or the Foresters, or the world-renowned and illustrious equestrian artists of Barnum and Forepaugh's mammoth aggregation. I recall seeing, in one special procession, a man who struck me as a fit emblem of our American idea of rotation in glory. It was on St. Patrick's Day, and one of the aides, or possibly the marshal himself, galloped by in very gorgeous, picturesque, and

martial dress, a magnificent picture of green and gold. One inch of blue overalls peered below his trousers. That day he was raised to distinction. The next day he was carrying brick.¹

Then, again, each one may be eminent in his special line. It is an age of specialists. Once in a while, indeed, we find a man who is a Reverend Honorable Colonel Doctor, and seems to be a big toad in every puddle, but he is not a type of Americanism. Ordinarily, one crowd leads in military processions, another in political processions, and still another in academic processions, which are becoming as picturesque as the others. In the daily papers I have seen half-tones of them, down in Chicago, where they proceed in state, arrayed in silken gowns, brilliant hoods, and mortar boards. I believe I myself am entitled to a brilliant hood, though I have never looked up to see what it is like.

I have said that every man can be distinguished in America, those not otherwise distinguished being twice distinguished by preëminent modesty. You can have yourself enrolled among the American Academy of Immortals, and your name emblazoned in colors on their roster, for only \$10. You can get a doctorate for \$25, and a slightly better article for \$50 and a thesis. It does not cost more than \$1500, I am told, to be a thirty-second degree Mason, and to enter arcana after arcana of mystery; or if that does not suit your fancy or your purse, there are other societies, of Knights and Lords and Nobles and Patriarchs and Prudent Patricians of Pompeii, where a moderate fee and regular attendance at lodge meetings will in time immortalize you as the Most Worthy, Right Honorable, and Worshipful Grand Master or Outside Sentinel. Imagine the glory, subdued yet effulgent, which the modest but eminent Supreme Potentate of the Pillars of Posterity sees

¹ See Booker T. Washington's *Life* for the ex-lieutenant-governor bricklayer. .

stream from him as he moves along, a bipedal arc light!

Down in Georgia, I am told, every governor appoints one colonel upon his staff, from each county, each year. I do not know the ratio of births per annum per county, but it is clear that the Georgia colonels must be numerous.

By these means our American desire for democratic equality is gratified, — an equality in which no other one is as good as you are in your line and time, but because of that fact you are as good as any one. Thus our government remains on stable foundations; for as long as a vast majority consider themselves distinguished, they will not go into any revolution which might reduce them to the ranks of high privates.

In this our society is only fulfilling Spencer's all-embracing law of evolution, that progress is from the homogeneous undifferentiated to the heterogeneous differentiated; that is to say, from the uniform, undistinguished man — one who is simply a hand, and remains all his life simply a hand, except to his wife — to those, each of whom is different, has a peculiar rôle to play, and is in some way and at some time uniquely distinguished.

The lowly myriapod which scuttles off from beneath the overturned board is composed of a series of joints so like that one can hardly tell head from tail, until one sees him go. The more highly organized lobster has some segments which are quite different, while others are very much alike. Finally, in the highest animals each part has its own individuality, its own use and function, so that we cannot even use our right hands interchangeably with our left. Similarly, in a low grade of society, as among the American Indians, no man had any special training, but all could hunt and fish and fight more or less well. Halfway up the ladder of development some men have special training, while there is yet a great mass of unskilled, unspecialized, and undistinguished labor. In the per-

fect society each peg will stand proudly forth from the one peculiar and unique hole whose curves it, and it alone, will fit. When that time comes, no one can be above another, for each will be equally essential. The captain is the greatest man on the ship, and the conductor on board the train, though the President himself be a passenger.

There is only one dark spot in the outlook. We find, in studying the history of the life in rocks, that a great degree of specialization is often the forerunner of extinction. When an animal is perfectly and thoroughly adapted to one set of conditions, he is very likely to find a change in conditions too much for him, and to be overwhelmed by them. We see something of this in so-

ciety. The frontiersman and the typical American were handy men and jacks-at-all-trades, ready to do a little repairing, farming, or what not. Such men it is hard to throw out of employment. But with the growth of specialization, unless care is taken, a class of men is formed who do, and can do, only one thing, so that the least change of adjustment, like the introduction of new machinery, sets them adrift. It is the problem of conscious social evolution so to keep up the intelligence and flexibility of the individual by early training and by avocations, and so to plan the industrial machine, that the whole organism of society may not perish from the rheumatic stiffening and lack of adaptability characteristic of old age.

Alfred C. Lane.

POEMS.

LET ME NO MORE A MENDICANT.

LET me no more a mendicant
Without the gate
Of this world's kingly palace wait.
Morning is spent;
The sentinels change and challenge in the tower;
Now slant the shadows eastward hour by hour.

Open the door, O Sentinel! Within
I see them sit,
The feasters, daring destiny with wit,
Casting to win
Or lose their utmost, and men hurry by
At offices of confluent energy.

Let me not here a mendicant
Without the gate
Linger from dayspring till the night is late,
And there are sent
All homeless stars to wander in the sky,
And beggared midnight winds alone go by.

Arthur Colton.

FORGETFULNESS.

SHE was so recent. She had not yet learned
 The sweet observances that make their days
 Beautiful to the angels. She went dim
 Among their shining, and unoccupied
 Wistfully watched their pastimes. Then came one
 Who brought a fruit.

"Eat thou," the splendor quoth.
 "I will not eat," said she.

For in his eyes
 She saw forgetfulness, and was afraid.

Then to her love on earth an angel came.
 "We cannot heal her of her listlessness,
 Nor teach her the new ways, and memory
 Grieves her with tears. She will not eat that fruit
 That makes us wise and shows us to forget."

Strange is the road that leads to heaven for one
 Who is not dead. No angel goes with him.
 Blind, and with torn, vague feet, and all alone,
 He came among them. Through the shining place
 They saw him rush, and saw his scarlet blood
 Drip through their brightness. To his Love he came,
 And, lifting in his haggard hands her cheek,
 He kissed her on the mouth, and showed the fruit
 The angel brought him, terrible and sweet.

"Eat, Love," quoth he.

And she, that loved him, ate;
 Then smiled at him with unremembering eyes,
 And with her heavenly comrades turned away.
 With bleeding feet back to the earth he came,
 And through the barren days remembered her.

Anna Hempstead Branch.

THE CHARM.

I REACH my arms up to the sky,
 And golden vine on vine
 Of sunlight showered wild and high
 Around my brows I twine.

I wreathe, I wind it everywhere, —
 The burning radiancy
 Of brightness that no eye may dare, —
 To be the strength of me.

Come, redness of the crystalline;
 Come, green; come hither, blue

And violet,—all alive within;
For I have need of you!

Come, honey hue and flush of gold,
And through the pallor run
With pulse on pulse of manifold
New ichor of the Sun.

Oh, steep the silence till it sing!
O glories from the height,
Come down, where I am garlanding
With light a child of light!

Josephine Preston Peabody.

WINTER DREAMS.

DEEP lies the snow on wood and field;
Gray stretches overhead the sky;
The streams, their lips of laughter sealed,
In silence wander slowly by.

Earth slumbers, and her dreams, — who knows
But they may sometimes be like ours?
Lyrics of spring in winter's prose
That sing of buds and leaves and flowers;

Dreams of that day when from the south
Comes April, as at first she came,
To hold the bare twig to her mouth
And blow it into fragrant flame.

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE CRYPT.

BENEATH the edifice that men call Me,
Whose minarets attract the setting sun,
Whose portals to the passer-by are free,
Abides another one.

The heartbeat of the organ throbs not there,
To jar the heavy silence of the soul;
Nor low amen of acolytes at prayer,
Nor bells that ring or toll.

Unsought, undreamed, save by the solemn few,
Who with a lantern lit of love descend,
To find the buried arches grim and true,
On which the walls depend!

Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

A FAREWELL.

THOUGH I go forth, I face the dark with singing.
 Think not that for love's sake life starves for song;
 That which thou canst not give may yet be bringing
 Bread to the soul, and wine that maketh strong.

Love is the manna that grows great with giving;
 Thine is the gift, but mine the endless store;
 Pain, the keen note that thrills to fuller living,
 Calls to the heart across a boundless shore.

Into the night I go, but not without thee,
 Though nevermore beside me whilst I sing;
 The splendor of the stars is round about me,
 And with the dawn life mounts on higher wing!
Virginia Woodward Cloud.

THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

To one who reads and runs, a work of biographical reference, complete in sixty-three volumes, is not likely to appear a proper inspiration to rhetorical panegyric. Yet no one who has had occasion to summon the aid of the Dictionary of National Biography¹ in any serious literary undertaking, or has studied the work as a whole with a due regard to the conditions and qualifications of good biographical composition, will find it easy to write with sobriety of its merits. From the inception of the huge project every person connected with it has had an attentive ear for the counsels of perfection. It is obvious that the first qualification of such a work must be, so far as possible, absolute accuracy and completeness. It is true that from time to time, as the successive volumes of the set have come from the press, reviewers in the *Athenæum* and other periodicals have pointed out minor errors and some omissions; but when the scope of the undertaking is

considered, the number of faults in this kind will seem infinitesimally small. This will seem the more remarkable when we remember that, save by such obsolete collections as Anthony à Wood's or the *Biographia Britannica*, the field was virtually unbroken. The qualities of accuracy and completeness are shared by the Dictionary of National Biography with other biographical collections which have appeared, or are appearing, in France, in Germany, and in Belgium; but it has virtues — one may even say charms — all its own. It contains but few articles exhibiting the jejune traits of hackwork which characterize its fellows. Any writing directed to such an end will necessarily be, in a measure, depersonalized; under careful editorial control it will acquire a certain impressive homogeneity. But while the articles in the Dictionary, the work of several hundred different hands, — men of letters, scientists, publicists, specialists all, — are pervaded by a singular unity of tone, the reader is continually edified by flashes of vivid critical insight, or taken by

¹ *Dictionary of National Biography*. Edited by SIDNEY LEE. Supplement, Vol. I.-III. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1901.

touches of humor. The most striking feature of all is that, under the leadership of Leslie Stephen, a master craftsman in biography, and Mr. Sidney Lee, into whose hands the torch was finally given, the prime end of biography has been realized. In most instances the writers have contrived to "seize their man," and, while keeping their feet planted on solid documentary ground, to select the significant among multitudinous detail, so to present the lively image of their subject.

A critic who would discuss minutely the whole Dictionary of National Biography must needs have taken all knowledge to be his province, — a quixotic adventure nowadays. For it is conceivable that one perfectly competent to discuss Elizabethan dramatists or Pre-Raphaelite painters might be lamentably short in his knowledge of pioneers in tropical colonization; and, as learning now is, a man may know much of Browning and little of Sir Thomas Browne, or he may have an intimate acquaintance with the dramas of Oscar Wilde, yet never have heard of Tom Killigrew. Still, it may not be out of place to present some curious synoptical conclusions drawn from the substance of the set. Probably only small minds will be deeply concerned to learn that 195 persons with the surname of Smith have risen to the standard of eminence necessary for admission to the pages of the Dictionary, or that the Joneses are a good second with 132; but surely all Scotchmen will rejoice to know that the Stewarts, with 112 eminent representatives, take the third place of honor.

From the table of the chronological distribution of the biographies one may derive a sound perspective, and just sense of relative values in life, together with some illuminating historic suggestions. Thus, in the sixteenth century, the time of the Renaissance, in which many and multifarious interests, long disused, came to new birth, in which manifold activity filled the stage, we

find the Dictionary commemorating four times as many worthies as in that relatively stagnant and barren century its precursor. In the seventeenth century, again, that complex age of subtle change and subterranean growth, the editors of the Dictionary found twice as many memorable names as in the sixteenth. That these significant phenomena do not arise wholly from the greater volume of biographical records as we approach our own time is shown by the striking fact that in the eighteenth century, preëminently a time of memoirs, letters, anecdotes, and human interest, but very few more names emerge than in the seventeenth century. In passing to the nineteenth, we discover that the operation of both sets of causes, fuller records and more varied activities, have again conspired to increase the representation twofold; and this disparity is still further increased by the publication of the three supplementary volumes, dealing chiefly with notable persons who died after their alphabetical position in the substantive work was passed. But in studying these later volumes one observation forces itself upon the attention: that is, the predominance in them of men distinguished in pursuits quite other than learned. Thus, for example, within two pages of one of the volumes we meet with records of an Oxford professor of poetry, a classical philologist, a colonial politician, and a biscuit manufacturer. Now this may indicate either one of two things. It may prove that new channels for the attainment of eminence have been opened to an aspiring people, or it may prove that only a lettered repute is perennial. It is wholly possible that there were, in the fifteenth century, say, purveyors of creature comforts who were much in the public eye, but that there is such scant record of these simply goes to show that a fame writ in water biscuits is considerably less enduring than bronze.

The first of the three volumes of the

Supplement is distinguished by a prefatory memoir, from the pen of Sidney Lee, of George Smith, the publisher of the Dictionary of National Biography, and in a very real sense its "onlie beggetter." To Smith, doubtless, as much as to the editors, were due the conception, organization, and administration of the marvelous machine which produced thirty thousand biographical notices, comprehended within sixty octavo volumes of some five hundred pages each, which, with unbroken precision, came from the press upon the first day of each quarter throughout a period of fifteen years.

The career of George Smith, an *amicus* as well as an *obstetrix musarum*, has been so recently recounted in various magazines that it is not important to discuss it in detail here. He was a singularly attractive type of the man of high voltage, the all-round man of affairs. Coming, at the time of the breaking of his father's mind, suddenly, a very young man, into the administrative control of an intricate business not in the best of condition, Smith developed an organizing genius of the highest order. An extract from Mr. Lee's narrative will make this clear:—

"Astonishing success followed Smith's efforts. The profits rose steadily, and the volume of the business, which was well under £50,000 when he assumed control of the concern, multiplied thirteen times within twenty years of his becoming its moving spirit. The clerks at Cornhill in a few years numbered 150. An important branch was established at Bombay, and other agencies were opened at Java and on the West Coast of Africa. There was no manner of merchandise for which Smith's clients could apply to him in vain. Scientific instruments for surveying purposes, the testing of which needed the closest supervision, were regularly forwarded to the Indian government. The earliest electric telegraph plant that reached India was dispatched from Cornhill. It was an or-

dinary experience to export munitions of war. On one occasion Smith was able to answer the challenge of a scoffer, who thought to name an exceptional article of commerce—a human skeleton—which it would be beyond his power to supply, by displaying in his office two or three waiting to be packed for transit."

But, however various and titanic Smith's business affairs were, his first love and his chief concern were always for the printing and publishing of good literature. In this direction his mind proved to be eminently foreseeing and constructive. His relations with the Brontës, Miss Martineau, Trollope, Thackeray, Matthew Arnold, and Browning are already known to most readers; and he is likely to be longer remembered for the Cornhill Magazine and the Dictionary of National Biography than for his share in the construction of the Ganges Canal. On the other hand, one is diverted to learn that a large proportion of his wealth proceeded from the shrewd and lucky purchase of an Apollinaris spring, which proved even more profitable to him than his trade in the flowings of the Castalian fount. In short, George Smith was a type we are wont to think more American than British, the modern equivalent of both Alexander and Midas.

Passing from the introductory memoir to the text of the Supplement proper, the reader encounters in the first volume many articles of timely interest. The first of consequence, and, all things considered, perhaps the most notable in the volume, is Matthew Arnold, by Dr. Garnett. This article is comparatively short, but, in view of the fact that its only considerable predecessor was Professor Saintsbury's idiosyncratic monograph, it is an exceedingly valuable summary document. It contains some lines of just and lucid criticism which will bear quotation:—

"If a single word could resume him [Arnold], it would be 'academic;' but,

although this perfectly describes his habitual attitude even as a poet, it leaves aside his chaste diction, his pictorial vividness, and his overwhelming pathos. The better, which is also the larger part of his poetry is without doubt immortal. His position is distinctly independent, while this is perhaps less owing to innate originality than to the balance of competing influences. Wordsworth saves him from being a mere disciple of Goethe, and Goethe from being a mere follower of Wordsworth. As a critic, he repeatedly evinced a happy instinct for doing the right thing at the right time. . . . His great defect as a critic is the absence of a lively æsthetic sense; the more exquisite beauties of literature do not greatly impress him unless as vehicles for the communication of ideas. . . . Yet if Arnold cannot be praised as he praises Sophocles for having 'seen life steadily and seen it whole,' he at all events saw what escaped many others; and if he exaggerated the inaccessibility of the English mind to ideas, he left it more accessible than he found it. This would have contented him; his aim was, not to subjugate opinion, but to emancipate it, contending for the ends of Goethe with the weapons of Heine."

Proceeding to the B's, we find an imposing array of memoirs, including Aubrey Beardsley, Mrs. Booth, John Bright, Browning, Burne-Jones, and Sir Richard Burton. Here is much attractive material to be commended to the diligent and discursive reader. Browsing through the succeeding volume, such an one will certainly pause over Canon Ainger's account of Du Maurier, and Mr. Joseph Knight's record of Helen Faucit, while Hunt's Freeman and Pollard's Froude constitute an engaging pair of *parallela vitæ*. Reading onward, one is somewhat disconcerted to find that the important biography of Gladstone has been intrusted to that brisk but baffling writer, Mr. Herbert Paul. It

must be said, however, that the narrative of 35,000 words is surprisingly well done, full of information and anecdote, and, as a record of the more visible activities in Gladstone's career, tolerably sufficient.

The third volume is richest of the three in famous names, containing as it does, among others, Huxley, Jowett, Martineau, Max Müller, Millais, William Morris, Coventry Patmore, John Ruskin, Sir Arthur Sullivan, and Queen Victoria. The life of Huxley, by Professor Weldon, will doubtless seem to many too exclusively concerned with Huxley's scientific teachings, with too scant notice of his position as a dialectician and man of letters. But it is a fair answer that the latter phases and aspects of Huxley's career have been duly recorded in the recent book by his son, whereas it is pretty certainly his work in pure science that is most likely to be the subject of intelligent inquiry by an appreciable number of persons in succeeding generations, which is the test the editors of the Dictionary have constantly proposed. Mr. Mackail's Morris is, of course, in the best tradition of condensed and pregnant biography. It is a little odd that he should repeat the trite and superficial opinion, savoring strongly of the parlor lecture, that Morris's poetry is Homeric in tone. As if there could be any analogy, other than the most superficial, between the fluent but languorous and unreal romanticism of The Earthly Paradise and Homer's grandeur, vivid reality, and bright speed! But in writing of Morris's work in other lines Mr. Mackail has much admirable criticism, very felicitously phrased.

"Morris," says Mr. Mackail, "was a singular instance of a man of immense industry and force of character, whose whole life, through a long period of manifold activity and multiform production, was guided by a very few simple ideas. . . . In fact, all these varying energies were directed toward a single object, the reintegration of hu-

man life; and he practiced so many arts because to him art was a single thing."

Not far from the article upon Morris is a noteworthy account of the deeply lamented F. W. H. Myers. It is perhaps worth while to record the curious fact that this delightful poet and cautious investigator of psychic phenomena, the author of one of the best essays in the world upon Virgil as a romanticist and a humanist, should likewise have attained the rather Byronic notoriety of being the first Englishman to swim the Niagara River below the falls. The remainder of the minor notices we may pass summarily by, pausing only to note a fact of curious interest mentioned by Mr. Seecombe in his notice of Oscar Wilde. Wilde, it seems, left in manuscript an *apologia pro sua vita*; and this is now in the hands of his literary executor, and may presently be given to the world.

It was fitting that the work which is likely to remain — the Oxford Dictionary being incomplete as yet — the chief scholarly monument of the Victorian age should contain in its concluding volume a life of the Queen. Mr. Sidney Lee has written this in person, and has performed the delicate task with exceptional fidelity and tact. Both of these qualities were to be expected from the best biographer of Shakespeare. But there are qualities in the present work not found in the Shakespeare. There the ideal was *sic cum lumen*, but here, with no less care for accuracy, we have Mr. Lee writing in a more genial and romantic vein. Without any of the unbalanced rhapsody common in lives of great persons recently deceased, we have here some humor, and more pathos, informing a very clear and orderly account of the

Queen's life. The narrative approximates to 90,000 words, — about the length of the average novel. It is to be hoped that, as in the case of the Shakespeare, Mr. Lee may see fit to reprint the life of Victoria in a suitable separate form.

Notwithstanding the fact that the pages of a biographical dictionary are sure to be full of the records of high emprise and happy attainment, the continuous perusal of them is a melancholy proceeding, — a ramble in the "dormitories of the dead." At the conclusion of such a course of reading, one is less disposed to construct synoptical theories of the conditions of success than to quote Latin about the transience of sublunary achievement. But if quoting there is to be, no better choice can be made than part of Mr. Lee's final estimate of Queen Victoria, which, while it closely characterizes the Queen, is subtly symbolical of the temper of the age to which she gave her name: —

"Queen Victoria's whole life and action were, indeed, guided by personal sentiment rather than by reasoned principles. But her personal sentiment, if not altogether removed from the commonplace nor proof against occasional inconsistencies, bore ample trace of courage, truthfulness, and sympathy with suffering. Far from being an embodiment of selfish whim, the Queen's personal sentiment blended in its main current sincere love of public justice with stanch fidelity to domestic duty, and ripe experience came in course of years to imbue it with the force of patriarchal wisdom. In her capacity alike of monarch and woman, the Queen's personal sentiment proved, on the whole, a safer guide than the best devised system of moral or political philosophy."

Ferris Greenslet.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

MINOR AND MAJOR VERSE.

THE casual reader takes up Mr. Archer's new book¹ with wonder and some perturbation. Its cumbersome bulk, its price *net*, its large rude portraits, suggestive of the red-hot poker and the pine plank, remind him that this is the period of expansion, when even the critic may assume the right to imperial methods. A glance at the Introduction makes one doubtful of the snap judgment, for the author's plan is nothing if not modest: he is offering us, not a treatise on modern poetry, but a series of appreciations of certain modern poets. "The essays," he says, "are arranged in alphabetical order, and each writer is treated as if he or she were the only poet of the younger generation in England or America." The critic's taste is catholic, and his honest desire is to enjoy and to commend whatever he can in modern verse. The reader is never embarrassed, even on occasion of the most emphatic expressions of opinion, by the feeling that the writer is bending the facts to meet a theory, or trying to score a point for the sake of victory. His occasional generalizations are marked by the quiet common sense which is always an admirable quality of his work.

"It is impossible to set up one single and absolute standard of workmanship in poetry. Tennyson's workmanship was good for Tennyson, and no one admires it more than I; but I hold it no reproach to Burns that his ideal of workmanship was different. If, by some miracle, the Tennysonian ideal had been implanted in Burns's mind, and he had constantly struggled up to it, he would have been by so much the less Burns and the less enjoyable."

¹ *Poets of the Younger Generation.* By WILLIAM ARCHER. London and New York: John Lane. 1902.

"The simple rule, 'Let your nouns be nouns, and verbs be verbs,' seems to me worthy of all acceptance, even at the hands of poets."

It is consistent with his method that this critic should begin by disinheriting the spendthrift phrase "minor poet." "The valid distinction, the only one that really matters, is between true poets and poets falsely so called. . . . I do not for a moment doubt that some of the writers whom I discuss will be reckoned by posterity among the major poets of our time; others, very probably, will take minor rank. I leave the distinction to posterity; it does not at present concern me." This unconcern Mr. Archer tries to maintain throughout the series of essays which follow. He disclaims, moreover, any set theory of poetry, and waives even the right of comparison, purposing simply to consider, one by one, the poets born since 1850, whose work "happens to chime with his idiosyncrasy," "gives him genuine pleasure." Yet it is natural that he should not quite succeed in giving the desired impression of detached merit. Of the thirty-three verse-writers whom he is considering there is always something conscientious to be said; but in many cases his pleasure is so guarded by reservations as to appear inconsiderable, and in others he is carried upward from his carefully chosen middle ground by an unblanketed enthusiasm. Having paid tribute to his gentlemanly versifiers, and acknowledged the less tutored charms of his Irish poetesses, he turns with obvious relief to the consideration of John Davidson, or Francis Thompson, or Stephen Phillips, or Rudyard Kipling. The human habit of weighing relative values, in short, is too much for him; and it is evident that to his feeling, if

not to his judgment, very few of the many poems which he quotes possess the vital power of the major poetry.

Fortunately, some of them do possess it. Not many of us, it is to be hoped, take the desperate view of the poetical situation which has been suggested recently by one of these poets of the younger generation, Mr. Santayana.¹

"Shall mimics, drunk with each Castilian rill,
Be any poet but themselves at will,
Luscious when Keats, when Spenser quaint
and dull,
When Browning 'turgid, and [when] Noodles
null?"

he inquires, on his way to the cheerless discovery that "all the living [poets] are useless." Many readers will think as much of Mr. Santayana's verse as if he did not happen to be living, and will find it neither more nor less imitative than that of most other versifiers, living and dead. The couplets just quoted might, with a mere change of names, hail from the *Dunciad*; Mr. Archer calls attention to this poet's Shakespearean rhythms; and one hardly needs to turn the page to come upon reminders of other singers, as, for example, of Tennyson in

"A thousand leagues of silence roll
Between the husband and the wife.
The spirit faints with inward strife
And lonely gazing at the pole."

In his present volume Mr. Santayana makes various experiments in subject and in form, but there is nothing in it which will be likely to change the English critic's opinion that his chief merit lies in an undoubted mastery of the sonnet. The long titular poem and its sequel, with all their grace of form, are not impressive; a certain attenuation of feeling and rigidity of phrasing leave us in doubt of their value except as poetical exercises.

If the heroic strain is beyond this careful chamber musician, so is the colloquial music of "convivial and occasional verse." The attempts in this kind which conclude the volume just miss the qualities of delicate humor and hearty good feeling, which are slippers and dressing gown to the spirit tired, like Dr. Primrose, of being always wise. "Take me as lightly as you choose," the writer of this sort of verse seems to say; "only don't be bored." Of genuine poets who have frankly and happily chosen to be themselves rather than to be profound, who have steadily refused to enter the battle for the grand style, and contented themselves with civilian laurels, we have had nobody since Dr. Holmes so admirable as Mr. Charles Henry Webb. The publication of *Vagrom Verse*, thirteen years ago, was followed by a sigh of relief from a public overburdened with minor intensities, and his new volume² tempts the same greeting. To be sure, he does things that we should have said were unpardonable; his metres, we should have said, have very much the doggerel quality; he quibbles, sentimentalizes, chuckles, takes liberties with our ribs and our sensibilities,—is simply himself to all men. His later verses are less rough without being less spontaneous; indeed, there are several poems among them of an almost Landorian elegance.

In one department of occasional verse Dr. Holmes has left no American successor of eminence. Mr. Santayana's experiments in college verse lack the indescribable atmosphere of the quadrangle which belongs to the verse of the old-world Grecian, while Mr. Webb's muse is social rather than academic. The new edition of Calverley³ reminds us of what this kind of verse has meant

¹ *A Hermit of Carmel, and Other Poems.* By GEORGE SANTAYANA. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

² *With Lead and Line.* By CHARLES HENRY WEBB. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

³ *The Works of Charles Stuart Calverley.* With a Biographical Notice by Sir WALTER J. SENDALL, G. C. M. G. London: George Bell and Sons. 1901.

to Englishmen, while the reprint of Owen Seaman's *Horace at Cambridge*¹ suggests that it still means much. Mr. Seaman's book is somewhat narrowly academic; indeed, much of it is so purely local in its quality as to make a somewhat limited appeal to other than Cantabrigians. There are, to be sure, not a few irresistible phrases, like that about "Hamlet quoting Shakespeare to the Queen," or the one about the parson whose aim in life is "a sinecure of souls;" and the *Cambridge Revisited* gives something like a final expression to the experience of the college man who goes back after ten years to find the "men" only boys, and to be unexpectedly satisfied with his own rôle of foggy. But this is 'prentice work; to enjoy Mr. Seaman at his best we shall turn to his later volumes, two books of parody which have not their equal in English. Even Calverley's imitations, admirable as they are, lack the refined subtlety of his successor's. That famous skit *The Cock and the Bull*, for example, is too obvious a caricature to endure many readings. One might perhaps cite in the older parodist's defense that masterly Tennysonian conclusion of *The Wanderers*:—

"Then I, 'The sun hath slipt behind the hill,
And my aunt Vivian dines at half-past six.'
So in all love we parted; I to the Hall,
They to the village. It was noised next noon
That chickens had been miss'd at Syllabub
Farm."

But the rest of the poem is in a broader vein of burlesque. The curious thing about Mr. Seaman's parodies is that they come so near being what the authors might have actually written. They make sense in themselves; they are real poems written in the characteristic mood of the poet in hand, and

given the least possible cant toward burlesque consistent with their character as parody. This seems to me the highest distinction in that form of art; for art it is, and its great masters are few indeed. A passing allusion to "that admirable metrist, Mr. Seaman," is all the notice that Mr. Archer has felt it possible to give to such a trifler.

Four volumes of verse² have been published recently which it is natural, if improper, to think of together. We have long since ceased to laugh, except with respectfully reverted throat, at the Great Cham's comparison of a writing woman and a dancing—quadruped. And we regard Macaulay's sublime condescension with something like awe. "We conceive," he wrote less than sixty years ago, in disposing of a certain luckless Miss Aikin, "that on such occasions a critic would do well to imitate the courteous knight who found himself compelled by duty to keep the lists against Bradamante. He, we are told, defended successfully the cause of which he was the champion, but before the fight began exchanged Balisarda for a less deadly sword, of which he carefully blunted the point and edge." Indignantly as we may bridle at this form of masculine effrontery, now happily obsolete, it is only fair to wonder whether our own inverted chivalry, which considers "virility" the supreme attribution to feminine excellence, is altogether to be admired. To one reader, certainly, these four books of verse rate themselves distinctly according to their feminine quality, which may, it would seem, be to the work of a woman what the masculine quality is to the work of a man.

If by feminine quality were meant simply the atmosphere of the feminine

¹ *Horace at Cambridge*. By OWEN SEAMAN. London and New York: John Lane. 1902.

² *The Cathedral, and Other Poems*. By MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

The Heart of the Road. By ANNA HEMPESTEAD BRANCH. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

From the Hills of Dream. By FIONA MACLEOD. Portland, Maine: Thomas B. Mosher. 1901.

Marlowe. By JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

temperament, we should be abundantly satisfied with its presence in Miss Dickinson's poetry. She possesses, moreover, vigor of imagination, intensity of feeling, and the true lyrical sense of language as music; but something is lacking, — a quality more important than all of these in life, and not negligible in art. One does not lay down her new book of verse without disquiet, without a feeling of having taken a haphazard voyage in a craft uncertain of its bearings. We have felt the lack of that effortless poise and control which belongs to the strong spirit at peace with itself; we have wished for less of the emotional, and more of the spiritual. There have even been moments of a self-revelment bordering upon indiscretion, which we have hastened to attribute to the New England habit of introspection with doubt, working upon a nature which might have been happier and healthier under the Puritan régime. In verse born of such conditions we are likely to find, if not sheer morbidness, the flush of life grown a little hectic, emotional and intellectual impulse standing for aspiration, and love made much of as a painful though desirable obsession.

Will it be permitted to say that the charm of Miss Branch's verse is the charm of maidenliness? By means of the simplest metrical forms she achieves a delicately poetic expression of feminine refinement and sympathy. Now and then, as in *Lazarus*, the note deepens, but it is still — and we are very grateful for it — the woman's note: —

"MARTHA.

It was so far to come.

MARY.

Far? No, not far, I think —

A MAN.

But dost thou know?

MARY.

Ay! When I keep my thoughts all clean and large,

Open to sunlight as the roses are,

It lies along the margin of the air

With a soft shining, though I see it not."

We cannot help feeling the soundness of verse like this, and the feeling is not less assured because the strain runs so often into the minor. This gentle unrest is far enough from being morbid; it is, perhaps, no more than the normal reposelessness of some spiritual *Wanderjahr*, out of which is to come a calmer and more fruitful strength.

One may find himself thinking of Miss Dickinson's poems as rather heavily scented exotics produced under glass, and of Miss Branch's as half-opened roses leaning inquiringly over the wall of some quiet garden. The strange verses of Miss Fiona Macleod carry us into another world, — a world of gray mists and shadow, of a half-human nature and a half-elfin humanity, of solitary blossoms of song washed with the salt spray and blown by the rough winds of the farthest Hebrides. And indeed, with all our schooling in Celtic lore, the sad northern music still falls strange upon the Saxon ear. This passionate mysticism veiled in sombre acquiescence, this fierce abiding melancholy which has nothing to do with the nerves or the digestion, is hard for us to enter into. No folk poetry, surely, has so dogged a note of suffering, in both senses of the word, as that which still survives fragmentarily in the Gaelic of the old hill and coast peasantry. Miss Macleod labors under the disadvantage of giving utterance to the genius of one race in terms of another. She chooses to deal much in irregular metres, and in epithets literally translated from the Gaelic. Much of her work, in short, has the quality and the defect of translation; of the anthropological value of such verse we cannot but be aware, though we may not be sure of its value as English poetry. Yet Miss Macleod is not simply an interpreter; there is no mistaking here and there the "fee-grief due to some single breast," the quick bitterness of a thwarted life which remembers and waits, dwelling meanwhile in a land of dream and shadow.

"A white bird floats there like a drifting
leaf:
It feeds upon faint sweet hopes and perishing
dreams
And the still breath of unremembering grief.

"And as a silent leaf the white bird passes,
Winnowing the dusk by dim forgetful streams.
I am alone now among the silent grasses."

It is a relief to turn from this eerie, crooning strain, with the surprise of its occasional lilt into the major and the recurring monotony of its dying fall, to the warm, rich melody of verse like Miss Peabody's. Here the charm is not made up of mere delicacy or intensity or unusualness; the poet's view of life is the simple, healthy view of calm, perfectly poised womanhood. Marlowe is, like her former experiment in dramatic poetry, frankly after the Elizabethans. The fact that it deals with Elizabethan personages furnishes a ready excuse for the risky attempt; yet its warmest admirers will probably not wish for a repetition of the experiment; they will not like to substitute the enjoyment of imitations, however clever, for their delight in the pure modern beauty of Miss Peabody's lyrics. If, indeed, she could compass dramatic vigor with the retention of her own born diction — but that is an achievement one hardly dares hope for yet in English. And Marlowe hardly deserves to be spoken of with so conventional a reservation. It is no small triumph to have taken a theme which might have lent itself easily to decadent methods or to open moralizing, and to have made it the basis for a piece of pure, strong, creative work.

A similar experiment was tried some years ago by Dr. Mitchell in his *Francis Drake*, which is now before us in the book of selections from previously published verse (made by the English Macmillans).¹ This is also a dramatic study of an Elizabethan theme, treated consistently in the Elizabethan manner. It seems, on the whole, to possess less

¹ *Selections from the Poems of S. Weir Mitchell*. London: Macmillan & Co. 1901.

force and spontaneity than the earlier and less formal dramatic sketches. We do not know where to look, unless in Browning's *My Lost Duchess*, for such pitiless irony as that of *A Medal*. As for François Villon, he could have been created only by the chronicler of that other and more rascally François. Dr. Mitchell has more than once succeeded in making us oddly and somewhat disconcertingly sympathetic with villainy. Is Villon or De Luce the greater rascal, and could we wish either of them a different part in the story? We enter almost equally into the light recklessness of the poet-vagabond, and the chill, saturnine humor of his patron and enemy. And we are not quite sure, perhaps, which of the actors in that grim final scene we pity most: —

"Fiercely I lunged. He, laughing, scarce so
rash,
Parried and touched my arm. The rapier
clash
Went wild a minute; then a woman's cry
Broke from the hedge behind him, and near by
Some moonlit whiteness gleamed. He turned,
and I,
By heaven! 't was none too soon, I drove my
sword
Clean through the peasant dog from point to
guard,
And held her as I watched him. Better men
A many have I killed, but this man! — Then
He staggered, reeling, clutched at empty air
And at his breast, and pitching here and there,
Fell, shuddered, and was dead.

By Mary's grace,
The woman kneeling kissed the dead dog's
face."

To read the lyrics of which the volume is mainly composed, and which we now find together for the first time, is to renew our wonder at a versatility not only of craftsmanship, but of powers. The airy grace of *Dreamland*, the swing and surge of the lines *On a Boy's First Reading of the Play of King Henry the Fifth*, the measured stateliness of the *Ode on a Grecian Tomb*, — hardly elsewhere in American verse is there greater strength in variety than in these poems. We wish there were not so marked a suggestion of

leave-taking in the noble lines which close the book:—

"I know the night is near at hand,
The mists lie low on hill and bay,
The autumn sheaves are dewless, dry;
But I have had the day.

"Yes, I have had, dear Lord, the day;
When at thy call I have the night,
Brief be the twilight as I pass
From light to dark, from dark to light."

Not only Yale men will be glad to have the recent firm utterance of another veteran poet preserved in exceptionally beautiful form. Mr. Stedman's bicentennial poem¹ has the union of grave fitness and breadth of tone which sometimes makes of occasional verse a very noble poetic form. The poet concerns himself less with retrospect than with prophecy; indeed, the whole poem is a hopeful call to arms.

"No feeling she that reared them, no forlorn
And wrinkled mother lingering in the gray;
Fadeless she smiles to see her shield upborne:
It is her morn, her morn!
The past, but twilight ushering in her day."

Poems and Inscriptions² is another of the slender volumes of carefully considered verse which Mr. Gilder produces from time to time. His poetry possesses a cool purity of temper and phrase which, if it does not at once compel the reader, is likely to lodge in the memory, there to grow by degrees into life and beauty. And indeed, it would be a shallow memory which did not offer foothold to the haunting simplicity of such lines as:—

"How fresh the woods, each separate leaf
Is shining in the joyful sun.
Strange! I have half forgotten grief:
I think that life is just begun."

It is a long step from the quiet Wordsworthian glow of verse like this

to the exultant passion of Mr. Henley's springtime poetry. To him we look for the musical utterance of a pure pagan zest in living. Whenever elemental emotion is to be expressed, the author of *Hawthorn and Lavender*³ strikes deep and sure. With the more elaborate forms he is less successful, as in the irregular, unrhymed verse of the *Praeludium*, which might almost have been written by a Le Gallienne. Of the London Eclogues, with all their cleverness, it is hard to know how much to make as poetry, though Mr. Archer is by way of hailing such things as "the new poetry." This poet of realism does here for London streets what he has already done for the hospital and the camp. He himself hints that this sort of verse is unlikely to be of permanent value:—

"None, none can keep the years in line,
And what to Ninety-Eight is fun
May raise the gorge of Ninety-Nine."

Even to Ninety-Eight much of this material must have been but dimly intelligible out of London. As for the songs, it is the hawthorn verses over which we are likely to linger, since the charm of paganism begins to fade as we draw away from youth and spring:—

"Shadow and gleam on the Downland
Under the low spring sky,
Shadow and gleam in my spirit—
Why?

"A bird, in his nest rejoicing
Cheers and flatters and woos:
A fresh voice flutters my fancy—
Whose?

"And the humour of April frolics
And bickers on blade and bough—
O, to meet for the primal kindness
Now!"

This voice of resonant joy is altogether lacking to Mr. Hardy's muse,⁴

¹ *Mater Coronata*. By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

² *Poems and Inscriptions*. By RICHARD WATSON GILDER. New York: The Century Co. 1901.

³ *Hawthorn and Lavender*. By W. E. HENLEY. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. 1901.

⁴ *Poems of the Past and Present*. By THOMAS HARDY. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. 1902.

who is indeed a heathen rather than a pagan; or so we might say if we were sure of her existence. For Mr. Hardy's verse is, after all, a by-product, clearly a left-hand mode of expression. His use of metre is ingenious rather than flexible or musical; not seldom we come upon stanzas which seem not to be prose because of the accidents of verse division and rhyme: —

“The day is turning ghost,
And scuttles from the Kalendar in fits and
furtively,
To join the anonymous host
Of those that through oblivion; ceding his place
may be
To one of like degree.”

Arbitrary metrical irregularities of this sort recall irresistibly the remark of old Bentley to a raw aspirant for Pindaric honors *numerus lege solutus*. “Pindar was a bold fellow,” said he, “but thou art an impudent one!” Mr. Hardy's verse certainly attains far greater dignity in its simplest forms. The little poem *To Life* not only illustrates this fact, but may stand as the most perfect expression in the book of the skeptical melancholy which characterizes the writer's prose: —

“O Life with the sad seared face,
I weary of seeing thee,
And thy draggled cloak, and thy hobbling
pace,
And thy too-forced pleasantry!

“I know what thou would'st tell
Of Death, Time, Destiny —
I have known it long, and know, too, well
What it all means for me.

“But canst thou not array
Thyself in rare disguise,
And feign like truth, for one mad day,
That Earth is Paradise?

“I'll tune me to the mood,
And mumm with thee till eve;
And may be what as interlude
I feign, I shall believe!”

If the last year, which has witnessed the publication of so many interesting books, had given us nothing else, it would be memorable for having pro-

duced *A Reading of Life*.¹ In nothing of Mr. Meredith's has it been made so evident that his manner is not mere mannerism. There are some very stiff lines in this book: it would not be chosen to loll through in a summer afternoon. But there is beauty in it from beginning to end, and in the main spontaneity; the reader is never in doubt that he is listening to a born poet, to whom thought and word are very nearly the same thing. To turn over the opening pages is to be reminded of Dr. Johnson's dictum, which the world has been falsifying now for a century and a quarter: “The heathen deities can no longer gain attention: we should have turned away from the contest between Venus and Diana.” It is just this mighty old myth in which the modern poet finds his reading of life.

“Or shall we run with Artemis,
Or yield the breast to Aphrodite?
Both are mighty;
Both give bliss;
Each can torture if divided;
Each claims worship undivided.”

So opens the brief prologue. It will not do to begin quoting from the three poems which follow. Nothing so strong and pure and deeply harmonious has been done since the greater Victorians stopped singing. The marvelous rush and melody of the seven-syllable verse (no longer a lost art) of *With the Huntress*, the graceful, varied pace of *With the Persuader*, and the triumphant if uphill march of *The Test of Manhood*, — the whole poem, whatever mood may be dominant in its parts, fills us with the wondering sense of completeness and vital power which only very real poetry can afford. It will be felt that in the poems which follow, the idiosyncrasy of the poet does not always yield itself sufficiently to lightness of theme or flexibility of mood. The spider in *A Garden Idyl*, for example, is poetized with an unso-

¹ *A Reading of Life*. By GEORGE MEREDITH. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

cial heaviness of touch which would be fair game for the mocking craft of a pen like Mr. Seaman's. The experiments in English hexameter of the Fragments from the Iliad once again fail to prove the fitness of that medium for expression in our sledgehammer tongue. Manifestly, it is the fighting Homer which attracts Mr. Meredith; for he reads life as a battlefield, where

neither Artemis nor Aphrodite must win the day.

"Not far those two great Powers of Nature
speed

Disciple steps on earth when sole they lead;
Nor either points for us the way of flame.

From him predestined mightier it came;
His task to hold them both in breast, and
yield

Their dues to each, and of their war be field."

H. W. Boynton.

COLLEGE PROFESSORS AND THE PUBLIC.

IN a recent number of the Harvard Graduates' Magazine there is a sketch entitled A Harvard Ascetic. It describes that singular gentleman and scholar, Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles, with whose academic career anecdote and myth have long been busy. For some thirty-six years after his appointment as Greek tutor, in 1842, Professor Sophocles "lived by himself," we are told, "in the west entry of Holworthy, and there evoked and spread his frugal meals, amid his lexicons and papers and exercise books." Whether he bred his famous chickens in his sleeping room is still a matter for high debate among Cambridge humorists of an antiquarian turn. At any rate, he seems to have lived his own life in serene indifference to contemporary opinion. He preserved, throughout the most stirring period of the last century, the spiritual isolation of the exile. He remained from first to last a Greek monk, set to the somewhat incongruous task of teaching American boys.

I am so unfortunate as never to have known Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles. But I have often been inclined to moralize upon his monastic existence, in comparing it with the fuller if more interrupted lives of some of his contemporaries and pupils. For there have been many Grammarians, quite as anxious as Professor Sophocles to "settle

Hoti's business" and impart "the doctrine of the enclitic *de*," who have cheerfully surrendered their scanty hours for research at the call of public service; arguing in town meetings for better schoolhouses and better roads, visiting and burying the town poor, securing better terms from the all-invading trolley companies, addressing legislative committees in behalf of local improvements, — sparing, in short, no time or labor where the expenditure of time and labor might insure better conditions of living for the communities where the scholar's lot was cast. That this devotion to the claims of the town or city or general public is likely to interfere with Hoti's business is undeniable. The doctrine of the enclitic *de* is less clearly defined to-day than it might have been if all college teachers had lived, like Professor Sophocles, in the west entry of a dormitory, engrossed with lexicons and exercise books, and with a few chickens, possibly, to add speculative interest to the scene. There is, one must confess, a more or less constant antinomy between the instincts of pure scholarship and the impulses of citizenship. It is a warfare which accounts, at least in part, for the peculiar status of the college professor under the conditions of contemporary American life; and certain phases of the rather complex situation growing out of

these contradictory duties one may venture to discuss.

Few educated men will deny the imaginative charm that invests the existence of the solitary scholar. In his person we discover one man, in this confusing world, who knows what he likes. Chaucer's Clerk of Oxenford, who had

"levere have at his beddes heede
Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reede
Of Aristotle and his philosophie
Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sawtrie,"

is something more than a type of mediæval devotion to the Aristotelian logic. Some breath of his ascetic spirit still abides in every scholar worthy of the name; the twenty books continue to yield to such a man a deeper delight than the robes or the fiddle. There is no college faculty without its Clerk of Oxenford, — some unworldly soul who grows old without tangible rewards, possibly without very tangible achievements, but who has nevertheless kept the pure flame of learning alive in his heart. Innocent eccentricities attach themselves to him. Young doctors from the great foreign and American universities find him a trifle old-fashioned in his views and unaware of the latest dissertations. Yet the blameless Clerk loves his twenty books to the end.

One such man I remember in particular. In his younger days he had been a Latinist, until the loss, by fire, of his manuscript Latin grammar disheartened him, and he accepted a casual offer of a chair of elementary mathematics, which he kept till his death. He fulfilled his duties as instructor with perfect gravity and fidelity, but cared wholly for other things: for his collections of Phædrus and black-letter Chaucers; for Scott's novels, which he used to read through once each year; for the elder dramatists; for Montaigne and Lamb. Weather permitting, he drove from twenty to forty miles a day in his rusty, mud-covered buggy; he knew every wild flower, every lovely or bold view, within reach of Williams-

town. To be his companion upon one of these drives was to touch the very essence of fine, whimsical, irresponsible scholarship. But Professor Dodd made no speeches in town meeting, was scantily interested in no-license agitation, was rather likely to forget election day altogether, and on pleasant Sundays used to patronize obscure churches that lay at an extraordinary driving distance from home. His sense of freedom from these compulsions that are laid upon the strenuous citizen of New England was very charming. The land of his habitation was "far from this our war."

The type of moral detachment which my old friend thus exemplified is not only charming; it is positively necessary, if the work demanded by productive scholarship — though he was quite frankly an unproductive scholar! — is adequately to be done. It is an encumbrance to the scholar, as it is to the soldier, to entangle himself overmuch with the affairs of this life. Certain members of every academic community seem drafted by nature and by achievement to special service. They are summoned out of the usual social order, away from the conventional, wholesome round of ordinary discipline, to lead some forlorn hope of science or letters, to explore the farthest boundaries of human knowledge, to chart unknown waters that will by and by be crowded with the funnels of the carrying trade of the world. There is a profound sense in which every such man must, like Newton, be

"forever

Voyaging through strange seas of thought
alone."

He cannot keep in touch with the normal life of other men. If he brings back something to us at the end of his voyages, that is enough; he must not be held to rigid attendance upon ward meetings and Sunday school. The chances are that not twenty men in the world will recognize, at first, what these explorations mean to human progress; their significance is realized very

gradually. Meantime the man's neighbors will know merely that he is gone, — that he is absent-minded, forgetful of jury duty and registration and a hundred admirable "causes."

Since this type of intellectual pioneer is so essential to the true progress of the race, there is no likelihood that it will not persist. Indeed, there are more opportunities open to it and greater honors are paid to it to-day, in this country, than we have ever offered before. The Clerk of Oxenford, who was "not right fat," as it may be remembered, in the fourteenth century, is better clothed and fed and housed in the twentieth. Yet the college teachers who really make original contributions to human knowledge are few in proportion to the total numbers engaged in the profession. The passion for scholarship, like that for poetry, does not always imply a corresponding power of production; and because we are glad to release some picked man from the common social obligations and services, and bid him Godspeed upon his adventure, it does not follow that a similar freedom may be claimed for those who stay at home. The solitary scholar will always be the exception, not the rule. The college professor, under normal conditions, can escape neither his duties to the public nor the daily irresistible impact from the public. His endeavor to escape them may be an evidence of instinctive capacity for creative work of the highest value; but it has not infrequently been the badge of a mere Bohemianism, a mark of the reckless, selfish existence of an alien, — of a man with no stake in the community.

"I do not often speak to public questions," said Emerson, who, without formal academic relations, was nevertheless in so many ways our finest type of academic behavior: "they are odious and hurtful, and it seems like meddling or leaving your work. I have my own spirits in prison, — spirits in deeper prisons, whom no man visits if I do not. And then I see what havoc it

makes with any good mind, a dissipated philanthropy. The one thing not to be forgiven to intellectual persons is, not to know their own task."

Yet these serene sentences were uttered at the opening of his address on the Fugitive Slave Law, and he goes on to say that he never felt the crack of the slaveowner's whip until that measure, backed as it was by Daniel Webster, put a check on his free speech and action. Then, with words fairly incandescent with noble scorn, Emerson denounces a law which he believes to be an outrage alike upon the rights of private citizenship and upon the public honor. That speech upon the Fugitive Slave Law deserves to be read with the more famous Phi Beta Kappa oration of 1837 on The American Scholar. The earlier address describes the scholar's duty toward his work; the speech of 1854 states and exemplifies the scholar's duty as a citizen.

Scarcely half a century has elapsed since these later words of Emerson were spoken. Yet what far-reaching changes have been wrought in the relations of the academic scholar to the public! Many of the most characteristic phases of our modern industrial and social development are less than half a century old. Within that period the curriculum of the American college has been transformed. The professor of to-day, instead of occupying himself solely with the dead languages and a little mathematics and philosophy, pursues studies and gives instruction that bring him into touch, at a thousand points of contact, with the material interests, the practical concerns, of the American public. Some Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles still trims his solitary lamp in every college; and in every college there are still, as always, men whose instincts of citizenship are wholly independent of the work of their particular department. But a newer type of college professor is also everywhere in evidence: the expert who knows all about railroads and bridges and subways;

about gas commissions and electrical supplies; about currency and banking, Philippine tariffs, Venezuelan boundary lines, the industries of Porto Rico, the classification of the civil service, the control of trusts. I take my illustrations almost at random, and yet in connection with each topic upon that variegated list it would be possible to point to college professors who have lately been rendering a signal public service. These men combine technical training with practical capacity. They can no longer be brushed aside contemptuously as "mere theorists." They are helping to carry forward the detailed work of governmental departments; and as you and I are paying for their traveling expenses and their stenographers, they ought to meet every American definition of "the practical man"!

And we must take into account other facts besides these new professorial activities springing out of the new scientific and commercial energy of the nation. This energy has been felt by the universities, and it has produced university men who, judged by any previous academic standards, belong to a new species. But the college professor who represents the "humanities," rather than the distinctly scientific side of modern education, is likewise brought closer to the public than ever before. The newspapers report — and misreport — him. Editors offer him space to reply. Publishers weary him with appeals to write textbooks. He goes to conventions. He has become sophisticated. The great festivals of his university — like the rural college Commencements of sixty years ago — assume the character of a popular show. The President of the United States attends them. The professor's photograph, in full academic costume, assaults your eye in the market place. The college press club and the university's bureau of publicity give his lecture dates in advance. The prospectus of your favorite magazine bids you inspect his literary qualifications as well as his thoughtful

countenance. Who's Who in America informs you of the name of his second wife.

In all this familiarity of intercourse with the world, some of the fine old reserve of manner and reticence of speech has been lost. The secularized professor — like one of those gray Italian convents now secularized into orphan schools — is sometimes rather a noisy, middle-class affair. Yet if something of the traditional fastidiousness and exclusiveness has disappeared, other qualities, more robust and probably more useful, have been gained. It has been an advantage to the public to see the professor at closer range, and it has been a still more obvious benefit to the professor himself that he has found manifold modes of contact with his fellow citizens. For the lessons which the professor learns from the public are at least as important as those which he imparts. If, as the cant phrase has it, he does something occasionally to "purify politics," politics pretty constantly clarifies him.

This growth in mutual knowledge between a single class in the community and the community as a whole has already proved its value, but the limits of its usefulness have by no means been reached. Popular suspicion of the political theorist — a suspicion curiously active at the present moment — is still apt to find in the "college professor" a convenient symbol of ineptitude. The Philistinism which glorifies the so-called "man of action" minimizes by contrast the man of thought. Nor is it to be expected that the general public can ever develop a full sympathy with the academic scholar whose mind is bent solely upon discovering the truth. It may respect him if he keeps out of the way. But let him once lift his voice against some popular movement, and the hisses will be prompt enough. Most of us can remember the time when college professors of economics who advocated tariff for revenue were stigmatized as "British emissaries."

ries" with their pockets stuffed with "British gold." There is less said just now about British emissaries, and yet the college economist who does not, in football parlance, "buy the winning colors after the game" must still pay the penalty of his hardihood. Within a twelvemonth college teachers have been openly denounced as "traitors" for advocating self-government for the Filipinos. In many a pulpit and newspaper office, last September, it was declared that the utterances of college professors were largely responsible for the assassination of President McKinley. Singularly enough, the most bitter denunciations of the college professor in politics come from college-trained politicians and journalists; there is no such master of the sneer as the partisan who in his youth

"did eagerly frequent
Doctor and saint."

In short, courage is still necessary if the college teacher desires to speak frankly upon disputable topics. In 1902 it is easy to be a champion of the gold standard, because the gold standard has fortunately prevailed; in 1896 the comfort of such a championship depended upon the longitude of the college. We are gradually learning to analyze the complex elements that enter into the question of "academic freedom," and to discover that human nature must not be left out of the reckoning; but meantime it must be confessed that academic freedom, like the Supreme Court in Mr. Dooley's epigram, "follows the election returns."

Yet there is something to be said for that instinct of self-preservation which forces the majority, in a democracy like ours, to silence demonstrative opposition and proceed with the public affairs. One must admit that a good many college professors have taken the Irish members of Parliament as their exemplars, and are boyishly pleased if they can merely obstruct the business of the House. Miss Evelina Burney once wrote of Sir Philip Jennings Clerk,

"He is a professed minority man." This type of man is familiar in academic circles. There is something very admirable in his bravery, in his consistency, and in the Cato-like — the Oxford-like — pride with which he clings to lost causes. But, like all of us, he needs to discriminate. John Milton, who was "a professed minority man" of the most militant order, declared that "when God commands to take the trumpet, and blow a dolorous or a jarring blast, it lies not in man's will what he shall say or what he shall conceal." Noble, heartening words are these, and as much needed now as ever. Yet there should be a reasonable certainty that the note is really blown at God's command; and one may concede that the professed minority man of the academic species sometimes mistakes for the Divine clarion what is merely a tin trumpet hanging on the wall of his private study, and that he blows it mainly for the exercise of his lungs.

It is easy to comprehend, and it should be easy to pardon, these professorial extravagances. They are the excitable utterances of men not habitually sobered by practical contact with affairs. Yet an excited participation in public debate is better, after all, than indifference; and as the solidarity of interests between all classes in the republic becomes more generally realized, there is likely to be less and less criticism of academic critics. While making fullest admission of the occasional peevishness and exaggeration of these men, it should never be forgotten that no class of American citizens bring to the discussion of current questions so wide a knowledge of the teachings of history, a deeper attachment to American ideals, and a more disinterested patriotism.

The field of political activity has been selected to illustrate some of the relations of the professor with the public, not only because the illustration lies conveniently near at hand, but also be-

cause it is typical of other activities as well. The benefits that have attended the more general participation of college teachers in current politics are undeniable. They justify the belief that many of the obstructions which still embarrass the commerce of the professor with the public will disappear upon better mutual acquaintance. There are many spheres of public activity in which college teachers need encounter none of the suspicion that is bred by partisan politics. In the fight for better tenements, for public parks, bath-houses, libraries, and training schools; in all the varied work of philanthropic, ethical, and religious organizations; in the immense task of securing and developing throughout this country a respect for law, a man is not handicapped because he earns his living in a college. He will discover, if he makes the effort, that he can come to closer quarters with his fellow Americans, not only without abandoning any old ideals worth keeping, but with the certainty of obtaining an invigorating supply of new ideals. His working hours may be devoted to investigation or to classroom instruction; he may hope to influence his generation through his pupils or through his books; but he will have at least certain moments of leisure. These may be spent, if he will, in widening his knowledge of the American people of to-day.

I have already referred to one delightful Williamstown personage, the late Professor Dodd, as an instance of academic detachment. I shall choose a phrase descriptive of a more normal scheme of life from a remark made about another resident of the Berkshire college town, named "Russ" Pratt. He was the one-armed and more stupid brother of the half-witted and locally famous "Bill" Pratt. As Russ was reputed to be the laziest man in Williamstown, — a village that had many claimants to that distinction, — I once asked his adopted daughter how her father spent his time. Her answer was

epigrammatic in its swiftness and scope: "He saws wood, sets in the house, and goes down street!" Is not that an admirable formula? Labor, reflection, social contact! Could there be a wiser counsel of perfection for the college professor? Poor fellow, he must "saw wood" or freeze; yet he has some opportunity to reflect, in a world which is just now little enough given to reflection; and surely he might "go down street" more often and to better advantage than he does. The street no less than the library has its whims, partialities, extravagances, panics. But the man of the library has much to learn from the man of the street, and a ripper friendship between them will betoken a better service toward their common country.

A friend of James Russell Lowell has said that in Lowell's later life he sometimes spoke discontentedly of the years he had spent as a college professor. He complained humorously that he had been wont, in those earlier days, to lecture for an hour or two, go back to Elmwood, fill his pipe, and thank God that he had done a day's work. Now it is not easy to say what shall constitute a day's work, either for one's self or for another; the question is not so simple as the arithmetic of the labor unions would seem to imply. Yet that is a scant day's work, whether long or short, that does not bring the worker into some relation to human progress; that does not make men and women freer, wiser, better. Lowell's years of service in the Smith Professorship may have been as fruitful as any years of his life, although it was the nobler side of him, no doubt, that made him question it.

But who knows the pattern into which his days and years are being woven? I remember complaining, long ago, to a venerable professor, as we were walking together to morning chapel, that a required chapel service involved a costly expenditure of time; and that the German scholars were

steadily drawing ahead of their American rivals because, for one reason, they saved that half hour a day. His reply was very fine: "If you are turning a grindstone, every moment is precious; but if you are doing a man's work, the inspired moments are precious." Every fully endowed man believes that saying in his heart, whatever he may think about the specific question of compulsory chapel for the college-bred; and as our modern world gradually reveals to us both its complexity and its spiritual unity, the "inspired moments" are increasingly likely to be those, not of lonely intuition, but of organized social service. No Americans, above all no body of educated Americans, should imagine that they have a charter to live unto themselves. The whole contemporary movement is against it, — the

secularization of knowledge, the democratization of society, the fundamental oneness of interest among all peoples of this swiftly narrowing earth. For the members of any profession to insulate themselves from these currents of world-sympathy is to cut off that profession's power. The astonishing development of academic studies in our day, the evolution of these new types of professorial activity, the immense endowments and other evidences of public interest in the American college, are fortunate auguries for the republic. But they are also welcome because they invite the professor himself to make generous contribution to what the President of Harvard, in speaking at the bicentennial of Yale, characterized as "the pervasive, aggressive, all-modifying spirit of Christian democracy."

B. P.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

WHEN John Fiske died, on July 4th of last year, he was giving final directions for the removal of his library from his former home on Berkeley Street to his new house. He had called me in, one day when I was passing, to show me his beautiful new room, which was in an upper story, separated from the rest of the house, in order that he might have perfect retirement while working.

The room was long and low, with an atmosphere of comfort and repose. Above the ample fireplace was written the motto of his life: —

*"Disce, ut semper victurus;
Vive, ut cras moriturus."*¹

He turned, and said, with that slow, radiant smile which lighted his face so wonderfully, "This is the library of my dreams;" then remained silent.

¹ "Study, as if you were to live forever;
Live, as if you were to die to-morrow."

On that day the books and furniture were lacking, but now his working desk, books, and pictures of friends are all in the places which he had assigned them. Conspicuous among the contents of the library, on an easel is a fine oil painting of his intimate friend, Professor Thomas Huxley. This portrait recalls to me an early experience of my life, which I remember as a week of unique interest.

Twenty-five years ago, when Professor Huxley came to America on a vacation trip, he visited Mr. and Mrs. Fiske. Mrs. Huxley accompanied her husband, and they spent the week before their return to England at Petersham, the childhood home of Mrs. Fiske. Petersham is a typical old New England village, with its elm-surrounded meeting house standing on the village green. A few comfortable houses, built in the early part of the last century, border the principal street, which follows the high ridge

on which the town is placed. The pure air, the remoteness from railroads, but most of all the presence of Mr. Fiske and his family, had made the village a summer resort.

Here were gathered, in the old Brooks homestead and vicinity, an interesting group of people. The senior member of our party was Mr. Christopher Cranch, poet, artist, musician, and delightful companion, — always ready to help in entertainments of all kinds. Private theatricals were his special delight. Then came Professor J. K. Paine, of Harvard, and his wife. The genial composer, who was, perhaps, the nearest of all Mr. Fiske's friends, — "Brother Paine" was his affectionate term for him, — played to us his delightful music, some of it written in that region. George Parsons Lathrop and his wife, Hawthorne's gifted daughter, were also there. Besides these there were a dozen or more friends and relatives; and the Fiske children should not be forgotten, as they added much to the merriment of every occasion. The relation of Mr. Fiske to his children was most charming, and he was never tired of quoting their bright sayings.

Although this was vacation time, Mr. Fiske was not idle. He used to drive off in the morning, soon after breakfast, to a remote farmhouse, where he could be alone to work. The result of these solitary meditations was occasionally bestowed on the rest of us, who gathered about him and listened spellbound to his delightful reading. I think he was at work on *Myths and Myth-Makers* that summer; at least, I know he read us some chapters from this book.

Fiske's philosophic writings were often first thought out aloud in the companionship of his wife, as they strolled, according to their habit, through the woods and fields of Petersham. To see how easily and naturally these religious subjects suggested themselves to his mind, we have only to read the dedication of *The Idea of God*: —

TO MY WIFE

In remembrance of the sweet Sunday morning under the apple-tree on the hillside, when we two sat looking down into fairy woodland paths, and talked of the things since written in this little book

I NOW DEDICATE IT.

Ἀργύριον καὶ χρυσὸν οὐχ ὑπάρχει
μοι· ὃ δὲ ἔχω, τοῦτό σοι δίδωμι.¹

One of Mrs. Fiske's most valued possessions is a beautiful photograph bearing this inscription in Mr. Fiske's familiar handwriting: "The apple-tree mentioned in the dedication to *The Idea of God* — planned under this tree Sunday morning, July 12, 1885."

In the midst of our pleasant but uneventful life the news of the arrival of Professor and Mrs. Huxley produced a great excitement. The first sight of Mr. Huxley made us feel that he would fit easily into our circle. Though not a handsome man, Mr. Huxley had a fascinating and a mobile face. His eyes were rather small and his forehead low, but his eyebrows were heavy and shaggy, the nose was a most expressive feature, and the chin was fine and strong. His voice was delightfully modulated, every word perfectly chosen to express his meaning; and he was, besides, a very easy talker, ready to exchange ideas with any one in the most friendly way.

A characteristic which made everything he said interesting was his playfulness and keen sense of humor. The most serious and gravest subjects were relieved of dullness at his hands. He was a great smoker, and when he sat down with his pipe he always seemed uncommonly entertaining and sociable. Our meeting place in the evening was often at the office of Mr. Brooks, the brother of Mrs. Fiske. It was a small building near his house, and in former times had been his father's law office. There, before a fire of blazing hickory logs, went on much of what Mr. Fiske

¹ "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee."

has called "exuberant nonsense." I especially recall that the doctrines of evolution, then comparatively new, were the cause of much merriment. Mr. Huxley illustrated some amusing verses, written by Mrs. Huxley, with a funny sketch of the Garden of Eden, with apes climbing the tree of knowledge. At these times, when Mr. Cranch was called on for a song, our favorite was Little Billee.

In fact, there was always so much fun and amusing talk among the clever men that it was a great entertainment to listen. It takes a great man to bring out the finest wit of another great man: without Mr. Fiske's knowledge and cleverness we never should have had such a display of wit and brilliancy from Mr. Huxley. Our appreciation, though obvious, certainly did not displease the latter gentleman; for he wrote Mr. Fiske from England that nowhere in this country had he felt so perfectly at home and so in sympathy with his surroundings as in Petersham. There was also a good deal of friendly gossip between Mr. Huxley and Mr. Fiske about people in England whom they both knew. Many of the names were familiar to all of us, — Tyndall, Spencer, Browning, Forster, and particularly George Eliot. They thought the last a very unhappy woman; that her manners were forbidding in general society, but that she was wonderfully interesting to those who saw her at her best.

Mr. Huxley had a great store of anecdotes. He told us that one day the Queen wished all the "scientific lions" trotted out for her inspection. The "lions" were accordingly notified that they were to be summoned to her Majesty's presence, and were requested to wear court dress. Most of the scientists acceded to the request and custom; but one of them—I think it was Mr. Spencer—said that not even to please a queen would he make himself ridiculous. The Queen proved a most delight-

ful hostess, talked with each guest on his specialty as if she were quite at home in it, and her tact and kindness were un-failing.

Our host planned many delightful excursions, — drives along the breezy ridges of Petersham, which afforded fine views of Wachusett and Monadnock, picnics, and wonderful camp fires in the pine woods. One of the distant views of Petersham, with the church spires and housetops illumined by the setting sun, reminded Mr. Fiske of a scene in Pilgrim's Progress, the book he had loved since his childhood; and he would turn with intense pleasure and exclaim, "See the New Jerusalem and the walls of Salvation!"

Music was one of our chief pleasures. Mr. Fiske had an extraordinary love for it, and was himself no mean performer on the piano, which he had begun to study seriously at the age of twenty-nine. Amid all his intellectual activity he found time to practice, so that he became able to render with taste compositions which did not require too rapid performance. His knowledge of all composers was intimate, and there was no stronger proof of his great memory than his power to play by heart their most important works. His face shone with a peculiar glow of happiness when he would say, "Brother Paine, give us such an opus of Beethoven," and he would call for more and more, and listen with rapt attention. Time, for him, sped on unheeded, when he was listening to great music.

Fiske's love for Petersham was most ardent, for to him it meant peace and rest. He used to say, "Dying is to me only going to Petersham to stay." He has been laid in the little graveyard near the village street, beside his son Ralph, who shared his father's affection for the place, and on whose gravestone are inscribed these lines, written by himself: —
 "So be it, then, and here on thy green breast,
 When life is done, grant me a spot to rest."

FROM our vantage ground of three thousand miles' distance we **On Muddling Through.** have discerned with much complacency certain shortcomings in the English temperament. We have, in fact, come to take for granted a measure of sluggishness and a lack of system in it. In English eyes, to be sure, these failings were less plain; at any rate, they were not taken for granted. But in the searching of heart induced by the Boer war the faults have been made very obvious, and it is with some surprise that we find Englishmen in dismay and humiliation over the little imperfections in their character which we had grown so used to and taken so philosophically.

Given Englishmen once set on a course of humility, and it is natural enough for them to pursue it zealously. Repentance and reform are more than hinted at, and there seems to be a disposition to quarrel with certain deep-laid traits of the national temperament. Lord Rosebery, for example, has been finding fault with the unmethodical ways of Englishmen. He protests against the serene faith expressed in the phrase, "We shall muddle through somehow." Now, one cannot help sympathizing with Lord Rosebery in his irritation at the temper which the words reflect. It is, as his lordship insists, an undignified one, but we are by no means sure that it is un-English. In fact, it strikes us as being eminently typical of the national temper. Perhaps the advantage of distance on our side enables us to judge the more dispassionately, but it has seemed to us that the homely phrase fits far better than a finer one the practical genius of the English nature. It is a nature without high skill of system or marked precision in performance, and yet one that has been accustomed to arrive, by a sort of instinctive affinity, at substantial power and possession.

Moreover, we are disposed to think it must arrive by its own ways, and may with much discretion be left to follow its

natural leadings. Though it partake of presumption for critics three thousand miles away to hint that Lord Rosebery, on his own ground and dealing with his own people, had missed the mark, we are fain to think that Englishmen will do well to spend no great pains in changing their instinctive ways of working, or in grafting upon their native and original excellences the qualities peculiar to other types of men. Their native powers are intertwined with failings and shortcomings among which is a marked tendency to blundering; but on this point, as on others, it is well to recall the remark of Captain Mahan in reviewing the South African war: if Englishmen have blundered into their present place in the world, they have blundered to good purpose. We may think ourselves well warranted to doubt whether Lord Rosebery could revise their ways to much advantage.

A SOUP GARDEN is a phrase of the French, too nice for America.

Salad. Our gardens are indiscriminate; enough distinction merely to have a garden. And indeed, for an American moved to express a further distinction, to assert himself against provincialism, better than a soup garden would be a salad garden. To soup, though it be accepted in too narrow a sense, America is largely converted. Even mountain taverns dispense a diluted tomato sauce that often has merit of heat. But salad is not even known except to the unrepresentative few.

That salad is gone but a little way, expresses a singularity, appears when American women that read book reviews are found to know it only as involving fowl or lobster, and to buy dressing even for these, as for their boots, by the bottle. She shall not learn the rudiments of this craft who will not forget the grosser mayonnaise. And since, under pressure of convention, as for what is by barbarism called a tea, she will hanker back after the fleshpots, it is oftener

he that learns. In matters of food, what moves through man alone stems a tide of skepticism slowly.

Nor is this without its worth in supporting the head of the table; but let the head keep a manly humility. Let that man alone turn to mayonnaise who has labored seven years without mustard, and used eggs as they were golden. It is a woman's dressing, at best offering satiety, like the sugarings of the sex; at less than best belying the name of salad by making what it touches less savory. The elements of all salads are oil and vinegar, with salt and pepper. Until these are his familiars, let no man try beyond. That the oil be French or Italian marks the fixing of personality. The vinegar may well add tarragon, the pepper be from Nepaul. But none of these is vital; the proportion of each to the material is all, and the happy hand.

The material is every green herb for the service of man. Fruit salads, though they open many inventions, are but toys to a serious return to nature. First let him explore all the greens of a large market, and combine boldly among the vegetables carried cold from yesterday's table. Lettuce, though alone among herbs it has vogue, is but ancillary. To use no other is like knowing wine only

as champagne. In fact, among herbs lettuce has least character. Therefore, after the delicacy of its first freshness, its use is in conjunction. But water cress and celery should be either very thick in the bowl or very sparse; for they pungently put down other savors. Beyond this frontier is a world without rule, where each man may be a discoverer and a benefactor, if he cast away prejudice. Prejudice cannot consist with salad. They that abjure cabbage are proud stomachs, and they that fear onion have given their souls to their neighbors. Salad without onion is like blank verse: it needs the master hand to prevail without the rhyme. Unprejudiced, he that finds not a salad for every day, or fails of happy solutions, is either improvident or dull.

More practical minds will see thrift as well as variety in the dispossession of flesh meat. Food without fire, pleasant ministry to digestion in despite of the cook, may yet win the mistress. Meantime our hope is for the master. By a knack at the bowl, be it but to use an old savory spoon, or to slice his radishes, or to insinuate garlic or cheese, he keeps his state. His digestion is not arrested by fear; his conversation is secure. Unless he be morose, he may reign at his table.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXXIX.—MARCH, 1902.—No. DXXXIII.

BYLOW HILL.¹

IN THREE PARTS. PART ONE.

I.

THE old street, keeping its New England Sabbath afternoon so decently under its majestic elms, was as goodly an example of its sort as the late seventies of the century just gone could show. It lay along a north-and-south ridge, between a number of aged and unsmiling cottages, fronting on cinder sidewalks, and alternating irregularly with about as many larger homesteads that sat back in their well-shaded gardens with kindlier dignity and not so grim a self-assertion. Behind, on the west, these gardens dropped swiftly out of sight to a hidden brook, from the farther shore of which rose the great wooded hill whose shelter from the bitter northwest had invited the old Puritan founders to choose the spot for their farming village of one street, with a Byington and a Winslow for their first town officers. In front, eastward, the land declined gently for a half mile or so, covered, by modern prosperity, with a small, stanch town, and bordered by a pretty river winding among meadows of hay and grain. At the northern end, instead of this gentle decline, was a precipitous cliff side, close to whose brow a wooden bench that ran halfway round a vast sidewalk tree commanded a view of the valley embracing nearly three quarters of the compass.

In civilian's dress, and with only his sea-bronzed face and the polished air of a pivot gun to tell that he was of the navy, Lieutenant Godfrey Winslow was slowly crossing the rural way with Ruth Byington at his side. He had the look of, say, twenty-eight, and she was some four years his junior. From her father's front gate they were passing toward the large grove garden of the young man's own home, on the side next the hill and the sunset. On the front porch, where the two had just left him, sat the war-crippled father of the girl, taking pride in the placidity of the face she once or twice turned to him in profile, and in the buoyancy of her movements and pose.

His fond, unspoken thought went after her, that she was hiding some care again,—her old, sweet trick, and her mother's before her. He looked on to Godfrey.

"There's endurance," he thought on. "You ought to have taken him long ago, my good girl, if you want him at all." And here his reflections faded into the unworded belief that she would have done so but for his, her own father's, being in the way.

The pair stopped and turned half about to enjoy the green-arched vista of the street, and Godfrey said, in a tone that left his companion no room to overlook its personal intent, "How

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often, in my long absences, I see this spot!"

"You would n't dare confess you did n't," was her blithe reply.

"Oh yes, I should. I've tried not to see it, many a time."

"Godfrey Winslow!" she laughed. "That was very wrong!"

"It was very useless," said the wanderer, "for there was always the same one girl in the midst of the picture; and that's the sort a man can never shut out, you know. I don't try to shut it out any more, Ruth."

The girl laughed more softly. "I wish I could know where Leonard is," she mused aloud.

"Did you hear me, Ruth? I say I don't try any more, now."

"Well, that's right! I wonder where that brother of mine is?"

The baffled lover had to call up his patience. "Well, that's right, too," he laughed; "and I wonder where that brother of mine is? I wonder if they're together?"

They moved on, but at the stately entrance of the Winslow garden they paused again. The girl gave her companion a look of distress, and the young man's brow darkened. "Say it," he said. "I see what it is."

"You speak of Arthur" — she began.

"Well?"

"What did you make out of his sermon this morning?"

"Why, Ruth, I — What did you make out of it?"

"I made out that the poor boy is very, very unhappy."

"Did you? Well, he is; and in a certain way I'm to blame for it."

The girl's smile was tender. "Was there ever anything the matter with Arthur, and you did n't think you were in some way to blame for it?"

"Oh, now, don't confuse me with Leonard. Anyhow, I'm to blame this time! Has Isabel told you anything, Ruth?"

"Yes, Isabel has told me!"

"Told you they are engaged?"

"Told me they are engaged!"

"Well," said the young man, "Arthur told me last night; and I took an elder brother's liberty to tell him he had played Leonard a vile trick."

"Godfrey!"

"That would make a much happier nature than Arthur's unhappy, would n't it?"

Ruth was too much pained to reply, but she turned and called cheerily, "Father, do you know where Leonard is?"

The father gathered his voice and answered huskily, laying one hand upon his chest, and with the other gesturing up by the Winslow elm to the grove behind it.

She nodded. "Yes! . . . With Arthur, you say? . . . Yes! . . . Thank you! . . . Yes!" She passed with Godfrey through the wide gate.

"That's like Leonard," said the lover. "He'll tell Arthur he has n't done a thing he had n't a perfect right to do."

"And Arthur has not, Godfrey. He has only been less chivalrous than we should have liked him to be. If he had been first in the field, and Leonard had come in and carried her off, you would have counted it a perfect mercy all round."

"Ho-oh! it would have been! Leonard would have made her happy. Arthur never can, and she can never make him so. But what he has done is not all: look how he did it! Leonard was his beloved and best friend" —

"Except his brother Godfrey!" —

"Except no one, Ruth, unless it's you. I'm neither persuasive nor kind, nor often with him. Proud of him I was, and never prouder than when I knew him to be furiously in love with her, while yet, for pure, sweet friendship's sake, he kept standing off, standing off."

"I wish you might have seen it,

Godfrey. It was so beautiful — and so pitiful!”

“It was manly, — gentlemanly; and that was enough. Then all at once he’s taken aback! All control of himself gone, all self-suppression, all conscience” —

“The conscience has returned,” said the girl.

“Oh, not to guide him! Only to goad him! Fifty consciences can’t honorably undo the mischief now!”

“Did I not write you that there was already a coolness between her and Leonard?”

“Yes; but the whole bigness and littleness of Arthur’s small, bad deed lies in the fact that, though he knew that coolness was but a momentary tiff, with Isabel in the wrong, he took advantage of it to push his suit in between and spoil as sweet a match as two hearts were ever making.”

“It was more than a tiff, Godfrey; it” —

“Not a bit more! not — a — bit!”

“Yes! — yes — it was a problem! a problem how to harmonize two fine natures keyed utterly unlike. Leonard saw that. That is why he moved so slowly.”

“Hm!” The lover stared away grimly. “I know something about slowness. I suppose it’s a virtue — sometimes.”

“I think so,” said the girl, caressing a flower.

“Ah, well!” responded the other. “She has chosen a nature now that — Oh me! . . . Ruth, I shall speak to her mother! I am the only one who can. I’ll see Mrs. Morris some time this evening, and lay the whole thing out to her as we four see it who have known one another almost from the one cradle.”

Ruth smiled sadly. “You will fail. I think the matter will have to go on as it is going. And if it does, you must remember, Godfrey, we do not really know but they may work out the

happiest union. At any rate, we must help them to try.”

“If they insist on trying, yes; and that will be the best for Leonard.”

“The very best. One thing we do know, Godfrey: Arthur will always be a passionate lover, and dear Isabel is as honest and loyal as the day is long.”

“The day is not long; this one is not — to me. It’s most lamentably short, and to-morrow I must be gone again. I have something to say to you, Ruth, that” —

The maiden gave him a look of sweet protest, which suddenly grew remote as she murmured, “Isabel and her mother are coming out of their front door.”

II.

There were two dwellings in the Winslow garden, — one as far across at the right of the Byington house as the other was at the left. The one on the right may have contained six or eight bedchambers; the other had but three. The larger stood withdrawn from the public way, a well-preserved and very attractive example of colonial architecture, refined to the point of delicacy in the grace and harmony of its details. Here dwelt Arthur Winslow, barely six weeks a clergyman, alone but for two or three domestics and the rare visits of Godfrey, his only living relation. The other and older house, in the garden’s southern front corner, was a gray gambrel-roofed cottage, with its threshold at the edge of the sidewalk; and it was from this cottage that Isabel and her mother stepped, gratefully answering the affectionate wave of Ruth’s hand, — Mrs. Morris with the dignity of her forty-odd years, and Isabel with a sudden eager fondness. The next moment the two couples were hidden from each other by the umbrageous garden and by the tall white fence, in which was repeated the architectural grace of the larger house.

Mother and daughter conversed quietly, but very busily, as they came along this inclosure; but presently they dropped their subject to bow cordially across to the father of Ruth, and when he endeavored to say something to them Mrs. Morris moved toward him. Isabel took a step or two more in the direction of the Winslow elm and its inviting bench, but then she also turned. She was of a moderate feminine stature and perfect outline, her step elastic, her mien self-contained, and her face so young that a certain mature tone in her mellow voice was often the cause of Ruth's fond laughter. As winsome, too, she was, as she was beautiful, and "as pink as a rose," said the old-time soldier to himself, as he came down his short front walk, throwing half his glances forward to her, quite unaware that he was equally the object of her admiration.

Though white-haired and somewhat bent he was still slender and handsome, a most worthy figure against the background of the red brick house, whose weathered walls contrasted happily with the blossoming shrubs about their base, and with the green of lawn and trees.

"Good - afternoon, Isabel. I was saying to your mother, I hope such days as this are some offset for the Southern weather and scenery you have had to give up."

"You should n't tempt our Southern boastfulness, General," Isabel replied, with an air of meek chiding. She had a pretty way of skirmishing with men which always brought an apologetic laugh from her mother, but which the General had discovered she never used in a company of less than three.

"Oh! ho, ho!" laughed Mrs. Morris, who was just short, plump, and pretty enough to laugh to advantage. "Why, General,"—she sobered abruptly, and she was just pretty and plump and short enough to do this well, also,— "my recovered health is offset enough for me."

"For *us*, my dear," said the daughter. "My mother's restored health is offset enough for us, General. Indeed, for me" — addressing the distant view — "there is no call for offset; any landscape or climate is perfect that has such friends in it as — as this one has."

"Oh! ho, ho!" laughed the mother again. Nobody ever told the Morrises they had a delicious Southern accent, and their words are given here exactly as they thought they spoke them.

"My dear," persisted Isabel rebukingly, "I mean such friends as Ruth Byington."

Mrs. Morris let go her little Southern laugh once more. "Don't you believe her, General, — don't you believe her. She means you every bit as much as she means Ruth. She means everybody on Bylow Hill."

"I'm at the mercy of my interpreter," said Isabel. "But I thought" — her eyes went out upon the skyline again — "I thought that men — that men — I thought that men — My dear, you've made me forget what I thought!"

They laughed, all three. Isabel, with a playful sigh, clutched her mother's hand, and the pair drew off and moved away to the bench.

"He puts you in good spirits," said the mother, breaking a silence.

"Good spirits! He puts me in pure heartache. Oh, why did you tell him?"

"Tell him? My child! I have not told him!"

"Oh, mother, do you not see you've told him point-blank that it's all settled?"

"No, dearie, no! I only see that your distress is making you fanciful. But why should he not be told, Isabel?"

"I'm not ready! Oh, I'm not ready! It may suit him well enough to hear it, for he knows Leonard is too fine and great for me; but I'm not ready to tell him."

"My darling, he knows you are good enough for any Leonard he can bring."

"Oh yes, on the plane of the Ten Commandments." The girl smiled unhappily.

"But, precious, he loves Arthur deeply, and thinks the world of him."

"Mother, what is it like, to love deeply?"

The query was ignored. "And the old gentleman is fond of you, sweet-heart."

"Oh, he likes me. What a tame old invalid that word 'fond' has grown to be! You can be fond of two or three persons at once, nowadays. My soul! I wish I were fond of Arthur Winslow in the old mad way the word meant when it was young!"

"Pshaw, dearie! you'll be fond enough of him, once you're his. He's brilliant, upright, loving and lovable. You see, and say, he is so, and I know your fondness will grow with every day and every experience, happy or bitter."

"Yes. . . . Yes, I could not endure not to give my love bountifully wherever it rightly belongs. But oh, I wish I had it ready to-day, — a fondness to match his!"

"Now, Isabel! Why, pet, thousands of happy and loving wives will tell you" —

"Oh, I know what they will tell me."

"They'll not tell you they get along without love, dearie. But ten years from now, my daughter, not how fond you were when you first joined hands, but what you have" —

"Oh yes, — been to each other, done for each other, borne from each other, will be the true measure. Oh, of course it will; but there's so much in the right start!"

"Beyond doubt! Understand me, precious: if you have the least ground to fear" —

"Mother! mother! No! no! What! afraid I may love some one else? Never! never! Oh, without boasting, and knowing what I am as well as Leonard Byington knows" —

"Oh, pshaw! Leonard Byington!"

"He knows me, mother, — as if he lived at a higher window that looked down into my back yard." The speaker smiled.

"Then he knows," exclaimed the mother, "you're true gold!"

"Yes, but a light coin."

"My pet! He knows you're the tenderest, gentlest dear he ever saw."

"But neither brave nor strong."

"Oh, you not brave! you not strong! You're the lovingest, truest" —

"Only inclined to be a bit too hungry after sympathy, dear."

"You never bid for it, love, never."

"Well, no matter; I shall never love any one but myself too much. I think I shall some day love Arthur as I wish I could love him now. I never did really love Leonard, — I could n't; I have n't the stature. That was my trouble, dearie: I had n't the stature. I never shall have; and if it's he you are thinking of, you are wasting your dear, sweet care. But he's going to be our best and nearest friend, mother, — he and Ruth and Godfrey, together and alike. We've so agreed, Arthur and I. Oh, I'm not going to come in here and turn the sweet old nickname of this happy spot into a sneer."

"Then why are you not happy, precious?"

"Happy? Why, my dear, I am happy!"

"With touches of heartache?"

"Oh, with big wrenches of heartache! Why not? Were you never so?"

"I'm so right now, dearie. For after all is said" —

"And thought that can't be said" — murmured Isabel.

"Yes," replied the mother, "after all is said and thought, I should rather give you to Arthur than to any other man I know. Leonard will have a shining career, but it will be in politics."

"I tried to dissuade him," broke in the daughter, "till I was ashamed."

"In politics," continued Mrs. Mor-

ris, — “and Northern politics, Isabel. Arthur’s will be in the church!”

“Yes,” said the other, but her whole attention was within the fence at their side, where a rough stile, made in boyhood days by the two brothers and Leonard, led over into the garden. She sprang up. “Let’s go, mother; he’s coming!”

“Who, my child?”

“Both! Come, dear, come quickly! Oh, I don’t know why we ever came out at all!”

“My dear, it was you proposed it, lest some one should come in!”

The daughter had moved some steps down the road, but now turned again; for Ruth and Godfrey came out through the garden’s high gateway. However, they were giving all their smiles to the greetings which the General sent them from his piazza.

“Come over, mother!” called Isabel, in a stifled voice. “Cross to the hill path!” But before they could reach it Arthur and Leonard came into full view on the stile. Isabel motioned her mother despairingly toward them, wheeled once more, and with a gay call for Ruth’s notice hurried to meet her in the middle of the way.

III.

Godfrey passed over to the General, who had walked down to his gate on his way to the great elm. Out from behind the great elm came the other two men, Arthur leading and talking briskly: —

“The sooner the better, Leonard. Now while my work is new and taking shape — Ah! here’s Mrs. Morris.”

Both men were handsome. Arthur, not much older than Ruth, was of medium height, slender, restless, dark, and eager of glance and speech. Leonard was nearer the age of Godfrey; fairer than Arthur, of a quieter eye, tall, broad-shouldered, powerful, lithe, and

almost tamely placid. Mrs. Morris met them with animation.

“Have our churchwarden and our rector been having another of their long talks?”

The joint reply was cut short by Godfrey’s imperative hail: “Leonard!”

As Byington turned that way, Arthur said quickly to Mrs. Morris, “He’s promised to retain charge” — and nodded toward Isabel. The nod meant Isabel’s financial investments.

“And mine?” murmured the well-pleased lady.

“Both.”

The two gave heed again to Godfrey, who was loudly asking Leonard, “Why did n’t you tell us the news?”

“Oh,” drawled Leonard smilingly, “I knew father would.”

“I have n’t talked with Godfrey since he came,” said Mrs. Morris; and as she left Arthur she asked his brother: “What news? Has the governor truly made him?”

“District attorney, yes,” said Godfrey. “Ruth, I think you might have told me.”

“Godfrey, I think you might have asked me,” laughed the girl, drawing Isabel toward Arthur and Leonard, in order to leave Mrs. Morris to Godfrey.

Arthur moved to meet them, but Ruth engaged him with a question, and Isabel turned to Leonard, offering her felicitations with a sweetness that gave Arthur tearing pangs to overhear.

“But when people speak to us of your high office,” he could hear her saying, “we will speak to them of your high fitness for it. And still, Leonard, you must let us offer you our congratulations, for it is a high office.”

“Thank you,” replied Leonard: “let me save them for the day I lay it down. Do you, then, really think it high and honorable?”

“Ah,” she rejoined, in a tone of reproach and defense that tortured Arthur, “you know I honor the pursuit of the law.”

Leonard showed a glimmer of drollery. "Pursuit of the law, yes," he said; "but the pursuit of the law-breaker" —

"Even that," replied Isabel, "has its frowning honors."

"But I'm much afraid it seems to you," he said, "a sort of blindman's buff played with a club. It often looks so to the pursued, they say."

Isabel gave her chin a little lift, and raised her tone for those behind her: "We shall try not to be among the pursued, Ruth and Arthur and I."

The young lawyer's smile broadened. "My mind is relieved," he said.

"Relieved!" exclaimed Isabel, with a rosy toss. "Ruth, dear, here is your brother in distress lest Arthur or we should embarrass him in his new office by breaking the laws! Mr. Byington, you should not confess such anxieties, even if you are justified in them!"

His response came with meditative slowness and with playful eyes: "Whenever I am justified in having such anxieties, they shall go unconfessed."

"That relieves *my* fears," laughed Isabel, and caught a quick hint of trouble on Arthur's brow, though he too managed to laugh. Whereupon, half sighing, half singing, she twined an arm in one of Ruth's, swung round her, waved to the General as he took a seat on the elm-tree bench, and so changed partners.

"Let us go in," whispered Leonard to his sister, with a sudden pained look, and instantly resumed his genial air.

But the uneasy Arthur saw his moving lips and both changes of countenance. He saw also the look which Ruth threw, followed by a second one, toward Mrs. Morris, where that lady and Godfrey moved slowly in conversation,—he ever so sedate, she ever so sprightly. And he saw Isabel glance as anxiously in the same direction. But then her eyes came to his, and under her voice, though with a brow all sunshine, she said, "Don't look so perplexed."

"Perplexed!" he gasped. "Isabel, you're giving me anguish!"

She gleamed an injured amazement, but promptly threw it off, and when she turned to see if Leonard or Ruth had observed it they were moving to meet Godfrey. Mrs. Morris was joining the General under the elm.

"How have I given you pain, dear heart?" asked Isabel, as she and Arthur took two or three slow steps apart from the rest, so turning her face that they should see its tender kindness.

"Ah! don't ask me, my beloved!" he warily exclaimed. "It is all gone! Oh, the heavenly wonder to hear you, Isabel Morris, — you, give me loving names! You might have answered me so differently; but your voice, your eyes, work miracles of healing, and I am whole again."

Isabel gave again the laugh whose blithe, final sigh was always its most winning note. Then, with tremendous gravity, she said, "You are very indiscreet, dear, to let me know my power."

His face clouded an instant, as if the thought startled him with its truth and value. But when she added, with yet deeper seriousness of brow, "That's no way to tame a shrew, my love," he laughed aloud, and peace came again with Isabel's smile.

Then — because woman must always insist on seeing the wrong side of the goods — she murmured, "Tell me, Arthur, what disturbed you."

"Words, Isabel, mere words of yours, which I see now were meant in purest play. You told Leonard" —

"Leonard! What did I tell Leonard, dear?"

"You told him not to confess certain anxieties, even if they were justified."

"Oh, Arthur!"

"I see my folly, dearest. But, Isabel, he ought not to have answered that the more they were justified, the more they should go unconfessed!"

"Oh, Arthur! the merest, idlest prattle! What meaning could you" —

"None, Isabel, none! Only, my good angel, I so ill deserve you that with every breath I draw I have a desperate fright of losing you, and a hideous resentment against whoever could so much as think to rob me of you."

"Why, dear heart, don't you know that could n't be done?"

"Oh, I know it, you being what you are, even though I am only what I am. But, Isabel, you know he loves you. No human soul is strong enough to blow out the flame of the love you kindle, Isabel Morris, as one would blow out his bedroom candle and go to sleep at the stroke of a clock."

"Arthur, I believe Leonard — and I do not say it in his praise — I believe Leonard can do that!"

"No, not so, not so! Leonard is strong, but the fire of a strong man's love, however smothered, burns on without mercy, my beautiful, and you cannot go in and out of that burning house as though it were not on fire."

"And shall Leonard, then, not be our nearest and best friend, as we had planned?"

"He shall, Isabel. Ah yes; not one smallest part of your sweet friendship will I take from him, nor of his from you. For, Isabel, though he were as weak as I" —

"As weak as I, you should say, dear. You are not weak, Arthur, are you?"

"Weak as the bending grass, Isabel, under this load of love. But though he, I say, were as weak as I, you — ah, you! — are as wise as you are bewitching; and if I should speak to you from my most craven fear, I could find but one word of warning."

"Oh, you dear, blind flatterer! And what word would that be?"

"That you are most bewitching when you are wisest."

As Isabel softly laughed she cast a dreaming glance behind, and noticed that she and Arthur were quite hidden in the flowery undergrowth of the hill path. They kissed.

"Beloved," said her worshiper, with a clouded smile, as he let her down from her tiptoes, "do you know you took that as though you were thinking of something else?"

"Did I? Oh, I did n't mean to."

Such a reply only darkened the cloud. "Of whom were you thinking, Isabel?"

She blushed. "I was think — thinking — why, I was — I — I was think — thinking" — she went redder and redder as he went pale — "thinking of everybody on Bylow Hill. Why — why, dear heart, don't you see? When you" —

"Oh, enough, enough, my angel! I take the question back!"

"You *made* me think of everybody, Arthur, you were so sudden. Just suppose I had done so to you!" They both thought that worthy of a good laugh. "Next time, dear," added Isabel, — "no, no, no, but — next time, you must n't be so sudden. There's no need, you know," — she blushed again, — "and I promise you I'll give my whole mind to it. Get me some of that hawthorn bloom yonder, and let's go back."

IV.

This "hill path" was a narrowed continuance of the street, that led gradually down along the hill's steep face to reach the town and the river meadows. Godfrey, halting before Ruth and her brother, watched the blooming hawthorn, over there, bend and shake and straighten and bend again, above Arthur's unseen hands. Then, glancing furtively back toward Mrs. Morris, he muttered to Ruth, while Leonard gravely looked out across the landscape, "I live and learn."

"So we learn to live," was Ruth's playful reply. To her it was painfully clear that Mrs. Morris, very sweetly no doubt, had eluded Godfrey's endea-

vors to inform her of anything not to his brother's unqualified praise. In the Bylow Hill group, Ruth had a way of smiling abstractedly which was very dear to Godfrey, even when it meant he had best say no more; and this smile had just said this to him when Isabel and Arthur came into view again. As the two and the three drifted toward each other, Ruth let Leonard outstep her, and joined Godfrey with a light in her face that quickened his pulse.

After a word or two of slight import she said, as they slowly walked, "Godfrey."

"Yes," eagerly responded the lover.

"Down in the garden, awhile ago — did I — promise something?"

"You most certainly did!" She had promised that if he would let a certain subject drop she would bring it up again, herself, before he must take his leave.

"And must you go very soon, now?" she asked.

"I've only a few minutes left," said the lover, with a lover's license.

"Well, I'm ready to speak. Of course, Godfrey, I know my heart."

The young man smiled ruefully. "I've known mine till I'm dead tired of the acquaintance."

Other words passed, her eyes on the ground as they loitered, and after a pause she returned from a digression: "But I've known my heart as long as you've known yours."

"You've known — What do you — Oh, Ruth, look at me!"

She looked, very tenderly, although she said, "You forget we are observed."

"Oh, observed! Do you mean hope — for me — after all?"

"I mean that if you will only wait until we can get a clear light on this matter of Isabel's — which will most likely be by the next time you come" —

"Oh, Ruth, Ruth, my own Ruth at last!"

"Please don't speak so. I'm not engaging myself to you now."

"Oh yes, you are! Yes, you are! Yes — you — are!"

"No — no — no — listen! Listen to me, Godfrey. I think that now, among us all, we shall manage Isabel's affair well enough, and that the very next time — you — come" — She began absently to pick her steps.

"What — what then?"

"Then you may ask me."

The response of the overjoyed lover was but one or two passionate words, and her sufficient reply, as they halted among their fellows, was to look across the valley with her meditative smile. Isabel took note, but kindly gave a long sigh of admiration, and with an exalted sweep of the hand drew the gaze of the five to the beauties of the scene below. The day was near its end. The long shadow of the great cliff behind Bylow Hill hung over the roofs of the town and over the hither meadows. The sun's rays were laying their last touches upon the winding river, and upon the grainfields that extended from its farther shore. In the upper blue rested a few peaceful clouds, changing from silver to pink, from pink to pearly gray, and on the skyline crouched in a purpling haze the round-backed mountains of another county.

To Mrs. Morris and the General the sight, from the old elm-tree seat, was even fairer than to the youthful group whose forms stood out against the sky, the floral colors of the girls' draperies heightened by the western light. For a while the two sitters gave the perfect scene the tribute of a perfect silence, and then the General asked, as he cautiously straightened his impaired frame, "Has not Isabel been making some — eh — news for herself — and us?"

The lady's lips parted for their peculiar laugh of embarrassment, but the questioner's smile was so serious that she forced her sweetest gravity. "Why, General, according to our Southern ways," she said, — every word mel-

lowed by her Southern way of saying it, — "that 's for Isabel to tell you."

"Then why does she not do it, Mrs. Morris?" asked the veteran, who had been district attorney himself once upon a time, and was clever with witnesses.

"Why, really, General, Isabel has n't had a cha— Oh! ho, ho! I ought n't to have said that!" Mrs. Morris had a killing dimple, but never used it.

"I suppose — of course" — said the General, "she will say it's — eh — Arthur?"

"Now you 're making me tell," she laughed, "and I must n't! General, Godfrey seems to be going."

In fact, Godfrey was shaking hands with Ruth and Leonard. Now he took the hands of Arthur and Isabel together, and Mrs. Morris laughed more sweetly and with more oh's and ho's than ever; for Isabel sedately kissed Arthur's brother. Ruth made signs to her father, who answered them in kind. "What does she say, Mrs. Morris? Can you hear?"

"She says they 're singing 'your hymn' down in a church under the hill."

"Ah yes." He beamed and nodded to Ruth; but when Mrs. Morris once more laughed, his brow clouded a trifle. "Your daughter, Mrs. Morris" —

The lady broke in with a note of bright surprise, rose, and took an unconscious step forward. The five young friends were advancing in a compact cluster, with measured pace. Ruth and Isabel, in front abreast, and making happy show of the hawthorn sprays, were just enough apart to conceal, except for their superior height, the three lovers, and in lowered tones, but with kindling eyes, the five, incited by Ruth, were singing the song they had caught up from the valley, — the old man's favorite from the days of his own song-time. The General got himself hurriedly to his feet; the shade passed from his brow. The group came close; he stepped out, and Isabel, meeting him,

laid her two hands in his, while the halting cluster ceased their song suspensively on a line that pledged loves and friendships too ethereal to clash.

"Isabel," — he turned up a broadened palm, — "here 's my amen to that line; where 's yours?"

With blushing alacrity she laid her hand on his.

"Arthur!" he called, and the lively lover added his to the two. "Now, Ruth!"

"Father!" laughed the daughter, "is n't this rather youngish?" But she laid her hand promptly upon Arthur's, and the lines of the General's face deepened playfully, and Mrs. Morris's dimple did the same, as Godfrey thrust his hand in upon Ruth's, unasked. The matron laughed very tenderly on the key of O while she added her hand, and received Leonard's heavy palm above it. Then Arthur clapped a second hand upon Leonard's, and Leonard was about to lay a second quietly upon Arthur's, when Isabel, rose-red from brow to throat, gayly broke the heap and embraced Ruth.

"Well, honey - girlie," said Mrs. Morris, as she and Isabel reëntered their cottage, "was n't it sweet of them all, that 'laying on of hands,' as Arthur called it?"

"Yes," replied the Southern girl, starting up the cramped old New England stairway to her room. "It was child's play, but it was very sweet 'of them, and especially of the General."

The mother detained her fondly. "And still, my child, you 're not satisfied?"

"Ah, mother, are you blind, stone blind, or do you only hope I am?"

"My dearie!"

"Why, mother, excepting Leonard, we have n't had one word of true consent from one of them."

"Oh, now, Isabel! They 'll all be glad enough by and by."

"Yes," said the daughter from the

landing above, "I've no doubt of that."

She passed into her room, closed the door, and standing in the middle of the

floor, with her temples in her palms, said, "O merciful God! Oh, Leonard Byington, if only that second hand of yours had hung back!"

G. W. Cable.

(To be continued.)

ENGLAND AND THE WAR OF SECESSION.

MR. MORSE'S *Life of Abraham Lincoln*¹ is one of the best written and most interesting of biographies. I have just read it once more, with increased pleasure. In one respect only it seems to me to be slightly defective. When it touches on the sentiment and the conduct of the British government and people in regard to the war of secession, the author seems to me to show that he wrote under the influence of prepossession, and without the particular knowledge which only one who was in England at the time would be likely to have. Nor is Mr. Morse the only American biographer or historian of whom this may be said. The number of living witnesses is fast diminishing, and the truth may be lost.

At the risk of apparent egotism I must define my own point of view. Leaders of English literature having mostly gone with their class to the side of the South, my pen was in requisition on the other side. Though heartily opposed to slavery, I rather held back on two grounds. In the first place, I felt that it was not our business, and that I had no right to be blowing the coals of civil war in a foreign nation. In the second place, I could not feel sure that the reincorporation of the slave states, if it was practicable, was to be desired. My first ground of hesitation vanished when Southern envoys sought to draw Eng-

land into the fray. My second was swept away at the time by the progress of the war and the growing manifestation of its character as a conflict between freedom and the slave power, though I must own that the misgiving has since recurred.

I am happy to feel that the day has gone by when it was necessary, in discussion with Americans, to defend England against general charges of meanness, malignity, and cowardice. England has sometimes been in bad hands; in the opinion of those who feel as I do, she is in bad hands now. But no one can think meanly of the fight which she made for the independence of nations and human freedom against Napoleon, with no ally at last but Russia, even the United States having practically arrayed itself on the conqueror's side. Nor is it possible to impute any but pure motives for the conduct of England in regard to the emancipation of the slaves. The sincerity of the authors and champions of the movement — Wilberforce, Clarkson, Pitt, Grey, Brougham, and the rest — was above suspicion. Emancipation cost England more than a hundred millions of dollars in indemnity, besides the loss of her sources of wealth in the West Indies. Nor did any motives of ambition or sinister motives of any kind really mingle with devotion to the cause in the British crusade against the slave trade. Palmerston could do nothing without showing the *Civis Romanus* and giving umbrage by his im-

¹ Abraham Lincoln. By John T. Morse, Jr. [American Statesmen Series.] Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

perious bearing; he was not the less sincere. Nor was the reception of the authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, in England, other than sincere, even on the part of the class which afterwards took the side of the South; though perhaps, so far as that class was concerned, there was a spice, or more than a spice, of innuendo against the slaveowning republic.

Normal feeling in England toward the American republic and its institutions was divided, as might have been expected, on the lines of class and political party. You would hardly expect an aristocrat or a Tory to love the great incarnation of democracy by which it was constantly hinted to him that he and his cause would some day be devoured. The bearing of Americans toward Great Britain had not been invariably meek or polite. American school histories, in those days, did inspire anti-British feeling, though they do this no longer to any serious extent, as fair inspection of them will show. American diplomacy had for a series of years been controlled by the slaveowner, and animated by his overbearing spirit; nor could Englishmen, imperfectly acquainted as they unavoidably were with American politics, be expected to know that such demonstrations as the *Ostend Manifesto* proceeded from the Southern temper, and not from that of the nation at large. Mrs. Trollope had left an impression. Still more had Dickens, whose picture, though a caricature, was the work of genius, and not, as American society then was, without an element of one-sided truth. No nation, surely, ever showed its good nature and self-knowledge more than did the American nation in its hearty forgiveness of Dickens.

The crash at first was stunning, and all minds were in suspense. Just at the critical moment, when opinion was on the turn, Mr. Spence, who had probably received early intelligence, came out with a very clever book, re-

presenting the issue as being, not between slavery and free labor, but between free trade and protection. The South, it is needless to say, was in favor of free trade; not on economical principle or from superior enlightenment and liberality, but because slavery, being unable to manufacture, was compelled to import. Mr. Spence's theory found ready audience in a great manufacturing nation whose vital interests were bound up with free trade. It, or at least the fact that the South was for free trade, was not without its influence even on Cobden, who on that account hesitated for a moment to declare for the North, though with him the moral object soon prevailed.

The *Times* embraced Mr. Spence's theory, and after a little wavering carried its vast power to the side of the South, whose cause it embraced with an intensity, not to say with a fury, surprising in comparison with the sure-footed discretion usually characteristic of its management. To the last it persisted with unabated confidence in assuring its readers of Southern victory. When from Grant's lines before Petersburg Richmond was almost in sight, and it was evident that the next move on the board would be checkmate, the *Times* continued to give ear to the asseverations of Mr. Spence that the triumph of the South was at hand. The great journal represented only the wealthier and more aristocratic class in England. In America it was taken as representing the whole nation.

Untoward and exasperating incidents occurred. The chief of them was the Mason and Slidell affair, which it took all the wisdom of the Prince Consort and Seward, overruling Palmerston's arrogance, to bring to a peaceful end, and which, though brought to a peaceful end, left some bitterness behind. Another was General Butler's New Orleans proclamation, which, though in substance unobjectionable, offended by the coarseness of its wording. A third

was the unfortunate recurrence to the memory of the Duke of Newcastle of something said after dinner by Seward about bombarding Liverpool. I heard the story from both sides, and I have no doubt that on Seward's part there was nothing but an awkward joke, of a kind to which he was rather addicted. The joke was misconstrued by the duke, who was somewhat stiff and dry.

Admirers of democratic institutions, and those who based their political hopes on the success of the American republic, might choose their side upon political grounds. But people in general could not be expected to be enthusiastic in their feeling for the territorial aggrandizement or unity of the United States; perhaps they might rather be inclined to sympathize with the weaker party and that which was struggling for independence. The sympathy of people in general could be challenged by the North only on the moral ground that the North was fighting against slavery. But when we, friends of the North, urged this plea, we had the misfortune to be met by a direct disclaimer of our advocacy on the part of our clients. President Lincoln repudiated the intention of attacking slavery. Seward repudiated it in still more emphatic terms. Congress had tried to bring back the slave states to the fold by promises of increased securities for slavery, including a sharpening of the Fugitive Slave Law. What had we to say? Was it not wonderful, and greatly to the credit of the English people, that through this thick veil of politic disclaimer the mass of them should have recognized the good cause? The merit of their loyalty to humanity was the greater since hundreds of thousands of them were for the time deprived of their means of subsistence by the cutting off of the supply of cotton. The South, at all events, did them justice; for it had fully reckoned on the need of cotton as a force that would overbear all moral

considerations and compel the English people to take its side.

That the mass of the English people did recognize the good cause, and was on the side of the North, I think there can be no doubt. As an active member of the Union League, I was placed at the centre of the struggle. We had, no doubt, to fight our hardest, especially when the violent party on the other side tried to break the neutrality laws by countenancing the escape of Confederate cruisers and the building of Confederate rams. But I do not think we ever felt in serious danger of being drawn into the war on the side of slavery. No effective motion was ever made by the Southern party in Parliament. Roebuck, an ultra-Radical turned Jingo, "Tear 'em," as he was called, raved and ranted, as was his wont; but he caused us no serious alarm. What the plutocratic element in Parliament might have done, if it had been free, is a different question. The plutocratic element in Parliament, having to answer to the constituencies, was not free.

Had the issue been, as Lincoln, Seward, and Congress represented it as being, merely political and territorial, we might have had to decide against the North. Few who have looked into the history can doubt that the Union originally was, and was generally taken by the parties to it to be, a compact, dissoluble, perhaps most of them would have said, at pleasure, dissoluble certainly on breach of the articles of Union. Among those articles, unquestionably, were the recognition and protection of slavery, which the Constitution guaranteed by means of a fugitive slave law. It was not less certain that the existence of slavery was threatened by the abolition movement at the North, and practically attacked by the election of Lincoln, who had declared that the continent must be all slave or all free; meaning, of course, that it must be all free. If, through the ad-

mission of new states incorporated on the national principle, compact had been insensibly superseded by nationality, this did not alter legal relations; and the idea of the compact and of its dissolubility on breach of the articles of agreement had not been lost in the stationary and homekeeping South so much as in the mobile and expanding North. There was nothing in Jefferson's view of states' rights so startling at the time. Between Hayne and Webster there was a political difference of half a century as well as a border line and a divergence of commercial interest.

Apart, however, from the question of legal secession, revolutionary secession might have been said to have been very much in accordance with American ideas. Lincoln is quoted by Mr. Morse as saying in Congress: "Any people anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the *right* to rise up and shake off the existing government, and form a new one that suits them better. This is a most valuable, a most sacred right, — a right which, we hope and believe, is to liberate the world. Nor is this right confined to cases in which the whole people of an existing government may choose to exercise it. Any portion of such people, that *can*, may revolutionize, and make their *own* of so much of the territory as they inhabit."

A stronger ground for separation there could not possibly be than the radical antagonism between the social organizations of the two groups of states, which made it impossible that they should live in harmony under the same political roof, and had rendered their enforced union a source of ever increasing bitterness and strife.

I do not pretend, as an excuse for the attitude of the English people, that all this was distinctly before their minds. What was distinctly before their minds was that American sympathy had generally been on the side

of revolution and rebellion, — Spanish-American, Polish, Hungarian, or Irish. American sympathy with Irish rebellion would of course make a particular impression on the people of the country whose unity was threatened not less than was the unity of the United States by the secession of the South.

The division of parties in England was perfectly natural; aristocratic society could not help sympathizing with the planter oligarchy. If England was divided in opinion, so was the North itself. There was all the time in the North a strong Democratic party opposed to the war. The autumn elections of 1862 went greatly against the government. It was in expectation of calling forth Northern support that Lee invaded Pennsylvania, and had he conquered at Gettysburg his expectation would probably have been fulfilled. It actually was fulfilled, after a fashion, by the draft riots in New York.

The people of England, it should be borne in mind, were about the only people who showed or felt much interest in the matter. I was sauntering in Normandy during part of the time, and I was struck with the total apathy on the subject. I think I fell in with only one person who cared to talk about it, and he, I found, was a dealer in cotton. The friction, therefore, was confined to the two kindred nations; and these, having the same language and reading each other's journals, lost no drop of vitriol that was shed upon either side.

Some allowance must be made for sheer ignorance, which was mutual; there being no cable in those days, and the attention of the two nations not having then been so much drawn, as it now is, to each other. At the outset strange blunders were made about the United States, even by the omniscient Times. When I visited the United States, in the last year of the war, I was not only charged with a message of sympathy, but deputed to learn the

truth on certain points on which we in England were still in doubt. We had been continually told that the West was being dragged into the contest by the North. The Northern army had been represented as made up of mere hirelings foreigners to a great extent, and generally in a very bad state. Terrible stories were afloat about the treatment of Southern prisoners in Northern prisons. On all these points I was of course able at once to reassure my friends. The treatment of prisoners, especially, both in prison camps and hospitals, I was able, from personal inspection, to report as perfectly humane; and this notwithstanding rumors, which proved well founded, of the inhuman treatment of Northern prisoners at the South.

I was struck, I may say, at the same time, with the absence of truculence, and the general toleration by the war party of sentiment adverse to the war. At Lincoln's second election, which I witnessed at Boston, though party feeling naturally ran high, the freedom of speech and demonstration seemed complete. From this and the mutual observance of the courtesies of war by the armies, I was led to infer that, desperate as the quarrel seemed, there was fair hope of complete reconciliation.

My personal association with public men was not confined to the Manchester circle. I had some means, socially though not officially, of learning what had passed in the Cabinet. My strong impression is that the government never for a moment swerved from its determination to maintain strict neutrality. The overtures of the French Emperor were, I am convinced, decidedly though courteously repelled. The Duke of Argyll was positively friendly to the North. The same might probably be said of Sir George Cornwall Lewis, though he was sure to be cautious in expression. I think I can answer for Cardwell. What Palmerston's personal feelings as an aristocrat and a precursor

of Jingoism may have been I would not undertake to say; but his hatred of slavery was sincere, and he was deeply committed to the anti-slavery crusade. Lord Russell's manner was certainly not pleasant; it seldom was. He afterwards made the *amende*. But he also was far too deeply committed to the crusade against slavery to take part with the slave power. Gladstone wished that the North should let the South go, and be indemnified in course of time by the voluntary accession of Canada. He said this in a letter to a friend, who, fearing that the letter might be embarrassing to the writer thereafter, thought it better to keep it to himself. But it did not follow, nor was there any reason to believe, that Gladstone ever voted for intervention.

During the four years of the war Southern attempts to abuse British ports and shipyards for war purposes were a constant source of trouble to the British government. Similar attempts by the Cuban insurgents to abuse the ports and shipyards of the United States were a cause of the same trouble to the American government, which deemed the annoyance a sufficient justification for hostile action against Spanish dominion as the exciting cause. Did not the British government do its duty as a neutral toward the North as well as did the American government toward Spain? We need not go back to the time of Genêt and his privateers. When people quarrel, go to war, and cause trouble, disturbance, and loss to the neighborhood, they must be content if the neighborhood performs the duties of neutrality in good faith and reasonably well. This the British government apparently did, though in its case the trouble and annoyance were extreme, extending to the cutting off of the supply of raw material from a vast manufacturing population. The case of the Alabama, which was the worst, was a slip caused by the sudden illness of a law officer

before whom the papers lay, though the Foreign Office ought, no doubt, to have looked him up. The vessel sailed without a clearance, and took on board her armament at the Azores. American pursuit, moreover, was slack. That the government or the nation at large had anything to do, actively or constructively, with the fitting out of the vessel was a preposterous fiction, whatever might be the feelings and conduct of violent sympathizers with the South on this or other occasions. I was glad that the indemnity was paid, because it closed a dangerous dispute; but, looking back, I can hardly think that it was due.

Against recognition of Confederate belligerency nothing could be fairly said. Not for a moment did the Washington government treat the seceders as rebels, or the war as anything but a regular war. At the outset, indeed, there was a faint pretense of bringing some captured Southerners to trial as pirates. But it was at once laid aside, and nothing of the kind was afterwards attempted or proposed. Not Great Britain alone, but all the other foreign nations recognized the belligerency of the South. If England led the way, it was because she was immediately and pressingly concerned. It was only by the recognition of the belligerency that the neutrality law was brought into force.

If Russia seemed to play a more friendly part than England, she did it without any of the risk which England would have incurred. It can scarcely be imagined that one of the powers of the Holy Alliance was actuated by a sincere love of the American republic, or that the dark conclave which rules her was doing anything but playing its diplomatic game.

That the war was not, properly speaking, civil, but international, must at once have struck any observer. In a civil war you have two parties territorially intermingled, and two govern-

ments, or powers claiming to be the government, contending for the allegiance of the same people. In this case you had two separate nations, the government of each thoroughly established and commanding general obedience in a realm of its own. The fact that the two nations had been one, or the suddenness of the disruption by which the second nation had been brought into existence, did not alter the question in this case any more than it did in the case of the revolt of the Netherlands or the severance of Belgium from Holland in 1831. When Gladstone said that Jefferson Davis had made the South a nation, he spoke the literal truth, though the question whether the nation was to preserve its nationality was being contested on the field of battle.

The British government could not be expected to be blind to the prospective interests of its own people. If it had declared for the North, and the South had won, Great Britain would have been making for herself a very fierce and a very formidable enemy,—an enemy specially formidable to her as an owner of West Indian and South American possessions. Nor could she, in the day of peril, have felt sure of the support of the North, with its anti-British traditions and its Irish vote. The idea that it was possible that the South could win is now regarded by some patriotic Americans as a sort of treason, or a thought which was the offspring of a depraved wish. But after Chancellorsville it was the thought of a good many whose wishes were sound enough. The decisive battle was Gettysburg. Suppose, on that day of fate, Lee had not sent his infantry to destruction; suppose, instead of attacking Meade in his position at all, he had manœuvred, brought Meade to action on a fair field, and won: what would have been the effect on the fortunes of the war? Would not the expectation of support in the North, and of the tri-

umph of a party opposed to the war, in which Lee invaded Pennsylvania, have been fulfilled? Meade, whose modesty was equal to his accomplishments as a soldier, used frankly to admit his obligation to the strategical error of his opponent. The death of Jackson at Chancellorsville was another momentous accident. That man was the soul of the Southern army, and had he been at Gettysburg he might have controlled the rashness of Lee.

We had our disappointments in men who ought to have been on the side of freedom, but were not. The greatest, perhaps, was Charles Kingsley, the author of *Westward Ho!* who afterwards lowered himself still more in the eyes of his friends and admirers by playing a conspicuous part in an ovation to the author of the Jamaica massacre, Governor Eyre. Social influences were probably the cause of Kingsley's fall. Carlyle was sure to be on the side of force, and against liberty. But you really might as well have charged the Liberal party with the aberrations of a mastodon as with those of Carlyle. He had persuaded himself that buying a black man who was put up for sale on the slave block was "hiring him for life."

On the other hand, we had John Bright, Richard Cobden, John Stuart Mill, and Thomas Hughes. John Bright's speech on the side of the North, in St. James's Hall, was the best speech I ever heard. His speech in the House of Commons, against the Crimean war, I had not the good fortune to hear. He always spoke with a quiet and almost judicial manner, without gesticulation or much emphasis, without anything at all of the stump orator, making his audience feel the presence of a weighty judgment and a great moral power. His voice was not particularly strong, but his enunciation was very distinct; not a word was missed by the audience which filled a vast hall. It has been debated whether his speeches

were prepared. So far as the great speeches are concerned, the question is answered by the speeches themselves. They are literature, — literature of a high order; and no man can speak literature extempore. All the great orations of antiquity, we know, were written. There have been great parliamentary speakers who spoke extempore, but their speeches are not literature. The speeches of Henry Clay, which delivered with his voice and manner produced a magical effect, are unreadable. So are those of Gladstone, whose personal bearing, fervor, rich voice, and command of his subject made an immense impression, especially when he was introducing and expounding some great measure. Of Chatham's speeches we have only fragments, but the thunderbolts are such as a thoroughly rhetorical mind might have been always forging to be launched when the occasion came. Tories once got up charges against Bright of illiberal treatment of his workmen. To confute these his workmen presented him with a testimonial. The meeting was private. I stood at Bright's side, and saw the slips of paper, each of them probably having on it the catchword of a sentence, successively drop into his hat. To extemporize such compositions as Bright's great speeches, I repeat, was impossible. You might as well think that Milton could have extemporized a book of the *Paradise Lost*, or Haydn could have extemporized *The Creation*. Bright, however, could speak extempore. Of that I have had abundant proof. He had also, as a speaker, perfect presence of mind, could reply with effect, could meet interruptions and turn them oratorically to his advantage. Yet, like great performers in general, he felt the weight of his reputation. He once owned to me that when he rose to speak his knees trembled under him, though on that occasion he must have known that his audience was entirely with him. He began, I believe, as a temperance

lecturer, with a written lecture. If he read essays or discussed questions in a philosophical society, he kept the practice within such bounds as to avoid acquiring the fatal fluency of verbiage which it is the tendency at debating clubs to produce.

There is a certain likeness in Bright's portraits to those of Pym, the leader of the Long Parliament. But Pym's face is more that of a man of action, as he was. Bright was not a man of action, unless the name can be given to one who swayed public opinion. In Gladstone's ministry he held the almost nominal office of chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, to the business of which, I was told, he seldom attended. His oratorical combativeness caused him to figure in caricatures as the "Fighting Quaker." There was, however, nothing about him politically violent or revolutionary. If he strove for political change, such as an extension of the suffrage, it was in order that legislative justice might be done to classes from which, while Parliament was practically in the hands of the landlord class, legislative justice had been withheld. There was nothing to prevent his serving the Crown. The same might be said of the political circle of which he was chief. No change, therefore, took place in his principles at the close of his political life. He was perfectly consistent with himself in opposing Home Rule as resolutely as he had supported reform of the Irish land law and disestablishment of the Irish Church. Home Rule, he believed, meant dissolution of the union, and dissolution of the union, he believed, meant a renewal of the old struggle and a repetition of Irish woe. It is true that his feelings had latterly softened toward some things of the old dispensation. He was more than reconciled to Oxford, and Oxford was reconciled to him.

Cobden has had the good fortune, which Bright has not, of finding the best of biographers in Mr. Morley.

Mr. Morley, I believe, did not know Cobden personally, but those who did, though they may seem to miss something in the portrait, would be puzzled to say what it was. Simplicity was the leading feature of Cobden's speeches as it was of the character of the man. He spoke extempore, only taking care, as he said, always to have an opening and a closing sentence. Bred on a farm, and transferred from it to a factory, he could not have much culture, and Tories called him a Bagman. The Bagman, however, had plenty of sentiment, and not a little even of poetry, in his nature. His saying about Niagara is given in Mr. Morley's life. One day I found that he had been studying Demosthenes in a translation. Apparently he had been disappointed. Probably the translation was bad. It certainly was if it was Brougham's.

Of John Stuart Mill it may be said that there never was a man in acting with whom you were made more comfortably to feel that you must be morally in the right. That the strictest integrity may exist without orthodoxy Mill's character was a decisive proof. He was the most austere of patriots. When he ran for Parliament in Westminster, he refused to spend money, to canvass, or to take any personal part in the election until about a week before the nomination, when he attended a few public meetings to state his principles and answer the questions of the electors. At one of the meetings, chiefly composed of the working classes, he was asked whether he had ever published the opinion that the working classes of England, though they differed from those of other countries in being ashamed of lying, were generally liars. He answered, without hesitation, that he had. Whereupon there was vehement applause. The first workingman who spoke after Mill's admission was Mr. Oger, who said, amidst cheers, that the working classes wanted friends, not flatterers, and had no desire not to be

told of their faults. This Mill cited as a proof that complete straightforwardness is the most essential of all recommendations to the favor of the working classes. Judges said that the Almighty could not be elected on Mill's platform. That candidature was not tried. But Mill won his election. In the House of Commons, he used to sit in the unflinching performance of his duty through the dulllest and most trivial debates. He got his speeches by heart; and if his memory chanced to fail him, he would not fill the gap with mere words, like a less conscientious speaker, but would deliberately pause, making his hearers feel rather awkward, till his memory had recovered the thread.

Thomas Hughes, the author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays* and Tom Brown at Oxford, one of the best fellows who ever lived, was a more genuine representative of muscular Christianity than Charles Kingsley, who has always been regarded as the founder. Kingsley's love of the east wind was, in truth, rather poetical; though he was fond of bodily exercise, and might be found sometimes, even as a parson, following the hounds. Tom Hughes would have faced a tornado of east wind to do a kind act or redress an injustice. In his college days he had been a first-rate athlete, and had rowed at Henley in the famous crew which, when one of its men was disabled, and the rival crew refused to allow a substitute, rowed with seven oars against eight, and won the race. Yet there was not about him a shadow of the Jingo violence and bluster which are apt to accompany overwrought athleticism; much less was there a shadow of that contempt for public morality and for the rights of the weak, a baneful gust of which is just now sweeping over the world. At the time of the war of secession his sympathies were with the

North, against the general bias of his own section of society. He was one of the committee formed to get justice done to the black peasantry of Jamaica, against martial law. It was cheering, in fighting for a cause which of course was denounced as "humanitarian," to have at your side a man who could not possibly be accused of any sentimental weakness. Never was there a more jovial or a more pleasant companion. It was like him to leave, as it seems he did, an injunction against the publication of a memorial of his life, to be added to the flood of literature of that kind. But Tom Brown's *Schooldays* and Tom Brown at Oxford are his autobiography. *Sint anime nostræ cum illo.*

What have been the fruits of a war which cost the North alone, in different ways, at least four thousand millions, besides a pension list which amounted to a hundred and forty millions thirty-three years after the war, — this in addition to all the havoc, waste, and suspension of industry; while on the Northern side alone two hundred and seventy-five thousand men either fell in battle or died in hospital? Slavery has been legally abolished. The sentence of humanity on it has been executed. The hideous slave codes have been swept from the statute book of man. But the Fifteenth Amendment is trampled underfoot, and no one is found to uphold it, while the relation between the races is in some respects worse than ever. The one clear gain is that the extension of slavery has been prevented. The slaveowner's vision of dominion over Mexico, Cuba, and the West Indies might otherwise have been fulfilled. His land hunger would have lent a spur to his ambition, and it is difficult to say by what his career could have been barred.

Goldwin Smith.

AN OLD-TIME MARCH MEETING.

ONE day in the latter part of February, Asahel Peck was observed to be abroad on horseback; for, owing to a recent thaw, sleighing was bad, and wheeling worse. Those in the neighborhood of the town house saw him alight in front of that ancient and variously used structure and nail a paper to the battered and punctured door. It read as follows:—

MARCH MEETING

These are to notify and to warn all the Inhabitants of this Town who are legal Voters in Town Meeting to meet at the Town House on the first Tuesday in March the 3rd (proximo) at ten o'clock in the forenoon to transact the following business, viz.

1st to choose a moderator to Govern said meeting, 2nd a town clerk, 3rd, three or more persons to be Select men, Also Over Seers of the poor, a Town Treasurer, Three or more Listers, a constable and Collector of Town rates or taxes, Grand and petit jurors, One or more Grand Jurymen for the town, Surveyors of the Highways, Fence viewers, pound keepers, Sealers of weights and measures, Sealers of Leather, also one or more tything men and hay wards. Also a committee to Settle with the Overseers of the Poor also a Committee to settle with the Treasurer and report the state of the Treasury, a Superintending committee for schools, also to consider of the Propriety of adjoining Uriah Cruttenden's Farm to the School District known by the name of the New District and lastly to vote to defray the expenses of the Town the Current year.

ASAHEL PECK	} Select men.
JONATHAN YOUNG	
SEYMOUR HAYS	

Feb'y 18, 184-¹

¹ Copied from a Ferrisburgh Warning for Town Meeting.

But few persons troubled themselves to read what could more easily be heard for only twelve days' waiting; and, moreover, every proposed measure of importance had been a subject for discussion at Hamner's tavern, the store, the blacksmith's shop, the shoemaker's, and the mill, as also at the town house itself, on several Sundays, before and after the services, held there alternately by the Methodists and Congregationalists: so that saints and sinners were already informed.

The days went by in sunshine and south wind. On the appointed day many voters came of choice on foot, across fields bare of snow but for drifts still enduring along the fences, while others jolted in wagons over the rutted main highways, superficially dried rough-cast memorials of former difficult travel, one wind-swept mile of it now yielding dust enough for the ransom of a whole tribe of Israel. Others came floundering and splashing along the crossroads, which were narrow lanes of mud between banks of snow sullied with the blown dust of ploughed land and muddy tracks of men and dogs. Overhead, straggling flocks of returning crows drove northward through their broad, clean, aerial thoroughfare. All terrestrial travelers tended, by different routes, toward the town house. Rows of horses lengthened along the neighboring fences. Freemen of all ages, from those newly assuming the responsibilities of voting and the burden of taxation to those beyond the demand of a poll tax, swarmed in at the door. There was a considerable attendance of boys, to whom the bustle inside was more novel and attractive than the feeble beginning of a game of ball outside.

The town house was an unpainted, weather-beaten, clapboarded building of one story, with one rough, plastered

room, furnished with rows of pine seats, originally severely plain, but now profusely ornamented with carved initials, dates, and strange devices. A desk and seat on a platform at the farther end, for the accommodation of the town officers, and a huge box stove, so old and rusty that it seemed more like the direct product of a mine than of a furnace, completed the furniture of the room, wherein were now gathered a majority of the male inhabitants of the town. Its fathers, maintaining the dignity of office in stiff, high shirt collars and bell-crowned hats, were grouped behind the desk, planning in semi-privacy the business of the day, while some self-appointed guardians of the public weal stood near, craning their necks and cocking their ears to catch scattered crumbs of the wise discourse. Old acquaintances from the farthest opposite corners of the township, who rarely met but on such occasions, exchanged greetings and neighborhood gossip. Hunters and trappers recounted their exploits to one another and an interested audience of boys. Invalids enjoyed their poor health to the utmost in the relation of its minutest details. Pairs of rough jokers were the centres of applauding groups, while other pairs exchanged experiences in the wintering of stock or discussed weather probabilities. From all arose a babble of voices, the silentest persons present being two or three of the town's poor, who had come to get the earliest intelligence of their disposal.

"Wal, I cal'late we're goin' tu git an airy spring," said one of a knot of elderly men and middle-aged wiseacres. "When the ol' bear come aout he did n't see no shadder."

"What, the twenty-sixt' o' Febwary?" one of the latter chuckled. "Why, good land o' massy, the sun was er-shinin' jest as bright as 't is to-day!"

"The twenty-sixt' hain't the day! It's the secont, an' it snowed all day!"

"Sho! It's the twenty-sixt'," the other asserted. "Ev'ybody knows that 'at knows anythin' abaout signs."

"Wal, I know it's the secont."

"No, 't ain't nuther!"

"'T is tuther!"

"Wal," drawled big John Dart, "s'posin' the' wa'n't no bear ary day? What then?"

"What ye think o' this fur a sign?" a tall newcomer asked, pushing his way into the group, carefully holding in his hand a red and yellow cotton handkerchief, gathered at its corners, which he now unfolded, displaying three full-grown grasshoppers, not very active, but unmistakably alive. "There! I picked them up as I come across lots. What ye think o' that?"

There was a general expression of wonder, and Dart exclaimed, after a critical examination of the insects, "Good Lord, deliver us! Ef the grasshoppers is all ready tu transack business as soon's the snow's off'n the graound, it won't make no odds tu us if we du hev an airy spring. They'll eat ev'ry identical thing as soon as it starts."

"Wal, I swanny, Billy Williams's dressed up consid'able scrumptious fur taown meetin'," the discoverer of the grasshoppers remarked irrelevantly, after a careful survey of the dignitaries grouped behind the desk. "S'pose he cal'lates he's goin' tu rep'sent the taown next fall?"

"Oh yes. It would n't be usin' on him well tu let him die a ye'rlin'," another responded.

"I do' know's we're 'bleeged tu send him on that accaount," the first speaker said. "We don't send folks tu Montpelier fur their health, but fur aour benefit. I never hear'd o' his duin' anythin' gret whilst he was up there."

"I wonder 'f he ever delivered the speech up there 't he prepared," a farmer asked, with a merry twinkle in his eyes, and inquiring faces were turned toward him.

"You never hear'd on 't? Wal, I tell ye 't was a buster. Tom Hamlin hear'd him a-practicin' of it one day when he went there on some errant tu Billy, an' the women folks sent him aout tu the barn tu find him; an' he hear'd him a-talkin' turrible airnest on the barn floor, an' so he peeked through a crack o' the door tu see who he was a-talkin' tu, an' there stood Billy wi' a paper in his hand, a-motionin' of it aout, an' nob'dy nor nothin' afore him but an ol' poll ram a-stan'in' back in the furder eend. 'Mister Speaker,' says Billy, 'I rise tu make a motion' — Then, as he turned araound tu git the light on his paper, the ol' ram let drive at him an' knocked him a-sprawlin' clean acrost the barn floor. Tom cal'-lated Billy hed made his motion."

"Rather more of a turnaout 'n the' was tu the fust taown meetin' 'at I went tu in this taown," Gran'ther Hill remarked to an old man who sat beside him, looking nearly his own age, but whose simple, almost childlike features were in marked contrast to the strong, grim visage of the veteran ranger.

"I s'pose likely," responded the other, glancing vaguely around. "I wa'n't there."

"Ef you was, you hed n't no business there, fur you wa'n't much more 'n borned," said Gran'ther Hill. "No, sir, the' hain't a livin' man here but me 'at was tu it."

"I s'pose there wa'n't a turrible sight on ye?" his companion suggested.

"Not over twenty on us, all told; an' we hel' it in a log barn 'at stood t' other side o' the river, on Moses Benham's pitch, an' we sot raound on the log mangers, an' the clark writ on the head of a potash berril. We hed n't no sech fix-uppances as these 'ere," pounding the seat with his fist; "an' as fur that 'ere," punching the stove with his cane, "we jest stomped raound tu keep warm, an' didn't fool away much time no longer 'n we was 'bleeged tu."

"I s'pose you git your pension right along, reg'lar?" the younger old man asked.

"Sartainly; it comes as sure as death an' taxes," said Gran'ther Hill. "An' what in blazes is the reason you don't git yourn?"

"Wal, ye see," said the other, "they claim 'at they can't find the roll o' my comp'ny, daown there tu Wash'n'ton, — Comp'ny B, 'Leventh Regiment, — but they say they can't find hide ner hair on't; an' my discharge, that got burnt up 'long wi' all I hed, time o' the fire: so here I be, on the taown." The old man smiled in feeble resignation.

"It's a damned shame, an' you'd ortu hev your pension," Gran'ther Hill declared.

"Sarved him right fur bein' sech a plaguy fool," said a hard-featured man standing near, speaking not to the two old men, but for their hearing, as he explained to those about him: "He went 'n under his bed, when the haouse was afire, an' got a peck o' wa'nuts 't he 'd fetched up f'm the Lake, an' left his chist wi' all his papers in 't tu burn up. Yis, an' a bran'-new pair o' calfskin boots."

"I s'pose I kinder lost my head," the old soldier said apologetically, and still striving to smile in spite of a quivering of his chin; "an' the wa'nuts, I fetched 'em a-purpose fur my tew leetle gran'childern; an' I do know 's I 'm sorry 'at I saved 'em, fur they died wi' canker rash, both on 'em, next spring, an' the loss on 'em jest killed their mother, an' he married agin an' went off West, an' here I be. The' was one leetle chap 'at lived, but he was tew leetle tu remember me, an' they would n't never tell him nothin' 'bout his ol' gran'ther, I s'pose," said the old man, with a sigh and a more pathetic smile.

"Lost his head!" the hard-faced man sneered. "An almighty loss that must ha' ben!"

Certain inarticulate sounds issued from Gran'ther Hill's toothless jaws,

accompanied by a nervous handling of his staff, which indicated a rising storm that his companion at once strove to prevent, whispering anxiously into the veteran's ear, from which a tuft of grizzled hair bristled like an abatis: —

"Don't fur massy's sake say nothin' tu mad him, Cap'n Hill. He 's a-goin' tu run fur poormarster, an' if he don't git it he 's a-goin' tu bid for aour keepin'. If he gits a spite agin me, he 'll gi' me gowdy. Don't say nothin'."

Thus admonished, Gran'ther Hill corked the vials of his wrath, and contented himself with glowering savagely on its intended object and offering consolation to his friend.

"You need n't be 'shamed on 't, Ros'il. Misfortin hain't no disgrace to a man 'at 's fit in the 'Leventh agin the British tu Chippewa an' that what-you-call-him's Lane. The disgrace is fur them 'at hain't no respect fur sech duin's. What ye s'pose I'd care 'f I was on the taown? By the Lord Harry, I'd tell 'em 'twas an honor to any taown tu hev a man on it 'at took Ticonderogue, an' was tu Hubbard't'n an' Bennin'ton! The country 's goin' tu the devil, it 's a-gittin' so corrup', an' we 'll all be on the taown in a heap in less 'n twenty year, wi' the people's money bein' flung right an' left. I hear 'em a-talkin' o' hevin' ruffs over some o' the bridges. Lord Harry, what next?"

"Good airth an' seas!" exclaimed the good-natured-looking shoemaker, who had just taken a seat near the veterans. "'Tain't more 'n what we 're all lierble tu. 'Tain't many year sen' the constable useter warn ev'ry man jack of a newcomer tu clear aout lest he come on t' the taown. There was ol' Mister Van Brunt, 'at lived tu New York when he was tu hum, 'at owned more 'n tew thaousan' acres here, come up an' stayed quite a spell; an' so the constable, he up an' warned him aout o' the taown. Van Brunt, says he tu him, 'You go an' ask the selec'men

what they 'll take fur this mis'able lee-tle insi'nificant taown, an' I 'll buy the hul on 't.' "

"I tell ye, it don't signify, Ros'il Adams," Gran'ther Hill began, when reminiscences and prophecies were cut short by the clerk's calling the meeting to order.

Comparative quiet fell upon the assembly, that was for a few moments thridded by the thin, whining voice of one of the invalids, who had not completed the details of his last bad spell. The clerk then read the warning that had been taken from the door, and announced the first business to be the choice of a moderator. Thereupon Squire Waite was nominated, and being unanimously elected, took his place beside the clerk behind the desk. He was a tall, portly old man, whose venerable presence was somewhat impaired by a curly chestnut wig. With a voice deep and strong enough to have outborne the clamor of many ordinary ones, he addressed his assembled townsmen: —

"Gentlemen, the next business afore the meetin' is to choose a town clark. Please nomernate some one so to sarve you."

"I nomernate the exper'enced an' deficient present incumberent, Joel Bartlett!" cried Solon Briggs, and the nomination was quickly seconded.

"Joel Bartlett is nomernated and seconded," thundered the moderator. "You 'at 's in favor of him a-sarvin' of you as town clark, say 'Aye.'"

There was a loud affirmative response, and when the squire called, "Contrary-minded, say 'No,'" only Beri Burton answered, though he endeavored to make the noise of a majority.

"Gentlemen, the Ayes appear to hev it, and you hev made ch'ice of Joel Bartlett to sarve you as clark fur the ensuin' year."

The reëlected officer pursed his lips to their roundest and set himself to record the proceedings of the meeting; his choice of implements being divided

between a sputtering quill pen and a lead pencil so hard that its only mark upon the paper, unless frequently moistened, was a deep corrugation. The arrangement of his lips seemed especially adapted to the moistening process.

"The next business in order," the moderator declared, after studying the warning, "is tu choose three, four, or five selec'men. Haow many is it your pleasure tu hev?"

It was decided that there should be three, and two separate nominations and elections followed. According to the usual and wise custom, the first member of the old board was retired, the second elected to his place, the third to the second place, and a new man to the third place, for which there were three candidates, each with so considerable a following that a ballot was called for by three or more voters, and a spirited contest ensued. The readiest writers scribbled the names of their candidates on whatever scraps of paper came to hand, which were then cut into slips with jack-knives. These ballots were distributed to the eager voters who crowded around each writer, or were urged upon the wavering and indifferent. Each, when so provided, pushed into the swarming aisle and struggled forward, as if the fate of the nation depended on the immediate deposit of his ballot in the constable's bell-crowned hat, which was now devoted to this sacred service under the vigilant guardianship of its owner. Here, a tall, strong man forced a passage through the crowd, with some smaller, weaker men following easily in his wake. There, a small man, nearly overwhelmed, almost within reach of the voting place, held his ballot at arm's length above his head, like a craft, foundering within sight of port, flying a signal of distress. Having cast their votes, some got out of the press as quickly as possible, while others clung about the voting place, curious to see the last ballot dropped into the hat and to watch the counting.

"Gentlemen, are your votes all in?" called the moderator.

No one responded during the five minutes of grace, and at their expiration the improvised ballot box was emptied on the desk. The counting began, by the clerk and the constable, while the hum of conversation again arose, continuing until the result of the ballot was announced. The rival candidates strove to hide their different emotions under the mask of unconcern, and their adherents soon forgot the brief contest in the strife for a board of listers and other important officers.

The old treasurer, who had through many years' service proved faithful to his charge, was continued as custodian of the town money, kept for the most part in a canvas shot bag conspicuously marked "B. B. Twenty four lbs;" and no one underbidding the old collector's offer to collect the tax for two per cent thereof, he was unanimously reelected to the dual office of constable and collector.

When it was voted that the selectmen should be overseers of the poor, Roswell Adams was greatly relieved of his anxiety, for he felt sure that at least two of the board were men who would have consideration for an unfortunate old soldier, and he entered quite heartily into the humor of some of the minor elections.

Reuben Black, a blind man, was nominated for fence viewer, and came near being elected.

"You might ha' done wus 'n tu elec' me," said Reuben, "for I c'n smell aout a new fence an' feel aout a lawful one, an' du it in the darkest night jes' 's well as in daylight, an' thet 's more 'n most on 'em c'n du."

John Dart, whose gigantic frame was supported by a more than ample foundation, nominated the shoemaker for inspector of leather, an office without duties or emoluments, and he was unanimously elected.

"Ef I make an' mend your boots,

John Dart, I cal'late I'll handle the heft o' the luther in Danvis!" he roared, in a voice that excited the envy of the moderator.

It was a common custom in Vermont, in the first half of this century, to permit all kinds of stock to run at large in the highways, which made it necessary to appoint several poundkeepers, and as many haywards, or hog-howards, as they were commonly called, whose duty was to keep road-ranging swine within the limits of the highways. Six poundkeepers were now elected, and their barnyards constituted pounds. There was a merry custom, of ancient usage, of electing the most recently married widower to the office of hayward, and it then chanced that Parson Nehemiah Doty, the worthy pastor of the Congregationalists, had been but a fortnight married to his second wife. So an irreverent member of his own flock nominated him for hayward. The nomination was warmly seconded, and he was almost unanimously elected, even the deacons responding very faintly when the negative vote was called; for the parson was a man of caustic humor, and each of its many victims realized that this was a rare opportunity for retaliation. Laughter and applause subsided to decorous silence when the venerable man arose to acknowledge the doubtful honor which had been conferred upon him; and he spoke in the solemn and measured tones that marked the delivery of his sermons, but the clerical austerity of his face was lightened a little by a twinkle of his cold gray eyes:—

"Mr. Moderator and fellow townsmen, in the more than a score of years that I have labored among you, I have endeavored faithfully to perform, so far as in me lay, the duties of a shepherd: to keep within the fold the sheep which were committed to my care, to watch vigilantly that none strayed from it, and to be the humble means of leading some into its shelter. Thus while you were my sheep I have acted as your shepherd,

but since you are no longer sheep I will endeavor to perform as faithfully the office of your hayward."

"Wal, haow is 't?" John Dart inquired of the nominator. "Hev ye got much the start o' the parson? Or hev ye?"

When every office of the town had been filled, a tax of eight per cent on the grand list was voted, after violent opposition by a considerable minority of economists. Then a sharp-featured man, who had for some time awaited the opportunity, perched on the edge of his seat like some ungainly bird about to take flight, arose and spoke:—

"Mr. Moderator, it's my 'pinion, an' I guess 't is most ev'rybody's else's, 'at we ben a-payin' aout more money fur taown 'xpenses 'an we ortu, in p'rtic'lar fur keepin' aour porpers. You look a' one item,— fifty dollars fur keepin' the Bassett boy! Fifty dollars fur keepin' of a idjit, — as much as 't would ha' cost tu ha' wintered tew yoke o' oxen, pooty nigh! Why, it's ridic'ulous!" He paused to give his audience time to consider the extravagant cost of supporting the Bassett boy, who had been a town charge for many years, yet by title, at least, seemed possessed of perennial youth, having been designated in the town reports for forty years as "the Bassett boy." "Course we wanter du what's right an' proper by aour porpers, but we don't wanter parmper 'em, an' we got tu be equinomerical. Naow what I was a-goin' tu say is 'at we hev sometimes heretobefore let aout the keepin' of aour poor to the lowest bidder, an' it hes ben quite a savin' tu the taown; an' considerin' haow hefty aour expenses hes ben durin' the past year, we might du wus 'an tu try it agin."

As Esquire Hard parted his coat tails and resumed his perch on the edge of the seat, another thrifty townsman arose to say, "I think the idee's a good one, an' if the gentleman'll put it in the shape of a motion, I'll secont it."

Thereupon the esquire got up such a little way and for such a little while that he began at once to part his coat tails while he said, "I move 'at the s'lec'men let aout the keepin' of the taown poor to the lowest bidder," which was immediately seconded.

Yet before it could be put to vote a few made earnest protest against this barbarous but then not uncommon custom. The veteran of Ticonderoga got upon his feet with alacrity, and commanded attention with vigorous thumps of his staff as much as by his imperative voice, shaken and cracked by the heat of his indignation.

"Mr. Moderator, is the voters o' this 'ere taown white folks, or be they a pack o' damned heatherns?"

"Order! Order!" the moderator thundered.

"I did n't say they was damned, but they will be if they don't quit sech cussedness. A-biddin' off the poor tu vandew is a cussed shame! I don't keer whether they be God's poor or the divil's poor, or poor divils. 'T'ould be humaner tu fat 'em up an' boocher 'em fur the' taller 'an what it 'ould be to starve 'em the way they will be. Yes, by a damned sight!"

Again Squire Waite thundered, "Order! Order! We must hev order!" while Gran'ther Hill continued, "You need n't take no pride in what I say, Square Waite, but I swear I will hev vent, an' I do' know but I've hed all I kin 'thaout hittin' someb'dy," and he sat down, still snorting and growling.

His phlegmatic son declared, "It did n't somehaow sca'cely seem Christian duin's fur tu bid off humern white folks."

"The heft of aour poor aire in no ways tu blame fur bein' where they be, an' we'd better skimp some'eres else!" shouted the shoemaker.

"Gol dum th' poor tax!" mumbled Beri Burton. "Give 'em puddin' an' milk the year raoun', I say. Gol dum the poor tax!"

Before this many of the voters had dispersed, thinking all important business had been done, and others were impatient to get home by chore time, which was close at hand, as the waning afternoon admonished them: so that when the motion was put to vote, it was passed by a large majority. Then the first selectman announced that "bids for the support of our town's poor would now be received," while the old soldier of 1812 and his fellow paupers awaited the degree of misery to which they should be consigned.

One of the minority, whose plump, good-humored face gave proof that no living thing would suffer under his care, bid a little below the last year's cost. The anxious faces of the paupers brightened during the pause that succeeded this offer; but it only lasted while Peter Flint, the late reviler of the old soldier, after a brief mental computation, made a lower bid; and then another competitor entered the lists, and after a sharp contest of alternately decreasing bids, from which the rosy-faced farmer retired, the contract was awarded to Peter Flint.

"That means short rations fur us poor folks," said Roswell. "Why did n't a cannern ball knock my mis'able head off? I wish 't it hed!"

"No, ye don't nuther, I tell ye," Gran'ther Hill declared, with emphatic thumps of his staff on the floor. "An' you hain't a-goin' tu starve nuther, if aour 'tater bin an' pork berril hol's aout. I'm a-goin' tu take ye hum along wi' me tu visit a year, an' the taown may go tu the divil fur all o' me. A-sellin' off men 'at fit fur the' country! By the Lord Harry, I would n't never fit fur it if I'd ha' knowed what a passel o' maggits it was a-goin' tu breed. I swear I won't agin, come what may!"

"You're turrible good, Cap'n Hill," faltered Roswell, overcome by this hospitable offer of a comfortable home, "but I don't b'lieve I'd ortu trouble ye, an' mebbly they — they won't let me."

"Shet yer head, an' go 'long an' git int' the waggin. I sh'd like tu see 'em stop ye!" Gran'ther Hill growled hoarsely, glowering fiercely on every one within range of his vision. "Jozeff, onhitch the team, an' le's be a-goin' hum."

"I p'sume like 'nough it'll be all right wi' M'ri, his a-comin' in so sort o' onexpected," Joseph confided to Sam Lovel as he untied the halters; "but, Sam Hill, I guess by the time father's put him through Ticonderogue ev'ry day for three four weeks a-runnin', he'll think he'd ortu hev tew pensions. Gosh! it 'most seems sometimes 's 'ough I'd ortu hev one, arter all I've endured in them 'ere battles."

"Wal, if ary one on 'em gits sick on 't, you can send Ros'ell over tu aour haouse a spell," said Sam Lovel.

"An' when he gits Hill's folks an' you all eat aout, Lovel, we'll give him a try down tu aour haouse," said John Dart, in a loud, confidential whisper that was like a gust of welcome south wind to the two old men already in the lumber wagon. "Skin Flint'll haf ter wait awhile fur a chance tu starve Uncle Ros'ell an' git paid for it."

There was a stir of curiosity among the groups before the town house, and sentences were left unfinished, or finished unheard by the audience, as a stranger appeared there, a traveler, evidently, for he carried a carpet-bag, and the newness of his well-fitting clothes was worn off with far-journeying. He searched the faces that were turned toward him, not as if in quest of a familiar one, but as if for one that promised the readiest answer to a question.

"Can you tell me, sir, if old Mr. Adams is here?" he asked a genial-looking farmer.

"That's him 'at's jest got inter Joe Hill's waggin," was the answer, and a half dozen ready forefingers indicated the vehicle.

Giving hasty thanks for the information, the stranger, a bright, alert-look-

ing young fellow, hurried over, and asked with some embarrassment, dividing his inquiring glances between Gran'ther Hill and the shabby old man, "Is this Mr. Adams?"

"That's my name," the latter answered, staring blankly at the questioner; and Gran'ther Hill, looking very grim, nodded in confirmation.

"Why, gran'pa, how d'ye do?" cried the young man, in a hearty voice. "You don't know me, do you?" he said, as the old man, still staring, responded in a maze of wonder, "Haow d'ye du, sir?"

"I'm your gran'son, John White."

"Good Lord! you hain't!" the old man exclaimed, half incredulous; and then, studying the smiling face: "Oh, you be! I can see your ma's looks in your eyes jest as plain! Oh, my good Lord!" and he quite broke down.

The young man's eyes were moist, and he was making futile efforts to swallow a lump in his throat. Gran'ther Hill cleared his own with a sound between a growl and a howl, and cursing under his breath his "damned ol' dried-up gullet," and Joseph and Sam looked intently at nothing away off in the fields, while they groped blindly in their pockets for handkerchiefs.

"I do' know, but it kinder seems 's 'ough I ketched cold in that 'ere dumb taown haouse," said Joseph, snuffling. "I du reg'lar 'most every March meetin'."

"I guess we all did," Sam urged, with a weak little laugh.

"Well, gran'pa," the stranger said, steadying his voice, "where be you stayin'? Or shall we go over to the hotel?"

"I—I don't stay nowheres,—not yit," his grandfather replied.

"The' hain't no hotel!" growled Gran'ther Hill,— "nothin' only Harmer's cussed tarvern. You're a-goin' hum 'long wi' me, both on ye, jes' 's yer gran'sir sot aout tu! Come, pile in here, young man. Hurry up yer cakes, Jozeff, an' le's be a-pikin'."

The newcomer demurred in vain, and presently the party went lumbering on its homeward way.

The band chariot of a circus could not have attracted more attention, for the news had run like wildfire through the dispersing assembly that "ol' Uncle Ros'ell's gran'son had come fr'm aout West arter the ol' man, an' was a-goin' tu take him right off'n the taown."

It was as wonderful as a story out of a book.

The freeholders dispersed from the town house more rapidly than they had gathered. The company of ball players on the common was reduced to the few boys whose homes were nearest. The chimney of the deserted town house was scattering on the wind the last wisp of smoke from the expiring fire as Gran'ther Hill, with his captured guests beside him, driving over the crest of Stony Brook Hill, cast a last triumphant glance back upon the scene.

Rowland E. Robinson.

VIVISECTION.

A RICH, healthy, well-educated woman once remarked that there was no amount of suffering which she would not be willing to have inflicted upon dumb animals, provided that she might obtain by such means some possible relief from future illness, or even a slight prolongation of life. Few people are quite so frankly brutal as that, and the modern defenders of vivisection profess to be actuated by humane considerations. They declare, first, that most cases of vivisection are painless; and, secondly, that the total result of vivisection is, by means of important discoveries in medicine and surgery, to prevent more suffering to the human race than it causes to the inferior animals.

Not all vivisection is painful. The term includes every form of experiment upon animals, and some experiments produce discomfort rather than pain; some are carried on while the animal is under the influence of an anæsthetic; some involve the death but not the suffering of the animal. Then, again, some experiments are performed for purposes of research, and others for purposes of illustration in the classroom. Are all of these experiments justifiable? Are some of them justifiable? And are they justifiable or not according to the

value of the results obtained from them? These are questions which every man ought to weigh and decide, inasmuch as the responsibility rests ultimately upon the community. The problem is in some respects a difficult one, — let us frankly admit that; and, moreover, it is essentially a problem in morals. To take the life of an animal — much more, to inflict pain upon it — for a given purpose must be either a right act or a wrong act. To regard such acts as morally indifferent would be to hold that man has no duty whatever toward the lower animals; and such a theory is never avowed, though indeed it is sometimes practiced, in civilized countries.

What, then, is the nature of dumb animals, and what moral relation do we sustain toward them? In all physical respects there is practically no difference between their nature and ours. They feel fatigue, hunger, and thirst, and they suffer pain precisely as we suffer it. Some animals — horses and dogs especially — have that nervous organization and temperament which renders them peculiarly susceptible to pain. When a dog receives a sudden wound or blow, he seems to suffer even more than a man who receives a like injury.

Intellectually the dumb animals are of course vastly inferior to man, but their intellects, so far as they go, are closely akin to the human intellect. That animals reason is a fact of everyday experience. That they can communicate their ideas and feelings to one another and to man is equally plain. "When a cat or a dog," wrote the late Mr. Romanes, "pulls one's dress to lead one to the kittens or puppies in need of assistance, the animal is behaving in the same manner as a deaf mute might behave when invoking assistance from a friend. That is to say, the animal is translating the logic of feelings into the logic of signs; and so far as this particular action is concerned, it is psychologically indistinguishable from that which is performed by the deaf mute."

When we come to consider the moral and emotional nature of dumb animals, we find that on that side the connection between them and us is far more close than it is on the intellectual side. I will not discuss the question whether dumb animals have any sense of right and wrong. I believe that they have this sense in a rudimentary degree; or at least that it is latent in them, and may be developed. The popular, instinctive notions about animals, the result of the experience of the race, seem to justify this view. "If we say a *vicious* horse," remarked Dr. Arnold, "why not a *virtuous* horse?" — and we do speak of a "kind" horse. It is not denied that some dumb animals have a sense of humor, and it may be doubted whether this sense is ever disassociated entirely from that of right and wrong. However, since the point is disputable, I do not insist upon it, but pass to one concerning which there can be no dispute, namely, that of the love and affection which dumb animals display for one another, and still more for man. All that is best in man springs from something which is practically the same in the lower animals that it is in him.

I mean the instinct of pity or benevolence. To this instinct as it exists in the lower animals Darwin attributes the origin of conscience in man.

It is the tendency of a sophisticated age like the present to overestimate intellectual as compared with moral and emotional gifts. The material civilization upon which we pride ourselves is almost entirely the achievement of the intellect. Fame and wealth, luxury, cultivation, and leisure, — all the big prizes of the world, in fact, — are obtained by the successful exercise of the intellect. The moral qualities, of themselves, can procure a man nothing but a clear conscience, and the approval, perhaps mixed with contempt, of his neighbors.

And yet, when the intellectual qualities are brought to the test of reality; when one's view of them is not clouded by pride, avarice, or passion, how amazingly does their value shrink and shrivel! When a man lies on his deathbed, for example, his intellectual achievements, though of the highest order, will seem as nothing to him, — he will ask himself simply whether he has lived a good or a bad life; and after his death his family and his friends will look at the matter in precisely the same way.

In these highest attributes of our nature, or at least in some of them, we are closely resembled by the dumb animals. They have the affection, the attachment, the power of self-sacrifice, which men have. To a person who takes the merely scientific view of things, there is no mystery about the dumb animals. He knows the mechanism of their bodies and the nature of their functions; he has weighed, measured, dissected and vivisected them; and the idea that there can be anything sacred about the poor creatures is to him the most absolute superstition and folly.

However, when one considers the undeserved sufferings of the brute creation, and especially their sufferings at the hands of men; still more when one

considers the immense and for the most part entirely unused capacity for affection which they possess, the mystery of their existence is apparent. Not dogs only, but elephants, monkeys, birds, and perhaps all kinds of animals have this capacity. Crows possess it to a degree which can hardly be imagined by one who has never known them in captivity. As much latent affection goes to waste in every flock of crows that flies overhead as would fit a human household for heaven. Is there no mystery here?

Physically our power over the lower animals is unlimited, — we can do with them what we will; but morally it is limited by considerations of justice, of mercy, of sympathy, and of regard for the individuality of a living being. We must, I think, go even a step beyond this, and admit that the mystery which surrounds the lower animals, the contrast between their innocence and their sufferings, and the utter obscurity in which their destiny is wrapped impose upon us further limitations of caution and even of awe in dealing with them. The subject is, as I have said, difficult, and astonishingly little consideration has been given to it; but nevertheless one general principle immediately suggests itself, namely, that the only way of utilizing the inferior animals which can with certainty be pronounced right is the natural way, — by which I mean the employment of their natural functions, as we employ the strength of a horse, the predatory instinct of a cat, the watchfulness of a dog, and the capacity of a hen to lay eggs. This use is in the line of the animal's development; and in making such use of an animal man may truly be said not only to be acting in accordance with natural principles, but even to be improving upon 'nature's work. No wild horse ever had the speed of a thoroughbred or the strength of a modern cart horse. Moreover, domesticated animals, if they have humane owners, are better off than animals in a wild state.

It may be admitted, also, that in a case of necessity the functions of an animal may rightly be overstrained. It would not be wrong, for example, to overdrive a horse, at the risk of killing him, in going for a doctor, just as, in war, forced marches and hopeless attacks are often commanded, though suffering and even death among the soldiers are the inevitable and the foreseen result. Casuistry may confound — and does confound — such use of a horse with the vivisection of him; but that is a mistake which no unperturbed conscience would ever make, and these matters are to be decided by the conscience rather than by the intellect.

But is it right to kill animals for food, and is it right to kill them for sport? This is really a single, and not a double question. Killing animals for sport alone, under such circumstances that they cannot be used for food, is a detestable thing, seldom practiced, and universally condemned by sportsmen. In the operation of killing animals for food, whether they be in a wild or in a domestic state, there is perhaps no necessary cruelty. There would be no deer in our woods and no fish in our streams, were they not protected for purposes of sport. Even the deer and the trout that are killed probably get more pleasure than pain out of life; and this may be true also of cattle and sheep. Still, there are weighty arguments against the practice of killing animals for food: it is attended with much unnecessary cruelty; the butchering of animals is a degrading occupation; and it may be doubted if we have a right to turn a living creature into a mere article of food, and to breed creatures for that express purpose. The time may come when flesh-eating will be felt to be barbarous. I am not concerned to defend it. "Whatever my own practice may be," wrote Thoreau (and he was not a vegetarian), "I have no doubt that it is a part of the destiny of the human race, in its gradual improvement, to leave off

eating animals, as surely as the savage tribes have left off eating each other when they came in contact with the more civilized."

If, however, the practice of killing and eating dumb animals is right, then I will admit that it can fairly be cited in justification of the practice of painless vivisection; that is, of using dumb animals for experiments with serum or otherwise, which may end in death, but which do not involve actual pain as distinguished from discomfort. This is, perhaps, an uncalled-for admission; the two practices do not stand on quite the same ground, although there is an analogy between them.

But between the use of animals for food and the use of them for experiments which involve pain and suffering there is no analogy. Such use of them is contrary to the unperverted instincts of humanity. We should despise the man who tortured an animal for his own good: how, then, can the torture be justified when it is for the good of the human race in general? The late Dr. Henry J. Bigelow exclaimed in a public address, "Better that I or my friend should die than protract existence through accumulated years of torture upon animals, whose exquisite sufferings we cannot fail to infer, even though they may have neither voice nor feature to express it!"

To inflict pain upon an animal for scientific purposes is to do a moral wrong in order that a possible intellectual or physical benefit may result to ourselves. To witness or even to read of a painful experiment upon an animal produces a feeling of revulsion in the spectator or the reader; and this natural, instinctive, inevitable feeling is a sufficient and the best possible proof that the act is immoral and wrong.

The vivisectionists, however, declare that it is a question of expediency: we are justified in inflicting any amount of suffering, provided that it *pays*, — pays the human race. But who is to hold

the scales? According to what principle are they to be adjusted? Who has a warrant to pronounce that a given torture may rightly be inflicted upon dogs for the sake of a given benefit which may result to mankind?

A certain Italian, Dr. Castex, wishing to study the effect of massage upon dislocations, deliberately dislocated the limbs of numerous dogs. He published an account of all these experiments, and the following is a fair example of them: "Experiment 8. Poodle dog . . . replaced on the table without chloral; I dislocate his two shoulders. The animal utters screams of suffering. I hold him for twenty minutes with his two shoulders dislocated, and the elbows tied together behind his back."

Why does one shrink with horror from a recital like this? It is because it violates the unsophisticated conscience; it violates that instinct of pity which is the only safe judge of right and wrong. The practice of painful vivisection violates, I say, the fundamental instinct of pity implanted in man; and the result is, as it always must be when an instinct is persistently violated, that a passion to do that very thing which nature forbids arises in its place. How otherwise can we account for the wanton cruelties of certain vivisectionists? "Dr. Majendie," relates Dr. Elliston, "in one of his barbarous experiments which I am ashamed to say I witnessed, began by cutting out a large round piece from the back of a beautiful little puppy." Majendie may have been by nature a brutal man, but even he would hardly have done that when he was young in vivisection.

Two reasons are given in defense of vivisection: one, that it advances knowledge; the other, that it tends to free the human animal from disease and suffering. Both reasons are such as appeal with particular force to an intellectual and luxurious age like the present, — an age in which all dangerous work is done by men hired for the pur-

pose. In a familiar letter the late Benjamin Jowett spoke of that "extravagant value for human life which is springing up among us, . . . a feeling which would have been despised in an ancient state." And Matthew Arnold declared that the London cockney was characterized by an "almost blood-thirsty" fear of death and love of life.

Neither knowledge nor freedom from pain nor length of life is an ultimate good or sufficient end in itself: these things are good only as means and according to the use which is made of them. We should hold that man guilty who pursued knowledge and left his children to starve; we despise the man who, when the occasion arises, prefers freedom from pain or length of life to the dangerous duty imposed upon him by patriotism or by honor.

At the siege of Lucknow young Havelock was observed by a fusilier to be standing in a very much exposed spot. "Come out of that, sir!" cried the fusilier. "A chap's just had his head taken off there." Young Havelock stayed where he was, and cheerfully replied, "And what the devil are we here for but to have our heads taken off?" That expresses the spirit in which life should be met, — avoiding pain and danger when we can do so by proper means, but disdaining to avoid them by ignoble, cruel, or cowardly means. All will agree that knowledge, freedom from disease, prolongation of life, may be purchased at too high a price; and is not the torture of dumb animals such a price? Is it conceivable that a race which, from mercy to the dumb animals, renounced vivisection would prove morally inferior to a race which permitted and practiced vivisection?

The value of intellectual advancement is grossly overestimated. Scholars who ought to know inform us that the Anglo-Saxon of to-day is intellectually inferior to the Greek who lived two thousand years ago. If the human race has improved during that time, — and who

will deny that it has improved? — it is not because man has advanced in knowledge, but because he has more sympathy with his inferiors, be they brute or human, more justice, more generosity, more mercy toward them.

The same arguments which would lead us to vivisect the inferior dumb animal would lead us to vivisect also the inferior human animal. A grown dog is equal in intellect to a child six months old; it is at least equally susceptible to pain, and in point of love and affection it is much the superior of the child. Why not vivisect the child as well as the dog? A criminal, though superior in intellect to the dog, is not, or may not be, his superior from the moral point of view. Why not vivisect him?

In classical times human vivisection was practiced upon a large scale; and it would be easy to construct a plausible argument in favor of it.¹ We take the life of a murderer: why not vivisect him? What *right* has he to be exempted from torture any more than an unoffending dumb animal, who is equally susceptible to pain? Besides, it is a fact, to which attention has often been called, that in the interest of medical science it would be much more profitable to dissect men alive than it is to dissect horses or dogs alive. In other words, it would "pay" better. The vivisection of dumb animals is defended on the ground that it pays, and it is hard to see why the vivisection of criminals could not be defended on the same ground. Shall not one criminal be put to torture, if thereby something may be discovered which will prolong the lives of many innocent, or comparatively innocent persons?

In this country we are not quite so cruel as the French and Italians; but we are more cruel than the English, — more cruel, perhaps, than the Germans. A medical man in Jersey City published

¹ To a slight extent, experiments have been performed in this country upon infants, insane paupers, and others.

an account of some experiments which he made upon dogs; and of this publication the *British Medical Journal* of November 15, 1891, said, "It is a record of the most wanton and the stupidest cruelty we have ever seen chronicled under the guise of scientific experiments."

But, the humane reader exclaims, are not the abuses of vivisection guarded against by the humane, the cultivated men who stand at the head of our institutions of learning? Alas, no. Among those persons who are ultimately responsible for vivisection—I mean among the presidents and trustees of colleges, of medical schools, and of universities—there is a cold indifference upon the subject which would shock the ordinary, uneducated person if he were aware of it. Several years ago, a defense of vivisection, entitled *A Statement in Behalf of Science*, was issued to the public by a committee of eminent surgeons and professors. This committee had been appointed by the presidents of the following societies: the American Physiological Society, the American Society of Morphologists, the American Anatomical Society, the American Society of Naturalists, the American Society of Physicians, and the American Society of Surgeons. Nothing, therefore, could be more authoritative. This document, which was indorsed by President Eliot and other distinguished persons, expressly sanctions the practice of vivisection, without the use of anæsthetics, however painful the operation, in those cases (and they are numerous) where to use an anæsthetic would diminish the value of the experiment. Further, the Statement expressly defends the custom of vivisectioning dumb animals, not only for experiment but also for mere purposes of illustration in the classroom; and it makes no distinction in this respect between painful operations and those in which

anæsthetics are used,—whereas in England vivisection in the classroom without the use of anæsthetics is prohibited by law. The language of the Statement is in the highest degree decorous and euphemistic, but when examined it will be found to cover every form of cruelty that can be perpetrated in the name of science.

A few years ago, a respectable member of the medical profession wrote to the presidents of the chief colleges and universities in this country, inquiring whether vivisection was regulated or limited in their respective institutions. The replies, with few exceptions,—I believe with only one exception,—indicated that the various presidents addressed had given no attention whatever to the subject, and had left the matter entirely to the vivisectioners themselves. These institutions included Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Amherst, Bowdoin, Williams, Cornell, Ann Arbor, Chicago, Oberlin, Leland Stanford Jr., California, and the Western Reserve University. The president of the last-named university, the Rev. Dr. Thwing, wrote, "In answer to your courteous inquiry, I beg to say that a professor who is worthy of being made the head of the department of biology is certainly worthy of deciding the important question which you ask."

And yet the English Royal Commission to investigate vivisection declared, "Inhumanity may be found in persons of very high position as physiologists." "A physiologist," said Claude Bernard, "is no ordinary man. He is a learned man, a man possessed and absorbed by a scientific idea. He does not hear the animal's cries of pain. He is blind to the blood that flows. He sees nothing but his idea." It is to this man that university presidents and trustees have handed over their own responsibility in the matter.

Henry Childs Merwin.

THE ST. ISIDOR CONTRACT AND PIERRE.

Down in the city it was spring. Daffodils and lilacs were cried at street corners. Baby carriages were out in the squares, and gauze hats blossomed on tall stalks in shop windows. Up in the mountains the floods were let loose, the Moccasin and the Racquette rivers roared between banks of honeycombed ice, and in the deep woods the bare trees dropped moss on the pockmarked snow. The thin little summer fawns began to follow the camp trails in desperation, not knowing how soon spring was to be the Moon of Budding Leaves. Ice had just broken in the Upper Moccasin, and the river drives were on.

The men from the St. Isidor and the X Y Z were about to start their logs, but on different branches of the Upper Moccasin. It happened that the timber lands of the two companies adjoined, with a creek as boundary. Their drives would unite where Eel Brook and Bear Creek rushed together into the Upper Moccasin, making the Forks. Five miles below were the Rapids.

The president of the St. Isidor Lumber Company, in New York, sent out a dispatch to the mill superintendent, at Lower Moccasin:—

“Big contract on. Get estimate on 800,000 square timber by June 1st.

HOLLISTER.”

The mill superintendent sent his scaler out to estimate the square timber in the sheds, and the round in the dump. The stuff at their disposal would not fill the contract, and they would have to depend on that spring's river drive. And the river drive depended on the weather, and the weather was not under the control of the mill superintendent. A few hours' relenting in the middle of the day operates but slowly on the accumulated frosts and snows of a winter. He whistled and sat down to think.

A second dispatch came from New York:—

“Get lumber for freighting by June 15th. X Y Z competing. \$5000 if you win out. HOLLISTER.”

This meant that the logs must be floated to the mills by June 1st. It would take, at the lowest estimate, two weeks to scale and square-saw them. It was a long drive from the mountain tributaries of the Upper Moccasin down through the Rapids into Moccasin Pond, across to Lower Moccasin, and so to the mills. June 1st! Five thousand dollars! It must be done. And Abel Swinger was the man to do it, if it were within the limits of possibility. Gunnison, the mill superintendent, sent a man on horseback to Camp No. 1, twenty miles into the mountains, by the side of Eel Brook. He carried this note:—

“Logs must be got to the mills by June 1st. Big contract up. X Y Z competing. \$1000 in your pocket if you beat them. GUNNISON.”

Abel Swinger, boss of the river drivers, thrust his finger along the blotted lines, following them also with sibilant whisper, as he sought their meaning. But even this double method of connotation failed to impress their import. He thrust out his lip combatively and gazed with a frown at the red face of the messenger, who wiped his sweating brow with his sleeve and stamped the wet snow from his boots on the floor of the shanty. Abel turned to the note again, re-read it, and when the meaning burst on his astonished senses he pushed back his bench from an unfinished supper and rose to his feet. The veins on his temples bulged and his great eyebrows gathered together in bushy interrogation.

“God bless your soul and body, man,” he roared, “what baby talk is Gunnison giving us? Don't he know

Eel Brook is froze tight as a watch-case, and Upper Moccasin broke just the other day? Them logs cayn't go down no sooner nor God A'mighty hes his say-so. Thet's a purty song and dance fer you to bring me all these twenty miles, Mart."

"Gunnison told me to fetch back your answer," said young Mart sullenly, spitting into the wood box to relieve himself of responsibility.

"He did, did he?" bellowed Abel. "By Gosh, you tell him it's the devil against God if I get them logs to the dump ahead of the freshets! Tell him that, and don't minch it none. Now out with ye."

Abel turned to his meal again, while the young messenger, disregarding Abel's obviously rhetorical dismissal, sat down to a huge slab of pie that the cook put before him. The woodsman talked to himself as he ate, in a way that he had.

"One thousand dollars, Abel! Thet's a pile of dust. And Gunnison don't plank down his promises on no chunk of ice. X Y Z to beat! Dammy, I'd like fust-rate to beat that Canuck, Boudry. Dammy if I don't!"

Mart made cheerful guzzling sounds as he washed down his pie with strong black coffee, while the others who had finished their supper watched Abel with curiosity. Each in his several way had an interest in the proposition up, and each had his manner of showing it. If there were extra dollars in it, they would come in for their share; for Abel Swinger was never the man to keep the whole of the stakes.

Abel's hard, leathery face showed no sign of the tender thoughts that stirred him. In his mind, he held his newest grandson on his knee; he heard the pretty, pleading voice of Eudora, his youngest daughter, supported in idleness at a young ladies' seminary.

"Some pennies, g'an'pa."

"I want more spending money, papa. All the girls" —

The old unreasonable argument, so unreasonably effective, "all the girls." One thousand dollars, — half that sum, — it would mean much.

Pierre, the French driver, sat and sang softly to himself: —

"Derrier' chez nous y a-t-un etang,
En roulant ma boule."

"Well, boys," Abel's husky voice broke in upon the musings of them all, "what d'ye say? Kin we git onto the drive, willy-nilly, and float them logs down to the mill?"

"It depends on the weather, not us," said Paul Lawless coolly.

"Go to Halifax with your weather! Kin we do it?"

"And on the freshets," Lawless continued, as if he had not been interrupted.

"How's the ice on Bear Creek? You been up there this morning, Pierre: how's the ice holding out?"

As Pierre did not answer, but continued singing softly to himself, Davy, the "infiddle," replied: "Plenty of ice, Abel; stock below par this evenin'. Ain't goin' to be a corner in the ice market just yet, I guess."

"Boudry's men is working over on Bear Creek," said Lawless, smiling, and whittling a stick aimlessly.

"The devil they are!" snapped Abel savagely. "How d'ye know?"

"He told me." Lawless jerked his thumb to indicate Pierre, who, with his head tipped back against the wall and his large glassy eyes rolled upward, still chanted: —

"Gai, faluron, falurette."

"If Boudry can start his logs, we'll start ours, tarnation quick. Pierre, where'd you see Boudry's?"

"Gai, faluron, falurette."

"Choke that hymn in your throat. Answer me."

Pierre brought down the fore legs of his chair with a crash.

"Gai, faluron, falurette," he lilted joyously. Then: "W'at we go to get eef we stan' in ees wataire to ze necks of us to start one time queek zem damn logs of you? W'at we go get? One man heem not love ees wataire none zo ver' great."

Pierre stretched out his long yellow fingers like a beggar's for alms. He was the best driver in the gang, and the one of them all who had seemed to care nothing for his stakes and everything for glory. No one could account for Pierre.

Abel's look grew black. He had meant to offer a bonus, but to be forced into it by a crazy Canuck! However, now was not the time to start a fracas nor to hang back, with the men waiting on his word.

"Five hundred dollars to the feller that strikes his peavey into the forrard-est log below the Rapids!"

That meant the van of the drive after the perilous part was over.

"And the devil take the hindmost!" cried Davy, whose atheistic views did not debar the archfiend from familiar converse.

"Voilà done, Boudry," prophesied Pierre.

"You bet!" chorused the men blithely, their spirits elated by the prospect of a sharp race and a money goal.

The work was started the next morning in dead earnest. Beneath the thin armor of ice over the mountain brooks there was a rapid current rushing, and every day under the mild suns of May the snow melted in the ravines, and the ice grew thinner; where the beetling banks or the dense underbrush made an impenetrable shade, and the ice-bound stream seemed a very fortress against the besieging spring, Abel directed his dynamite fuses, blowing up the ice into crumbling ruins, and setting great fires ablaze over the castles of frost. The snow sank amazingly, as, when the thaw once begins, it always does in those northern forests, till the greenness

seemed to glow upward through the watery snow and the sap was running in the hard maples.

Four days had passed, and the St. Isidor drive had almost reached the confluence of the two creeks into the Upper Moccasin. The lower streams were swelling rapidly, and but a little more warmth was needed to bring a tremendous current that would bear the logs down with resistless speed upon the wide waters of the pond. Boudry's men also were at their job on Bear Creek, and across the forest ranges, as the creeks converged, Pierre could hear the voices of his fellow countrymen in the mellow habitant songs of Quebec, and the mellifluous oaths of Boudry, on whose account he had left the X Y Z and gone to the St. Isidor.

There had been a bitter feud between the two men, — all over a girl, Alcée, whom neither had won at the end. Pierre pretended to himself he had forgotten her; but a man like Pierre does not love a girl like Alcée to forget. Boudry had married, since, and Pierre hated him more than ever.

One night there was an amicable arrangement made between Boudry and Abel, that if their drives should happen to meet at the Forks, the man who got his logs first down to the Rapids should have precedence the rest of the way. The stream was narrow, easily blocked by a log jam. The loser would have to hold back his drive by letting it jam at the Forks. Stray logs carried to the Rapids, but unaccompanied by a driver, would not fulfill the condition of success. The men on both streams worked with a will, pushing and poling and extricating with their long poles, up to their thighs in water; half hoping, half dreading, the expected freshet that would take the work out of their hands.

Hollister sent out a special man, a green one, from the city, to investigate the work being done at the driving camps in the woods. He found Abel lighting a minute giant fuse to break

up a jam in Eel Brook. He saw the logs scatter and fly to pieces as the jam started, and drew down his mouth at this reckless destruction of good timber. He stamped on his patent-leather boots, incased in thin rubbers to keep them warm, and blew on his pinched fingers, protected by copper-red dogskin gloves of the newest cut. He reported to the New York office that weather and conditions were absolutely unfit for driving, and that the foreman was recklessly destroying the property of the company. This was when the logs were just above the Forks, with an almost open channel below, held in check by débris of ice that would be carried away any hour by the spring thaws.

A dispatch was sent to Gunnison, and forwarded by him to Abel. Mart handed it to him from horseback, on the end of a peavey. Abel read it standing up to his waist in ice water, looking for the key log that had obstructed a hundred others.

"From the New York office," said Mart jauntily. "Stop the drive."

The yellow scrap, tossed from Abel's hand, was sucked under in a swirl of water as the released log pushed its nose savagely downstream. Pierre and Paul, apoise of a raft that trembled beneath their spiked feet, held their peaveys expectantly, awaiting Abel's order.

"To hell with the New York office," he shouted, "and on with the drive!"

That night was a full moon, and the sky, faint and bare, arched above the great mystery of the forest. The driving camps were abed and asleep early, after the long day's labor. Masses of logs lay like sleeping pythons piled up at the Forks where the streams ran together. The X Y Z and the St. Isidor jostled each other, end to end, locked inextricably, waiting only for the morrow's sun and the stimulus of the driving poles to start them whirling on their career to the mills. Some

of them were still glazed with ice or caked with snow from the upper mountain sides whence they had come. The moon shone peacefully down on their dark rotundities, on a gray haze of treetops, on the spirited stream below, curveting and flashing in lathery foam through the hours of the vacant night. If the barriers that held the logs in leash were to give way, if one should prod the key logs ever so gently, what a disorderly avalanche sucked down and swung away by the hungry Moccasin!

Pierre had crept to bed in his clothes, and he alone lay awake, staring into the darkness of the log-built room. Bunked about him were his mates, wrapped in the profound sleep of healthy animals. Pierre had finished the third version of an imaginary meeting with Alcée. It was such a tiny rift that had come between them, and then she had thought him a coward; and cowardice was to Pierre the last degree of degradation, but he could not explain. Alcée loved a brave man.

"Alcée," he murmured aloud, "after all, you do believe in me."

"Toujours," answered the dream-voice repentantly; and then Pierre began over again.

He was far off in Québec, at the Lake of the Three Pines, and Alcée's hand was on his shoulder, when a noise from the real world tore across the thin woof of his musings. His breast vibrated to a long jarring. He sat up in bed. The logs had started. He could hear them grating against each other as they piled forward. Pierre pulled on his great boots, seized his pole, and dashed out into the camp trail. Something had started the X Y Z, and the two rafts were pitching along together into the stream. They would not go far; they would block each other soon, mid-stream, interlocked from shore to shore. A few of the foremost logs, perhaps, would be carried over the Rapids.

Thud, thud, thud! Across the Upper Moccasin Pierre saw a horseback

figure, ebony in the clear moonlight, emerge from the deep woods and strike the tote road that led downstream for perhaps a mile. It was Boudry following his logs, prepared to join them at sunrise below the Rapids, and to claim right of way, in the presence of Camp No. 2, then awake, for the rest of the drive.

"*Jamais de la vie!*" Pierre could heel a log better than any one else in the mountains. He had ridden many a mile, heel and toe, midstream, on the top of a vicious, plunging, slippery stick of spruce. Like a circus rider tiptoe on a furious steed, he had reveled in mastery of an angry wild thing. But to ride alone at night, no help near, down a swift mountain stream; to make the boiling Rapids and come up a man, and not splinters and jelly! Pierre, Pierre, even a "little Christ" can put his life in hopeless jeopardy. But Boudry the victor! *Jamais de la vie!* Here is the hour for distinction. He has waited for this; so has Alcée. But she will never know. Will she not? In the remote depths of a confused imagination Pierre had a vague inspiration as of another self always with him, and that self was Alcée, knowing ever his keen longings and daring enterprise, while the real Alcée was many miles away, forgetting and scorning.

Pierre, now midstream, astride of his logs like Colossus, waved his river pole exultantly. The horseback figure was arrested by the strange sight. What nightmare was this that troubled his eyes? What ouf, what goblin, what devil, followed him, jeered at him, on the Moccasin River?

"*Bon so'uar!*" called Pierre blithely, leaping from one log to another, as he left behind him the clumsy multitude and rode on the foremost sticks.

"*Depêche donc, Boudry, c'est moi!*" he called out across the tumbling water to the motionless figure on shore.

Then he broke gloriously into a stave of "*Au clair de la lune.*"

"*Madman! Fool!*" snarled Boudry, whipping his horse to a run.

The snow had melted entirely from the open trails, leaving the black, spongy duff to rebound delightfully under the horse's tread. But none of the delight of it thrilled Boudry, — only a superstitious terror. Pierre's long hair streaming in the moonlight was like a visible incantation. Pierre's singular intrepidity and apparent immunity from harm, along with a moody and unintelligible personality, had won for him the sobriquet of the "little Christ." Boudry was loudest in openly expressed contempt for the strange young fellow, and secretly most in dread of his supernatural power.

"*Au clair de la lune,
Mon ami Pierrot,
Prête moi ta plume
Pour écrire un mot,*"

chanted Pierre, dancing up and down as if he trod on hot irons while he kept his balance on the constantly turning logs beneath. He and they sped onward through the water.

The grave forest viewed passionlessly the mad race. The large yellow moon looked weird understanding as it hung above the black edge of trees. Pierre's face was carved for an instant against it like a black onyx head on a white cameo. Then the moon slipped down behind the lacery, still peering watchfully at the two figures. Only the Moccasin raged and gnashed its teeth at the insolence of this human creature who rode so carelessly to death.

With an even footing and a solid trail Boudry on horseback might easily have won; but against the windings of the river was offset the dark road through the half-cleared forest, with its bogs and its pitfalls. Now the trail and the river part company.

"*Ma chandelle est morte,
Je n'ai plus de feu,
Ouvre moi ta porte
Pour l'amour de Dieu,*"

sings Pierre.

"For God's sake, Pierre, remember the Rapids!" cries Boudry, as he turns his horse into the woods. Was he smit with sudden compunction for Pierre's certain doom, or did he gloat over it in anticipation? "Pour l'amour de Dieu!"

"'Pour le Dieu d'amour,'"

sings Pierre. "I will remember the Rapids for His sake and for Alcée's."

Pierre is alone, and the solitude unnerves him. He always plays better before an audience. Look, the moon is still with him, crouching low at the very horizon's edge, squat like a giant toadstool above that cleared knoll on the river bank.

"Au clair de la lune,
Mon ami Pierrot,
Ouvrez votre porte
Pour le Dieu d'amour.'"

"Come here, then, thou!" he cries, poling toward him the companion spruce to the giant stick that his feet clutch. Side by side they float downstream. Here the water is wide and quiet.

"One might almost dream," says Pierre, shutting his eyes for an instant, as if indeed he were behind the footlights. When he opens his eyes the moon is gone, and the loneliness strikes to his soul like a damp fog to the marrow of one's bones. He is midway between Camp No. 1 and Camp No. 2. There are the Sister Pines on the hill-top. In a mile, the Rapids.

"Alcée, if you were but there to meet me at end of the race! How gayly we would kiss, *au clair de la lune!* Drenched with foam, cut by the rocks, my hair gray with the hoar frost of dawn, would you run to meet me and put your dear arms about me?"

Pierre remembered the short cut through the woods and Boudry a-gallop,—hard mouth and gleaming eyes. Ah, but how quickly Moccasin speeds down her long stairs! He would cling to the log lengthwise. He hears the roaring; he has come to the stairs. Would the driving camp be on shore to

see him? Boudry would have aroused them. But no; he would be there ahead of Boudry, he would win the race. They would send the boats off to bring in his body. His body! How they would shout and cry! (Look out! a rock.)

"Pour le Dieu d'amour." (Safely by.)

The sky grows pink. On the shore a bird sings, piercing the cataract, — "Pea, pea, peabody." He cannot think for the roaring in his ears. Are these the Rapids? Now for the leap downstairs. The lather is in his eyes. (Oh, Alcée!)

The sun was just rising above the black roofs of Driving Camp No. 2, on the quiet shore of the Upper Moccasin Pond, and the blue jays had begun to scream in social rivalry, when a man who had dipped his head into a bucket of water by the door called to the cook in the shanty, "Hey, there, they've started the logs from Camp No. 1!"

The men ran down to the shore. Some logs bobbed up from the spummy pool below the riffles, went down again, came up farther out on the smooth lake.

"Body of me, what's that?"

The men rubbed their eyes and looked again. Pierre struggled to his feet on one of those same bobbing logs. They sent out a boat to bring him ashore. As they approached he waved a swollen hand. The foam on his clothes was salmon-red from the blood of his cuts, but he sang them a stave,

"Ouvrez votre porte
Pour le Dieu d'amour,'"

and then fell over, senseless, into the bottom of the boat.

"All for the St. Isidor contract," said Abel Swinger gently, as he bent over Pierre's bunk in the shanty.

"And five hundred," winked Paul Lawless.

Pierre opened on them his pale, transparent eyes. They did not know about Alcée.

Florence Wilkinson.

"TRUSTS" IN THE LIGHT OF CENSUS RETURNS.

THE discussion concerning industrial combinations has been so active during the last few years, not only through the ordinary channels of the newspaper press and the current monthly magazines, but also in lectures, political speeches, and public debates, that I should feel some hesitation in touching upon this topic were it not for the fact that the Manufactures Division of the Census Office has recently prepared some very interesting data concerning this much-agitated question.

It is a source of regret that many persons, when considering the effect upon society at large of the vast aggregations of capital so common in our day, are quite apt to discuss the subject from a sentimental standpoint and without an adequate knowledge of the facts. To become hysterical over imaginary difficulties, rather than to approach an important social problem from a temperate and unbiased point of view, seems to be a common fault even with a people so practical as the Americans. The arguments advanced from either side of this controversy are entitled, however, to the fullest consideration.

Those immediately concerned in the formation of enormous corporations insist that they are simply the natural evolution of the ordinary commercial life of the nation; that they arise from perfectly natural causes; and are the logical outcome of machinery production, improved transportation facilities, plentiful capital, and of increased competition which has forced the managers of industrial enterprises to reduce the cost of production to the minimum. It is further contended that the expense of the distribution and sale of products is much less under the industrial combination plan than under the former system, a great saving being effected in the cost of administration and general plan

of operation; that such combinations, conducted under a common oversight and control, make it possible to dispense at will with the active use of those plants which, because of their geographical situation, are not best adapted for the production of the articles to be sold. Another advantage arises from the fact that the several processes involved in the production of the article in question, instead of being carried on together in each of a number of independent establishments, may be localized in separate mills. This specialization introduces a uniformity in the operations of each mill which is conducive to economy. It is urgently maintained, in view of all these considerations, that under combinations the wants of the consumer are satisfied at a lower price than under the old competitive plan.

Those who oppose the formation of industrial combinations are very strenuous in their efforts to secure such legislation as will materially restrict the operation and management of these vast corporate enterprises. They maintain that the "captains of industry," who, with their mighty power of concentrating wealth, are constantly extending the field of their operations, are a menace to society, not only in an industrial way, but also from a social standpoint. They declare that these enterprises are veritable monopolies, with the power of compelling the people to pay higher prices for the necessities of life than would obtain under the competitive system; that they stretch out their mailed hands to reach the very sources of government itself, controlling legislatures, Congress, the courts, and great civic bodies; in short, that they are an incubus on the whole social structure, endangering the very existence of the republic.

There is no doubt that certain of the industrial combinations do control a large proportion of the output in their various lines of business, and that the conditions of production are such as to give them some advantage over their competitors. Their power of influencing prices is very great, and may at times be used to advance them arbitrarily, or, what is perhaps worse from an economic point of view, actually reduce them, temporarily, below the cost of production, with a view to driving competitors out of the field. This has been a powerful factor in the development of the industrial combination. Undoubtedly it is a distinct evil. As yet, no adequate remedy has been devised to meet it. In considering this argument, however, it must be remembered that the apparent rise in prices of many of the products controlled by these combinations is the result of increased demand, due to the prosperous condition of the country rather than to any particular advantage afforded by monopoly.

The ability to list upon the stock exchange of the country enormous amounts of securities for which there is an insufficient basis of value is another great evil. This invites the unwary and inexperienced to invest in stocks and bonds which have been issued upon a small proportion of actual invested capital.

With these lines of popular argument clearly before us, it is interesting to observe the facts which have been developed by census investigation; for, after all, our conclusion regarding these industrial evolutions of our national life should be based upon an unprejudiced study of facts.

The officials of the Census Office, in order to prevent misconceptions and insure consistency in the plan and system of tabulation, formulated the following definition of the term "industrial combination:" —

"For the purpose of the Census, the

rule has been adopted to consider no aggregation of mills an industrial combination, unless it consists of a number of formerly independent mills which have been brought together into one company under a charter obtained for that purpose. We therefore exclude from this category many large establishments comprising a number of mills, which have grown up, not by combination with other mills, but by the erection of new plants or the purchase of old ones."

The word "trust," although it has the sanction of popular usage, was avoided in this definition, because, technically, it applies to only one form of industrial combination; and while this form was at one time prevalent, it has been rendered illegal by act of Congress, so that the term has become a misnomer. The above definition is not perhaps broad enough, as it does not recognize a class of corporations known as "holding concerns," which are organized for the purpose of acquiring the stock of other corporations, and do not directly operate plants. Several such corporations are, however, included in the data referred to later on. It may be said in passing that there are a considerable number of independent organizations, created for the purpose of selling goods at uniform prices, of which no cognizance has been taken in this article.

So far as can be ascertained from the data in the Census Office, the number of these industrial consolidations is 183. They control 2203 separate plants, scattered throughout the United States, 2029 being active and 174 idle during the census year. For 56 of the idle plants no returns could be obtained, making the total number of reporting plants 2147. The 183 combinations extend to almost all lines of industry, producing articles of luxury, materials essential to the upbuilding and growth of the country, and even the very necessities of life. Fully 50 per cent of these combinations were chartered just

prior to or during the census year; and it is noteworthy that the epidemic of industrial consolidation, as far as the so-called monopolies are concerned, has been practically confined to the past four years. It is evident, therefore, that the disease — if it be regarded as such — has spread very rapidly.

Naturally enough, iron and steel, with 69 combinations, heads the list. The number of reporting plants engaged in this industry is 469, and the capital invested, consisting of land, buildings, machinery, tools and imple-

ments, and cash and sundries, is valued at \$348,000,000. Since the census reports were received last year, there has been a reorganization of certain corporations engaged in the manufacture of iron and steel products, by which a number of them have been merged into the United States Steel Corporation. The stock and bonds issued by the constituent combinations up to the time of reorganization are shown below, together with a statement of the securities issued by the United States Steel Corporation: —

	CAPITAL STOCK AND BONDS ISSUED.			
	Total.	Bonds.	Preferred.	Common.
United States Steel Corporation . . .	\$1,005,351,740	\$301,000,000	\$340,726,870	\$363,625,070
Constituent Companies:	707,162,740	2,811,000	340,726,870	363,625,070
The Carnegie Company	156,800,000	—	78,400,000	78,400,000
American Bridge Company	61,055,600	—	30,527,800	30,527,800
Lake Superior Consolidated Iron Mines	29,425,940	—	14,712,970	14,712,970
Federal Steel Company	99,745,200	—	53,260,900	46,484,300
American Steel and Wire Company of New Jersey	90,000,000	—	40,000,000	50,000,000
National Tube Company	80,000,000	—	40,000,000	40,000,000
National Steel Company	61,811,000	1,281,000	27,000,000	32,000,000
American Sheet Steel Company . . .	49,000,000	—	24,500,000	24,500,000
American Tin Plate Company . . .	46,325,000	—	18,325,000	28,000,000
American Steel Hoop Company . . .	33,000,000	—	14,000,000	19,000,000
Shelby Steel Tube Company ² . . .	—	—	—	—

It can readily be seen that the amount of securities issued by the Steel Corporation in return for the property acquired was quite liberal. Iron and steel can fairly be regarded as the predominant industry of the United States. The value of the output during the census year was something like \$500,000,000. The steel concerns employed during the year 146,000 wage earners including piece workers, and paid \$81,000,000 in wages, to which should be added about 6000 officials receiving \$7,500,000 in salaries. Of the total

number of wage earners in the employ of industrial combinations, more than one third were engaged in the production of iron and steel. From these figures the importance of this industry can be readily inferred.

It is a matter of vital interest to wage earners and the public generally to know that 23 combinations are engaged in producing articles of food, their total annual output, \$282,000,000, being second in importance to that of the iron and steel industry. The list includes such corporations as the

¹ Underlying bonds.

² In June, 1901, a majority of the capital stock of the Shelby Steel Tube Company was purchased by the United States Steel Corpora-

tion. The total authorized capital stock of the Shelby Steel Tube Company is \$15,000,000, of which \$13,150,500 has been issued.

National Biscuit Company, the American Sugar Refining Company, and the California Fruit Cannery Association. The number of reporting plants in this industry is 277, and the capital — by which is meant land, buildings, machinery, tools, implements, cash and sundries — is valued at \$247,000,000.

There are 29 combinations engaged in the production of beer, liquors, and beverages. The total output is \$93,000,000. These products cannot be considered as prime necessities of life. They are generally regarded, indeed, as mere luxuries. The number of reporting plants is 236, and the capital employed is valued at \$120,000,000.

A division of combinations interesting to the general public is that of textiles. Seventy-two reporting plants engaged in this industry are controlled by 9 of these corporations, and their capital is valued at \$92,000,000.

Lumber and its allied industries are represented by 18 combinations. There are 65 reporting plants, representing a capital of \$25,000,000.

Six combinations relate to leather and its finished products. The number of reporting plants is 100, and the capital amounts to \$63,000,000.

One hundred and nineteen paper-making plants were reported, which were under the control of 8 combinations, and represented a capital of \$59,000,000.

In the line of chemicals and allied products there are 287 reporting plants, controlled by 19 combinations, and having a capital of \$187,000,000.

The clay, glass, and stone industry, which includes cement and brick companies, and others of like character, comprises 201 reporting plants, controlled by 17 corporations. The capital is \$49,000,000.

Under the division of metals and metal products, other than iron and steel, are included the Amalgamated Copper Company, a brass company, a shot and lead company, a smelting and

refining company, a metal, a lead, and a zinc company, — 16 combinations, representing 94 reporting plants, with a capital of \$120,000,000.

The tobacco industry, with 5 combinations, controls 41 reporting plants, with a capital of \$16,000,000.

Six combinations are interested in the manufacture of vehicles for land transportation. They control 66 reporting plants, which represent a capital of \$86,000,000. Their output during the census year was also valued at \$86,000,000.

In this census classification, 30 combinations, organized for various purposes and operating a total of 120 reporting plants, have been grouped under the head of miscellaneous industries. They include a glue company with 6 plants; a hard rubber company with 3 plants; an ice company with 14 plants; a ship-building company with 11 plants; a soda-fountain company with 7 plants; a fireworks company with 6 plants; a roofing company with 6 plants; a railway, electric lighting and equipping company with 3 plants; one electric-boat company with 3 plants; and 6 other combinations carrying on various industries, such as the manufacture of carbon, whips, rubber goods, etc. These corporations were reported as employing \$45,000,000 of capital in the specified industries.

No statement has here been made of the capital stock issued upon the property represented in the plants and other assets employed in these several classes of industry. The reason for this is that, owing to different methods of tabulation, the capitalization statistics presented by the Census Office are not comparable, by classes of industry, with the statistics of property. In a number of instances combinations operate plants engaged in different industries. In the tabulation of the statistics of property and other assets, all plants engaged in a given industry are gathered together without regard to the nature

of the combinations controlling them, while in tabulating the capitalization statistics each combination has been placed in the group of industries to which it would be assigned according to its product of chief value, and with it have been gathered all the plants over which it exercises control, without regard to the nature of the work carried on by them. The method of treating

property involves considerable duplication in the number of combinations, and this the reader may have noticed, as the sum of the combinations enumerated considerably exceeds 183, the actual total number. The capitalization of the industrial combinations — that is, the par value of stocks and bonds actually issued — is shown below by classes of industry: —

COMBINATIONS CLASSIFIED BY PRINCIPAL PRODUCTS, WITH NUMBER OF PLANTS AND CAPITALIZATION.

	Number of combinations.	Number of plants.	Capitalization : amount issued.
Iron and steel, and their products	40	489	\$784,420,295
Food and allied products	21	277	290,344,200
Chemicals and allied products	14	295	287,651,295
Metals, etc., other than steel	11	113	212,070,600
Liquors and beverages	28	258	248,830,300
Vehicles for land transportation	6	72	199,980,000
Tobacco	4	41	197,184,628
Textiles	8	72	146,458,175
Leather and its finished products	5	108	197,820,200
Paper and printing	7	119	172,467,717
Clay, glass, and stone products	15	203	69,464,358
Lumber and its manufactures	8	59	39,809,400
Miscellaneous industries	16	97	238,699,700
Total	183	2,203	\$3,085,200,868

Attention has already been called to the lack of comparability, by industries, between these figures and those for property holdings. The totals for all industries, however, are entirely comparable, and an idea of the relation of capitalization to the property of the combinations may be obtained by a consideration of these totals.

The total property of the 2147 reporting plants controlled by the various combinations, including land, buildings, machinery, tools and implements, cash, bills receivable, etc., is valued at \$1,458,522,573, of which \$24,717,653 represents the property of the reporting idle plants. The entire capital issued by the 183 combinations which operate these plants is as follows: —

Bonds	\$216,412,759
Preferred stock	1,066,525,963
Common stock	1,802,262,146
Total	\$3,085,200,868

To this should be added the capital stock issued by the United States Steel Company over and above the capital stock of those of its constituent companies which were included in the census statistics. This additional sum is \$484,414,940, comprising \$298,189,000 of bonds, \$93,112,970 of preferred stock, and the same amount of common stock. This makes a total capitalization of \$3,569,615,808. The valuation of the land, buildings, and other assets, upon which this capitalization is based is \$1,458,522,573. This figure does not include the value of the property owned by two combinations in the United States Steel Company which do not receive consideration in the census statistics, but the fact will have to be ignored. It will be noted that the total property value lacks \$216,000,000 of equaling the value of the bonds and preferred stock, so that

this sum, plus the value of the common stock, a total of \$2,018,000,000, seems to represent good will, franchises, and other intangible assets. Probably a good deal of this is what is known as "pure water." The public will be expected to pay more or less interest on this watered stock, but to what extent time alone will determine. In many cases there never will be any interest. In other instances a fair dividend undoubtedly will be paid. The Census Office did not make any estimate of the value of certain property incidental and necessary to the carrying on of the various industries noted above; for example, there was no way to ascertain the value of mines, steamboats, and railroads owned by some of the larger corporations. Such necessary adjuncts of business should be set off at full value against the common stock.

The real value of the various plants seems to be about 41 per cent of the amount of stocks and bonds issued.

While it is within the power of the promoters of consolidation to set their own valuation upon the face of securities, the market value is ultimately determined by the public. It is especially interesting, therefore, to observe the attitude of the public toward the huge volume of securities which has been placed upon the market with all the advantages of exceedingly skillful manipulation. Exclusive of the Standard Oil Company and the Pullman Car Company, which should be regarded as exceptional, the par value of the preferred and common stocks of 50 "industrials" listed among active or inactive securities on the New York Stock Exchange is \$2,463,553,708. The market value of these stocks, computed at the prices current December 7, 1901, was \$1,506,743,990. It appears, therefore, that the public has promptly discounted the face value of the promises of these leading industrials by the enormous figure of \$956,809,718, and that it purchases this class of securities (par \$100)

at the average price of 61.8. This significant fact indicates that, with the lapse of time and increase of knowledge due to increasing publicity, that part of the problem of industrial combinations which relates to overcapitalization is likely to become less important by reason of the caution of investors. This will have an important bearing on the consolidation of industrial interests in the future. Already so much publicity has been given to the subject of industrial combinations that investors who plunge into this class of securities without due investigation and caution are entitled to little sympathy.

The total industrial combinations employed 23,000 managers, superintendents, clerks, etc., and 399,000 wage earners, including piece workers. They paid out during the census year, in salaries, \$195,000,000, and the value of their entire output was \$1,661,000,000. Contrary to the general impression, these great combinations do not control a very large proportion of the industrial output of the country. In 1890 the entire output of manufacturing industry was about \$9,000,000,000. The total product of the manufacturing industry for the year 1900 has not yet been compiled, but it is safe to say that the total will be in the neighborhood of \$13,000,000,000 or \$14,000,000,000, so that the output of these combinations, although it seems enormous, does not represent much more than one tenth of the total industrial product of the United States.

It is interesting to note the different localities which seem to afford the most advantageous abiding places for these various combinations. There are certain states which apparently offer special attractions as the normal homes of these combinations. We find that 358 plants are located in Pennsylvania, 227 in New York, 225 in Ohio, 163 in Illinois, 123 in Massachusetts, 100 in Indiana, while the rest are scattered through other states. I think it may

be safely stated that nearly all are organized under the beneficent laws of the state of New Jersey.

Such an array of statistics as I have presented may be somewhat dry, but there seems to be no better way of giving a clear idea of the real condition of these industrial enterprises. Unquestionably they constitute a difficult problem in civic control. If they are enabled, by the advantages coming from the concentration of immense wealth and the existence of liberal laws in different states of the Union, to secure and maintain a monopolistic control of prices, there can be no doubt that they are harmful, and deserve the attention of the legislative branch of the government. It is clear, however, that these industrial concerns have not been in operation long enough to demonstrate just how far they will prove to be monopolies. Their growth is an evolution in our commercial life, and a few years must elapse before experience will enable us to determine whether they are dangerous, and if so, what the proper remedy will be.

I think it is undeniable that great wealth in the hands of a few men and especially in the hands of bright and able men, such as these leaders in industry have shown themselves to be, is always more or less dangerous to the state. Even though they may be men of high character and personal integrity, they will probably hold that efforts to influence by improper inducements the action of legislators and assessors and of men in authority who may, under certain circumstances, have the power to do things adverse to their interests, are permissible, on the principle that the end justifies the means. The political influence of these large aggregations of capital is the chief danger, and the one which will be the hardest to eradicate. It may safely be predicted that there will be some sort of supervision over them sooner or later. This supervision ought not to be such as to interfere with

the pursuit of the business for which they were incorporated; but it ought to give their transactions such publicity as will not only protect the investors who buy their securities, but also convey to the great mass of consumers some conception of the profits which arise from the existence of industrial combinations. There can be no doubt that many of the thoughtful men of the country look with much suspicion and anxiety upon the influence being exerted by these vast corporations in the United States. The heads of these institutions are men of experience and wide influence, who stop at hardly anything which is to their own advantage. Upwards of thirty years ago, the late Senator Cushman K. Davis, then a rising young lawyer in St. Paul, delivered a very interesting address to the students of the University of Minnesota, entitled *Modern Feudalism*. The lecture attracted a great deal of attention, and led to his entering public life as a candidate for governor of the state shortly thereafter. At the present time, Senator Davis's address reads like prophecy. The concluding paragraphs were as follows:—

"Feudalism, with its domains, its untaxed lords, their retainers, its exemptions and privileges, made war upon the aspiring spirit of humanity and fell centuries ago with all its feudal grandeur. But its spirit walks the earth to-day and haunts our institutions, in the great corporations with their control of the national highways, their occupation of great domain, their power to tax and to escape taxation, their sorcery to debase most gifted men to the capacity of most splendid slaves, their pollution of the ermine of the judge and the robe of the senator, their aggregation in one man of wealth so enormous as to make Cæsar seem a pauper.

"The poor fisherman, told of in the *Arabian Nights*, threw his net into the sea, and drew up a casket covered with rust and slime and closed down with the seal of Solomon. He took it in his

hands, and, holding it to his ear, he heard the voice of a spirit imprisoned within, telling in tones of enchanting sweetness how he, the poor, miserable fisherman, if he would release the prisoner, might sway the sceptre of power, might revel in all sensuous delights, might command all the riches hidden by earth or sea. The foolish fisherman broke the seal by which the wisest of

men had confined the enemy of mankind, and lo! there rose from the casket a cloud unformed, which towered to heaven, and which, at last, condensed into an awful malignant demon, who stood dilated to the skies. The fisherman lured the devil into his prison, closed the seal upon him, and threw him back into the depths. A similar task is laid upon the present generation."

William R. Merriam.

DANTE AS LYRIC POET.

I.

WE have been so long accustomed to think of Dante chiefly as the poet of *The Divine Comedy*, and of Shakespeare chiefly as the dramatist of the Plays, that we do not always remember that they are also supreme among modern lyric poets. There are two apparent reasons for this supremacy. The first concerns the Poet as Artist. Dante could never have perfected the *terza rima* of *The Divine Comedy*, Shakespeare could never have elaborated the blank verse of the Plays, — those Protean metres, each susceptible of endless variety in cadence, in sweep, in delicacy of modulation, in richness of tone, — unless they had both been, potentially at least, masters of minor metrical forms. The greater includes the less.

The second reason concerns the Poet as Man. Of all poetry, the lyric is the most personal. Through it the poet utters, without feigning or restraint, his subjective emotions. But the value of an emotion, for the purpose of poetry, depends on the calibre of the individual who experiences it. In music or painting it may be otherwise, but great poetry inevitably presupposes greatness of character in the poet. He may have many flaws, — sins, even, and startling limitations; he certainly will not let

himself be measured easily by conventional standards; but his greatness is essential, the one fixed fact in literature. Accordingly, there is no luck in the surpassing excellence of the lyrical poems of Dante and Shakespeare, nor of the lyrics of Milton and Goethe, — the greatest characters after those that have expressed themselves through poetry in modern times. Let us glance first at Dante the Man.

Fate gave him genius; life brought experience: and he, by self-correction, perfected both. Commentators, in their effort to reconstruct the poet from his poetry, have almost made us forget that he was a man at all: rather was he, if we could believe them, a marvelously intricate mechanism for turning out literary masterpieces according to rules which these commentators have deduced from his works. Now, little as we know about Dante's external life, we do know this beyond dispute, — he was no literary formula.

Historically, he came at the climax of the thirteenth century, — that wonderful century, only to be matched in importance by the fifteenth and the nineteenth. It was the great Catholic century. It witnessed the Papacy at its zenith under Innocent III, the formulation of Catholic theology by Thomas Aquinas, the rise of the great orders,

— the Dominican to safeguard the faithful by persecuting heretics, the Franciscan to lead all men to Christ by following his example. It boasted its mystics and its logicians; it built cathedrals; it set forth on eight crusades; it beheld the establishing of popular government in Italian cities, the bourgeonings of popular literatures, the astonishing expansion of the great universities. Above all, it saw the death struggle between the Holy Roman Emperors and the Popes, — the world their stake, — which resulted in the destruction of both Church and State as the sole temporal head of Christendom.

Into all these immense problems of creed and of government, into the speculations of the philosophers, into the antagonisms of popes and emperors, Dante plunged with might and main. He mastered not merely the theory of the mediæval world religion and world politics, but threw himself into the civic life of his native Florence, where factions raged, and where to discharge a citizen's duties meant to hazard property and life on the caprice of a fickle people.

Coming of a well-to-do family, he enjoyed whatever schooling Florence then gave her youth, and he early, I conceive, outstripped his masters. Like most Italian lads, he wrote verses; unlike most, he quickly proved himself a poet, for when he was eighteen his sonnet, "*A ciascun' alma presa*," won him a reputation among the chief poets of Florence.

He fell in love with a damsel whom, after the fashion of his time, he never aspired to marry, being content to worship her at a distance, from his ninth year to his twenty-fifth, when she died. The commentators would persuade us that throughout his adolescence and young manhood this passion shut Dante out from all other thoughts, keeping him in a state almost hysterical — now ecstatically oblivious to everything except the recollection that Beatrice had

saluted him last week; now plunged in gloom; now fainting or seeing visions; forever sighing and weeping; and more than once stark mad. In his "little book," *The New Life*, Dante himself supplies the outlines for this portrait; but not to perceive that he there writes as an artist, and not as a systematic chronicler, is to miss the key to *The New Life* and to him. Unquestionably, that passion for Beatrice was the chief experience of his youth; and, on looking back, he omitted, like the great artist that he was, all that he had done or thought outside of the orbit of Beatrice during those years, so that he created the impression that there was nothing more.

So we must distinguish between the ideal world, in which Dante placed his passion for Beatrice, and the actual world, in which, during those very years, he was really busy with many other things. Specifically what things, we cannot say in detail. We know, however, that he was mixing with the best intellects of his time, studying, meditating; eagerly taking part in the affairs of Florence, even enlisting in her militia and going forth to battle for her independence; in a word, playing from the outset the part of a man hungry for life, impetuous, stern, of manifold capacities, and as far removed as possible from any abstraction or formula. Let us not think of him as the central figure in a Pre-Raphaelite picture, — a soulful, æsthetic youth, condemned to gaze yearningly at sad-eyed, large-jointed, wry-necked ladies, whose spirits and complexions seem sodden in opium. Pre-Raphaelitism had its charms, but it could no more interpret Dante than Pope could Homer.

After Beatrice died, almost every authentic glimpse we get of Dante, for ten years, shows us a man seizing hold on active life with ever increasing energy. He takes part in the government of Florence; he goes on embassies; he is one of the city priors, and a recognized

leader in one of the great political parties. He marries, and has several children; presumably, he has also some bread-giving occupation. Then, in January, 1302, while he is absent from Florence, his enemies, having got the upper hand, banish him on a charge of barratry and falsifying, and ten weeks later they condemn him to be burned alive. Thenceforward, until his death in 1321, he leads an exile's life: at first coöperating in attempts to capture Florence, then chafing because one possible liberator after another fails to come to her aid. Amid these perturbations, and in spite of wanderings which took him to almost every part of Italy, and perhaps across the Alps, he writes *The Divine Comedy* and *The Banquet*, and makes himself master of all the knowledge of his time. And to his learning he adds an intensity of observation and a breadth of reflection which had been united in no earlier man of genius.

I venture to recall almost at random these points in Dante's career, because I believe it to be much more essential to know the tremendous energy of the man, and to see how in his character and genius he held a whole epoch in solution, than to be learned in his commentators. Only in this way shall we rid ourselves of the common notion that a great poet cannot be a man of action, and we shall understand Dante's lyrics better by perceiving that they are authentic fragments of a colossal personality.

To be able to certify that a given poem was written on a given day in a given year, or to whom it was addressed, or what all its allusions refer to, is often gratifying; but the matter of first importance is, how much of these poems is alive to-day? how much of the eternal do they hold? what message do they bring to your heart and to mine?

The approach to all the masterpieces of literature has become so clogged by the patient labors of the critics that one might waste a lifetime climbing

over or tunneling the Cordilleras they have raised before reaching the rich kingdoms where Homer or Dante or Shakespeare reigns. To be a scholar now is to read, not the originals, but the reviews of critiques of commentaries on the originals; and yet the best advice is, Seek the original — read it — ponder it — enjoy it — absorb it — find out what it means to you. What it meant to the poet himself or to his contemporaries we shall never wholly know; for we can never reconstruct Dante's mind or Shakespeare's, or the age in which each lived. Many of the allusions, much of the spirit of that age, and the scope of the master's genius, we can understand; but still much remains, and, unless evidence now unknown be discovered, will forever remain, conjectural. In the domain of conjecture criticism shifts its position from time to time, as an army besieges an impregnable fortress, attacking now on one side and now on another, even making a complete circuit, yet never taking it.

A beautiful Greek statue is dug up: while archæologists are disputing whether it represents god, demigod, or hero, and who carved it, and where the marble was quarried, shall their uncertainty prevent us from delighting in its beauty? And although it can never be established to whom Shakespeare addressed his Sonnets, or just how far *The New Life* mingles fact with allegory, have they no meaning for us? Does it really signify whether Shakespeare had Pembroke or Southampton in mind when he uttered his passion in such sonnets as "When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes," or "Not marble, nor the gilded monuments," or "That time of year thou mayst in me behold," or "When to the sessions of sweet silent thought"? Must we have solved the enigma of Beatrice in order to thrill as a lover thrills at the beauty of "*Tanto gentile e tanto onesta pare*"?

Let us emphasize this, because eru-

dition threatens to usurp the function of taste in dealing with literature, and, indeed, with all works of art. Erudition continually thrusts upon us irrelevances whose only excuse is that they are facts. Philology sits in judgment on poetry. And since the authentic facts about Dante or Shakespeare were inventoried long ago, erudition offers theories, conjectures, plausible guesses, buttressed by many citations, instead of facts.

II.

Dante's *Canzoniere*, or book of lyrical poems, contains eighty-six pieces usually held to be genuine, eight more called "doubtful," and some fifty surely "apocryphal." I propose to consider only the genuine, — counting less than twenty-eight hundred lines in all, — among which are fifty sonnets and twenty *canzoni*; taking their authorship for granted, and making such comments on them as would still be pertinent even if Dante were not their author. In short, it is their substance and style — questions of pure literature rather than of erudition — with which I wish to deal.

The first difficulty which confronts the reader of Dante is allegory. Not less in the Poems than in *The Divine Comedy* you soon find yourself entangled in a network of meanings and cross-meanings. Just as your mind grasps a thought, this suddenly dissolves into another, and this again is metamorphosed. It is as if, when you gaze into the translucent blue of noon, you could see, first, the constellations of the stars, and, after a little, beyond them, and lovelier still, angelic hosts, such as the old painters put in the heaven of their pictures. Dante intended this. There are, he said, four meanings possible in the highest poetry, — the literal, the allegorical or mystical, the moral, and, finally, the anagogical. For our present purpose, we will not lose ourselves in the maze of symbolism: we will take

the poems as they stand, and see what they mean to-day.

For commentaries, turn to the excellent works of Witte and Fraticelli, those scholars to whom every subsequent reader of Dante gladly acknowledges his indebtedness, and to Giosuè Carducci, who is at once the most eminent living poet in Europe and one of the foremost living critics. In Carducci's monograph *Delle Rime di Dante*¹ there is a full discussion, based on the latest information, of the sources, composition, date, probable meaning, and style of most of the poems in the *Canzoniere*. Sig. Carducci discriminates so nicely that he thinks he can set down the order in which the lyrics were written. He assigns the first poems of *The New Life*, inspired by Guido Guinizelli and the popular poets of the third quarter of the thirteenth century, to 1283 and the next few years. Then Dante, feeling his own genius, enters his second period, that of the "sweet new style" (*il dolce stil nuovo*), which lasted till Beatrice's death. From 1292 to 1298 Carducci discerns another period, which he subdivides into three parts, according as "natural," "allegorical," or "gnomic" tendencies manifest themselves. Finally, Dante's banishment in 1302 opened another period, in which the agonizing novelty of exile rekindled the poet in him, while years and experience matured the sage and the statesman.

Let us admit at once that Dante's lyric poetry has the raw material from which such a classification can be made; but let us be politely skeptical as to the probability that such minute dissection is right. To suppose that Dante, or any other true poet, produced his works after this orderly, chessboard fashion — now all black, again all red, one month joy, the next month gloom — would be to make that most mysterious of all creations, a poet's soul, as humdrum as a railway time-table.

¹ *Studi Letterari di Giosuè Carducci*, vol. viii. Bologna, 1893.

Before we survey the contents of Dante's lyrics, let us examine for a moment his work as an artist in metre. He did not invent the forms in which he moulded his poems, but he so stamped his originality on each of them that the sonnet, the *ballata*, and, above all, the *canzone*, became through his genius new metrical instruments, capable of producing effects hitherto undreamt of. It was as if two strings had been added to a primitive violin.

While he ennobled these verse forms, he showed how the Italian language could serve the highest purposes of poetry. There is a striking contrast between the metrical development of English and of Italian. English is rough rather than musical in sound; it has few perfect rhymes; its words, except in a few cases, refuse to be contracted or curtailed. How to get from such an instrument the delicate modulations that beautify the lyrics of Shakespeare, Shelley, and Tennyson, — that was the technical problem for the masters of English verse.

Italian stands as the reverse of all this. It is plastic almost to the point of fluidity. If a final syllable harms the rhythm, it can be elided; if the first syllable interferes, it can often be suppressed; if a foot or half-foot is needed, a suffix, of the required length, can be added; even the central syllable of a word is not always safe from condensation. Of rhymes there is no limit, and they are exact rhymes. The very genius of the language is musical, its prose having a dactylic flow almost as marked as the formal metres of its poetry. For improvisation, for sweet ditties and dulcet serenades, for folk-songs with their simplicity and their easy, haunting refrains, such a language could not be surpassed; but could it be the mouthpiece for great passion? Would tragedy not find it too soft, satire too flimsy? Could it be trumpet, violin, or organ, as well as guitar?

¹ De Vulgari Eloquentia, ii. 1.

Dante achieved this wonder! He wrote some sonnets which not even Petrarch, coming after him and profiting by his example, has rivaled. He raised the *canzone* to be the peer of the English ode. Welcoming difficulties, because he saw that to overcome them he must have control over every phrase, word, and syllable, wherewith to clothe his thought, he experimented with novel kinds of metres and rhymes. The intricacies of structure which in English prevent the sonnet from ever losing, except with a few masters, an artificial air, checked in Italian that tendency to improvisation which Dante resisted. Accordingly, he packed his *canzoni* with thought, firm of texture and polished until every syllable fitted irremovably into its place. Sometimes, indeed, he carried condensation across the border of obscurity: imagine the terseness of Tacitus rendered still more difficult by the omissions and ellipses permitted in poetry, and you will get an idea of his most compressed passages. His treatise on The Vulgar Tongue shows how completely he had mastered the theory of the science of verse, especially in the Romance languages; his poems prove that he could embody his knowledge in his technique.

Dante gives no comfort to the idle singers of an empty day, who pretend that technical knowledge and the file need not be included in a poet's outfit. "The highest conceptions cannot exist," he says, "except where there is knowledge and genius."¹ "Never without sharpness of genius, nor without assiduity in art, nor without practice of knowledge," he says again, can one succeed in writing a *canzone*; "and hereby is confessed the folly of those who, without art and without knowledge, relying solely on their genius, set themselves to sing in the highest fashion of the highest things."² In a famous passage of The New Life he remarks: "It would be a great disgrace to him who should

² Ibid. ii. 5.

rhyme anything under the garb of a figure or of rhetorical coloring, if afterward, being asked, he should not be able to denude his words of their garb, in such wise that they should have a true meaning. And my first friend [Guido Cavalcanti] and I are well acquainted with those who rhyme thus foolishly." ¹ And so are we, who have heard the follies of French Symbolists and of their foreign mimics gravely proclaimed as a new triumph in poetry.

In Dante we find that rarest union, — intensity of imagination and clearness of intellect. When Love inspired him, he wrote; but the fervor of that inspiration did not prevent the working of his critical faculty, by which he tested its validity and decided how to clothe it in words. He seems to have held that our thought lies beyond our control, but that its expression depends on faculties which we may direct, — on knowledge, taste, patience, and skill, which are greater or less according as we voluntarily cultivate them. "Speech," he says, "is not otherwise an instrument necessary to our conceptions than is the horse to the soldier." ² A memorable simile.

The little singers of our day and of all days shun knowledge and dread criticism, and well they may; for their verse-making is but effervescence. But Dante, seer and knower in one, could endure the most searching criticism — his own — without chilling his inspiration. The analyses which he makes of each poem in *The New Life*, and his exhaustive interpretation of the canzoni in *The Banquet*, show critical talents of the highest order. Indeed, we almost resent his cold-blooded dissection of those throbbing sonnets to Beatrice, until we reflect that through his ability to criticise, not less than to create, Dante became the chief moulder of Italian poetry. He rescued Italian poetry from the doom of improvisation. The Provencal, lacking such a savior, had degenerated quickly, never to revive.

¹ *The New Life*, § 25, Norton's translation.

Thus we can hardly overestimate Dante's importance as a lyric craftsman. As such, he greatly influenced his immediate successors, and he has dominated the best Italian poets ever since. Shakespeare certainly ranks second to no other lyric poet, and yet his direct influence on English metrical development is scarcely discernible, — his lyrics, like his plays, have had no progeny; while Dante, both in his lyrics and in his epic, stands literally as the Father of Italian Song.

Such was Dante's influence on the structure of Italian poetry: not less elemental was his effect on its substance. His treatment of Love, the imperial theme of lyric poetry, illustrates this.

Chivalry as an ideal partook somewhat of the feudalism and somewhat of the religion of the society out of which it sprang. The devotion of the Knight to his Lady went by the name of love, but ought rather to be called worship; for between them there existed, in theory at least, no personal relations. In fact, however, that faultless worship of the Knight for his Lady, untainted by thought of sex, had few votaries. As ancient as Adam and Lilith was the love the Troubadours sang. "Galeotto was the book, and he who wrote it," — in those words Francesca da Rimini revealed to Dante the influence which had brought her and her lover to Hell. That sexless attachment of Knight and Lady, like its counterpart, sacerdotal celibacy, might have prospered save for one thing: in the one case Chivalry, in the other the Church, left human nature out of the reckoning; and flax and flame, then and to-day and always, must burn when they meet.

The sudden exalting of woman, commonly regarded as the chief product of Chivalry, had in essence a deeper origin. It marked a change in the ideals of sex that had slowly overspread Christendom; nay, they had not only overspread Christendom, they had mounted to hea-

² *De Vulg. Eloq.*, ii. 1.

ven. The deification of the Virgin Mary typified the gradual recognition, unconscious rather than reasoned out, that at the very Heart of the Universe there must abide those qualities which make woman woman. The Christian God, as defined by the theologians, whether he were worshiped as One, or as Three in One, was a masculine God. The Power personified in the Father, the Wisdom in the Son, the Love in the Holy Ghost, were still the attributes of man, and not of mankind, since they did not include attributes which are the peculiar endowment of woman. Motherhood, the most intimate and beautiful of human relations, had no recognition in that scheme of Deity. But instinct deeper than creed supplied the lack in the creed which theology had drawn up. In the apotheosis of Mary mediæval Christendom made its most precious contribution to human ideals.

But while ideal womanhood had already before Dante's birth been deified, chivalric love had sunk in practice to the carnal level. The song might still be innocent, but the courtly singer and his mistress, the Knight and his Lady, were not. And the poetry itself, naively charming in its youth, had become conventional. The old phrases and much of the old prettiness remained, and the metrical skill had increased; but instead of many themes there was only ingenious repetition of one theme, — conceits refined and overrefined, and, worst of all, the evidence that neither the poet nor his readers believed in the pure devotion which he extolled.

Then Dante came, and into this ideal faded he poured that which first suffused it with new life, and then transfigured and sanctified it, until he had created a new ideal. Dante's passion for Beatrice was genuine; accordingly, his lyric poems to her vibrate with sincerity. Fortunately, he was spiritual as well as sincere; and it is of great moment that he, the earliest master of modern poetry, should thus spiritualize the poetry

of personal passion. Physical beauty remains of the earth, unless it be the medium through which the soul shines forth. Expression transcends form. Into his portrait of Beatrice he painted those attributes which never grow old, which could not be exhausted though every woman in the world possessed them; and the mere description of them must have more and more meaning according as men see with the eyes of the spirit. To have converted the poetry of chivalry from being either a metrical plaything or an erotic ornament to such high uses attests the genuineness of his passion. But he did more than this: he revived and amplified the mystical conception of Platonic love.

In his passion for Beatrice — as in all his other vital experiences — he passed by a process of growth from the personal and concrete to the impersonal and universal. At first it was the real Beatrice, the beautiful and lovely daughter of Folco Portinari, on whom all his passion centred; then, after she died, it was her memory that he worshiped; until gradually, from a person she became a personification, — the Symbol in Paradise of Heavenly Wisdom. What is this but Platonic Love, as described so mightily by Plato in *The Symposium*, and so commonly misunderstood?

III.

And now for the poems themselves. We find in the earliest of them a mystical view of love, which tends more and more toward the Platonic ideal, and which, after the death of Beatrice, when Dante writes avowedly in allegory, visibly merges in that ideal. As a youth, he had before him the beautiful canzone of Guido Guinizelli, "*Al cor gentil ripara sempre Amore*," in which mystical love is described with much philosophical finesse and much poetical charm. Among all the poems of that century, not by Dante, this is, I think, the most delightful; and if it had here and there

a little more distinction of phrase, it would rank with the best modern lyrics. In it we have the two cardinal points laid down, that Love's dwelling place is the gentle heart, — "Love and the gentle heart are one same thing," is Dante's own expression, — and that Love, since it came from God, wears an angel's face.

Only a barbarian would undertake to degrade into cold prose the loveliness of the love poems in *The New Life*: no other medium than verse can convey the music of the words, the heightened imagery, the emotion which vibrates through the metre. We may, however, indicate some of their characteristics.

First, the freshness of them! They are the earliest blossoms of the Spring of modern Love; and they glisten with the newness and the tenderness of Spring. For this vernal rapture we go back, in English poetry, to the Elizabethans; but Sidney and Spenser drew from Italian streams which flowed from Dante's fountain.

Then, their blending of naïveté with knowledge. This strange power, Love, overcomes Dante: it fills all his life, and transfigures the universe before his eyes; he watches its influence spread, as he might watch with increasing wonder the mystery of dawn grow into the pageant of sunrise. But while his soul is thus enthralled by the ecstasy of love, his reason seeks to know the origin and nature of his new master: hence that interweaving of passion and philosophy, in which Dante came at last to transcend all other poets.

This blending reaches perfection in his descriptions of Beatrice, which rise higher and higher in spirituality, without letting us doubt that they apply to an actual woman. He reveals her to us by the effect she produces on those who beheld her, rather than by a definite portrayal of her countenance. Her eyes and her smiling mouth (the two features through which the soul becomes visible), and the sweet dignity of her

bearing, her expression, and not her physical mould, — these are the outward signs of Beatrice which Dante describes. Accordingly, his portrait of her is at once actual and ideal: every lover who looks upon it believes that it was drawn from a living Beatrice, but that it cannot possibly be true of any other than his own beloved.

And then, how many chords are touched by the poems in *The New Life*! Dante sings not only the perfection of Beatrice, but also his own perturbations. Like all lovers, he pendulates between boldness and shyness. For days or weeks his one desire is to see her, yet when they meet his courage deserts him, he trembles at her salutation. He goes home to cry out on the tyrant Love who thus torments him; and even while he cries out, he longs for a repetition of the torment. Like other lovers, he resorts to subterfuge, and pays such marked attention to another damsel that Beatrice herself is deceived into thinking that he has forsaken her. When he hears of this, he sends her a poem (*Ballata i*) in which he explains his conduct, and protests that his devotion has never wavered. The time comes when his passion is no longer a secret: his friends talk to him about it; Beatrice's companions question him as to its goal, and he pours forth the canzone, "Ladies, who have intelligence of love," a passionate ode in praise of Beatrice, whom the angels desire to be their comrade in heaven. Not long afterward the father of Beatrice dies, and for the first time the realization that Beatrice herself may die crashes like a thunderbolt through Dante's soul. For him, as for every true lover in youth, nothing else can equal the dismay and agony which that possibility causes. Life and love are identical to the youth who loves; how can he think of life without the beloved? Only in the all-enveloping immensity of Death can the agony which Death inflicts be quenched. This sublimation of grief is rarely felt in later

years, for experience teaches us that life can be lived, bereft of the beloved, or even lovelessly, and that Duty, Friendship, or Philanthropy may take Love's place at the helm.

This canzone, embodying Dante's first premonition of Death, lifts his love story to a higher plane of significance by endowing it with that tragic quality which intrudes sooner or later upon us all. Dante had, in truth, already written two poems (Sonnet 3, Ballata ii), when one of Beatrice's friends died; but they are graceful and sweet, the utterance of sentiment, while this is tragic. And even after the death of Beatrice herself he speaks as one sorrowing, but not amazed, at Death. In the third canzone he pictures Beatrice in heaven, God having called her to him because he saw that this troubled mortal life was not worthy of such a gentle thing. But if we except the lamentation addressed to pilgrims who are passing through Florence, sorrow rather than anguish henceforth prevails. He suffers keenly, but he continues to live; he strives for resignation, or at least for distraction, and is stirred by moral incentives of whose force he had not dreamed till now.

The conclusion of *The New Life* contains further the record of Dante's experience with the Compassionate Lady, who grieved at his grief and tried to cheer him, and so far succeeded that he found himself in love with her. A very human touch is this, bearing witness to the close resemblance between Sympathy and Love. But the memory of Beatrice comes back so vividly to Dante that he realizes that Sympathy, however sweet, is not Love, and cannot replace the passion which Beatrice inspired; and so he concludes *The New Life* with that famous resolve to say of her "what was never said of any woman."

¹ These are Canzoni ix, x, and xi, Sestina i, and sonnets 22, 32, 37, and 43. Canzone viii refers to the Lady of the Casentino. I fol-

Brief as is this analysis of the themes dealt with in *The New Life*, it will show, I trust, how wide their range is. Alike in the history of the poetry of the modern world and in the history of the ideals of love, they are of immense importance: intrinsically, also, many of them have never been surpassed, some of them have never been equaled, by subsequent singers of spiritualized love, of beauty, and of womanly perfection.

This cycle of poems in *The New Life*, although it fills less than a quarter of the *Canzoniere*, is better known because of its sequence, its completeness, and the delightful prose setting, than all the rest, although among these are many magnificent poems, the fruits of Dante's lyric genius at its maturity. There are perhaps a dozen which seem to belong, either in theme or in treatment, with *The New Life*; then come the three canzoni of *The Banquet*, and finally some forty other pieces which have not been classified.

We may mention first that strange group of poems¹ in which Dante inveighs against a lady who will not listen to his suit. They have shocked some of his critics and puzzled all, and many specious allegories have been invented to explain them. To analyze them we have not space here; but in the briefest review of Dante's lyrics they should not be passed by. For just as the poems to Beatrice reveal him as the youthful lover, so these show him to us loving with the full vehemence of his prime, and not at all resigned to worship silently and aloof the object of his passion. Who the lady was who has been called *Pietra*, quite without authority, and whether she was also the Lady of the Casentino, will probably never be known, but the poems add a whole province to our estimate of Dante's personality.

May we not be content to admit that low throughout Fraticelli's numbering (*Canzoniere*, Barbiera, 1873), which is the best in print, although by no means satisfactory.

much of the Canzoniere has never been satisfactorily "explained," nor can be, unless further evidence turn up, but that, nevertheless, nine tenths of it has intrinsic, vital meaning to-day? Most of the controversies rage round insoluble matters. I care not whether the stony-hearted lady lived in Padua, or the Lady of the Casentino had (as alleged) a goitre; what would it profit us to know the names of the grandmothers of the sculptor of the Venus of Milo, or of the musicians who played the shawms when the 90th Psalm was first sung? The vital facts we have: the passion of the "Pietra" canzoni and of the canzone written in the Casentino is plain, and these poems all testify that no bardling wrote them.

Nor do I observe that psychology has yet contributed anything of value to literary criticism. Like pedantry, — or scholarship, if the old name seems discourteous, — it furnishes facts which do not touch the inner meaning of any art product. Suppose that we could, by some miracle of hindsight, measure after the psychologist's fashion the emotions of Shakespeare and Dante, and that we learned that Shakespeare's pulse rose three beats when he entertained an angry thought, or that Dante's temperature fell three twenty-ninths of a degree when he thought vehemently of love: what would it prove? Absolutely nothing as to the value of a scene from *Timon* or a sonnet from *The New Life*. Equally vain are the efforts, so far as I have seen them, of those critics who have imagined that by such devices they could fathom the mysteries of the creative imagination. Psychology hath its bubbles, as religion and science have, and these are of them. Thirty years ago other critics believed just as confidently that they could explain genius by heredity.

Returning to our survey, we cannot but be amazed, as we get to the heart of one poem after another, by Dante's inexhaustibility of thought, phrase, and

metre. Judged merely by their number, the twenty canzoni are among the most remarkable evidences of poetic genius; but quality is the final test, and in this they do not fail. Not one is mediocre; fully three quarters are superior. If Coleridge had produced fifteen odes equal to *Dejection*, we might have had in English a poetical achievement to set beside Dante's canzoni. I do not imply, of course, that Coleridge's genius resembles Dante's in quality. But without frequent citations from the original, it is impossible to do more than speak of some of the obvious characteristics of such poetry. Lyrics like the ballate — ten in number — evade even description. Their beauty depends on the perfect marriage of word and music, and is no more to be described except by itself than is one of Shakespeare's songs.

The first two canzoni of *The Banquet* record the stages by which Dante passed from the love of Beatrice to the love of philosophy; the third expounds the nature of true nobility. The remaining forty-five lyrics may be divided into moral, personal, and patriotic, according to their themes.

Concerning Dante's didactic poems in general, it may be said that, even to an Anglo-Saxon who has personally, and vicariously through Puritan ancestors, listened for centuries to moral preaching, they still have that insistence of truth which was old before Dante's birth, and is born again whenever the youngest child perceives its meaning. In their intensity, they are among the few modern utterances through which the Old Testament resonance echoes; but Dante reasons, whereas the Jewish prophet proclaims downright, "Thus saith the Lord!" and awaits no reply. In these works, as in nearly all that he wrote, Dante was a pioneer. He tells us that before his time there were only love poems in Italian, but that he chose to write of Philosophy under the guise of Love.

When we reflect that the Italians, from never having read the Bible freely in their mother tongue, have been cut off from the traditional source of moral education in Protestant countries, we shall hardly overestimate what it meant to them that their greatest poet was also their greatest moralist.

Among other personal poems there are three sonnets (40, 41, 43) apparently written to Cino da Pistoja, for whom Dante feels such friendship that he frankly urges him to mend his ways; but above all, there is the sonnet to Cavalcanti, "Guido, I would that Lapo, thou and I," — the delightfulest expression of Love and Comradeship, with its strange modernness of sentiment, and its language as simple and musical as that which captivates us in Heine's songs.

Finally, there are two patriotic canzoni. In one of them (xx) Dante addresses Florence, — "My country, worthy of triumphal fame, mother of great-souled sons," — conjuring her by her spotless past, when the citizens "chose virtues to be the pillars of the State," to extirpate the impious children who degrade her: "so that down-trodden faith may rise again with justice, sword in hand." From the first line to the last, we hear the outpouring of a true patriot, one who loves his country with a son's devotion, and knows that he best proves his love by repudiating the evil policy into which she has been led. Are there not lands to-day which might well heed the alarm of this envoy? "Thou shalt go forth, Canzone, boldly and proudly, since Love leadeth thee, into my country, for which I mourn and weep; and thou shalt find some good men whose lantern gives no light; for they are submerged, and their virtue is in the mire. Shout unto them: Arise, arise! It is for you I call!"

Thus Dante pleads for the regeneration of his beloved Florence. In the other canzone (xix) he rises at once to

the summit of patriotism. He is an exile, outcast, yearning for his ungrateful city, when three ladies come together about his heart, because Love sits within. They too have been cast out from their rightful place in the affairs of men; they have been scorned, insulted, despised. Who are they? Righteousness, Generosity, Temperance: think what it means that a whole people should banish them, and that their refuge should be the heart of one just man, himself in banishment! Love listens to the story of their wrongs, and bids them not despair, for he and they are of one family, founded on the Eternal Rock. "And I who hear," says Dante, "such lofty exiles console them and lament, hold as an honor the exile decreed to me: and if man's judgment or the force of destiny will that the world turn its white flowers to dark, to fall among the good still merits praise." Here, then, is the last behest of patriotism: you shall not condone your country's sins, but you shall keep your heart so pure that it may be the abode of Justice and Righteousness when all other men reject them; and above any compromise with the wicked, you shall prefer to fall among the good.

We may well close our survey with this magnificent poem, in which Dante has set Patriotism immutably on the heights, where Love and Righteousness dwell.

Thus is the circle of the *Canzoniere* complete. Love in many phases, — expectant, adoring, timid, angry, ecstatic; Friendship; Scorn; Wisdom; Integrity; Honor; Beauty; Patriotism; Death, — Dante has touched one after another these everlasting chords of human interest, and he has so touched them as to produce lyric poetry of the very highest quality. If we measure the range of Shakespeare's Sonnets and Songs, the only other work which equals the *Canzoniere* in lyric genius, we shall find that Shakespeare has little or nothing to say on several of these themes,

however royally abundant is his treatment of others. In their capacity for passion the two poets were equal; but Dante had a theory of life, the centre of which was Love, by which he came to test whatever experience, reflection, or imagination brought him. Shakespeare, so far as I discern, had no such unifying principle. The Niagara of life swept before him, and he sat upon the bank and strove to paint it as he saw it, — incessant, vast, awful, beautiful, — infinite in its momentary variations, yet apparently one and permanent: so he painted it, not recking to put on to his canvas any questions of Whence, or Why, or Whither. Accordingly, myriads of men have had their characters formed by Dante; I doubt whether many have been consciously formed by Shakespeare. I am not trying to compare these incomparable Two, but merely to indicate their most striking differences. A comparison of Dante and Shakespeare, for the purpose of ranking them, would be as idle as a comparison of the Alps and the Atlantic Ocean; the genius of each sufficed to symbolize life in its entirety.

What abatement must we make in our estimate of the Canzoniere? Something, no doubt, must be deducted on the score of age, although Dante's language has fewer antiquated words than Shakespeare's. More formidable is his use of allegory; for even when we have agreed to take what we can of the natural meanings, and let the gnomic and analogical go, we should prefer to know all the possible answers to the riddle, and may feel a little aggrieved that we never can. That Dante sometimes exercises his marvelous gift for logical disputation beyond the proper limits of lyrical poetry, in which the main business is

not to syllogize, can hardly be denied. So, too, we may justly object to an occasional display of learning, or to a passage obscured by too great condensation. But these blemishes occur very rarely, and not one of his poems is spoiled by them. To complain that even he could not lift some of the intricate metres with which he experimented out of the region of artificiality condemns those verse forms, and not him.

After making whatever deduction we must, an inestimable treasure remains. In the Canzoniere, the highest lyrical genius embodies itself in the noblest themes. Appraising Dante's lyrics absolutely, for their contents and art, they belong at the head of modern poetry; judging them historically, to determine their place in the evolution of European poesy, they have, like all of Dante's writings, unique structural importance. By his conscience for form and respect for unity of theme and tone he belongs with the ancients, while by his treatment of the passionate and spiritual he seems strangely modern. He is the spokesman not of his own time and place merely, but of an entire age, of a complete civilization, which after six centuries of growth culminates before his eyes. And so his works embody that civilization, and transmit to us and to later ages as much of it as has perennial life.

But it is *his* genius, — the throbbings of *his* heart, the intensity and penetration of *his* mind, the mediæval ideals exalted by *his* spirit, the terrible earnestness of *his* moral nature, — it is Dante, the man, the person, the poet, and not his epoch, that lives to-day; it is Dante, the passionate lover, that sings this matchless song to Beatrice — “Tanto gentile e tanto onesta pare.”

William Roscoe Thayer.

CONFESSIONS OF A PROVINCIAL EDITOR.

THERE is something at once deliciously humorous and pathetic, to the editor of a small daily in the provinces, about that old-fashioned phrase, "the liberty of the press." It is another one of those matters lying so near the margeland of what is mirthful and what is sad that a tilt of the mood may slip it into either. To the general, doubtless, it is a truth so obvious that it is never questioned, a bequest from our forefathers that has paid no inheritance tax to time. In all the host of things insidiously un-American which have crept into our life, thank Heaven! say these unconscious Pharisees, the "press," if somewhat freakish, has remained free. So it is served up as a toast at banquets, garnished with florid rhetoric; it is still heard from old-fashioned pulpits; it cannot die even though the conditions which made the phrase possible have passed away.

The pooh-poohing of the elders, the scoffing of the experienced, has little effect upon a boy's mind when it tries to do away with so palpable a truth as that concerning the inability of a chopped-up snake to die until sunset, or that matter-of-fact verity that devil's darning needles have little aim in life save to sew up the ears of youths and maidens. So with that glib old fantasy "America's free and untrammelled press:" it needs a vast deal of argument to convince an older public that, as a matter to be accepted without a question, it has no right to exist. The conditioning clause was tacked on some years ago, doubtless when the old-time weekly began to expand into the modern small daily. The weekly was a periodic pamphlet; the daily disdained its inheritance, and subordinated the expression of opinion to the printing of those matters from which opinion is made. The cost of equipment of a

daily newspaper compared to the old-fashioned weekly, as a general thing, makes necessary for the launching of such a venture a well-organized stock company, and in this lies much of the trouble.

Confessions imply previous wrongdoing. Mine, while they are personal enough, are really more interesting because of the vast number of others they incriminate. If two editors from lesser cities do not laugh in each other's faces, after the example of Cicero's augurs, it is because they are more modern, and choose to laugh behind each other's backs. So, in turning state's evidence, I feel less a coward than a reformer.

What circumstance has led me to believe concerning the newspaper situation in a hundred and one small cities of this country is so startling in its unexplained brevity, I scarce dare parade it forth as a prelude to my confessions. So much of my experience is predicated upon it that I do not dare save it for a peroration. Here it is, then, somewhat more than half-truth, somewhat less than the truth itself: "a newspaper in a small city is not a legitimate business enterprise." That seems bold and bare enough to stamp me as sensational, does it not? Hear, then, the story of my Herald, knowing that it is the story of other *Heralds*. The *Herald's* story is mine, and my story, I dare say, is that of many others. To the facts, then. I speak with authority, being one of the scribes.

I chose newspaper work in my native city, Pittsburgh, mainly because I liked to write. I went into it after my high-school days, spent a six months' apprenticeship on a well-known paper, left it for another, and in five years' hard work had risen from the reportorial ranks to that of a subordinate editorial writer, — a dubious rise. Hard

work had not threshed out ambition: the few grains left sprouted. The death of an uncle and an unexpected legacy fructified my desire. I became zealous to preach crusades; to stamp my own individuality, my own ideals, upon the "people;" in short, to own and run a newspaper. It was a buxom fancy, a day-dream of many another like myself. A rapid rise had obtained for me the summit of reasonable expectation in the matter of salary; but I then thought, as indeed I do still, that the sum in one's envelope o' Mondays is no criterion of success. Personal ambition to "mould opinion," as the quaint untruth has it, as well as the commercial side of owning a newspaper, made me look about over a wide field, seeking for a city which really needed a new newspaper. The work was to be in a chosen field, and to be one's own taskmaster is worth more than salary. As I prospected, I saw no possible end to the venture save that of every expectation fulfilled.

I found a goodly town (of course I cannot name it) that was neither all future nor all past; a growing place, believed in by capitalists and real estate men. It was well railroaded, in the coal fields, near to waterways and to glory. It was developing itself and being developed by outside capital. It had a newspaper, a well-established affair, whose old equipment I laughed at. It needed a new one. My opening was found. The city would grow; I would grow up with it. The promise of six years ago has been in part fulfilled. I have no reason to regret my choosing the city I did.

I went back to Pittsburg, consulted various of the great, obtained letters to prominent men high in the political faith I intended to follow, went back to my town armed with the letters, and talked it over. They had been considering the matter of a daily paper there to represent their faith and themselves, and after much dickering a company was

formed. I found I could buy the weekly Herald, a nice property whose "good will" was worth having. Its owner was not overanxious to sell, so drove a good bargain. As a weekly the paper for forty-three years had been gospel to many; I would make it daily gospel to more. In giving \$5500 for it I knew I was paying well, but it had a great name and a wide circulation.

I saw no necessity of beginning on a small scale. People are not dazzled in this way. I wanted a press that folk would come in and see run, and as my rival had no linotypes, that was all the more reason why I should have two. Expensive equipments are necessary for newspapers when they intend to do great works and the public is eager to see what is going to happen. All this took money, more money than I had thought it would. But talking the matter over with my new friends and future associates, I convinced them that any economy was false economy at the start. But when I started I found that I owned but forty per cent of the Herald Publishing Company's stock. I was too big with the future to care. The sixty per cent was represented by various politicians. That was six years ago.

It does not do in America, much less in the Atlantic, to be morosely pessimistic. At most one can be regretful. And yet why should I be regretful? You have seen me settle in my thriving city; see me now. I have my own home, a place of honor in the community, the company of the great. You see me married, with enough to live on, enough to entertain with, enough to afford a bit of travel now and then. I still "run" the Herald: it pays me my own salary (my stockholders have never interfered with the business management of the paper), and were I insistent I might have a consular position of importance, should the particular set of politicians I uphold (my "gang," as my rival the Bulletin says) revert to power.

There is food in my larder, there are flowers in my garden. I carry enough insurance to enable my small family to do without me and laugh at starvation. I am but thirty-four years old. In short, I have a competence in a goodly little city. Why should I not rejoice with Stevenson that I have "some rags of honor left," and go about in middle age with my head high? Who of my schoolmates has done better?

Is it nothing, then, to see hope dwindle and die away? My regret is not pecuniary: it is old-fashionedly moral. Where are those high ideals with which I set about this business? I dare not look them in their waxen faces. I have acquired immunity from starvation by selling underhandedly what I had no right to sell. Some may laugh; the better American. But P. T. Barnum's dictum about the innate love Americans have for a hoax is really a serious matter, when the truth is told. Mr. Barnum did not leave a name and a fortune because he befooled the public. If now and then he gave them Cardiff giants and white elephants, he also gave them a brave display in three crowded rings. I have dealt almost exclusively with the Cardiff giants.

My regret is, then, a moral one. I bought something the nature of which did not dawn upon me until late; I felt environment adapt me to it little by little. The process was gradual, but I have not the excuse that it was unconscious. There is the sting in the matter. I can scarcely plead ignorance.

Somewhere in a scrapbook, even now beginning to yellow, I have pasted, that it may not escape me (as if it could!), my first editorial announcing to the good world my intent with the Herald. Let me quote from the mocking, double-leaded thing. I know the words. I know even now the high hope which gave them birth. I know how enchanting the vista was unfolding into the future. I can see how stern my boyish face was, how warm my blood. With a

blare of trumpets I announced my mission. With a mustering day of the good old stock phrases used on such occasions I marshaled my metaphors. In making my bow, gravely and earnestly, I said, among other things: "Without fear or favor, serving only the public, the Herald will be at all times an intelligent medium of news and opinions for an intelligent community. Bowing the knee to no clique or faction, keeping in mind the great imperishable standards of American manhood, the noble traditions upon which the framework of our country is grounded, the Herald will champion, not the weak, not the strong, but the right. It will spare no expense in gathering news, and it will give all the news all of the time. It will so guide its course that only the higher interests of the city are served, and will be absolutely fearless. Independent in politics, it will freely criticise when occasion demands. By its adherence to these principles may it stand or fall."

But why quote more? You have all read them, though I doubt if you have read one more sincere. I felt myself a force, the Herald the expression of a force; an entity, the servant of other forces. My paper was to be all that other papers were not. My imagination carried me to sublime heights. This was six years ago.

Events put a check on my runaway ambition in forty-eight hours. The head of the biggest clothing house, and the largest advertiser in the city, called on me. I received him magnificently in my new office, motioning him to take a chair. I can see him yet,—stout, prosperous, and to the point. As he talked, he toyed with a great seal that hung from a huge hawser-like watch-chain.

"Say," said he, refusing my chair, "just keep out a little item you may get hold of to-day." His manner was the same with me as with a salesman in his "gent's" underclothing department.

"Concerning?" I asked pleasantly.

"Oh, there's a friend of mine got arrested to-day. Some farmer had him took in for fraud or something. He'll make good, I guess; I know, in fact. He ain't a bad fellow, and it would hurt him if this got printed."

I asked him for particulars; saw a reporter who had the story; learned the man was a sharp-dealer with a bad reputation, who had been detected in an attempt to cheat a poor farmer out of \$260,—a bare-faced fraud indeed. I learned that the man had long been suspected by public opinion of semi-legal attempts to rob the "widow and the orphan," and that at last there was a chance of "showing him up." I went back with a bold face.

"I find, though the case has not been tried, that the man is undoubtedly guilty."

"Guilty?" said my advertiser. "What of that? He'll settle."

"That hardly lessens the guilt." I smiled.

The clothing man looked astounded. "But if you print that he'll be ruined," he sputtered.

"From all I can learn, so much the better," I answered.

Then my man swore. "See here," he said, when he got back to written language. "He's just making his living; you ain't got no right to stop a man's earning his living. It ain't none of any newspaper's business. Just a private affair between him and the farmer, and he'll settle."

"I don't see how," I put in somewhat warmly, "it isn't the business of a newspaper to tell its public of a dangerous man, arrested for fraud, caught in his own net so badly that he is willing to settle, as you claim. It is my obvious duty to my constituents to print such a case. From the news point of view"—I was going on smoothly, but he stepped up and shook his fist in my face.

"Constituents? Ain't I a constit-

uent? Don't I pay your newspaper for more advertising than any one else? Ain't I your biggest constituent? Say, young man, you're too big for this town. Don't try to bully me!" he suddenly screamed. "Don't you dare bully me! Don't you dare try it. I see what you want. You're trying to blackmail me, you are; you're trying to work me for more advertising; you want money out of me. That game don't go; not with me it don't. I'll have you arrested."

And he talked as though he believed it!

Then he said he'd never pay me another cent, might all manner of things happen to his soul if he did. He'd go to the Bulletin, and double his space. The man was his friend, and he had asked but a reasonable request, and I had tried to blackmail him. He worked that blackmail in every other sentence. Then he strode out, slamming the door.

The "little item" was not printed in the Herald (nor in the Bulletin, more used to such requests), and, as he had said, he was my biggest advertiser. It was my first experience with the advertiser with a request: for this reason I have given the incident fully. It recurred every week. I grew to think little of it soon. "Think of how his children will feel," say the friends of some one temporarily lodged in the police station. "Think of what the children of some one this man will swindle next will say," is what I might answer. But I don't,—not if an advertiser requests otherwise. As I have grown to phrase the matter, a newspaper is a contrivance which meets its pay roll by selling space to advertisers: render it therefore agreeable to those who make its existence possible. Less jesuitically it may be put—the ultimate editor of a small newspaper is the advertiser, the biggest advertiser is the politician. This is a maxim experience has ground with its heel into the fabric of my soul.

We all remember Emerson's brilliantly un-New-England advice, "Hitch

your wagon to a star." This saying is of no value to newspapers, for they find stars poor motive power. Theoretically, it must be granted that newspapers, of all business ventures, should properly be hitched to a star. Yet I have found that if any hitching is to be done it must be to the successful politician. Amending Mr. Emerson, I have found it the best rule to "yoke your newspaper to the politician in power."

This, then, is what a small newspaper does: sells its space to the advertiser, its policy to the politician. It is smooth sailing save when these two forces conflict, and then Scylla and Charybdis were joys to the heart. Let us look into the advertiser part of the business a bit more closely.

The advertiser seeks the large circulation. The biggest advertiser seeks the cheapest people. Thus is a small newspaper (the shoe will pinch the feet of the great as well) forced, in order to survive, to pander to the Most Low. The man of culture does not buy \$4.99 overcoats, the woman of culture 27 cent slippers. The newspaper must see that it reaches those who do. This is one of the saddest matters in the whole business. The Herald started with a circulation slightly over 2000. I found that my town was near enough to two big cities for the papers published there to enter my field. I could not hope to rival their telegraphic features, and I soon saw that if the Herald was to succeed it must pay strict attention to local news. My rival stole its telegraphic news bodily; I paid for a service. The people seemed to care little for attempted assassinations of the Shah, but they were intensely interested in pinochle parties in the seventh ward. I gave them pinochle parties. Still my circulation diminished. My rival regained all that I had taken from him at the start. I wondered why, and compared the papers. I "set" more matter than he. The great difference was that my headlines were smaller and my

editorial page larger than his. Besides, his tone was much lower: he printed rumor, made news to deny it, — did a thousand and one things that kept his paper "breezy."

I put in bigger headlines, — outdid him, in fact. I almost abolished my editorial page, making of it an attempt to amuse, not to instruct. I printed every little personality, every rumor my staff could catch hold of in their tours. The result came slowly, but surely. Success came when I exaggerated every little petty scandal, every row in a church choir, every hint of a disturbance. I compromised four libel suits, and ran my circulation up to 3200 in eleven months.

Then I formed some more conclusions. I evolved a newspaper law out of the matter and the experience of some brothers in the craft in small cities near by. Briefly, I stated it in this wise: The worse a paper is, the more influence it has. To gain influence, be wholly bad.

This is no paradox, nor does it reflect particularly upon the public. There is reason for it in plenty. Take the ably edited paper, which glories in its editorial page, in the clean exposition of an honest policy, in high ideas put in good English, and you will find a paper which has a small clientele in a provincial town, or if it has readers it will have small influence. Say that it strikes the reader at breakfast, and the person who has leisure to breakfast is the person who has time for editorials, and the expression of that paper's opinion is carefully read. Should these opinions square with the preconceived ideas of the reader, the editorials are "great;" if not, they are "rotten." In other words, the man who reads carefully written editorials is the man whose opinion is formed, — the man of culture, and therefore of prejudice. Doubtless he is as well acquainted with conditions as the writer; perhaps better acquainted. When a man does have

opinions in a small city, he is quite likely to have strong ones. A fitting editorial is not the thing to change them. On the other hand, the man who has little time to read editorials, or perhaps little inclination, is just the man who might be influenced by them if read. Hence well-written editorials on a small daily are wasted thunder in great part, an uneconomic expenditure of force.

When local politics are at a fever-heat, a different aspect of affairs is often seen: editorials are generally read, not so much as expressions of opinion, but as party attack and defense. During periods of political quiet the aim of most editorial pages is to amuse or divert. The advertiser has noted the decadence of the editorial page, and as a general thing makes a violent protest if the crying of his wares is made to emanate from this poor, despised portion of the paper. An advertisement on a local page is worth much more, and he pays more for the privilege.

So I learned another lesson. I shifted, as my successful contemporaries have done, my centre of editorial gravity from its former high position to my first and local pages. I now editorialize by suggestion. News now carries its own moral, the bias I wish it to show. This requires no less skill than the writing of editorials, and, greatly as I deplore it, I find the results pleasing. Does the Herald wish to denounce a public official? Into a dozen articles is the venom inserted. Slyly, subtly, and oftentimes openly do news articles point the obvious moral. The "Acqua Tofana" of journalism is ready to be used when occasion demands, and this is very often. Innuendo is common, the stiletto is inserted quietly and without warning, and tactics a man would shun may be used by a newspaper with little or no adverse comment. I mastered the philosophy of the indirect. I gained my ends by carefully coloring my news to the ends and policies of the

paper. Nor am I altogether to blame. My paper was supposed to have influence. When I wrote careful and patient editorials, it had none. I saw the public mind must be enfladed, ambushed, and I adopted those primary American tactics of Indian warfare: shot from behind tree trunks, spared not the slain, and from the covert of a news item sent out screeching savages upon the unsuspecting public. Editorial warfare as conducted fifty years ago is obsolete; its methods are as antiquated to-day as is the artillery of that age.

I have called the Herald my own at different times in this article. I conceived it, established it, built it up. It stands to-day as the result of my work. True, my money was not the only capital it required, but mine was the hand that reared it. I found, to my great chagrin, that few people in the city considered me other than a hired servant of the political organization that aided in establishing the Herald. It was an "organ," a something which stood to the world as the official utterance of this political set. "Organs," in newspaper parlance, properly have but one function. Mine was evidently to explain or attack, as the case might be. To the politicians who helped start the Herald the paper was a political asset. It could on occasion be a club or a lever, as the situation demanded. I had been led to expect no personal intrusion. "Just keep straight with the party" was all that was asked. But never was constancy so unfaltering as that expected of the Herald. It must not print this because it was true; it must print that because it was untrue.

I had been six months in the city, when I overheard a conversation in a street car. "Oh, I'll fix the Herald all right. I know Johnny X," said one man. That was nice of Johnny X's friend, I thought. The Bulletin accused me of not daring to print certain matters. I was ashamed, humiliated. Between the friends of Johnny X and the

friends of others, I saw myself in my true light. Johnny X, by the way, a noisy ward politician, owned just one share in the Herald; but that gave his friends the right to ask him to "fix" it, nevertheless. I consulted with a wise man, a real leader, a man of experience and a warm heart. He heard me and laughed, patting me on the shoulder to humor me. "You want that printing, don't you?" he asked.

I admitted I did. I had counted on it.

"Then," said my adviser, "I would n't offend Johnny X, if I were you. He controls the supervisor in his ward."

I began to see a great light, and I have needed no other illumination since. This matter of public printing had been promised me. I knew it was necessary. I saw that, inasmuch as it was given out by the lowest politicians in the town, I escaped easily if I paid as my price the indulgence of the various Johnnies X who had "influence." I was the paid supernumerary of the party, yet had to bear its mistakes and follies, its weak men and their weaker friends, upon my poor editorial back. I realized it from that moment; I should have seen it before. But for all that, my cheeks burned for days, and my teeth set whenever I faced the thought. I don't mind it in the least now.

So at the end of a year and a half I saw a few more things. I saw that by being a good boy and adaptable to "fixing" I could earn thirty-five dollars a week with less work than I could earn forty-five dollars in a big city. I saw that the Herald as a business proposition was a failure; that is, it was not, even under the most advantageous conditions, the money-maker that I at first thought it to be. I saw that if the city grew, and if there were no more rivals, if there were a hundred advantageous conditions, it might make several thousand dollars a year, besides paying me a bigger salary. I was very

much disheartened. Then there came a turn.

I saw the business part of the proposition very clearly. I must play in with my owners, the party; and in turn my owners would support me nearly as well when they were out of power as they could when ruling. Revenue came from the city, the county, the state, all at "legal" rates. I began to see why these "legal" rates were high, some five times higher than those of ordinary advertising for such a paper as the Herald. The state, when paying its advertising bill, must pay the Herald five times the rate any clothing advertiser could get. The reason is not difficult to see. All over the state and country there are papers just like the Herald, controlled by little cliques of politicians, who, too miserly to support the necessary losses, make the people pay for them. Any attempt to lower the legal rate in any state legislature would call up innumerable champions of the "press," gentlemen all interested in their newspapers at home. The people pay more than a cent for their penny papers. It is the taxpayer who supports a thousand and one unnecessary "organs." The politicians are wise, after all.

So I got my perspective. I was paid to play the political game of others. I had to play it supported by indirect bribes. As a straight business proposition, — that is, without any state or city advertising, tax sales, printing of the proceedings, and the like, — the Herald could not live out a year. But by refusing to say many things, and by saying many more, I could get such share of these matters as would support the paper. In my second year, near its close, I saw that I was really a property, a chattel, a something bought and sold. I was being trafficked with to my loss. My friends bought me with public printing, and sold me for their own ends. I saw they had the best of the bargain.

I could do better without the middlemen. I determined to make my own bargain with the devil for my own soul. It was a brilliant thought, but a bitter one. I determined to be a Sir John Hawkwood, and sell my editorial mercenaries to the highest bidder. Only the weak are gregarious, I thought with Nietzsche. If I could not put a name upon my actions, at least I could put a price. I made a loan, grabbed up some Herald stock cheaply, and owned at last over fifty per cent of my own paper. Now, I thought, I will at least make money.

I knew at that particular time my own party joined with the enemy was very much interested in a contract the city was about to make with a lighting company, a long-term contract at an exorbitant price. No opposition was expected. The city council had been "seen," the reformers silenced. I knew some of the particulars. I knew that both parties were gaining at the expense of the public, to their own profit and the tremendous profit of the gas company. I, fearless in my new control, sent out a small editorial feeler, a little suggestion about municipal ownership. This time my editorial did have influence. No mango tree of an Indian juggler blossomed quicker. I was called upon one hour after the paper was out. What in the name of all unnamable did I mean? I laughed. I pointed out the new holdings of stock I had acquired. What did the gentlemen mean? They did n't know, — not then.

I had a very pleasant call from the gas company's attorney the next day. He was a most agreeable fellow, a man of parts, assuredly. I, a conscious chat-tel, would now appraise myself. I waited, letting the pleasantries flow by in a gentle stream. By the way, suggested my new friend, why did n't I try for the printing of the gas company? It was quite a matter. My friend was surprised that the Herald had so complete a job printing plant. The gas

company had all of its work done out of town, at a high rate, he thought. He would use his influence, etc., etc. Actually, I felt very important! All this to come out of a little editorial on municipal ownership! The Herald did n't care for printing so very much, I said. But I would think it over.

The next day I followed up my municipal ownership editorial. It was my answer. I waited for theirs. I waited in vain. I had overreached myself. This was humiliation indeed, and it aroused every bit of ire and revenge in me. I boldly launched out on a campaign against the dragon. I would see if the "press" could be held so cheaply. I printed statistics of the price of lighting in other cities. I exposed the whole scheme. I stood for the people at last! My early fire came back. We would see; the people and the Herald against a throttling corporation and a gang of corrupt aldermen.

Then the other side got into the war. I went to the bank to renew a note. I had renewed it a dozen times before. But the bank had seen the Gorgon and turned to stone. I dugged deep and met the note. A big law firm which had given me all its business began to seek out the Bulletin. One or two advertisers dropped out. Some unseen hand began to foment a strike. Were the banks, the bar, and, worst of all, the labor unions, in the pay of a gas company? It was exhilarating to be with "the people," but exhilaration does not meet pay rolls. I may state that I am now doing the gas company's printing at a very fair rate.

I saw the policy was a good one, nevertheless. I also saw that it could not be carried to the extreme. So I have become merely threatening. I have learned never to overstep my bounds. I take my lean years and my fat years, still a hireling, but having somewhat to say about my market value. What provincial paper does not have the same story to tell?

My public doesn't care for good writing. It has no regard for reason. During one political campaign I tried reason. That is, I did n't denounce the adversary. Admitting he had some very good points, I showed why the other man had better ones. The general impression was that the Herald had "flopped," just because I did not abuse my party's opponent, but tried to defeat him with logic! A paper is always admired for its backbone, and backbone is its refusal to see two sides to a question.

I have reached the "masses." I tell people what they knew beforehand, and thus flatter them. Aiming to instruct them, I should offend. God is with the biggest circulations, and we must have them even if we appeal to class prejudice now and then.

I can occasionally foster a good work, almost underhandedly, it would seem. I take little pleasure in it. The various churches, hospitals, the library, all expect to be coddled indiscriminately and without returning any thanks whatever. I have railroad transportation as much as I wish, the magazines free of charge, and a seat in the theatre. These are my "perquisites." There is no particular future for me. The worst of it is that I don't seem to care. The gradual falling away from the high

estate of my first editorial is a matter for the student of character, which I am not. In myself, as in my paper, I only see results.

I think these confessions are ample enough and blunt enough. When I left the high school, I would have wished to word them in Stevensonian manner. That was some time ago. We who run small dailies have little care for the niceties of style. There are few of our clientele who know the nice from the not-nice. In our smaller cities we "suicide" and "jeopardize." We are visited by "agriculturalists," and "none of us are" exempt from little iniquities and unquities of style and expression. We go right on: "commence" where we should "begin," use "balance" for "remainder," never think of putting the article before "Hon." and "Rev.," and some of us abbreviate "assemblyman" into "ass," meaning nothing but condensation. Events still "transpire" in our small cities, and inevitably we "try experiments." We have learned to write "trousers," and "gents" appears only in our advertisements. In common with the very biggest and best papers we always say "leniency." That I do these things, the last coercion of environment, is the saddest, to me, of all.

Paracelsus.

SINGING WOOD.

UPON HEARING A GIRL PLAY THE VIOLIN.

IF with a kinsman's finger you could fret
 The vital chord in any clod or stone,
 Would there not bubble to the air a tone
 Of that one central music hidden yet?
 Would there not sound, in ears that still forget,
 Notes of the dumb, prenatal antiphone,
 Strains to unlock the sense from that long swoon
 Which holds us till we pay the bounden debt?

So with this wood to-day you touched to song:
 In it there slumbered all a season's sweet,
 The moonlight and the morning and the wheat
 And crocuses and catbirds, — one low, long
 Sweep of the bow, and there a year you drew
 As lies a landscape in a drop of dew.

Harrison S. Morris.

THE EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM IN THE PHILIPPINES.

THE problem of establishing a modified American school system in the Philippine Islands, under existing conditions, is also the problem of supplanting an old system deeply interwoven with the religious beliefs and social institutions of a semi-civilized people. The Spanish messengers of the faith who came to these islands implanted the faith and education at the same time. He who fails to take into account the early services of the members of the religious orders will not form an adequate judgment of present forces. Shrewd and capable leaders among them controlled these people for centuries, and built up an approach to civilized society by the introduction of a nominal change of faith and a plan of education which, although narrow, was not limited, as some think, in the number of persons who were somewhat educated. In pursuit of church policy, the education of the individual person did not go very far. Higher education was for the select class. When a Filipino felt an inclination to acquire an intellectual education, he could do so only by becoming a pupil in the ecclesiastical schools. The friars learned the dialects, and, in their capacity as local supervisors of schools, blocked every attempt of the government to make Spanish the basal language of school instruction. As in other Oriental countries, religious ideas absorbed so completely the attention that a lamentable backwardness is noted in the advancement

of public education. Impervious as it was to every liberalizing influence, the exclusively religious school system that the Americans found here was an anachronism, recalling European school systems of more than a hundred years ago. The instruction given, at its best, was weak on the side of thought work, and only fair in formal work. Nearly every organized town had its school, and in it the pupils were taught obedience, to read and write, more or less mechanically, the native dialect, and the catechism. A small fee was necessary for admission. In vitalizing power, in that which should elevate and uplift the race, the system was wholly lacking; and without this power any system must fail.

Confucianism never had a stronger hold on China and Japan than the church dogma had on the Philippines. Originality was a species of disloyalty. The mind of the Tagalo was restive in its ecclesiastical fetters. The insurrection of 1896 served to show the temper of the people toward church control, and explains the desire for modern education. The insurrection of 1896 was hardly over when the United States declared war against Spain. The overthrow of the Spanish rule and the occupation of the Philippines by the Americans have wrought a tremendous change in the condition, and advanced materially the affairs, of this far-off group of islands in the East.

There was a thirst for Western edu-

cation before we came, and in every revolutionary propaganda there was an article to establish schools and colleges. It is interesting to note that in the platforms of the political parties at the present time public education takes a prominent place. It is also worthy of record that Cailles, upon his first visit to Manila after his surrender, still wearing his general's uniform and accompanied by his staff, called upon the officials of the Department of Public Instruction to express his appreciation of the educational efforts of the Americans; and that Malyar, still in the field, released his American prisoner as soon as he was convinced that he was one of the teachers of English sent out to his people. Respect for learning has always been the redeeming feature of the East. In this regard the Philippines are no exception. It was in the midst of such a groping after light that America appeared. Under American management, education was bound to have a wider popular extension and a broader and more liberal character.

There could have been no clearer expression of American purposes with regard to the Philippines than was presented in the reopening and organizing of schools by military commanders as soon as peace was restored at their posts. General Otis and General MacArthur both strongly favored and advanced a progressive educational policy. During the first year of the war educational efforts were necessarily confined to the city of Manila, where American authority was firmly established; but later, when practicable, the work was extended throughout all provinces where conditions warranted it. Soldier teachers were put into the schools to teach English. The central military government ordered and distributed large quantities of American school books and supplies. Financial aid was given to towns too poor to pay the salaries of native teachers and the rentals of school buildings. The educational work done under the

purely military régime, with old machinery, was hardly systematic or ideal, but it showed that the military authorities recognized the value of a system of schools — to quote General MacArthur — “as an adjunct to military operations, calculated to pacify the people, and to procure and expedite the restoration of tranquillity throughout the archipelago.”

Education under the civil régime began to take form in the latter part of 1900. After some preliminary study and investigation of the conditions, the general superintendent made recommendations in the form of a bill for the establishment of a centralized system of free public schools. The bill, in slightly modified form, was passed by the Philippine Commission on January 21, 1901.

The chief features of this bill are:

It establishes a centralized system of free public schools. It places in the hands of the general superintendent the entire work of organizing and inaugurating a modern public school system, and confers upon him ample and necessary powers for the administration of his office. As amended, it provides for the employment of eighteen division superintendents of schools, and as many deputy division superintendents as there are organized provinces; for one thousand men and women teachers of English, from the United States; and for the establishment and maintenance of normal, agricultural, and manual training schools. In addition, it makes a general provision for the expenditure, during the current year, of four hundred thousand dollars for the construction and equipment of school buildings, and two hundred and twenty thousand dollars for the purchase of textbooks and supplies. Further, it provides for a superior advisory board of education, to be composed of the general superintendent and four members, to advise with him as to the schools, and to make recommendations to the Commission for

legislation. The representation of the people in an advisory and auxiliary way is aimed at in the constitution of local school boards. The president of the town is *ex officio* chairman; and of the four or six members, one half are elected by the municipal council, and one half are appointed by the division superintendents. The course of instruction in all the towns is outlined by the general superintendent; the Filipino teachers are appointed, and their salaries fixed, by the division superintendents; and even the school buildings must be designed after the ideas of the general superintendent, and subject to the approval of the division superintendents. The central government supports the entire supervisory machine, pays the American teachers, and provides textbooks and school supplies. The towns, as a rule, must supply buildings, either by construction or rental, must furnish them, and must pay the salaries of native teachers. The English language, as soon as practicable, will be made the basis of all public school instruction. The Commission adopts the Faribault plan of religious instruction, which gives every denomination the right to send religious teachers, several times a week, to the public schools, to give instruction to the children of parents who desire it, — at times when such instruction shall not interfere with the regular curriculum. No public school teacher shall teach religion, and no pupil shall be required to receive religious instruction.

Unlike the state systems of public instruction, the system outlined shows a decided tendency to centralized control, — a natural consequence of the social and political conditions of the islands. The local school boards, at present, are given more duties than powers; and in the appointment and fixing of the salaries of the native teachers by the division superintendents the principle of local self-government has had to give way. American educational offi-

cials in Porto Rico have found how impossible it is to advance schools so long as the local boards control the teaching force. However, in the administration of the system the principle of local initiative is not lost sight of, and everything is done to bring about the coöperation of local and central agencies. Owing to a lack of sufficient school accommodations, the educational act contains no general law compelling school attendance.

With the new educational machine a warfare against superficiality and ignorance has been begun. The common school is the equalizer, and the common language, English, the nationalizer. Instead of making a great show by establishing high schools, colleges, and an ambitious university first, and in spite of the fact that these were most in demand, primary schools were fostered, and an endeavor was made to insure to the Filipino child a knowledge of English, clear ideas on a few subjects, and a receptive and awakened intelligence.

The first year's operations of the department may be briefly summarized. More than half a million American schoolbooks and a large quantity of school supplies have been selected, purchased at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars, and distributed to the various towns, and the old textbooks removed from the schools; one hundred thousand dollars has been expended for twenty thousand modern school desks; one thousand teachers, normal and college graduates, have been appointed, and over eight hundred have arrived from the United States, and been stationed in a systematic manner throughout the islands; the archipelago has been divided into eighteen school divisions, and an American school superintendent placed in charge of each division, with a deputy division superintendent in charge of each province. All religious instruction during school session is being gradually abolished. Instruction in the English language has been provided for in

more than a thousand schools, and an opportunity has been given in English evening schools for those of the people who are past the school age to keep in accord with the new ideas acquired by their children. Salaries of the Filipino teachers have been raised; and a definite announcement has been made to them that the American teachers are here, not to displace them, but to prepare them to take charge of their own schools. The Filipino teachers have received daily English instruction; and so soon as they have progressed enough with the language itself, instruction in the common branches, and methods of teaching those branches, will be given. Vacation normal courses have been held in several of the school divisions. Free schools have taken the place of fee schools. Instructors for the normal, agricultural, and industrial schools have been appointed. The Normal School, opened in September, has a regular attendance of two hundred, which is as many as can well be accommodated. Nearly every town where peace has been restored has been visited by some representative of the department, and the needs investigated. Circulars of inquiry have been sent out to the presidents, provincial governors, district commanders, and teachers, and a mass of important data is accumulating. The pay roll for American teachers and supervisors may serve to gauge the operations of the department. Within a year's time it has grown from one thousand dollars to one hundred thousand dollars a month.

Educational work has been impeded by the complexity and multiplicity of the difficulties involved. It has been pioneer and creative work purely. There has been no haste, no desire for spectacular results; permanency and suitability have been the qualities sought for.

There are in the Philippine Islands some six and a half million Christians, one million pagans, and one half mil-

lion Mohammedans, scattered over several hundred islands with a total area greater than the combined areas of Portugal, Greece, Switzerland, Denmark, and Belgium; or, to use an American standard, equal to the combined areas of the New England states and New York. There are twenty dialects in the island of Luzon alone, and seventy have been enumerated in the Philippine group. Fourteen may be accepted as the number of principal tribes. Altogether, there is as queer a mixture of languages, races, and customs as perhaps is to be found anywhere in the world. The Americanizing of the Philippines is the training of a widely differentiated insular people, the mass of whom have never risen above a purely rice and fish existence.

There are only one hundred and twenty miles of railroad; the few steamships in the islands are small and uncomfortable, and irregular in service; there are no good harbors, and landing is always a difficult matter; there are only a few good roads, and outside of Manila no modern bridges. The transportation of the American teachers to their stations and the distribution of school books and supplies have been done under great disadvantages, owing to the inadequate means of conveyance. Many of the six hundred teachers who came on the transport *Thomas* expected to be transferred directly to steamship lines, almost on the day of their arrival. It took a month to get them all away. Insufficient hotel accommodations in Manila and the unforeseen withdrawal of the commissary privileges complicated the problem of caring for and assigning the teachers, especially the women. The civil commissary has since been established, and the teachers report they were welcomed everywhere, and are now comfortably settled and intensely interested in their work.

Aside from the local difficulties of transportation, a serious disadvantage

is the great distance from the base of material supply. There have been delays in receipt of school supplies, and the selection of a large number of school superintendents and teachers in the United States has presented many perplexities. About twelve thousand applications for positions in the educational work here have been received. It was found necessary to delegate a limited appointing power to many normal schools, colleges, and educational officials in the United States. More than five hundred of the thousand or more appointments were made in this manner.

The town proper, or *pueblo*, is sometimes very small, with only fifty or sixty houses; the rest of the town, made up of *barrios*, may spread over a large area. There are seldom school buildings in the barrios, and those found in the pueblos are inadequate and unsuitable; for they are supplied with the worst imaginable furniture, or none at all.

School attendance is much affected by the long distances that the children must come. Often they must traverse bad roads, which are impassable during the rainy season. Insufficient clothing, need of children to assist in harvesting, and a great amount of sickness among the Filipino children are all causes of irregular attendance, — a serious evil to be noticed even in places where there seems to be the liveliest interest in schools.

To the Filipino, suspicious and distrustful by nature, and nowadays doubly so when it is a question of what the United States promises to do for him, the educational movement is the most significant. I am sure it tends to increase confidence in our fair intentions, and has been one of the chief causes that he believes in our honesty more to-day than he did a year ago. The Oriental, however, does not understand the ways of the Occidental: he is of course very conservative, and resents innovations; having been so long used to a paternal

form of government, he hesitates to take the initiative; but he is naturally ambitious, as a rule, for his children, and especially is this so in the matter of education. I doubt if at present there is any strong desire on the part of the Filipinos to become Americanized, but they appreciate the benefits of American educational methods. They desire to better their station in society; and in the cities, particularly, they are keenly alive to the material advantages of knowing English, so as to fill positions in the government and mercantile service.

Until municipal taxes are collected, next spring, lack of local funds will prevent any considerable increase in the Filipino teachers' salaries (which are now mere pittance, ranging from five dollars gold per month to twenty dollars) or any great activity in school construction. Municipal officials are slow to appropriate money if they think that, by delay, the general government will come forward. When requested to make repairs on school buildings or to get school furniture, they are very ready with promises; but, as some one has said, "the Filipino never says 'no,' but never does 'yes.'"

Two important tests may be applied in determining the intellectual status of a people: the policy as regards the education of girls, and the absence or presence of supplementary educational agencies. Parents in the far East do not think it necessary to send girls to school. The boy receives the preference in the family plans for schooling as in other matters. The progress of the education of girls under the Spanish was exceedingly slow. There was no serious attempt to give them even elementary education until about 1870. The American teachers have found that the public school for girls is still, to a large extent, an object of social distrust and prejudice. Considered in its social and moral bearings, the education of girls is a matter of great sig-

nificance, and every attempt is being made to provide equal school facilities for boys and girls. No steps have been taken to bring about coeducation, nor are there likely to be.

Aside from the public schools and the churches, there have been no other important sources of enlightenment. A person may know how to read and write, yet possess not even the rudiments of culture. The assertion is made that "eighty per cent can read and write," thus leaving only twenty per cent who cannot. If this refers to the total Philippine population of eight millions, and "to read" means to understand the material one is reading, and "to write" more than the writing of one's name, then I am willing to venture an opinion that the amount of literacy would be nearer twenty per cent than eighty. It is commonly stated that five per cent of the inhabitants can speak and understand Spanish. Public libraries, lecture courses, broad commercial relations with foreign countries, a widespread daily press to give publicity to all affairs of state and society, modern theatres, active participation in public affairs, street-corner political discussions, — these and other agencies of essential importance for the advance of culture have been almost entirely lacking. Traveling libraries, in the form of supplementary English reading and illustrated lectures on American life and government, are being organized by the school department.

It has already been seen that the educational situation does not lack its hopeful signs. There is a real desire for school, and an intense eagerness to acquire English. In education there is a coincidence of American and Fili-

pino interests. The attitude of the people toward the new system — an important element in the success or failure of a centralized system of education — can be treated by concrete example. Its faith in the system has been demonstrated by voluntary contributions of money; schoolhouses have been built by public subscription; teachers' salaries have been raised; American teachers have been cordially welcomed and hospitably treated. There may be interruptions and setbacks in this interesting and unique attempt to enforce Western ideals upon an Eastern people, — a people most unlike us, possessing ideals and traditions totally different; but the educational representatives of the American nation, with the saving grace of common sense, will train up, promptly and properly, a generation of Filipino youth to regenerate their own country. The Filipino child is a child of promise; he is docile, quick, and mentally alert. He has an aptness for acquiring languages, and a natural talent for the lesser mechanical arts; he draws and writes well. The majority of the schoolchildren are young-looking and attractive.

During the year to come, the department will forge steadily ahead with its primary schools, introducing some form of manual training; open secondary schools, with general, industrial, and commercial courses; and extend its system of normal, trade, and agricultural schools. Schools of art and music, orphanages, reform schools, schools for the deaf, dumb, and blind, colleges and higher technical schools, and a university with its professional schools are included in the general plan of public education.

Fred W. Atkinson.

THE ECONOMIC FUTURE OF THE PHILIPPINES.

THE United States confront a serious task in the Philippine Islands, on the economic as well as the political side. This is obvious to every one who studies conditions on the ground, as has been the opportunity of the present writer during the past summer. The political and economic problems are more or less interwoven each with the other, for they grow naturally out of the comparative backwardness of tropical peoples and their need of Caucasian leadership. The work undertaken by the United States in the education of the Filipino people will be an important element in their economic future, and it is an undertaking almost unique in the dealing of colonizing powers with their dependencies. Whether the experiment of sending a thousand teachers to the islands, to teach the people the rudiments of modern ideas, will soon produce such results as have been achieved in a moral and intellectual way by education in the United States may well be doubted; but it will undoubtedly accomplish much in improving their material condition and in extending the influence of the United States. Already English is driving Spanish from the schools and the marts of trade, and eagerness is shown on every hand to learn American methods and American points of view.

Actual contact with tropical and Oriental races brings strong conviction of the necessity of Caucasian leadership for their orderly progress in the paths of civilization and economic efficiency. In the intellectual field there is a gulf fixed between the Caucasian and the Oriental mind, except in the case of a very few, which can be bridged only by several generations of culture. The fundamental distinction, however, between the Oriental and the Caucasian is not so exclusively one of culture as of

traditions and points of view. The masses of the Oriental peoples are not only without the capacity for self-government; they have no conscious interest in their government. They may, under extreme conditions, revolt against excessive taxation or other forms of oppression, but for the most part the struggle for existence is too constantly present to give them time for thinking of abstract problems. Oppression must become terribly concrete to arouse even their interest. In China and Japan, it is doubtful if one could obtain from the average coolie or agricultural laborer an intelligent answer to any question regarding his form of government. The essential dignity of human nature; the doctrine that the humblest man or woman is made in the divine image, dowered with immortality, and possessed of inalienable moral and political rights, are propositions of which only a faint glimmering filters, by means of Caucasian example, into the Oriental mind.

This difference between the Caucasian and the Oriental mind seriously affects the solution of every economic as well as every political problem in the Orient. The conception of "the economic man," battling with all his power to distance his fellows in the production of wealth by the most efficient methods, and to raise his standard of living, would hardly be grasped by the ordinary Oriental. In some countries, as in the overpopulated parts of China, the struggle for existence is an intense reality, but is carried on according to archaic methods. In the less thickly populated countries, especially those under the tropics, the gathering of the scantiest subsistence suffices for the average native. That he should strive to increase his possessions at the expense of discomforting labor, that he should dig deep into the earth in order to draw forth its riches,

and confront a circle of wants expanding constantly with the increase of his earning power, would strike him, if he were able to comprehend the idea, as a supreme waste of energy.

Caucasian leadership, therefore, will be vital for a long time to come to the progress of the undeveloped peoples. What Great Britain, in the economic field, has accomplished in Egypt and British India; what even Russia, with her brutal soldiery and autocratic methods, is accomplishing in Central Asia; what the United States are to accomplish in the Philippines, is not capable of accomplishment by the native races if left to themselves. Japan, under the guiding hand of European and American teachers, has risen to the rank of a power among the nations; and her people are reaping the benefits in improved methods of agriculture, the higher wages which follow greater productive power, and a better standard of living. Through better methods of sanitation and more healthy conditions of life population is increasing, until it threatens to overrun the limits of the empire, and has already forced Japan to become a colonizing power in the island of Formosa. But even Japan, in spite of the wonderful progress which she has made within twenty-five years under the tutelage of the Caucasian race, has much yet to learn before her people rise to the productive and intellectual stature of Europeans and Americans. Culture and high intellectual development is still confined to a few, and it may be questioned whether the country has not acted hastily in dispensing with the services of American and European teachers in some of those positions which call for constructive ability and the capacity for organization on a large scale.

Raising the standard of living is the most potent method of raising any people to the level of modern civilization and to the possibilities of independent intellectual and political life. This standard must in the long run follow

productive capacity. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." What a man produces, that shall he also consume in its equivalent of what others produce. In rare cases only can he obtain from others more than the fair equivalent of that which he produces. The essential difficulty with all the inferior races of the earth is not chiefly what is taken from them by others, — whether this is great or small, — but the small volume of their own production. The lesson to be taught them by Caucasian leadership — how to increase the sum of their product — will benefit both the teacher and the learner, because increased producing power on the one hand means increased power to demand products on the other.

Caucasian leadership in the undeveloped countries means this raising of the standard of comfort. The cheapest thing in the Orient is human life and labor. The reason is found, on the economic side, in adherence to primitive methods of agriculture and of exchange. The present productive capacity of the civilized races is the fruit of the capacity for organization of a few minds. It has been their work to devise agricultural implements and machinery and intensive methods of culture, which have multiplied many times the productive power of a single individual as applied to the natural qualities of the soil, and have postponed for generations the evils which Malthus feared from the increase of population. To this power of developing the resources of nature in their most direct form the same class of minds has added the organization of industry on the side of manufacturing, finance, and transportation, which has made the civilized world one, and allotted to each community the task which it can best perform.

It is the mission of the civilized powers in the Orient and the tropics to put these potent weapons for increasing productive power into the hands of races which have thus far been incapable of

devising or adopting them for themselves. This mission has been executed by every civilized power in its colonial possessions, upon a smaller or larger scale. It was done upon the smallest scale, perhaps, by Spain in the Philippines. Few colonizing powers, holding practically undisturbed possession, for four centuries, of an empire of such infinite possibilities, have left so little impress as Spain has left upon the Philippine Islands. Even upon her own political domain British enterprise has entered, in the guise of British merchants, to teach the native people some of the lessons of economical civilized production; but it has remained for the United States to bring to them, of direct purpose, and not as a mere incident of exploitation, the education which shall raise them to something like the producing capacity of the civilized races.

Few who have not come into contact with Oriental peoples can appreciate the inefficiency of labor, growing out of the lack of proper tools and education. This inefficiency is due largely to the lack of capital, which it is the mission of the great civilized nations to supply; but it is largely due, also, to the lack of initiative and of the means of acquiring the knowledge suitable for obtaining the best results from labor. Filipinos, Chinese, and Japanese labor to a large extent by the primitive methods of their ancestors, and get only the equivalent produced by their ancestors, because they have not invented and have not acquired better methods. How far the small results of the tasks at which they toil day by day with their hands when they might use tools, with their own backs when they might use beasts of burden or the power of steam or electricity, are due to inherent lack of capacity will presently be referred to; but it is obvious that even the most inefficient laborer can be rendered greatly more efficient by placing in his hands modern tools and labor-saving machinery.

It is only by the application of modern machinery and organized industry that the almost unexplored riches of the Orient can be placed at the command of mankind. The methods of the native races have barely scratched the surface of the deep resources of these countries. These methods often do irreparable damage to the almost priceless gifts of nature by such crass improvidence as the cutting down of gutta-percha trees for the extraction of their product, when proper treatment would make them re-productive for many years. Gutta-percha is already becoming a scarce commodity outside the Philippines, because of the improvidence and ignorance of the native races even in countries under Dutch and British control. The island of Mindanao, one of the least explored of the Philippine group, is rich in gutta-percha, rubber, and elastic. Nearly all the islands are capable of profitable development in rice, sugar, and tobacco. Iron and coal of good quality are found, rich mines of copper only await proper development, and gold is found in paying quantities. The natives of the southern islands, Moros by race, Mohammedan by faith, and uncivilized in their condition, nevertheless welcome capitalists and prospectors who promise to respect their individual holdings of land, give them as much work as they are willing to do, and take the natural products which they gather in the forests or grow on their little plots. Wiser by intuition than some of their friends in America, they realize that the coming of organized industry means for them the full realization of the rich possibilities of their forests, streams, and mines.

Contact with the teeming millions of the Orient brings home in a striking manner to the economic observer the lesson of the influence of the organization of industry upon human progress. There is probably no more steady, industrious, and thrifty worker in the world than the Chinaman. To the limit

of his individual capacity he makes the most of his producing power. But China does not possess the captains of industry who have lightened labor in the civilized countries by invention and by combining in the most effective manner the factors of production. Man performs the functions of a beast of burden in the rickshaw and in drawing the canal boat, even in progressive Japan, because no great organizer of production, like our railway and iron kings, has come to show him the best means of combining his resources in order to get the largest sum of product from the smallest expenditure of labor. The means of attaining these things will be taught in the Philippines by the agricultural colleges and the manual training schools, which promise to be among the most useful parts of the system of education which is being worked out on such a comprehensive scale by Dr. Fred W. Atkinson, the superintendent of education; but the capacity for great enterprises, not always encountered even among highly advanced people, will probably be found, for many years to come, among the Caucasian rulers of the Orient rather than among the people themselves.

The labor problem promises to be a serious one at first in the Philippines, because of the lack of inclination among the natives to systematic work. The nightmare of an invasion of the United States by "a flood of Filipino cheap labor," which has disturbed the dreams of some of the opponents of expansion, would lose its terrors by a visit to the islands. The average Filipino laborer in competition with American labor would have about as much chance of survival as a mouse in a threshing machine. The wants of the people of the Philippines have been confined within such narrow limits, and have been supplied in a scanty way from day to day by such desultory methods, that a considerable degree of education will be required to induce the continuous labor

which has become the habit of civilized races.

Upon this side of the problem, however, the very benefits brought by the civilized races are likely to afford a compelling influence to greater labor. Races which have not adopted modern standards of civilization advance but slowly in population. In Manila it is reported that the average births to each mother run as high as fifteen, but that under Spanish rule only four of these children grew to maturity. Remarkable as this statement appears, both as to fecundity and death rate, and incapable of exact verification as it may be, it is in both respects below the figures given by Adam Smith for the Scotch Highlands less than a century and a half ago, when he says, "It is not uncommon, I have been frequently told, for a mother who has borne twenty children not to have two alive." The introduction of scientific methods, in dealing with childbirth, in vaccination, in supplying nutritious food, and in the proper care of infants, is beginning to reduce the appalling death rate which these figures indicate. Already in the city of Manila twelve municipal physicians and eight midwives are acting under the American authorities, and the general death rate fell from 57.08 per 1000 in October, 1899, to 28.46 in July, 1901.

When the death rate among the workers of the Orient has been brought down to that of civilized peoples, one of two influences will act upon the mind of the native parent: either he will labor more to support his larger family, or he will apply the restraints to production which are employed by every civilized people through later marriages and fewer births. It is probable that both causes will operate to stimulate ambition for better standards of living and greater productive power on the part of the individual worker. The search for the means of increasing his producing power will promote intellec-

tual capacity and the desire for higher culture. The tendency, at first, of a lower death rate may be to multiply families unduly and to bring the population close up to the margin of the food supply, as was believed to be the case among the workingmen of Great Britain in the eighteenth century. But in the long run the influence of the new conditions is likely to be the same as in more advanced countries, in raising the standard of living, and applying the moral and physical restraints to overpopulation which have replaced, among all civilized peoples, the terrible restraints of war, pestilence, and famine.

For people who in their daily lives stand on the boundary line of the minimum of subsistence, independent economic or political life is an impossibility. The struggle for bread excludes all else. No mawkish sentiment in favor of a political independence which means anarchy can stand in the face of the fact that Great Britain has lightened the burdens of the tax-ridden fellahin of Egypt, and that she has opened a pathway bright with hope to the thousands of Chinese who flock to Hongkong, Singapore, and her other Oriental possessions. France, though pursuing in many cases a less enlightened policy, has taught the masses of the people of Algeria the difference between a government which meant robbery and a government which means security. Under their old rulers, Algeria and Tunis were practically in that state which made honest labor and accumulation worse than useless, because they only invited the cupidity of the rulers. Much the same conditions existed in the Philippines, especially in the provinces, under the exactions of the friar and the tax-gatherer. The rule of powers like Great Britain and America means for all these people greater security for life, a higher standard of living, a prospect of working and saving without being deprived of all they have earned and saved, and steady progress toward those ideals of

justice, liberty, and law which are the glories of Western civilization. Even the efficiency of labor is likely to increase under such conditions, under the stimulus which Professor William Smart so aptly describes when he says, "There is no laborer but may develop unsuspected powers and intensity of labor if his subsistence is increased, or varied, or seasoned by hope."

The responsibility assumed by the United States in the Philippine Islands is not likely to terminate at once in complete peace. The natives of the more civilized islands are rapidly learning the great lesson that American methods are not Spanish methods, and that what is taken from the people by taxation will be remitted back to them in public benefits. This lesson has not yet been fully learned, because of the brief time since military operations ceased and the works of peace began. The natives are naturally suspicious of any foreign power coming with promises on its lips, after their experience with Spanish commissioners and governors-general. The methods of American civil administration cannot probably be introduced among the savage tribes for some time to come. A wise policy, however, on the part of American civil and military governors will tend to keep these people at peace, and gradually open their eyes to the benefits of trade and commercial relations with the sovereign power. From a military standpoint, the occasion may still arise, from time to time, for a brief campaign in the more savage islands and for the steady maintenance of proper garrisons; but in the civilized provinces there is no reason why garrisons should be much larger than those in the United States, except as they are incident to the greater task of maintaining American prestige in the Orient, in case it is threatened from the side of China, Germany, or Russia. This necessity will always require a strong military and naval force in the Philippines, which can be relied upon

in emergencies in many directions, but which cannot be properly charged to the necessities of American rule in the islands themselves.

That the United States have assumed a great task in seeking to raise a people like the Filipinos from their present economic condition up to the level of Western civilization is obvious to every candid observer. The reward for taking up the task must be found, on both the political and the economic side, in the benefits which have always come to great peoples when superabundant energy and resources, spreading beyond national boundaries, have carried their commerce, their flag, and their civilization to undeveloped countries. Whether the Philippines "will pay" cannot be determined by the budget of a few years, any more than it could fairly have been determined whether Texas "would pay" when we went to war with Mexico, or whether the Oregon purchase "would pay" when we were almost annually suppressing the uprisings of the Indians.

The true problem in the Philippines and in all colonial establishments is whether they promise an ultimate return to the community. The answer to this question cannot be given in a single year, or even in a series of years. Governments, in their colonial policy, act for generations unborn, as they do in the improvement of rivers and harbors, in their lighthouse establishment, and in giving helpless children an education which will make them and their children's children worthy citizens of the state. A careful comparison at any given moment of such expenditures with their results would show a deficit which would be appalling to the man who wishes every dollar of taxation paid back in tangible form into his own pocket.

The benefit of the Philippines and

of nearly all colonial establishments is the degree to which they offer a field for the enterprises and capital of the nation. By means of opening markets for new products, by finding outlets for capital which would otherwise compete against existing capital at home, and by creating new wants among undeveloped peoples, capital and labor alike gain the benefits of diminished competition and wider markets for their products. Let a single great colonial market, like Hongkong or British India, be closed to British goods, and the effect would reach back from Bradford and Lancashire, with their idle and starving factory hands, to every agriculturist in the British Empire, and from them to the wheat farms and cotton fields of America. That the necessity for such openings is recognized by the statesmen of all countries is shown by the eagerness with which Germany is fighting for colonial footings in such barren and unpromising soil as German East Africa, under the burning sun of the equator; by the heavy expenditures assumed with so much lightness of heart by Belgium in the Congo; and even by the heavy sacrifices made by impoverished Italy in Eretria and the heart of Abyssinia. If the need is less obvious at the present moment for these openings for the people and resources of the United States, it needs but little reflection upon the great output of our mills and factories to show how soon this need must become imperative. Even if the Philippines were barren of productive results for a time, the United States would be peculiarly fortunate — while France, Germany, Belgium, and Italy have been contending for a quarter of a century for the most desolate and unpromising quarters of the earth — in having wrested from Spain one of the most fertile and promising domains of the Pacific.

Charles A. Conant.

ONLY AN EPISODE.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

THE blackbirds sang on in the lowlands by the lake, and the fields were flushed with the yellow dawn of California poppies. Great and glorious distances, that were brimful of sunlight, led the eye away to where shadowy mountains assembled on an unbelievably remote horizon. But to Nora these things were nothing.

"All this is mine, and it is spring, and it is nothing," she said to herself, and looked at the world with desperate pain in her eyes.

It had been decreed that Larrie should stand aside in life, while others lived, and he had learned to play the part of an observer with some humor and much philosophy. But with ordinary beings humor and philosophy are chiefly to be relied upon when least required, and in this hour of need he found his comforters useless. John was foolish and reckless; but his friend saw nothing humorous in his condition, neither could he wring philosophy from the contemplation of his probable future. And once or twice he surprised a look in Nora's eyes that made him think of some wild, miserable thing caught when off its guard. It might be possible to smile at a man who will wreck a life to fill an hour, but it would be impossible to smile at this particular look in Nora's eyes.

One day John received a letter. He found it at the post office, on his weekly visit to the nearest town, and held it as though it contained an explosive.

Larrie remarked that John had not received a letter since coming to the ranch, and John, climbing into the cart, said that he was sorry to receive one now. But when he had read it, he laughed and crushed it into his pocket. Being a man Larrie asked no questions;

being human he was curious, and fortunately for his humanity, John, after pulling reflectively at his pipe for some moments, volunteered the information that, though he might not look it, he, John, was a rich man.

He proceeded to explain that on leaving Colorado, where he had worked six months in a gold mine, part of his wages had been confided to a friend, with instructions to invest them. The friend had shown business tact, and the result was a small fortune.

"He only got on my track through that Eastern friend of yours who was here last year," added John; "for I never sent him my address, partly because I supposed the money to be lost. Now that it is found, and in a somewhat inflated condition, what the dickens am I to do with it?"

"Why not come into partnership with me?" suggested Larrie.

But John shook his head gravely. "That could never be," he said. "But thanks, awfully, just the same; and I don't pretend to say that would n't be one of the few things that could make living more worth while."

"What's the objection, then?"

"Your name must n't stand beside mine, and it might some day turn out that I was not drowned."

"I will risk the chance and the consequences," said Larrie.

John was silent.

"We've both made a big miss," continued Larrie, "and the best that's left is n't good enough to be overcareful of. Think it over."

"I cannot even think it over," said John; and the drive home was accomplished in silence, broken only by the remark on Larrie's part that the weather was going to change.

At the ranch nothing was said of John's money.

That evening he took Evelyn on the lake as usual, and as usual Nora, from her seat on the piazza step, watched them go. When Larrie drew near she lowered her eyes, suddenly conscious that he must not see them.

"It isn't like you to sit with your hands idle so much," he remarked. "Evelyn says you sit so for hours."

"I am thinking," said Nora, "and resting."

"Yet you look more tired every day. At first there was something vivid and electric about you; but while I was away you lost it, and now you look almost ill. I don't like the life you lead. You ought to marry."

The eyes that met his were haggard in the twilight. "I shall never marry," she said.

"And yet there are few women who could bring a man the wit and tenderness and power that you could bring."

"I know, I know," she whispered a little wildly. Then she rose, with a sudden change of manner. "While we are talking, I am forgetting to boil the coffee," she said, and went into the house.

The next day Larrie's prophecy was fulfilled, and the weather changed. The air was full of wind and rain and scudding mist, and the cold was of the damp, dreary nature that denies exhilaration and defies protection. By the combined efforts of John and Nora Larrie was kept in the house, and John went out alone into the storm. Evelyn, seated by the window, watched him go, and her work lay untouched on her knees.

"Your hands are as idle as mine," said Nora, who was watching her.

"It is different with me," answered Evelyn softly. "I was thinking."

"So have I been thinking."

"And dreaming."

"And I also have been dreaming."

"You?" The blue eyes turned to

Nora wonderingly. "What can you have been dreaming of?"

Nora looked at her silently and strangely before she spoke again. Then she mentioned the weather. "It is a bad storm," she said, "and Larrie thinks it may last several days. We shall have to put off our journey till it clears."

"Our journey?" repeated Evelyn vaguely.

"Our journey home."

Evelyn raised a startled face. "Oh, but I cannot go home now."

"I am afraid that you must," answered Nora.

"I cannot! I cannot!" she insisted.

"Why not?"

"Because" — Her breath caught, and the blood came and went swiftly in her face. By a sudden birth of feeling she was bewildered and frightened, as some lost creature.

Nora stood and watched her remorselessly. "And if he is guilty?" she said. "If he is guilty?"

Evelyn shivered. "How can you say such things?" she cried. "How can you be so suspicious? I trust him. I know that he is innocent."

"How do you know?"

"Because he is a good man."

"Child! do you think no good man ever sinned? Do you think?" — Nora turned abruptly, and the sentence remained unfinished.

During that long day she found herself face to face with the moment for fearless thinking and swift action. Evelyn loved John, — loved his poverty, his unhappiness, his strength, his worship of her — For a breathless instant Nora drew back her thought, but it was only for an instant. Evelyn was his shrine, the serenity above his storm, the purity above his passion. For him she held the divinè mystery of the unattainable, and to her he could bring only his highest thought: for which reasons he worshiped her, and loved as men love only where they worship, also.

Nora told Larrie these things, with an odd monotony of voice and manner; and as there were certain matters in which he was wise, with wisdom beyond his condition and sex, he showed as little surprise as he felt, nor did he make the usual masculine protest against sudden change of action when unjustified by anything but feminine intuition.

"I must take Evelyn away to-morrow," said Nora. "I am only sorry that we cannot go to-day."

Larrie acquiesced by a silence, in which was heard only the dreary insistence of falling rain.

"Why do you say that she is in love with his poverty, his strength, his devotion?" he questioned at last. "Don't you consider that by any chance she is in love with himself?"

"She is in love with the setting rather than the man, with his attributes rather than his qualities."

"Your expression is rather involved, but I think I follow your idea. So you go away to-morrow?"

Nora assented. But before the morrow came the world had changed.

There are women who have outgrown feminine weaknesses; who can be relied on in times of emergency; who do not faint at the sight of blood, or shrink from knowledge, or fear sin. But since the beginning of the world men have loved the ones who cling and tremble, who fear pain, and need help on the rough places. Therefore it was natural that Nora, and not Evelyn, should be in demand when the Chinaman, with much gesture and excitement, brought news of the escape of a sick bull, the goring of one of the horses, and the wounding of John. It was also natural that John should think of Evelyn while Nora knelt beside him, in the big barn, and bandaged his arm.

"No one must frighten her about it," he said sternly, resenting a possible annoyance that the unfeeling might inflict upon Evelyn. Then his face changed, and Nora, with her fingers on the band-

age, looked up at him once or twice. She had seen this new look on his face grow and deepen during the past week. The bitterly won hardness of the past years was breaking like ice in the spring, and the strength that had been turned to repress and endure was suddenly transformed to tenderness. The hour of strife was not yet, and love was as a streaming glory in his life.

"You must be quiet for just a moment; this is a bad place." Nora's touch on the wounded arm was swift and sure, and divinely tender. There seemed to be power of healing in her finger tips.

"How did you learn it?" John asked wonderingly. "I mean this way of handling a wound."

"I learned from those who needed it," she answered, without raising her head; and he looked down at her with new understanding, born of his new birth.

When the last pin was in the bandage, he rose and looked through a notch in the barn door.

"Do you see the bull?" she asked.

"Unhappily, he is now at large."

"I am not afraid to go back."

"It is n't a question of being afraid," he answered. "The point is merely whether or not you care to risk being killed."

His eye was yet at the hole, when he gave a great cry and flung the door wide, as Evelyn, panting and trembling, fell into his arms. She lay there helpless as a frightened bird, sobbing and clinging to him.

"I thought that you were killed! They told me you were killed!" she cried.

John, motionless and silent, still held her.

"But you are hurt!" she continued, seeing the bandaged arm. "You are hurt! Is it dangerous? Oh, tell me what has happened!"

For one instant John bent his head over her, and his strong face worked

pitifully. Then he straightened himself and put her from him.

"It is nothing," he said quietly, and pulled the shirt sleeve over his arm that she might not be troubled by the red stain. "It is nothing," and he turned from her.

"What have I done? What have I done?" he whispered.

Evelyn crept up behind him. "You are in great pain," she said, sobbing, "and you will not tell me."

It was then that Nora pushed back the barn door and slipped silently out into the storm. Larrie ran from the house to meet her.

"You were a fool to risk your life in that field!" he cried. "Why did you do it? You ought to be" —

"Come in out of the rain; you will take cold," said Nora. "Evelyn and John are in the barn. She had an idea that he had been killed, and she went down — forgetting the bull. When she saw him, she — They are there now," she repeated, "and I thought that I had better come away."

Larrie's eyes questioned and Nora's answered, after which they entered the house in silence.

Nora's face seemed paler than ever, and the dark eyes were heavy with a deadly weariness, but she did not forget to hold Larrie's coat to the fire.

"What are you going to do about the bull?" she asked.

"He must be shot. Do you think that you will go to-morrow?"

Nora answered nothing, while Larrie suddenly remembered John's money and the possible significance of it.

Down in the twilight of the old barn, where the hay was piled to shadowy eaves and the dust lay peacefully on plough and axe, John sat with his head bowed over Evelyn's hands.

"Sweetheart," he said slowly, — "sweetheart." The deep-spoken word trembled with its weight of feeling, and then there was silence save for the falling of rain on the roof.

"You say that you know," the broken voice went on, — "that you know, and that you love me!"

Evelyn trembled a little. "You must never ask me how I knew," she said. "The one thing I am afraid of in the world is that you will find it out."

"Are you sure that you know it all?"

"Yes, yes. But you must never question me about it, never speak of it. It is the one thing I ask."

"You have only to ask," he said. Then he raised his head and lifted his eyes to her face. The look of the eyes awed.

"You know — and you love me." His voice was hushed and full of wonder, and his manner strangely still. It was as if he stood in a holy place.

"Do you know what this means?" he asked her.

"Why, yes," she answered.

"Can you be happy at the other side of the world?"

"Yes, with you." The last words fluttered timidly on the edge of a deep-drawn breath.

"And you know that I am a hunted man?"

"You will be safe in the new country."

"That I should be in prison as a criminal?"

"Hush! hush! Why will you speak of these things? I have said that I know, and you have promised never to ask me how I know." Her lips were tremulous and appealing. "Let us be happy and forget. And — and you must be very good to me, because I have only you in all the world. I have no home since papa died, and it is so lonely in New York, because Nora does not love me. I wonder why she does not love me?"

He could not answer. In this first wonderful hour his joy was solemn and touched with awe, so completely had thought or hope of happiness been banished from his life.

In the dim light her hair was as a

silver nimbus about her face. John put out his rough hand and touched it, timidly, for his strength made him afraid with her.

"Do you like it?" she asked.

"Like it?"

"I mean my hair."

"It is wonderful," he said gravely, and Evelyn laughed.

"I wish that you would smile," she said. "I like you when you smile."

And John smiled, obediently.

It was part of the eternal juxtaposition of great and little things, of the sublime and the trivial, that a bull must be shot and umbrellas must be brought before John and Evelyn, who were spelling immortal words in the barn, could be brought back to human beings and the mundane necessity of tea. It was little that they thought of the bull or the supper; but hours are inexorable, even to those who are realizing eternity. Dusk stole into the barn, and shadows, growing bold, came from the corners to envelop the lovers till they could not see each other's eyes.

Reluctantly they opened the great door, and by the light from the darkening west made use of the waterproofs that Nora had sent down an hour ago, — or was it a moment, or a year? John winced as he swung the door back on its hinges, and Evelyn put her hand out to him.

"Ah, you have hurt your arm!" she cried pityingly. "You must not use it; you must let me do for you now."

He laughed and held the hand. "This rose leaf on that rough door!" he said. "You must not think of my arm. I could move the world with it to-night. What shall I do for you, sweetheart? Swing an ocean aside? or unhook a star or two and hang it in your bedroom?"

That evening it was Evelyn who made the explanations and discussed the plans, while John, in worshiping silence, sat on the floor, near her. Larrie had wrung his friend's hand when he told

him the news, and finding himself — by reason of a certain look on John's face — unable to speak the few words that were in his heart, had clapped him forcibly on the back before turning to kiss Evelyn. Nora looked at John with enigmatic eyes.

"So you are to drink 'of Life's great cup of wonder,' after all?" she said, and John's eyes gave back a deep assent.

When removed from her lover's presence, Evelyn was perfectly serene, and appeared to have slight need of the overeager sympathy and friendly confidences that are given and taken at these times. That night, as she was brushing her hair tranquilly, she looked up to meet Nora's eyes in the glass.

"What is it?" she asked, unaccountably startled.

"Are you sure that you love him?"

"Why, Nora!"

With a swift movement Nora knelt beside her, and took the delicate face between her hands. "Do you love him?" she repeated, with odd stillness.

"Nora, you frighten me! Let me go!"

"Would you love him if he were a guilty man? Look at me. Would you love him if you found that he had sinned?"

The brush fell to the floor. "Nora" —

"Answer me." The dark eyes looked into the blue, holding them terrified and unwilling captives.

"I cannot while you look at me so — you frighten me — you" —

"Child! child!" cried Nora bitterly, as she rose and turned away.

Evelyn sobbed with fear and indignation. "You have no right to speak so," she said. "I could not love him if I did not trust him."

Nora walked to and fro in the shadow of the room. She did not speak, and Evelyn gained courage.

"It is wicked of you to try to make me doubt him," she continued.

Nora was silent.

"It is an insult to doubt him."

Still was Nora silent.

"But I love him too well."

"One might love him well enough to doubt, and love on," said Nora from the shadow.

"And that would not be love." The blue eyes were very serious, and the tears were dry. "That would not be love."

Then Nora spoke with swift passion. "I thank God that I could love well enough to dare to doubt!" she said.

The next day was born fresh and glorious out of a stormy night, and before the sun rode high Evelyn and John were out and away over the hills and pastures. Nora was walking to and fro on the slope in front of the house when Larrie joined her.

"You have been walking here pretty much all the morning," he remarked. "When a man or a woman walks ten miles or so on a space no larger than a farm lawn, it is safe to conclude that something is wrong."

She put her hand to her head. "It's the call of the mourning dove," she said. "It is driving me wild. I have tried to escape it. I have been off over the pastures and up among the hills, but I heard it just the same. I think I must be nervous." She laughed slightly. "Let us go into the house," she added.

Larrie was looking at her with questioning gravity, but she did not notice him. "Where are Evelyn and John?" she asked.

"Out," he answered. "Heaven knows where. It is very pretty to see her cut up his food and do a hundred little things for him that she likes to think he cannot do for himself without hurting his arm. She seems very much in love with him, don't you think so?"

"Love is a wonderful thing," said Nora.

"That sounds like the beginning of a disquisition," interrupted Larrie. "Love is a wonderful thing. It is as

the wind, for no man may prophesy the coming or the going thereof. Please continue."

Nora was unsmiling. "I only mean that even a little love is electric enough to change a world," she said.

"But the child forgot about the bull when she heard that John was hurt. Oh, I think she loves him all right. And he loves her enough, God knows."

Larrie had dropped his tone of banter, and Nora, looking into his face, realized how weary he was, and how sad. She put her hand on his arm.

"Poor boy," she said softly.

"It knocks me up, rather," he admitted. "He must take her out of the country, and I shall be alone. But I shall get used to it. I always get used to things, you know."

He smiled down at her, and she met the smile with a look of passionate wistfulness. "I am beginning to think that you only pretend to get used to them," she said.

"Perhaps I do; and perhaps some day I shall cease pretending, and go home to be happy for a year or two — and die."

"No, Larrie."

He sighed impatiently. "No, I suppose I shall be miserable here for many years — and live. It would be interesting, merely on theoretical grounds, to know why a man should believe in his conscience, obey the call of a duty that his reason does not justify, and trust in a Being whom his senses cannot perceive nor his mind grasp."

During the next few days John seemed more or less mad; "rather more than less," as Larrie remarked. "But I wish he would n't look at her as if she were his religion," he added. "It troubles me. What will he do the first time that she is cross? And who would have thought he was an idealist?"

Evelyn was serene and self-possessed; she even evinced a surprising realization of practical necessities to which John was wholly oblivious. He was living through flushed, immortal hours, and

such details as the transference of his fortune or a choice of the swiftest and most convenient route to Australia found scant foothold in his mind. Larrie was to live with or near them when the distant home had been found. This was settled by every one but Larrie himself, who smiled and said that he would "see about it."

One evening Evelyn retreated to Larrie's "den" to write the news of her engagement to some Eastern friends, while Larrie read the papers by a fire in the smoking room, and Nora sat near him, hemming linen for the Australian home. John placed himself so that he could see Evelyn through the doorway. The days at the ranch were numbered, and the future lay before them clear and glorious as the path of the sun.

Larrie frowned suddenly over his newspaper.

"Here are some of the workings of 'Providence,'" he said, and read aloud: "Much excitement has been caused this week by the arrest of David Freeman for the murder of one Richard Billingsworth, who was killed ten years ago in this city. It may be remembered that a well-known college man, Robert Copley by name, was arrested and convicted of the same crime. The evidence against the present prisoner is said to be strong." Rough on Robert Copley, was n't it?"

"Poor fellow," said Nora. "I remember hearing of it at the time. The authorities gave it out that he died in prison, but some people say that he got away."

John was smoking a pipe, and his face was hidden by the shadow of his hand. "Read it again," he said.

Larrie read it again, and John did not move or make further remark.

The night was very still. Seconds slipped into minutes, and the minutes multiplied, till half an hour passed, and John had not moved. He was telling himself that he would let the other man go. He, John Peters, had paid

his debt and served his term, if misery could count, and now great happiness was his, to have and to hold. But in the shadow of his hand his face was gray and damp by reason of a deadly fear, — fear of himself, fear that he would give up this happiness and go back, to save the other man.

The moments passed by in silence, save for the purr of sap in the burning logs. Suddenly there was a sound in the room, and Nora raised her head quickly.

"Did you hear that, Larrie?"

"Yes."

They listened intently, and Nora shivered. "It sounded like a drowning man trying to breathe," she said.

"I don't believe anybody ever heard such a thing," answered Larrie, and going to the window he pushed aside the curtain. "There is nothing out there," he added, and reseated himself by the fire.

Nora glanced at John, but he sat as he had been sitting for the last half hour, with his pipe in his mouth and his hand shading his face. The room dropped back into silence.

John became conscious that his mind was staggering like some creature that has received its deathblow; but now he was fighting with reeling senses and laboring breath, while the woman he loved sat before him. There were moments when he seemed to be hanging over some place of huge desolation, and the angels of God were pushing him into it. Once he realized that Evelyn had raised her head from her letter and was smiling at him.

After all, there was no occasion for this agony. It was only necessary for him to keep silent, and all would be as it had been. He could have laughed with relief; for how simple it was, to keep silent! No difficult action, no struggle, no risk, — just silence. And the other man? Then his mind swayed again, and the air seemed full of hideous tumult. But in the room where he

fought his battle there was only silence, — a silence that deepened till it became oppressive, overcharged, almost palpable. The fire burned low, and a chill, as of dread, came in from the night. Nora shivered once or twice, without knowing why.

No one had spoken or moved since the sound that had first startled her, and nearly an hour had gone by since then. Suddenly John's pipe slipped from his lips to the floor.

"He must have gone to sleep," said Larrie. His voice was strange and intense, as human voices are when they fall unexpectedly in a great stillness. He rose and stretched himself, adding that it was time all of them were in bed.

Evelyn sealed her last letter, and came in to say that she was sleepy. Then she noticed John's pipe on the floor.

"Careless boy," she said lightly, as she stooped to pick it up. "Why, how curious! It is n't all here. You must have broken off the stem with your teeth; and it's quite cold, too! Why, John!" She was still on the floor, at his feet.

"John! John!" The cry shivered off into silence, for John had taken his hand from his face. Very slowly he rose, slowly and unsteadily, as though stricken blind. Then he lifted his head and looked straight at Larrie.

"I am Robert Copley," he said, "and I killed Richard Billingsworth ten years ago."

It was over, and Robert Copley, standing at last for what he was, looked into white, awestruck faces, and felt his strength return.

"I must go back," he continued, "for the other man is innocent."

He did not look at Evelyn, but he saw that Larrie seemed to support himself against the mantelpiece, and he met Nora's eyes, dark, burning, and compassionate. In neither face was there horror or shrinking. "I dare say

you knew, or suspected, all along," he went on. "I would have told you everything, but your ignorance was our safety. If you had not felt this, you would have known seven years ago what you know to-night."

"Why did you kill him, John?" asked Larrie quietly.

"I was in love, and mad, and twenty-one," he answered. "She was one of the women who make hell here — and after. And I believed in her, God knows" — The hoarse voice broke. "I believed in her — I was going to marry her. Then came doubts, and one evening I waited outside of her house and saw Billingsworth go up the steps. I spoke to him, and he told me what she was. Then I shot him — through the heart — and he dropped like a stone at my feet. He was my friend" — The man whom we have known as John was shaking like a woman, and he turned his haggard eyes to Nora. "He was my friend," he repeated, "and I shot him through the heart — and saw him drop dead at my feet. I was mad to think of happiness after that. He was my friend" —

He bowed his head, and in the room was the terrible sound of a strong man sobbing; not for dead happiness, but for living remorse, for memory of the act of one swift, black, hideous moment, that was done for all eternity.

There was no help to give him, and no voice was raised to comfort or reproach. When he had mastered himself he turned to Evelyn, who was swaying like a storm-beaten flower.

"What can I say to you?" His deep voice was humble and beseeching. "What can I say to you?" He did not attempt to touch or even approach her; but she put out her hand as if to keep him away, and there was terror in her eyes.

"You are a guilty man!" she cried, shuddering.

He looked at her silently, while he read fear and loathing in her face.

"My God!" he whispered, "*didn't you know?*"

"Do you think I could have loved you — if I had known?" she said, shivering and wringing her hands.

For one instant John seemed uncertain of his foothold; then he raised himself slowly and stood erect.

"I may not even ask your pardon?" he said. "The wrong is too great. But without your assurance that you knew all I should never have approached you with a word or a look of my love. I must ask you to believe this."

But Evelyn continued to shudder.

"I must ask you to believe me," he repeated, quietly but proudly, — more as one who dictates than one who solicits.

She looked at him unwillingly, and most unwillingly she answered him: "Yes, I believe you."

"I thank you," he said gravely, and held the door open for her to pass.

She hesitated on the threshold and looked appealingly at Nora. "I hope you do not think I would have been willing to marry him if I had known he was a guilty man?" she said.

"I do not wrong you to that extent for an instant," was Nora's answer.

When he turned to look at the two who were left, his face was quiet, but rather terrible because of the aloofness and isolation that were written upon it.

That night John and Larrie said good-by, and the words they spoke were characteristically few.

"I wanted you to know that I was a guilty man. I thought you did know," said John.

"I have suspected it for seven years," answered Larrie.

Their eyes met above the clasped hands, as the eyes of friends who understand.

Under the strain of the last few hours Larrie seemed to have withered and grown old, for his delicacy was suddenly and pitifully evident. John's face

might have been hewn from gray rock as he looked at him.

Larrie put a hand on his shoulder. "Good-by, John. Good-by, old man," he said. "I shan't live to see you through it."

John wrung his hand in silence, and in silence turned and went from the house.

While he saddled his horse by the light of a stable lantern, a shadow, darker than the night, slipped from the house to the barn. It was Evelyn seeking John. He looked up to see her standing, with a face like a foam wreath; and already she was as some being from a world not his own, some spirit in a dream that was strange and dead.

She looked at him steadily, with blue eyes that were distant and pale; and when she spoke, her voice was frail, illusive, and inadequate in the solemn night. "I wanted to say that I do not blame you," she said. "It was my fault. Nora told me I trusted too much. I shall never trust again."

John paused, with the bridle in his hand. He did not answer her.

"I wanted to make amends if I had spoken hastily," she added, and waited as if for him to speak; but he did not speak. They looked at each other in silence across the great dim space in the barn where they had first spoken their love.

She put her hand to her throat suddenly. "Why won't you speak to me?" she said. "You are cruel!"

"I am sorry," said John kindly. "What shall I say?"

"I do not want you to go back to prison. I cannot bear to think of it."

He looked at her silently.

"It is not that I feel what — what I thought I felt, or that I could ever see you again: you don't think that?"

"No, I do not think that," he assured her gravely.

She could not drag her gaze from his eyes. Were the eyes accusing?

"But we have been friends," she continued hysterically, "and one can't forget at once — even if one has been mistaken. It will make me unhappy all my life to think that any one I know is in prison — and — and — you ought to think of me in the matter — if you love me at all."

She buried her head in her hands and sobbed. "You are cruel!" she cried again. "You do not think of my feelings at all. Why don't you speak to me?"

"You forget that the other man is innocent," he said.

Evelyn looked up through her tears. "But I do not know the other man," she answered.

He looked at her strangely, and she was afraid.

"What is it?" she whispered. "What are you thinking of me?" She began to tremble and cry again.

"Listen to me," he said gently. "You are cold and very tired. You must have sleep. To-morrow you will have forgotten me and my trouble, and after more to-morrows I shall be only an episode in your life. If you ever think of me in after years," — he hesitated, but continued in the same tone, — "it must be only to remember that you gave me the happiest hours of my life. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

He walked with her to the house, holding the lantern and guiding her footsteps in silence. At the door she paused, sobbing a little, because she felt ashamed, and did not know why.

"Are you going back, in spite of what I said?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And there is nothing more to say?"

"Nothing," answered John.

And so it was that they passed from each other's lives.

The night was still black when another shadow slipped from the house, and John, tightening his saddle girths,

looked up to see Nora. In the dim light her face was strange and almost beautiful.

"You go to-night?" she asked.

"I must catch to-morrow night's train. There is not a day to lose."

"Of course not," she said, very quietly. "I have made you some coffee," she added. "You will need it in the morning, and you can warm it over my spirit lamp."

"And how am I to return the spirit lamp?"

"I will make you a present of that." She smiled faintly, and they fastened the lamp and the bottle of coffee to the saddle as casually as if in preparation for a day's excursion, though the man was going to lifelong servitude, and the woman's heart was breaking.

In the east the sky was growing pale.

"Is everything ready?" asked Nora.

"I think so."

She stood with her hand on the horse's neck and looked at John in silence. The look was sad with more than the sadness of death, — the sadness of life, — and wise with the wisdom of great love, and compassionate as the heart of eternal motherhood. It was also tender and steadfast with the unrewarded courage of a noble woman.

"How long is your sentence?" she asked.

"Thirty years."

Nora leaned heavily against the horse. "It is your life," she said, "it is your life." The low-voiced words seemed to have been wrung from her, and as she spoke them she trembled. But when she raised her head, her eyes were as steadfast as before. "Good - by, John Peters," she said, stretching out her hand to him.

But he did not move. "You forget that I am not John Peters, but Robert Copley, the criminal," he said slowly.

She smiled. "Good - by Robert Copley." The hand was still stretched to him, and he took it.

"It was a crime," he said, looking at her with shadowy eyes.

"It was a great crime," she answered.

"And you do not condemn me?"

"I leave that to God."

There was a short silence while he kept her hand. "It is women like you who help one to believe in God," he said, very low, and, looking into her eyes, he realized suddenly that there were many things he wished to say to her, and that they must remain unsaid through all eternity.

Robert Copley rode alone through the darkness. For his crime there could be no atonement; but his life

was forfeited in retribution, and so it was that he fulfilled the law of the prophets.

Evelyn knelt in her room, trying to pray, but confused, stung, and terrified by a sense of lost identity, and a haunting, indefinite shame that she understood as little as she acknowledged.

Nora lay face downward on the ground.

The rim of the world was black against the brightening east, and a waning moon, lustreless, yellow, distorted, wandered through a starless sky.

Nora stirred, and stretched her empty hands to the heavens.

"God! God! God!" she called.

Eugenia Brooks Frothingham.

(The end.)

A ROMAN WARING.

HIGH upon a hill some fifteen hundred feet above the surrounding plain, on the borders of ancient Samnium and Campania, and almost midway between Rome and Naples,

"uplifted like a passing cloud
That pauses on a mountain summit high,
Monte Cassino's convent rears its proud
And venerable walls against the sky."

The scene from the summit is one of incomparable beauty. To the south stretches an undulating plain far away toward the shores of the Mediterranean. Near by are Arpinum, the birthplace of Cicero, and Aquinum,

"the old Volscian town
Where Juvenal was born, whose lurid light
Still hovers o'er his birthplace like the crown
Of splendor seen o'er cities in the night;"
and where later

"The Angelic Doctor as a school-boy played
And dreamed perhaps the dreams that he repeats

In ponderous folios for scholastics made:"
while to the westward lies that

"Beautiful valley through whose verdant meads

Unheard the Garigliano glides along;—
The Liris, nurse of rushes and of reeds,
The river taciturn of classic song."

The monastery of Monte Cassino is now nearly fourteen centuries old. It was in 528 that St. Benedict, leaving behind him the rocky gorges of Subiaco where he had already devoted himself for thirty-five years to pious labors, journeyed with a few chosen disciples to the south, and founded the monastic home destined to become the most celebrated and influential in the Christian world. It was here that he wrote his famous Rule (*Benedicti Regula*), and here, fifteen years later, that he brought to a peaceful close the life so nobly spent in unselfish service.

The history of the monastery has been a stormy one in the years that have since passed. Lombard and Saracen, Norman and Frank, have in turn captured and plundered it. Convulsions of nature, too,

have, as it were, vied with human forces in challenging its vitality. But it has survived every shock of nature and of man, and is to-day, under the direction of an abbot of American birth, serenely rounding out the fourteenth century of its existence.

To the student of general history, and particularly to the student of ecclesiastical affairs, this famous foundation must be primarily of interest for the religious associations that cluster about it, and especially because from this centre emanated the organizing and leavening forces which influenced so prodigiously the monastic life of the West.

To those, however, whose province is the narrower one of letters, Monte Cassino is hallowed because of its association with the humanistic revival of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. It was here, during the long intellectual night of the Middle Ages, that faithful monks kept alive, even though but dimly, the light of knowledge, if not of learning; it was here that were transcribed and preserved so many of the priceless treasures of ancient thought, — at times, to be sure, with a somewhat careless guardianship, yet in the main with a fidelity not to be disparaged. Hither about 1350 came Boccaccio, only to observe with pain the carelessness with which the manuscripts of the library, even then famous, were protected. The time was one of anarchy in the affairs of the monastery. No door or fastening guarded the books. Grass grew thick about the windows. The manuscripts were without custodian, and the books and shelves were covered with dust. Benvenuto da Imola tells us how Boccaccio began to open and turn over now this book and now that, and found there many and various volumes of rare and ancient works. From some of them, adds Benvenuto, whole sheets had been torn out, and in others the margins of the leaves were clipped, and so they were greatly defaced. Here and there illuminated manuscripts lay torn and

neglected on the unswept floor. At last, full of pity that the labors and studies of so many illustrious minds should have fallen into the hands of such careless stewards, grieving and weeping, he withdrew. And coming into the cloister, he asked a monk whom he met why those most precious books were so vilely mutilated. The answer was that some of the monks, wishing to gain a few ducats, cut out a handful of leaves and made psalters, which they sold to boys; and likewise of the margins they made breviaries, which they sold to women. The monk concluded his remarks to Boccaccio with this scornful irony: "Now, therefore, O scholar, go and rack thy brains in the making of books!"

This era of neglect, however, was presumably of brief duration, for fifty years later (about 1400), when Poggio Bracciolini visited the monastery, in his indefatigable search for the works of the ancient writers, he was rewarded by the discovery of numerous manuscripts of the greatest importance. Among these was one of Sextus Julius Frontinus, entitled *De Aquis Urbis Romæ*.

The *De Aquis* is an original manuscript in the sense that at the time of its discovery no other manuscript of the work was known, nor has any since come to light, excepting those derived from copies made by Poggio at the time. As the title of the work at once suggests, it is a treatise on the aqueducts of ancient Rome. Since the old aqueducts have practically disappeared, this treatise becomes of the greatest interest and value to the modern student, particularly so since Frontinus himself was water commissioner (*curator aquarum*) under Trajan, at a time when the aqueduct system of Rome had nearly reached its fullest expansion, embracing no fewer than nine aqueducts with over 240 miles of conduits bringing water to the city, to say nothing of the miles of distributing mains within the walls.

The work, as Frontinus tells us, was

prepared at the beginning of his administration for his own guidance, in accordance with a custom which he had followed in the other offices he had filled. It stands almost alone as a systematic treatise on a definite field of archaic life and custom. How rarely any such compendium is found is sufficiently well known. As a rule, our knowledge of ancient institutions is gathered, not from any formal venerable treatise, but only by laboriously piecing together the isolated and often conflicting testimonies drawn from writers of different ages, different temperaments, different degrees of knowledge and of credibility. As a result, there is almost no department of historic institutions in which our knowledge does not now suffer and will not always suffer from serious *lacunæ*. What would we not give for a systematic treatise on ancient music, on the mode of reading ancient poetry, on the fashions of dress, with a few plates of some old-time Butterick, on the fine arts, to say nothing of political and religious institutions?

But these old Romans evidently did not write many formal treatises on their common affairs. Even of the few they attempted scarcely one is adequate for us to-day. From Vitruvius's work on architecture we should get no just conception of the Roman house were it not for the remains at Pompeii. Frontinus's work is unique as almost the only exception to the general conditions just described. In brief compass, scarcely more than fifty printed 12mo pages, he tells what we most want to know, and what but for the survival of his little manual we probably should never know. With the genius of a born teacher, he is not afraid of being too elementary. He takes nothing for granted, but tells the whole story with substantial completeness.

Of the details of Frontinus's life we are but scantily informed. His personality, as will be shown, stands out in his works in no ambiguous fashion; but the

events of his career, so far as we can glean them, are few, disjointed, and indefinite. Even the year of his birth is not known; but since Tacitus speaks of him as *prætor urbanus* in the year 70 A. D., under Vespasian, we may infer that he was born not far from 35. Three times he was elected consul, in 74, 98, and 100. After his first incumbency of this office he was dispatched to Britain as provincial governor. In this post, as Tacitus tells us in the *Agricola*, chap. xvii., Frontinus fully sustained the traditions established by an able predecessor, Cerialis, and proved himself equal to the difficult emergencies with which he was called upon to cope. He subdued the Silures, a powerful and warlike tribe of Wales, and, with the instinct for public improvements which dominated his whole career, at once began in the conquered district the construction of a highway, named for him the *Via Julia*, the course of which can still be made out, and some of whose ancient pavement, it is thought, may still be viewed.

From this provincial post he returned to Rome in 78, after which the next twenty years of his life are a blank, — from 78 to 97. But this age of terror was a blank to more than one Roman, — a time when, as Tacitus tells us, a man signed his own death warrant by his very eminence, and at the close of which those left alive are characterized as survivors, not merely of those who had perished, but even of themselves.

For Frontinus these were the best years of his life, — from his forty-third to his sixty-second year; and it is all the more to be regretted that political conditions denied him opportunity and scope for continuing that career of public service which his earlier successes as well as his subsequent ones proved him so capable of pursuing with distinction. It was not until 97, in his sixty-second year, that he was appointed to the post of water commissioner, — the office whose management gives him probably his best

title to eminence, and during the tenure of which he wrote the *De Aquis*. This office of water commissioner Frontinus held presumably till his death, some six or seven years later, in 103 or 104.

This little work has been mentioned as a valuable repository of information concerning the aqueducts of Rome. But it is much more than that. It gives us a picture of the faithful public servant, charged with immense responsibility, called suddenly to an office that had long been a sinecure and wretchedly mismanaged, confronted with abuses and corruption of long standing, and yet administering his charge with an eye only to the public service and an economical use of the public funds. It is this aspect of the *De Aquis* which lends it, despite its generally technical nature and its absolute lack of stylistic charm, a certain literary character. It depicts a man; it depicts motives and ideals, the springs of conduct.

The administration of which Frontinus was a part was essentially one of municipal reform. Nerva and Trajan alike aimed to correct the abuses and favoritism of the preceding régime. They not only chose able and devoted assistants in their new policy; they themselves set good examples for imitation.

Hence we find Frontinus, at the outset of his work, expressing his loyalty to his chief, and his sense of the importance of his office as one contributing not only to the convenience and health, but even to the safety of the city. In view of this, the first and most necessary thing to be done is to familiarize himself with the duties of his post. His immediate predecessors, he intimates, had, in their ignorance, depended upon the practical knowledge of their subordinates. This Frontinus declares to be a debasing course for any man to pursue. For himself, he will learn all that can be learned of his office and his duties. *He* will be the directing head in its management. His subordinates are to be but the tools that

make his policy effective. With this spirit and with this purpose, at the very outset of his administration, as he tells us in the opening lines of the *De Aquis*, he has written his little manual. The outline of the work, as given in the closing section of Frontinus's Introduction, is as follows:—

“That I may not by chance omit anything which is necessary for the understanding of the whole matter, I will first put down the names of the waters which are brought to the city of Rome; then by what persons and under what consuls, and in what year since the founding of the city, each of them was brought in; then at what places and at what milestones their aqueducts commence; how far they are carried in underground channels, how far on masonry substructures, and how far on arches; then the height of each of them, and the size and number of taps and what uses are dependent upon them; how much each aqueduct brings to each ward without the city, and how much within the city; how many public reservoirs there are, and how much is delivered from these to places of public amusement, how much to fountains, how much to basins, how much for state uses, how much for private uses by way of grant from the sovereign; furthermore, what is the law with regard to the maintenance of the aqueducts; what penalties enforce it under the laws, the resolutions of the Senate, and the edicts of the Emperor.”

This programme is faithfully carried out in the two books of the treatise. What is recorded, too, Frontinus tells us, is not based on hearsay. He has made a personal examination of every detail. Not satisfied even with a record of measurements, he has had plans and profiles drawn, that he may, as it were, have the aqueducts directly before him and consider them as though standing by their side.

In this study of details he proceeded with the spirit of the true investigator.

One of the most serious abuses proved to be connected with the size of the pipes used by owners of water rights in receiving and distributing water. These owners of water rights we may, for convenience, call watermen. The Roman name was *aquarii*. Now these watermen had, prior to Frontinus's day, long successfully practiced the most barefaced frauds upon the state, from which they received water, and the consumers whom they in turn supplied. Their scheme was this: They received their water chiefly through pipes of two sizes. Not to trouble the reader with their technical Latin names, it may be stated that one was a seven-inch pipe, the other an eight-inch pipe. They supplied their consumers through pipes that were nominally four inches in diameter; but Frontinus's searching examination soon discovered that it had long been a traditional trick of the trade for these watermen to enlarge the seven-inch pipe by ten per cent of its capacity, the eight-inch pipe by over fifty per cent, while, on the other hand, they diminished the size of the four-inch pipe, with which they supplied their consumers, by twenty per cent of its capacity. Thus, while nominally receiving no more water than they distributed to their customers, these watermen were in effect, in some cases, receiving over seventy per cent more than they supplied. Such an abuse evidently pointed to corruption somewhere, and it took no long time for Frontinus's vigilance to put a stop to this form of defrauding both the state and the public.

The particular form of fraud just described had to do with the supply within the city. Another form of dishonesty was conducted on even a larger scale outside the walls. The way in which Frontinus detected it was this: In examining whether the amount of water received in the city from all the aqueducts tallied with their recorded total capacity as determined by gauging at their intakes, he met with a startling state of affairs. Be-

ing aware of certain fraudulent practices and suspecting the existence of others, he had been prepared to find that the actual supply was much less than the theoretical capacity of the aqueducts. Imagine, then, his surprise at discovering that whereas the aggregate capacity of the nine aqueducts was only 12,700 *quinariæ*, the city was receiving daily over 14,000 *quinariæ*. In other words, the city was receiving some 1300 *quinariæ* in excess of its supposed supply, and that, too, in the face of the moral certainty that much of the supply was fraudulently diverted. Clearly something was wrong, and our conscientious commissioner at once began a searching investigation to account for the discrepancy. The *quinaria*, it may be said in passing, the unit by which the Romans measured water, was a measure not of volume, but of capacity. The *quinaria* was as much water as would flow through a pipe one and a quarter inches in diameter constantly discharging under pressure. The name (literally "a fiver;" that is, five quarters) had primarily applied only to the pipe itself, but soon became a unit of measure. Where the supply was actually brought, as was often the case, in larger pipes, the measurement was uniformly reduced to terms of *quinariæ*.

Frontinus's first examination had apparently revealed the anomalous condition of the city's receiving more water than was supposed really to be available for use. In determining the available supply, Frontinus had relied upon the recorded gaugings of the different aqueducts, taken by his predecessors and kept on file in the archives of his office. Evidently these must be inaccurate, and our commissioner accordingly decided upon making new gaugings. Each aqueduct was remeasured at its intake, and in every one, without exception, the actual supply was found to be much larger than stated in the records. In some cases the amount received at Rome was less than half of what entered the aqueduct

at its beginning. In the aggregate, he found that the gaugings recorded by his predecessors and on file in the office were smaller by over 10,000 *quinariæ* than the amount of water that entered the aqueducts: so that, instead of receiving 1300 *quinariæ* more than might fairly be expected, the city was in fact receiving nearly 9000 *quinariæ* less. In other words, 40 per cent of the city's supply was found to be either wasted, lost, or stolen. It took but a short time to reveal the fact that systematic fraud accounted for most of this enormous discrepancy. Everywhere along the line of almost every aqueduct were disclosed evidences of systematic robbery of the public supply. Proprietors whose estates bordered upon the conduits deliberately tapped them at will for their own purposes. Even in the city the mains were freely tapped by unscrupulous consumers who wished to secure water without payment. "Far away in all directions," writes Frontinus, "run these pipes under the pavements." So much water was taken in this way that often an insufficient quantity reached the places of public supply. "The amount of water gained by suppressing this evil may be measured," he says, "by the enormous quantities of lead pipe we have dug up where we have discovered these illicit practices."

Other abuses demanding correction were connected with the workmen employed in the maintenance and repair of the aqueducts. Naturally the number of such laborers was large. Frontinus describes two gangs aggregating seven hundred men, including overseers, reservoir keepers, levelers, pavers, plasterers, etc. The services of these men were supposed to be confined to the needs of the state, but, by the exercise of favoritism or the neglect of their foremen, they were often put upon private work. Frontinus tells us that he resolved at once to bring these men back to sound discipline and to the service of the state by writing down

day by day what each was to do, and by putting in the records what the members of each gang had accomplished when the day's work was ended. Nothing, apparently, escaped his watchful eye; no detail was too trivial for his conscientious attention. A characteristic passage describes how he summarily dispensed with the services of a number of superfluous employees, who had evidently been appointed for the purpose of making patronage, and whose posts had long been sinecures. By a resolution of the Senate, passed in 10 B. C., it had been provided that the water commissioner should have two lictors, three personal attendants, an architect; also a number of secretaries, clerks, assistants, and criers. For over a century these supernumeraries had been regularly appointed, and had as regularly drawn their pay from the public treasury; but according to Frontinus they had long ceased to perform any visible duties. For himself, he proudly adds, he will have no lictors. "My sense of honesty and the confidence imposed in me by the Emperor will stand in place of the lictors."

Other illustrations of the scrupulous honesty and fidelity to duty which mark Frontinus's character might be added, but the foregoing are sufficient to reveal to us the true nobility of the man. It is impossible, however, to neglect certain questions of engineering and hydraulics to which his work naturally gives rise.

First, it is important to correct the impression, still widely prevalent, that the entire courses of the ancient aqueducts were constructed upon arches. As a matter of fact, only a relatively small proportion of any aqueduct was so built. Frontinus himself gives us the clearest refutation of the current misconception; for, with his painstaking accuracy, he tells us just how each aqueduct was constructed. Let us take Appia (built in 312 B. C.), for instance. From the intake of this aqueduct to the Porta Tri-

gemina, where it crossed the city wall, it had a length, according to Frontinus, of 11,190 paces, of which 11,130 were carried in underground channels, and only 60 paces — less than 300 feet — rested upon masonry substructures and arches. Practically the same proportions hold for the Anio Vetus (273 B. C.), 43,000 paces in length, — 42,779 underground, and only 221 on substructures above the surface. These two, to be sure, are early aqueducts. The later ones were carried for greater distances above ground on masonry substructures and arches; yet Anio Novus, the latest of all the aqueducts existing in Frontinus's day, has only 6000 paces of arches out of a total length of nearly 69,000; and the contemporary Claudia only 9000 paces on arches out of a total length of nearly 50,000 paces. When, therefore, we catch glimpses of the ruins of the Claudia and Anio Novus where they still traverse the otherwise almost desolate Campagna, we are not to think of the aqueducts as carried exclusively on these picturesque old arches. The larger part of every one was subterranean.

Another point on which error is common is the assumption that the Romans were ignorant of the elementary principle that water seeks its level. This ignorance is not infrequently alleged in explanation of the fact that they constructed their aqueducts on the principle of flow instead of pressure, conducting the water by a gradual fall in such circuitous detours that often the aqueduct was twice as long as the distance in a direct line from the intake of the water to the point of discharge in the city. The reason, however, why the Romans did not avail themselves of a pressure system in their aqueducts was not ignorance of elementary hydraulics; it was lack of pipes strong enough to endure the strain of the head under which they would have had to work. Given our modern cast-iron pipes, there can be no doubt that the Romans would have wasted no material

in bringing the water to the city on as straight a line as they built their magnificent highways. That they were entirely familiar with the hydraulic principle that water seeks its level is made sufficiently clear by the fact that, within the city, they distributed the water on the principle of pressure, using for this purpose heavy pipes of wrought iron, bronze, or lead. These, however, were expensive, and to construct larger pipes of the same materials for the aqueducts themselves would have been a practical impossibility. Hence they brought the water on the principle of flow (as is still done, for example, in the Croton Aqueduct), constructing solid masonry conduits lined with concrete, and capable of sustaining the very moderate pressure of water flowing under no appreciable head.

Another interesting question concerns the amount of water furnished by the Roman aqueducts. On this subject, again, there have prevailed the wildest misconceptions. Prony, a French engineer of the early part of the last century, estimated the amount supplied daily as about 400,000,000 gallons. We may get some notion of the significance of this amount when we consider that the old city of New York, until recent years, with its nearly 2,000,000 inhabitants, consumed only 100,000,000 gallons daily. As compared with that, the supply at Rome would, by Prony's estimate, have been relatively eight times as great as was New York's until within the last decade.

This enormous disparity between Rome and a typical wasteful modern city might seem to be sufficient cause for skepticism on the part of antiquarians as to the justness of Prony's results. Yet for the last fifty years nearly all writers on the aqueducts have with singular unanimity accepted Prony's figures of 400,000,000 gallons a day as the normal consumption of water in Rome. Herschel, an American engineer, has, however, recently shown conclusively that

Prony's estimate is unwarrantably large, and that 60,000,000 gallons probably covers the daily consumption of water at Rome in Frontinus's time. This would allow each inhabitant an average of 60 gallons, — certainly a liberal amount.

To those unfamiliar with the peculiarities of Roman arithmetic, the *De Aquis* also furnishes interesting material. Horace, in his *De Arte Poetica*, complains of the undue amount of time that the Roman boys in his day devoted to the study of arithmetic; but if all practical computations among the Romans were like those given in the *De Aquis*, we can hardly wonder that the average Roman youth did not find time to write poetry as well as work fractions. In his first book Frontinus gives us a list of the different pipes used in the water service of his day. Not content with giving their names, he has, with his customary conscientious minuteness, left a record also of their diameters, circumferences, and the number of *quinarie* they were capable of supplying. Naturally every number is a mixed one, and the peculiarity of the fractional parts is that they are expressed, not by a single fraction, but by the accumulation of several. These are all of the duodecimal order, — $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, $\frac{1}{6}$, $\frac{1}{12}$, $\frac{1}{8}$, $\frac{1}{18}$, $\frac{1}{24}$, $\frac{1}{36}$. Each of these fractional parts had its own name, — *semis*, *duella*, *sicilicus*, *sex-tula*, *scripulus*, etc.; and the possibilities of common fractions seem to have been limited to the various combinations of the elements just enumerated. Thus of one pipe he says that its diameter was 5 inches $+\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{12} + \frac{1}{24} + \frac{1}{36}$; its circumference, 17 inches $+\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{12} + \frac{1}{24} + \frac{1}{36}$; its capacity, 20 *quinarie* $+\frac{1}{4} + \frac{1}{36}$. Scarcely one of the thirty or more pipes whose dimensions he gives us is described in less than a dozen of these duodecimal elements, which, however, Frontinus seems to keep track of and handle with perfect readiness and ease.

all, it is the personality of the writer of the *De Aquis* that one most loves to contemplate, rich and valuable as his treatise is in facts relating to the administration of the ancient aqueducts. One loves to contemplate his sturdy honesty; his conscientious devotion to the duties of his office; his patient attention to details; his loyal attachment to the sovereign whom he delighted to serve; his willing labors in behalf of the people whose convenience, comfort, and safety he aimed to promote. We sympathize with him in his proud boast that, by his reforms, he has not only made the city cleaner, but the air purer, and has removed the causes of pestilence that had formerly given the city such a bad repute; and we can easily pardon the Roman Philistinism with which, after enumerating the lengths and courses of the several aqueducts, he inquires, in a burst of enthusiasm, "Who will venture to compare with these mighty works the pyramids or the Parthenon?"

Were one asked to point out, in all Roman history, another such example of civic virtue and conscientious performance of simple duty, it would be difficult to know where to look to find it. Men of genius, courage, patriotism, are not lacking, but examples are few of men who labored with such whole-souled devotion in the performance of homely duty, the reward for which could certainly not be large, and might possibly not exceed the approval of one's own conscience.

This paper has been entitled *A Roman Waring*, and it is hoped that the analogy does not seem far-fetched. The careers of the two men were singularly alike. Both had seen military service in their early years, and learned the hard discipline of the camp and field. Both were men of the greatest personal unselfishness and loftiness of purpose. Both were of scrupulous integrity. Both were called, at about the same time of life and under almost identical political

conditions, to the administration of offices of similar character that had been wretchedly mismanaged by their predecessors, — offices, too, whose effective direction was fraught with an importance for the health of their respective municipalities little appreciated by the average man, and unlikely to win even the faintest popular applause. Both alike had to contend against the organized avarice and corruption of the very men whose comfort and health they had most at heart; and both alike succeeded, in the face of terrific obstacles, in securing their ends, while remaining true to their highest ideals.

Seneca tells us that the truly patient

man is known, not by what he bears, but by the way he bears it. So the scholar is known, not by the extent of his attainments, but by the temper of his mind and the purpose of his life. The same is true of the patriot. He is the true patriot who makes an honest, efficient, and economical service of his fellows his ideal, whether the service in itself be great or small. It is not what he does, but the spirit in which the service is performed. And so, just as we admire the patriotic service of our own Waring, and feel a pride that he was our countryman, so must we also admire the patriotism of his old Roman prototype.

Charles E. Bennett.

HERBS.

A SERVICEABLE thing
Is fennel, mint, or balm,
Kept in the thrifty calm
Of hollows, in the spring;
Or by old houses pent.
Dear is its ancient scent
To folk that love the days forgot,
Nor think that God is not.

Sage, lavender, and rue,
For body's hurt and ill,
For fever and for chill;
Rosemary, strange with dew,
For sorrow and its smart,
For breaking of the heart.
Yet pain, dearth, tears, all come to dust,
As even the herbs must.

Life-everlasting, too,
Windless, poignant, and sere,
That blows in the old year,
Townsmen, for me and you.
Why fret for wafting airs?
Why haste to sell our wares?
Captains and clerks, this shall befall;
This is the end of all.

Oh, thought, and word, and deed!
Oh, unforgotten things,
Gone out of all the springs;
The quest, the dream, the creed!
Gone out of all the lands,
And yet safe in God's hands;
For shall the dull herbs live again,
And not the sons of men?

Lizette Woodworth Reese.

MUNICIPAL SELF-GOVERNMENT: COUNCIL AND MAYOR.

MUNICIPAL government in the United States is undemocratic. The city is the agent of the state. The people of the state arbitrarily govern the city. The mosaic which we call municipal government is the means by which the people of the state exercise arbitrary power over minor communities in matters purely local. The exercise of such power, by indirect and complex means, has resulted in bad municipal government. That it would so result was inevitable.

Democratic government is an expression, not a source, of authority. The people governed is the source of its powers. The government of the United States derives its powers from the people of the United States. The government of the state derives its powers from the people of the state. The government of the city should obtain its powers from the people of the city.

Our national and state governments were created by the people to serve them in different spheres. Neither derives authority from, nor acts as the agent of, the other. Both derive authority directly from the people, — that of the nation from the people of the nation, that of the state from the people of the state. The line between nation and state is clearly drawn. The government of the nation is confined to those matters which concern the entire people of the nation. The line between state

and city should be as distinctly drawn. The government of the state should be confined to those matters which concern the entire people of the state. Thus the government of the city would be left free to deal with those matters which concern only the people of the city.

The supreme authority in our system is the people of the United States. They, as an aggregate sovereign, by means of the Constitution, created a national government, with certain well-defined general powers. Incidentally and to guard the exercise of the powers thus conferred, they imposed limitations on the states. By the Tenth Amendment they reserved to the states and to themselves the powers not delegated to the national government. The state has appropriated to itself these reserved powers. It should have left to the people those of local concern, to be by them conferred on the city. This would have carried out the democratic scheme of government devised by the fathers, and by them in part applied.

The work of the founders of the American commonwealth in framing our state and national governments has been much and justly admired. Theirs was indeed a splendid achievement of constructive statesmanship. That they omitted to add a simple and democratic plan of municipal government is doubtless due to the fact that large cities did

not then exist. What have become the public necessities of city life were unknown. Such municipal administration as was required was simple and without important bearing on the larger matters of state and national government. Hence, in framing their scheme of government, the fathers of American democracy overlooked what is now the vast and widening field of municipal activities.

This omission in the organization of democratic government in America has never been remedied. As municipalities grew, the rapidly multiplying wants of urban populations were met by haphazard makeshifts. Institutions by means of which rural communities and small villages had realized local self-government were retained, and extended to meet needs for which they were not devised and are not adapted. As the strain increased, the state added numerous officials, boards, and commissions.

Thus the government of every American city has become a huge conglomerate of warring officials and boards representing the state. Elective officers and elections have been so multiplied that it is a difficult task merely to keep the offices filled. What we call municipal government is too complex to be understood save by experts. The people, always busy with their own affairs, have more and more left the entire matter to the tender mercies of the political bosses and franchise grabbers. In this way municipal administration has been diverted from public to private ends.

The state, in attempting to govern the city, has unduly emphasized the executive view of municipal administration. Indeed, to the extent that city government is an agency to express the will of the state, its function is only executive. The power to legislate is the distinguishing mark of self-government. The mere right of the people of the city to choose between rival aspir-

ants to local executive office, under state authority, involves only the power to determine whether state laws shall be strictly or loosely enforced. To be really self-governing, the people of the city must enjoy the right to create a body having power to legislate for them in all matters of local concern.

The policy which makes the city the agent of the state has led to anomalous results. In nation and state the legislature is the affirmative power. It speaks directly for the people. It expresses their will in continuing laws of general application. Its function is to determine public policies. The executive and the judiciary merely participate in the enforcement of the laws. They deal with individual matters as they arise. Their function is to administer. In a city, which exists mainly to enforce state legislation, these conditions are reversed. The play is an exotic. The mayor is the star performer. The council plays but a minor part. The mayor, when chosen, assumes to his constituency the rôle of temporary dictator. As a representative of the state, he is subject to its legislative authority. Nominally an officer of the city, he is beyond the control of its people.

The council of a city, which exists as a creature of the state, is at best an unnecessary, and at worst a contemptible thing. The mayor and his cabinet might perform its part; indeed, the tendency is to confer upon the mayor powers taken from the council. In most American cities it is thought that bad municipal government is directly chargeable to the council. To escape evils lightly assumed to pertain to the council, the mayor is given increased authority. The council, thus deprived of most of the poor powers which it once possessed, is left a derelict on the troubled sea of municipal misgovernment.

The evils which result from undemocratic municipal government extend far beyond the city. The legislature of the

state, if empowered to deal with none but matters of general application, might be a responsible and efficient body. Charged as it is with the power, even duty, constantly to intermeddle in the affairs of every municipality in matters purely local, its sessions have become log-rolling bees. Local measures clog its calendar. Each member seeks to press such of these as affect his locality. A gang of members from a single city, acting as the chattels of public service corporations, often coerce their fellows into action prejudicial to the public welfare. A measure which sacrifices the rights of the people of but a single community can rarely be expected to arouse to effective opposition the people of a great state. The good of the locality, often of many localities, is sacrificed that the public business itself may proceed.

Thus the undemocratic attempt by the people of the state arbitrarily to govern the city results in making the government of both city and state irresponsible, inefficient, corrupt. Indeed, means better calculated to divert the powers of government from public to private ends could not be devised. No man or group of men can be trusted to exercise irresponsible power. The government of the city by the state violates the principle of self-government. It endangers the state in the vain effort to save the city. It relieves the people of the city of local responsibility. It corrupts and paralyzes both state and city administration.

The proposal to make the city as independent of the state as the state is independent of the nation does not involve the loss of proper state authority within the city. The nation exercises an authority within the state which extends even to its individual citizens. The state must continue to legislate generally for all its people in respect to such matters of common concern as crime, personal rights, the family, education, property, corporations, commerce, elec-

tions, and general taxation. These great duties are obscured, often imperiled, by continuous strife at the state capital over conflicting local interests.

The legislation of the state touching civic affairs will continue to be enforced in the city mainly by local officials. Indeed, the execution of state laws in each of its communities by officers locally chosen is what has made the state, despite an undue centralization of legislative power, the chief conservator of local self-government. It is of much greater importance to preserve this time-honored practice intact than it is to have all state laws well and uniformly enforced. The vital objections which lie to a state constabulary lie equally to the absorption by the state of those legislative powers which can be locally exercised.

What powers may be locally exercised? In brief, all powers that do not concern the entire people of the nation or of the state. Among these are the power to frame a city government and define its authority, the police power so far as local, the power of taxation for local purposes including schools, the power to establish and administer streets and parks, the power to supply public necessities directly or by means of the public service corporation, and the power to establish and administer reformatory and charitable institutions. It is objected that the people of the city cannot safely exercise such powers; that they are incapable of self-government. It is urged that the government of the state must stand guard over the people of the city; that it must save them from themselves. The answer is obvious. The government of the state is not a storehouse of saving grace. It is at best but an expression of the will of the entire people of the state. It is too often the means by which incorporated greed uses the public authority for private ends. It is impossible for the entire people of a state to know the needs of its several local communi-

ties as well as their own people know them.

The people of the nation permit the people of the state to determine for themselves nearly all matters of state government. The people of the state may with like propriety permit the people of the city to determine for themselves practically all matters of city government. This by no means implies that the exercise of this permissive local authority shall be free from proper constitutional and statutory limitations. Municipal government may be made to conform to a general state policy without taking from each municipality liberty largely to determine for itself the limits and the means of its activities. The state, for example, should, by definite law, protect the right of all its citizens freely to compete for public employment. It should establish laws of uniform application, providing especially for such matters of common interest as popular education, the preservation of health, and the regulation of the liquor traffic. It may provide broad restrictions touching some matters of common interest, leaving the city free to add to them if its people so desire. It may prohibit city interference in matters of vital general concern. It is for the people of the state, in framing its constitution, to determine what matters shall be under state control without local interference, what matters shall be left to the city subject to certain restrictions, and what matters shall be under city control without state interference.

The city must act through agents. In this it is like the state. It need not rely on the state for protection from its agents. Restraints may be imposed on constituted authority as well by city charter as by state constitution. The people of the city should be permitted, under proper general limitations, to frame a city constitution or charter. They should be free to determine all questions of municipal public policy.

They should possess power to legislate as well as power to administer. They should enjoy legislative as well as administrative freedom.

We at last realize that neither in state nor in city is it necessary to confer final authority on public servants. It is now clear that there should be ratification, express or implied, by the people, of the more important acts of their representatives. There are great possibilities in the growing desire of intelligent citizens to participate more directly than heretofore in legislation. The people may in time both choose and direct their agents. They may also reserve power to pass on all important legislative acts on petition of a certain percentage of the voters within a fixed time. That by such means the agents of the people may be made responsive to their will is believed by increasing numbers. Private principals often reserve the power to reject or ratify the acts of their agents. There are even weightier reasons why the people should reserve the power to reject or ratify the acts of public servants. It is not necessary to confer upon them unlimited power.

The local independence here advocated is required fully to carry out and make symmetrical our scheme of government. When this measure of local independence is secured, ours will really be a government by the people. The city must be governed by the people of the city, if it is to be an instrument of democratic government. The state must surrender arbitrary power, if it is to be merely an agency of a self-governing people. If government by the people is desirable, it should alike obtain in nation, state, and city.

This course would leave each of the three distinct governmental agencies of the people free to perform its functions without interference by the others. It would make each directly responsible to its special constituency. It would confer upon each practically exclusive con-

trol of a few great matters of common interest to its people. Nothing so conduces to make a representative government efficient as to limit its jurisdiction to a few important matters of common interest to those for whom it speaks. Efficiency rapidly decreases with the multiplication of the subjects with which a representative government deals.

Our government, to mere casual observers, seems complex in form and difficult to understand. Our national government is, in fact, simple. It deals only with those great concerns of general interest to the people of the United States. Our state governments would be equally simple if each were confined to the important matters which concern its entire people. To the attempt of the states to combine both general and local functions is due the apparently inextricable confusion which has so long characterized our state and municipal governments. Give to state and city separate and distinct powers; make each directly responsible to its special constituency; permit neither to exercise other than direct representative authority: the result will be simple, responsible, efficient government.

The state, to the extent that it has exercised arbitrary power over its cities, has ceased to be democratic. The result might have been foreseen. No despotism is so unrestrained as the despotism of a crowd. It may be safely asserted that nowhere else is municipal government so irresponsible as it is in the United States. When our national, state, and city governments shall severally and directly represent their respective constituencies, when none of them shall exercise other than representative powers, we may claim that ours is in fact as well as in name a democratic republic.

The extent to which the city is made the agent of the state differs greatly in the several states. In certain states, the legislature, by special acts, governs each city separately, even in matters of

petty detail. In other states, the attempt is made to limit legislation to acts general in form and applicable to all cities of a given class. In Pennsylvania, it seems that the legislature, whenever the administration of any city becomes unsatisfactory to the state boss, may by special act remove its mayor, authorize the governor to name his successor, and directly despoil its public service. The city of New York has long been governed by the legislature of the state. Its people are merely permitted, from time to time, to determine whether its officials shall be common criminals, party tools, or public servants. These officials, when chosen, are subject, in the discharge of their duties, to constant intermeddling by the legislature. Some of them are responsible to the governor, and may be by him removed. To-day, a city of three and a half millions, whose people participate in the government of the nation, is not even permitted to determine for itself during what hours its saloons shall be closed. In Illinois, although the constitutional prohibition of special legislation is frequently evaded, the city of Chicago is greatly hampered in matters merely local, for want of permissive power to govern itself. All state interference in matters purely local, whatever its extent, is pernicious. Emancipation of the city from state intermeddling is everywhere a crying need.

Municipal government, if it is to act for the people of the city rather than as an executive agent of the state, must possess full legislative as well as large executive powers. The more independent of the state it becomes, the greater will be its legislative powers. A representative government must legislate as well as execute. Hence municipal self-government calls for a powerful council. This means public rather than secret, democratic rather than despotic city government. The vice of American municipal government lies in that it is mainly executive, and that it acts

for the state. When it becomes representative of the people of the city, the council will voice and the mayor will execute their will. We shall then have responsible municipal government.

Much might be said in support of the proposal to make the mayor the administrative agent of the council. In many European cities he is chosen by the council, and thus acts. It is the American method to separate legislative and executive functions. Legislators and executives, elected by the people, directly and severally represent them. This division of powers among direct representatives of the people, justified by experience in nation and state, should be applied in the city. We understand and know how to work a government having distinct legislative and administrative departments. We know how to apportion responsibility between legislature and executive. The application of this method to the city will complete and make symmetrical our system of government.

Thus it appears that a municipal government directly representative of and responsible to the people of the city, and having distinct legislative and administrative departments, will strictly comply with American ideals, however it may depart from recent American practice. It is undeniable that it will not accord with such practice, especially that of recent years. The council, never what it should be, has been gradually abandoned, its powers being assumed by the state legislature. This usurper of arbitrary authority has made the mayor its local representative, vesting in him both executive and legislative powers. The distinction between legislation and administration in municipal government is all but lost. In lieu of municipal self-government we have despotic rule. In the absence of means through which its people might govern the city, the tendency has been to rely on the goodness and wisdom of the mayor. The resort has been to the

dictator. Yet with this growth of despotism in our cities American municipal government has become more and more a "problem."

There are those who hold that good municipal government cannot be expected of democracy. Some even say that our experience is conclusive of its failure in this field. However, as thus far we have not tried really democratic methods in city administration, our failures cannot be laid at the door of democracy. We have made full trial of municipal government by state legislature and autocratic mayor acting together. To this irresponsible combination our failures are chargeable. The remedy for evils thus produced does not lie in a further departure from democratic methods. The failures of the Constitution are due to the unwillingness of the fathers to rely on the people to choose the President and the members of the Senate. The irresistible tendency of our history has been to remove all barriers between the people and their government, to make all its agencies directly responsive to their will. This movement will finally compel the application of democratic methods to city administration. Its aim to make the American commonwealth a representative democracy is certain of accomplishment.

Government, with us, has but one possible source of authority. Having repudiated the absurd fiction of the divine right of a man or group of men to rule over others, we can draw no line of exclusion. Authority to govern must come from without or it inheres in the whole people. We have nowhere save in the people any reserve of authority or virtue upon which to draw. To say that the people of the city cannot be trusted to govern themselves is to admit once for all the failure of democracy. The people of the city form a rapidly increasing proportion of our population. If not fit to govern themselves, they are not fit to participate in

the government of the state and nation. We are committed to democracy, and must work through it, however long the way, to good government.

No one who is at all acquainted with history and with the vast interests of our complex modern life expects government of whatever form to become an easy task. Those who really believe in democracy do not shrink from the application of democratic methods to city administration because of the difficulties involved. That their faith in the people of the city, even when largely of foreign birth, is not misplaced, a single illustration indicates. The council of the city of Chicago, though unwisely hampered by the state, possesses large powers. In 1895 it was absolutely owned by special interests. To-day the people of Chicago are represented in its council by over fifty of its seventy members. It is organized on non-partisan

lines, the best members being in control of all important committees. No important measure to which there was popular objection has passed since the reform movement began. The Chicago council is to-day one of the best legislative bodies in the entire country. This result has been attained without waiting for organic reform.

The present hopeful movement for municipal reform takes democracy for granted. It for the first time seeks to apply democratic methods to city administration. It demands municipal self-government, with council and mayor. In the words of Mr. Delos F. Wilcox, in advocacy of the excellent Municipal Programme recommended by the National Municipal League, "the hope of humanity seems to lie in the perfection of democracy rather than in any retrogressive step, in exalting rather than in lessening popular responsibility."

Edwin Burritt Smith.

THE EXILE.

"RAIGS, bottles a'd ole ia-a, raigs!" The harsh, strident call rang clear and strong on the afternoon air. Old Rachel dropped her knitting, a flutter of excitement stirring her heart. Two long weeks she had been listening for that cry, and now that it had come the voice was that of a stranger.

What did it mean? Where was little Iky, with his song-call, sweeter to her poor old ears than matin psalm or choir chant? What had become of old Aaron, raucous of voice, whom she herself had established in business? Vainly she had been watching the alley behind her spacious home. Why had the rag-carts ceased to come that way?

There was nothing for her to do in the magnificent home her sons had reared. Hirelings ministered to her children's wants. To her a little knitting or em-

broidery was permitted; and oh, how she loathed it all! Yet she had learned, in the years of her toil and privation, how futile it is to cry out against the established order of things.

Her sons were prosperous merchants, whose fingers glittered with diamonds large as hailstones. Her daughters adorned the best Hebrew society and did credit to their satins. Assuredly their old mother should not humiliate them by reminding them and others of the cruel days of their childhood. She had everything the flesh could desire. Why was she not content?

Again that cry, "Raigs, bottles a'd ole ia-a, raigs!" resounded far down the alley. Rachel arose and tiptoed to the back window of her room. Softly she turned the ivory blinds and peered out. There was no one in sight. The

man must have stopped at the alley gate of some mansion farther down the street, to barter with a servant for a few old bottles or discarded clothes. Would he turn, after he had made his purchase, and go the other way? Tears sprang to the old woman's eyes. She longed to tear off the velvet house gown, the lace mitts that did their best to conceal her hard, misshapen hands, the cap of ribbons and lace that covered her scant gray locks. Her soul was filled with a wild yearning to pursue the filthy cart and its unwashed, unkempt driver. He would take her to her friends, — friends against whom the doors of her home were forever barred.

To them she had gone, a blooming young woman, when death had stricken down the strong prop of her home. They had watched over her brood of little ones, while she, clad in rags that ill concealed her comeliness, had wandered from alley to alley, a bag of coppers in her pocket and a stout sack over her shoulder. Jehovah, who watches over the fatherless, had prospered her, and in time a donkey and cart had to be procured. It wrung her soul to part with the shining yellow coins, the price of the new outfit; but her children were growing, and must be put to school. Again the Lord prospered her, and she sent out numerous carts, each one bringing to her at nightfall its precious freight. With her own hands she had sorted out the cotton and woolen rags, the bottles and fragments of iron, the garments that with a little mending could be sold to the second-hand-clothing dealer.

Then another change had come. Her sons had grown to manhood almost before she realized it, and prosperity had run with open arms to meet them.

At first the cook, Myra, with a few extra coppers in her pocket, had connived at clandestine meetings at the alley gate, or stolen visits in Iky's cart to the far-away Little Jerusalem. But young Gabriel's gold coins were more persuasive than old Rachel's pennies,

and so the lonely exile had been driven to content herself with listening daily for the well-known cry, — the slender plank that spanned the gulf between her and the past.

Now for two weeks no ragpicker's cart had invaded the neighborhood of her home. Strain her keen ears as she would, no call was borne even from the neighboring alleys. Had Gabriel forbidden her old friends to come near his house? Had he perhaps even done violence to them?

Tortured with fear and yearning, she waited and listened. Then a greater fear clutched at her heart, and a reckless longing for liberty dashed to earth the walls of prudence and self-control that she had reared about herself.

As the cart clattered over the alley stones she turned, and, with trembling limbs and palpitating heart, fled down the back stairs and out across the bit of lawn, uttering a low, gurgling cry, whereat the ragpicker started and brought his horse up with a sudden jerk. Who in this fashionable neighborhood possessed that call?

To his amazement, a little stooped woman in lace cap and velvet gown stood in the gateway, beckoning to him. In Yiddish such as he had not heard since he left his mother's knee she greeted him, demanded his name and news of her friends.

A pestilence had broken out among the ragpickers, he told her, — a dread disease that carried them away like chaff before the flail. Iky's mother had already perished, and now the poor boy lay tossing in wild delirium, with no one to give him so much as a cup of cold water.

Suddenly Rachel straightened herself to her full height, and all the servile resignation was gone from her haughty old face.

"I will go back to mine own people!" she cried. "These be flesh of my flesh, and blood of my blood, and yet are they strangers to me. Would I had reared

them as honest ragpickers! Go thou but to the next alley and wait. I will join thee."

A half hour later the ragpicker lifted to the seat of his cart a little old creature wrapped in a dingy black shawl. No lace mitts covered her wrinkled hands. Her feet felt again the austere caress of sabots that had lain for years at the bottom of her chest of sacred things. Under the seat of the cart was a basket filled with food and wine for her suffering people. Rachel thought not, cared not, for the consternation that would fill the cold, handsome house when sons and daughters returned at nightfall to find the mother gone. Her people were in distress, and she was going to them.

"Raigs, raigs, got any raigs!" The cry burst from her lips before she could suppress it. A light of ecstasy shone in her faded brown eyes. Oh, this was heaven, heaven itself! The captive was returning to Jerusalem. As the old, beloved call quivered on the air, a well-dressed man on the pavement stopped and stared at the cart. It was Gabriel, and at his side was a handsome woman, a Gentile, who would willingly barter her faith for the Hebrew's gold.

"Quick! down the alley! Don't

spare the nag. My son has discovered me. He will take me back," the old woman whispered, full of terror, yet unsubdued.

Away they went, through alleys and side streets. No more rags were purchased that day. At dusk the filthy, dilapidated houses of Little Jerusalem were before them. Palaces these, yea, and temples, wherein the returned exile could worship forever.

Oh, the joy of ministering to the sick, of listening to their strident patois of German and Hebrew, of mixing cooling drinks for their fevered throats! Two days and nights she toiled among her people, and then the pestilence laid its burning fingers on her heart. There was no one left to minister to her. All were sick or dead. No one resisted when an officer in blue uniform, with Gabriel at his heels, entered the low door of the hovel.

"Mother, what does this mean? How dare you" —

"Nay, my son, rebuke me not," the parched lips murmured. "I am come out of exile to mine own people. Already the gates of Zion stand ajar, and thy father beckons. Return thou to the Babylon of thy love; but for me the years of captivity are consumed."

Emilie Ruck de Schell.

A LETTER FROM GERMANY.

SUCH manifestations of the national life of Germany in 1901 as would be of interest to the foreign reader are found not so much in positive legislation as in the political and economic agitations of the year, — in the relations with the United States, together with the rise of the so-called "American danger;" in the relations with England, attended by a remarkable outbreak of Anglophobia; in the perennial struggle between the Agrarians and

other classes, culminating in the new Tariff Bill; in the Polish agitation and the punishment of Polish students and rioters; in the great industrial depression, accompanied with revelations of business immorality which shocked the public conscience. In giving, therefore, my usual annual review of events in Germany, I have this time to deal less with reforms instituted and legislation adopted than with larger movements and tendencies.

The political and economic relations between Germany and the United States in 1901 occupied an unusual amount of public attention in Germany. Notwithstanding the repeated and malicious efforts of a sensational New York newspaper to represent Germany as about to gobble up some part of South America or the West Indies, these inventions only served to bring out all the more clearly the correctness of Germany's attitude toward our government. When the German ambassador at Washington returned to his post, in November, with special assurances from the Kaiser that Germany entertained no such designs, sensible people in both countries felt that this should end all talk about Germany's schemes in the western hemisphere. That it has not done so among some of our bellicose young naval and military officers is to be regretted. The recent breach of international propriety committed by some of these Hot-spurs in predicting a war with Germany was duly frowned upon at home, and it was rated at its true value in Germany.

If any proof were needed of Germany's purpose to maintain good relations with our country, her course in the Venezuela matter has amply supplied it. Indeed, the fact that Germany came to an understanding with our government before taking forcible measures against Venezuela is of most momentous significance. Why? Because this was the first explicit recognition of the Monroe Doctrine by any Continental Power. It is a notable milestone passed in the history of our country and its relations with European governments. It gives the Monroe Doctrine a validity no longer to be disputed. All this was instantly recognized in Germany. "America for the Americans," said a great Berlin daily, "has become an irreversible fact." German Jingo organs were dazed, and angrily exclaimed, "Must we ask permission at Washington to collect our claims from Venezuela?" Papers of

more rational temper, however, accepted Germany's course, as not only without detriment to her dignity, but as in harmony with her political interests. Indeed, this saner section of the German press was even pleased that the government had thus made such an emphatic disavowal of the aims and dreams of the noisy, fantastic Pan-Germans. The whole incident, it is to be hoped, will open a new chapter in our relations with Germany by finally removing whatever misunderstandings or grievances were occasioned at the time of the Spanish War.

All Americans who desire the friendliest relations between our country and Germany may rest assured that the Kaiser is exerting his powerful influence to this end. He has latterly taken occasion, more frequently than ever, to show his personal good will for the American people and their President. Among the messages borne by the German ambassador to President Roosevelt was the direct assurance from the Kaiser that all the talk about his efforts to unite the European Powers for resistance to the American commercial invasion of Europe was without foundation. The Kaiser's recent request that the President permit his daughter to christen the pleasure yacht now building for the Kaiser in the United States, while a small incident in itself, is one of those pretty acts of thoughtfulness and courtesy for which William is noted. The deep interest which he takes in America has been repeatedly expressed in recent conversations with our ambassador at Berlin, in which he has spoken with enthusiasm of the splendid economic development of our country, the vast enterprises which have been consummated by our financiers, and the energetic, forceful character of our President.

The failure of the President to recommend in his message a liberal revision of the Dingley Law was a keen disappointment to the German free-

traders, and gave the high-protectionist element occasion to press all the more eagerly for a heavy increase of duties. The President's willingness to sacrifice, in making reciprocity treaties, only such duties as are no longer needed for protection made an exceedingly bad impression in Germany, — as if our government were trying to get something of value without giving an equivalent in exchange. This extreme caution, at a time when all European countries are alarmed at the inroads of American competition, is so incomprehensible to the German mind that the conclusion is general here that our tariff policy is swayed by selfish interests outside the government. The President's inaction has undoubtedly given a strong impetus to the movement for higher protection in Germany. In particular, it has intensified the anti-American animus of the tariff agitation. Indeed, in the recent tariff debate in the Reichstag, the trade relations of Germany with the United States were discussed more than those with all other countries combined; and the same is true of discussions in the press and in commercial bodies. While it would be too much to say that the present bill is aimed at the United States, still these discussions give ground for that impression; and it is undoubtedly true that the leading feature of the bill — namely, its heavy increase of duties on grains and meats — will strike American trade more severely than that of any other country. In these discussions it is complained with some bitterness that the American duties average fifty per cent against Germany's ten. Accordingly, the view is asserted by rigid German protectionists that a thoroughgoing reduction of our tariff duties is necessary before a liberal reciprocity treaty with Germany can be expected; and it is demanded in influential manufacturers' organizations that the German government should omit any action in favor of such a treaty till our tariff has

been reduced to an average of twenty per cent.

Although the imports of goods from the United States in 1901 showed a considerable decrease, still the American danger occupied a larger place in the public mind of Germany than ever before; and the dependence of Germany upon American commercial and financial influences became more than ever apparent. "When two American finance groups," exclaimed a prominent member of the Reichstag, in the tariff debate, "can make the world's markets tremble, that proves that we are already financially dependent upon America!" This dependence was shown in the growing influence of Wall Street upon the German bourses. "An advance at New York regularly makes a buoyant market here," says a German bourse report, "and our market obediently sags when New York realizes." A leading Berlin financial writer referred to the phenomenon in the following words: "It awakens unpleasant sensations in Europe to see how the United States dominates all departments of European business activity."

The most striking evidence of the nervousness in Germany regarding the American danger was furnished by the readiness with which the public believed the rumors that American capitalists were planning to absorb the two great steamship companies of Hamburg and Bremen. Immediately after Mr. Pierpont Morgan purchased the Leyland line of steamers, the German press began to fear that he would extend his operations to Germany; and when, later, it became known that blocks of stock in the German lines were being acquired by Americans, this fear assumed an almost panic form in some sections of the press. In order to allay it, the newspapers proposed many defensive measures, and some alarmists even demanded that the great transatlantic lines be acquired outright by the government.

The great wave of indignant protest that swept over the country in response to the well-known speech of the English Colonial Secretary was certainly one of the most remarkable popular movements that has been seen in Germany since the empire was founded. It began among the university students, then extended to veterans' societies; and for some weeks the country rang with angry declamation from hundreds of indignation meetings. The proportions which the movement assumed, and the intensity of passion accompanying it, produced a dazed astonishment in England; and even in Germany this remarkable outburst of popular wrath surprised the government, and was finally deprecated by papers which had done most to promote it. It was a wholly spontaneous movement. The government was evidently embarrassed by it. It was annoyed by absurd petitions from excited students, demanding "satisfaction" through diplomatic action, and it tried for a time to stay the excitement through utterances in the inspired press. Significantly enough, however, the government was itself finally compelled to end the agitation by making a dignified protest, in the semi-official newspaper, against Chamberlain's words.

The manifestations of anti-British feeling attending the movement found expression in forms that are not pleasant to describe. The comic papers, abandoning humor, berated the English as "cold scoundrels," and wreaked their wrath in cartoons repulsive by their brutality. Even the amenities of social life were disturbed by the turbulent waves of Anglophobia. Cases were reported where individual Englishmen suffered insult in German social circles. They were treated with cold neglect in shops and public places, and were jostled on the streets.

Nevertheless, it would be a mistake to suppose that all Germany was swept away by the anti-Chamberlain demon-

strations or indorsed the indignities just mentioned. There are German newspapers which have not forgotten the great debt which their country owes to England for her splendid contributions of political ideas to Germany's progress. These explained the movement as directed, not against England, but solely against Chamberlain. Referring to "the expressions of our comic papers, in which, with little wit and much complacency, the hatred of the English is fostered and good taste murdered," one of these papers said: "What these comic weeklies have done to wound the feelings of the English and prejudice them against us was done with so much brutality and with such pronounced savagery of feeling that the German public should resist it in behalf of its good name." The fact was also pointed out, by papers of this kind, that in no other country of the world did public opinion fall into such excesses in voicing its condemnation of England's course in South Africa.

This whole anti-Chamberlain movement affords a most striking illustration of a feature of German character which has become obvious to every observer. I mean its extreme sensitiveness to criticism. It was an expression, in a large, spectacular way, of the German's inherent quickness to resent injuries, real or supposed. Its prototype is found among the corps-students and lieutenants, ever ready to discover insults which can only be wiped out in blood; and in the German courts, which are beset by all classes and conditions of men seeking redress for petty insults and slanders. I do not attempt here to excuse Chamberlain's words, and it is not strange that they were resented in Germany; still the fact remains that in other countries, which were equally included in his offensive expression, public opinion was satisfied with a few answering sallies of ridicule in the press.

This sensitiveness, this tendency to seek grievances, found expression at the

time of Queen Victoria's death and the Kaiser's visit to England. Outside of Germany the Kaiser's visit was regarded as an act of beautiful devotion to his distinguished grandmother. A certain section of the German press, however, which arrogates to itself a superior degree of loyalty, murmured peevishly because the Kaiser protracted his stay till the funeral. The bestowal of honors upon Lord Roberts — most humane of soldiers — was also most deeply resented; Prussian army officers and loyal country squires wrote "letters to the editor," with ominous words about the Kaiser losing touch with his people and disregarding their sentiments.

It is highly interesting to observe the self-criticism of the Germans, as it was voiced in connection with the above incidents and other events of the year. Writers confessed, with regret, that the old cosmopolitan spirit which prevailed before the empire was founded has not only passed away, but has given place to an excessive nationalism. "Imperialism, militarism, materialism," says a German observer of these tendencies, "are impressing ugly features upon our life; and out of this exaggeration of national feeling, out of this brutal Jingoism, a debasement of political morals has developed as a natural consequence. The German character has lost much of its old-time idealism. The Germans of to-day have material, practical aims: they worship power, success, and a certain reckless, dashing personal behavior." Although the Germans are undoubtedly a peace-loving people, this overdevelopment of nationalism cannot fail to affect Germany's relations with other states and to render difficult the task of German diplomacy. When German papers, as is too often the case, lavish insults upon other nations with utter recklessness, while haughtily resenting foreign criticisms of German affairs, well-wishers of the Fatherland cannot be expected to check the growing dislike for Ger-

many. It is a significant fact, however, and promising much good, that the Germans have begun to ask themselves, What is the cause of this growing dislike?

The home politics of Germany in 1901 strikingly revealed the potent tendencies of the German life of to-day. The Agrarian movement, with its relentless opposition to Germany's natural economic development, and its indomitable tenacity in asserting the interests of the landed aristocracy; the great manufacturing and commercial classes, rendered powerless by diversity of views, conflicting interests, and the lack of a compact organization, — partly yielding to Agrarian demands, and partly rejecting them with sharp protest; the laboring classes, through their organ the Socialist party, passionately hostile to both these elements; finally, the government, painfully feeling its way for a policy, cautiously steering its course among conflicting interests, and trying to discover a plan of action acceptable to the majority of the nation, — such was the confused, inharmonious panorama presented by Germany's internal politics in 1901.

In January the government introduced in the Prussian Diet the Canal Bill, which had been defeated in the summer of 1899. It will be remembered that the Agrarian opponents of the old Canal Bill attempted to smother it with numerous other canal plans, intended as "compensation" for the projected Midland Canal, which was to connect the Elbe with the Rhine. One of the chief causes of its defeat, no doubt, was the determination of the Agrarians to use it as a handle for securing higher protective duties on agricultural products. The Agrarians were much too shrewd to relax their grip upon this handle before they had obtained an equivalent. The second Canal Bill was an enlargement of the old measure. It included a great waterway from Berlin to Stettin; the im-

provement of the Spree and the Havel to connect Berlin with the Midland Canal; the enlargement of existing canals from Berlin eastward to the Vistula; and, finally, the improvement of the streams intersected by the canals. It was thus a vast scheme for creating cheap transportation between the highly developed industrial west and the agricultural eastern provinces.

In introducing the new Canal Bill, the government assumed that the Tariff Bill could be completed and brought into the Reichstag before the Prussian Diet should be asked to vote upon the former; believing that the Agrarian members of the Diet, once they saw the enticing agricultural schedules, would prove tractable and "swallow the canal." Soon after the Canal Bill was published, Count Bülow threw off his long reserve and publicly promised higher protection for agriculture. He also assured the Agrarians that the Tariff Bill would be rushed to completion with all possible dispatch. The complicated work of preparing the Tariff Bill, however, required more time than the Chancellor had estimated, and the early introduction of the Canal measure turned out to be a grave tactical error on the part of the government. After the bill had been discussed in the Diet it went to a committee, which willfully killed time with it till the Tariff Bill should be published. Finally, however, about the beginning of May, it became apparent that the Canal Bill in its entirety would fail, while several of the compensation schemes attached to it would be passed. It was a droll exhibition of political selfishness that the Agrarians were about to take their compensations, and give nothing in return. The government, however, refused to have its measure emasculated, and prorogued the Diet.

The result of this abrupt close of the session was a reorganization of the Prussian Cabinet. Bülow had taken office with the determination to have a

homogeneous government. The principal change made in the Cabinet in May was the dismissal of Finance Minister von Miquel, in order to make it homogeneous. Miquel, it was felt by friends of the Canal plan, had not given the measure his whole-hearted support, and his Agrarian sympathies were too marked to permit him to antagonize that element successfully. While it was recognized by friend and foe alike that he was one of the greatest of Prussian finance ministers, and that he achieved a really great reform in the Prussian Income-Tax Law, Miquel was finally trusted by no political party. He had particularly disappointed his former political associates in the National Liberal party. His appointment as finance minister, twelve years ago, was warmly received by the Berlin Stock Exchange; when his dismissal was announced, the Exchange rang with applause. Miquel was not a bad man, but he was sly to excess. Although in political and economic knowledge towering high above the men associated with him in the government, he created the impression of being without fixed economic convictions; and, indeed, he more than once expressed in his speeches a complete agnosticism as over and against the economic systems of the books.

The Tariff Bill was finally published at the end of July, and has since been the subject of heated discussions throughout the land. The leading feature of the measure is its pronounced Agrarian character. Not only are the duties on grains and meats heavily increased, but a further important concession is made to the Agrarians through the introduction of a minimal scale of duties on the former. They had felt that their interests were sacrificed by the Caprivi government in making the present commercial treaties: therefore they have for several years made it one of their chief "demands" that a limit should be fixed, below which the government might not go in making new

treaties. To this the government yielded. The Agrarian principle of the measure is well illustrated by the duty on wheat, which is forty-six cents per bushel maximum and thirty-eight cents minimum, while the present conventional tariff duty is twenty-five cents. Duties on animals and most meats are still more sharply advanced.

The commercial and in part the manufacturing interests of the country began immediately a vigorous agitation against the agricultural duties. A congress of all German chambers of commerce protested, by an overwhelming vote, against the high duties on the necessities of life, since they would constitute a grave hindrance to the negotiation of new commercial treaties, would increase the cost of living for the working population, and would thus impair Germany's power to compete in the world's markets. The Verein für Socialpolitik, which is composed chiefly of university professors of political economy, discussed the measure for several days, and most of the leading spirits of the society rejected its agricultural schedules with emphasis. The Central Association of German Manufacturers, which is a strong protectionist organization, condemned the minimal system of duties as endangering the renewal of the treaties, which it regards of paramount importance to German industry. The Agrarians were highly incensed at these demonstrations, and answered with threats that they would declare for complete free-trade if the increased agricultural duties were rejected by the Reichstag. Far from being satisfied with the government's bill, moreover, they are now agitating for still higher protection. A specimen of their new demands is that for a duty of fifty-three cents a bushel on wheat.

The government had an extremely difficult task to defend the bill in the Reichstag. Germany's trade has increased phenomenally under the com-

mercial treaties. Exports rose from 3051 million marks in 1894 to 4752 million in 1900; even the exports of manufactures alone increasing more than 1100 million marks. The government, however, in undertaking a tariff revision which would necessitate the denunciation of the treaties, virtually confessed that they were dissatisfied with commercial arrangements which had resulted so advantageously for the country. This was the inherent weakness of their position. The defense of the measure by the ministers was therefore necessarily a lame one. Their only argument was the alleged distress of German agriculture caused by foreign competition. Under the treaties, it was alleged, the farmers had not obtained equal advantages with the manufacturers. The increase of the duties, moreover, would be mainly borne by middlemen, like merchants and bakers. They dilated upon the desirability of making Germany independent of foreign countries for agricultural products; and for the rest, they assumed the solidarity of interest between agriculture and industry, and made fervent appeals to the patriotism of the members.

During the debate the Socialist deputies were able to present a petition against any increase of duties on the necessities of life, which bore the signatures of nearly three and a half millions of working people, — a unique event in German politics. Professor Schäffle, the distinguished economist, shows, in criticising the Tariff Bill, that the Agrarian duties will tax the consuming population to the extent of 1150 to 1350 million marks a year. The result of this taxation, as its Liberal opponents point out, can only be to increase social discontent. It is also remarked that the lack of employment among the working classes renders an increase of duties at this moment highly inopportune. In view of these conditions, the prediction is justified that

the bill will sweep large masses of the laboring population and small tradesmen into the Socialist party. What this may mean for Germany it is premature to predict; but certainly there are possibilities in the situation that should give the ministers cause for reflection. England doubtless averted serious evils through the abolition of the Corn Laws; Germany invites greater evils by taking the opposite course.

Long before the Tariff Bill was introduced, Count Bülow expressed in the Reichstag his conviction that Germany would be able to enter into new treaty relations with other Powers immediately upon the lapse of the existing commercial agreements; and, as he said in the tariff debate, the government could concede only such advances of the agricultural duties as would leave the way open to make new treaties. The question now agitating the minds of the commercial classes, however, is whether the Chancellor can make terms with other Powers under the new tariff. The Russian finance minister has uttered direct threats of retaliation, while Austria has already commenced a revision of her tariff, with heavy increases of duties, in answer to Germany's proposed legislation. It is therefore feared that Count Bülow is committing a serious error of statesmanship in flinging away excellent commercial treaties without knowing what kind he will get in return, — if, indeed, he gets any at all.

The conditions in the Polish provinces, as described in the *Atlantic Monthly* a year ago, were further intensified in 1901, and the Polish problem undoubtedly assumed a more serious aspect than for many years. The organizations among Polish students caused the Prussian authorities to apprehend that treasonable schemes were brewing; and some sixty pupils of the gymnasium at Thorn, and a number of university students living in the province of Posen, were brought to trial for con-

nection with suspicious secret societies. The trials, however, developed nothing very serious. A number of young men were sentenced to short terms of imprisonment. It was felt, owing to the meagre results of these trials, that the government had made a mistake in acting at all.

A much more sensational matter was the Wreschen affair, which was unduly magnified in the foreign press to the discredit of the Prussian authorities. The facts are these: German has been the language of instruction in all the Polish schools for nearly thirty years, except in the hour given to religious instruction. The rule has been gradually established, however, of introducing German into the religious teaching of the upper classes, too, where the children have already sufficiently acquired the language. This was assuredly no hardship for the pupils, as is shown by the smooth working of the system in many other Polish towns. The pupils in the school at Wreschen, however, instigated by their parents and others, refused to take religious instruction in the German language; and after they had persisted in their refusal for some days, the school authorities of the province directed that corporal punishment be resorted to. This was administered in no inhumane form, — about a dozen of the children receiving from two to four strokes on each hand with a light rattan cane. During the punishment some excited parents and other persons rushed into the school-room and made threatening demonstrations against the teachers and the government inspector. This semi-riotous behavior was made the basis of a trial, which resulted in sentences which were condemned for their severity, even by papers friendly to the government. Ultimately, however, Count Bülow ordered the corporal punishment discontinued, out of deference to public opinion.

Very likely these sentences were too severe; yet persons outside of Germany

should be slow to conclude that Prussia's general policy toward the Poles is therefore specially harsh. It may be admitted that the police in Polish cities often show excessive zeal in exerting authority against petty manifestations of Polish tendencies. But the fact remains that the Prussian government has a very real problem to solve in the Polish provinces. The government is bound, under the existing circumstances, to stand by the German element there and prevent its Polonization. At the same time it lies equally in the interest of both races that the Poles should know German. It is to be regretted that the Poles still indulge in impracticable dreams of a restored Polish kingdom, and are thus prevented from accepting present conditions and making the best of them. Foreigners can only do harm by encouraging those dreams. It is too late in history to waste regrets over the division of Poland.

Conditions in the army in respect to dueling and the administration of justice occasioned much concern in the public mind last year. Interest centred around two typical cases. At Gumbinnen a cavalry officer was killed, evidently by one of his troopers; and after several non-commissioned officers had been tried for the crime and acquitted, they were arrested again and brought to trial before another military court, which condemned one of the men to death. The conviction was a great shock to the public conscience, as the evidence was of the flimsiest kind; and the case made the impression that the military spirit which rendered the Dreyfus case possible in France exists to some extent in Germany. It made all the worse impression that the proceedings of the court were highly irregular from the standpoint of the new military code. The Insternburg duel moved the country still more profoundly. The affair was briefly as follows: Lieutenant Blaskowitz, in a state of deep intoxication, struck another officer who

was conducting him home. The latter reported the matter to the "council of honor" of the regiment, which decided that this insult rendered a duel unavoidable; and Blaskowitz was slain at the first exchange of bullets. The Kaiser at once interfered, and caused the retirement of the regimental commander who had done nothing to prevent this absurd duel. The interpellation in the Reichstag caused by the affair showed that the sentiment of the country against dueling has grown more pronounced than ever. The traditional friends of the duel, who had been accustomed to defend it on similar occasions, were silenced by the Insternburg tragedy. While dueling in the army had already decreased as the result of the Kaiser's Cabinet order of 1897, public condemnation of the practice has become so general and strong that the country would gladly see him forbid it altogether.

The development of the Social Democracy grows more interesting every year. The ablest thinker in the party is now Eduard Bernstein, who returned a year or two ago from a long banishment in England. Since his return to Germany, Bernstein has been making vigorous attacks upon some of the most important articles of the older Socialist creed. He utterly rejects the proposition, fundamental to the whole Socialist movement, that the working classes, under the existing order of society, necessarily grow poorer, while capitalists grow richer. The annual convention of the party at Lübeck was rendered particularly interesting through an attempt of the elder leaders to silence Bernstein. A great debate was held, in which he refuted, from official statistics, the theory of the growing impoverishment of the working classes. No effective answer was made to this; and Bebel even admitted that the impoverishment is only relative, — the working classes improving their condition, indeed, but not so rapidly as the rich.

Notwithstanding Bernstein's radical departure from the elder creed of Socialism, the convention made no attempt to sever relations with him. Bebel drew his mild resolutions of censure, not against any fundamental position of Bernstein, but merely against the "one-sided manner" of the latter's criticisms. Although Singer asserted that it would be preferable for the party to split up rather than have Bernstein's views become, general, the convention contented itself with the feeble "expectation" that Bernstein would go to work for the party and talk less. It gave a Pickwickian flavor to the entire controversy when Bebel assured Bernstein that the resolutions meant no vote of censure upon the latter, and when Bernstein declared his adherence to his convictions, but that, in view of Bebel's assurances, he would have "appropriate regard to the party's vote." In other matters coming before the convention, the same compromising spirit, the same lack of sharply defined convictions, was manifested. Hence the impression left upon the public was that the Socialists no longer have a uniform creed; and many critics even expect an early split in the party over theoretical differences. Nevertheless, the party advances in solid phalanx to its practical work. It gained many seats in state legislatures and town councils during the year, and Bernstein himself is about to be elected to the Reichstag.

The event of the year in educational circles was a remarkable demonstration among the university professors in favor of unprejudiced scientific investigation. The movement was occasioned through the appointment of Professor Spahn to a new chair in the University of Strassburg, which was founded for teaching the Catholic view of history. This appointment, with the confessional limitation carried with it, was highly disapproved by the university men. Professor Mommsen wrote a letter, in which he protested earnestly against the ap-

pointment of professors, whether Catholic or Protestant, whose freedom as investigators should be circumscribed by obligation of sect or creed. The publication of Mommsen's letter called forth strong indorsements from the professors of nearly every university in Germany. In connection with this movement, the government official having charge of appointments of professors in the Prussian universities was sharply criticised by some professors, while others came to his defense, and the Kaiser also made a demonstration in his favor.

The prostration of business, which began in Germany nearly two years ago, assumed in 1901 graver proportions than had been deemed possible in the best informed circles of German financiers. As the year advanced, various financial and industrial establishments failed under sensational circumstances, while many others encountered financial difficulties which greatly impaired their productive capacity and damaged their moral standing. The failure of the Leipziger Bank, an old and trusted institution, at the end of June, created an excitement little short of panic. This bank carried down with it a number of others, as well as some manufacturing concerns. Insolvencies followed one another in rapid succession during the summer, and Germany seemed to be approaching a vortex of economic disaster. In the last quarter of the year, however, failures were fewer and less sensational, and business confidence gradually revived.

Coincident with these calamities credits were sharply contracted by the banks, which had to reef their sails for bad financial weather. This rendered the position of many companies all the more precarious. Production in nearly all branches of manufacturing was much restricted. Prices of most goods fell heavily, and in many important departments, like the iron trade, work was carried on at a loss. Wages were reduced everywhere, and laborers were

thrown out of employment in great numbers. The tide of working people, which for several years had been flowing into Germany from Austria, Italy, and Russia, was reversed, and in some cases unemployed foreigners were expelled from the country. At the end of the year it was estimated that the number of persons without work in the empire reached a half million. In many cities measures of relief were adopted, and some of the state governments undertook special public works in order to assist the unemployed.

In my article a year ago I said: "The fact that German industries and German banks could shoot the rapids of the year 1900 without any serious disaster is the best possible proof of the solid and honest business methods that prevail among German industrial and financial institutions." This statement must now undergo some modification. While it remains true that the great bulk of German companies are honestly conducted, the failures of last year revealed an amount of moral rotteness which amazed and shocked the country. Men who occupied highly respected positions in society were unmasked as swindlers and forgers. Many of these are now in prison, awaiting trial; some fled the country; while others blew out their brains. All this produced a feeling of deep humiliation in the business community. Germany has long been justly proud of the reputation for commercial integrity which its business men enjoy throughout the world, and the financial solidity of its banks has been widely known. The revelations of the year, however, occasioned frequent confessions in the press

that the fair reputation of German business men had been tarnished with a stain which it would take years to wipe out. This new consciousness of the Germans that their financial virtue is not superior to that of other countries can have only a wholesome effect upon the national character.

The chief cause of the great business revulsion from which Germany is now suffering is everywhere recognized as having been a too rapid economic expansion. The great wave of prosperity which set in about the middle of the nineties had a most intoxicating effect upon the public mind, and produced a period of speculation, perhaps not so reckless as that ending with the panic of 1873, but of much vaster proportions. Every enterprise undertaken by German business men seemed to succeed as if by magic, and a spirit of optimism was engendered which finally ignored the limitations of human capacity. German financiers were ready to serve as directors in dozens of enterprises of the most varied character. The public, too, caught this spirit of exaggerated optimism, and abandoned itself to a wild scramble for all the issues of industrial stock that could be thrown upon the market. Manufacturing establishments were enlarged far beyond the consuming power of the country and the probable exporting capacity of Germany.

All this has now been completely reversed. The issues of industrial stock amounted last year to only seventy-six million marks, against six hundred and sixty-six million in 1899. Germany is undergoing a period of economic trial and suspended development until new recuperative forces shall emerge.

William C. Dreher.

ITALIAN RHAPSODY.

I.

DEAR Italy! The sound of thy soft name
 Soothes me with balm of Memory and Hope.
 Mine, for the moment, height and sweep and slope
 That once were mine. Supreme is still the aim
 To flee the cold and gray
 Of our December day,
 And rest where thy clear spirit burns with unconsuming flame.

II.

There are who deem remembered beauty best,
 And thine, imagined, fairer is than sight
 Of all the charms of other realms confessed,
 Thou miracle of sea and land and light.
 Was it lest, envying thee,
 The world unhappy be,
 Benignant Heaven gave to all the all-consoling Night?

III.

Remembered beauty best? Who reason so?
 Not lovers, yearning to the same dumb star
 That doth disdain their passion, — who, afar,
 Seek touch and voice in velvet winds and low.
 No, storied Italy,
 Not thine that heresy,
 Thou who thyself art fairer far than Fancy e'er can show.

IV.

To me thou art an ever-brooding spell;
 An old enchantment, exorcised of wrong;
 A beacon, whereagainst the wings of Song
 Are bruised so, they cannot fly to tell;
 A mistress, at whose feet
 A myriad singers meet,
 To find thy beauty the despair of measures full and sweet.

V.

Of old, ere caste or custom froze the heart,
 What tales of thine did Chaucer re-indite, —
 Of Constance, and Griselda, and the plight
 Of pure Cecilia, — all with joyous art!
 Oh, to have journeyed down
 To Canterbury town,
 And known, from lips that touched thy robe, that triad of renown!

VI.

Fount of Romance whereat our Shakespeare drank!
Through him the loves of all are linked to thee
By Romeo's ardor, Juliet's constancy.
He sets the peasant in the royal rank;
Shows under mask and paint
Kinship of knave and saint,
And plays on stolid man with Prospero's wand and Ariel's prank.

VII.

Another English foster-child hadst thou
When Milton from the breast of thy delight
Drew inspiration. With a vestal's vow
He fed the flame caught from thy sacred light.
And when upon him lay
The long eclipse of day,
Thou wert the memory-hoarded treasure of his doomed sight.

VIII.

Name me a poet who has trod thy soil;
He is thy lover, ever hastening back,
With thee forgetting weariness and toil,
The nightly sorrow for the daily lack.
How oft our lyric race
Looked last upon thy face!
Oh, would that I were worthy thus to die in thine embrace!

IX.

Oh, to be kin to Keats as urn with urn
Shares the same Roman earth! — to sleep, apart,
Near to the bloom that once was Shelley's heart,
Where bees, like lingering lovers, re-return;
Where the proud pyramid,
To brighter glory bid,
Gives Cestius his longed-for fame, marking immortal Art.

X.

Or, in loved Florence, to repose beside
Our trinity of singers! Fame enough
To neighbor lordly Landor, noble Clough,
And her, our later sibyl, sorrow-eyed.
Oh, tell me, — not their arts,
But their Italian hearts
Won for their dust that narrow oval, than the world more wide!

XI.

So might I lie where Browning should have lain,
My "Italy" for all the world to read,

Like his on the palazzo. For thy pain
 In losing from thy rosary that bead,
 England accords thee room
 Around his minster tomb,—
 A province conquered of thy soul, and not an Arab slain!

XII.

Then take these lines, and add to them the lay,
 All inarticulate, I to thee indite:
 The sudden longing on the sunniest day,
 The happy sighing in the stormiest night;
 The tears of love that creep
 From eyes unwont to weep,
 Full with remembrance, blind with joy, and with devotion deep.

XIII.

Absence from thee is such as men endure
 Between the glad betrothal and the bride;
 Or like the years that Youth, intense and sure,
 From his ambition to his goal must bide.
 And if no more I may
 Mount to Fiesole . . .
 Oh, then were Memory meant for those to whom is Hope denied.

XIV.

Show me a lover who hath drunk by night
 Thy beauty-potion, as the grape the dew:
 'Twere little wonder he were poet too,
 With wine of song in unexpected might,
 While moonlit cloister calls
 With plashy fountain-falls,
 Or darkened Arno moves to music with its mirrored light.

XV.

Who can withstand thee? What distress or care
 But yields to Naples, or that long day-dream
 We know as Venice, where alone more fair
 Noon is than night; where every lapping stream
 Woos with a soft caress
 Our new-world weariness,
 And every ripple smiles with joy at sight of scene so rare?

XVI.

The mystery of thy charm, — ah, who hath guessed?
 'Twas ne'er divined by day or shown in sleep;
 Yet sometimes Music, floating from her steep,

Holds to our lips a chalice brimmed and blest:
 Then know we that thou art
 Of the Ideal part, —
 Of man's one thirst that is not quenched, drink he howe'er so deep.

XVII.

Thou human-hearted land, whose revels hold
 Man in communion with the antique days,
 And summon him from prosy greed to ways
 Where Youth is beckoning to the Age of Gold;
 How thou dost hold him near
 And whisper in his ear
 Of the lost Paradise that lies beyond the alluring haze!

XVIII.

In tears I tossed my coin from Trevi's edge, —
 A coin unsordid as a bond of love, —
 And, with the instinct of the homing dove,
 I gave to Rome my rendezvous and pledge.
 And when imperious Death
 Has quenched my flame of breath,
 Oh, let me join the faithful shades that throng that fount above.
Robert Underwood Johnson.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

AFFAIRS AND LETTERS.

"As a rule," says Mr. Stedman, "distrust the quality of that product which is not the result of legitimate professional labor. Art must be followed as a means of subsistence to render its creations worthy, to give them a human element." The dictum comes very gracefully from one who has never himself had to pluck the waterfowl before he apostrophized it; yet Mr. Stedman would hardly be called an amateur in letters. No doubt the literary hack gets along more expeditiously on account of the bur under his saddle, but he is likely to be moving in a zigzag haste, with an eye to more nutritious wayside refreshment than Atalanta's. The literary profession, like pugilism, has its corollaries; theatrical starring, for in-

stance, or even bag-punching, — a creditable form of exercise which some people pay to see. But one does not like to feel that professionalism in literature, if it is a title to honor, should turn upon the point of support. Pretty much the same mediocrity is the rule in Grub Street as elsewhere, and a good deal of the best work gets itself done far from that ancient *via dolorosa*. Arnold was not an amateur because he inspected schools, or Lowell because he taught, or Lamb because he clerked it. Nor is Austin Dobson's work likely to change in character or quality because he has now ceased to spend certain hours of the day in the Foreign Office.

But these men, it might be said, were really literary men, whatever method

of boiling the pot they may have found convenient; the genuine man of affairs, eminent in his own field, very seldom produces pure literature. Granted: but the thing does sometimes happen; and when it does, the world is not likely to wish that something else had happened instead, least of all that the man had never concerned himself with affairs. On the contrary, it recognizes that the work owes its merit to the man as he is. Some men have to be doing a great many things in order to do anything well. If their everyday brains were not busied with finance or politics or scholarship, their holiday brains would remain unnourished and sterile. They do not care for solitude or meditation. They are not interested in landscape, natural or human. They must have a tangible end in view, whether it is the proving of a thesis or the making of a million. That end attained or in sight leaves the spirit free for fresh woods and pastures new.

Walter Bagehot was this sort of man. He took the liveliest interest in banking and politics and economics, had his say about them all, and, in byplay, had his say about literature also. He was too busy to be anxious to say things or to be fussy about his manner of speech. His somewhat testy American editor fumes in many a footnote over the essayist's slipshod syntax and inaccuracies of quotation and allusion. Probably most of his readers feel that these details do not matter much; a worse thing would have befallen if by taking thought of his predicates and his authorities he had deprived us of the open, vigorous style, the hearty talking voice, refined yet unstudied, for which we value him.

One of Bagehot's earliest essays has just been handsomely reprinted from the standard Traveler's Company edition.¹ In that essay he expresses what he expressed more whimsically later,—

a good-humored contempt for the professional writer: "The reason why so few good books are written is that so few people that can write know anything. In general, an author has always lived in a room, has read books, has cultivated science, is acquainted with the style and sentiments of the best authors. But he is out of the way of employing his own eyes and ears. He has nothing to hear and nothing to see. His life is a vacuum." Bagehot could not foresee that in the course of a half century the author would have deserted his comfortable quarters, and would be sleeping in byways and eating by hedges for fear some stray vagabond of copy should not be brought in to the literary feast. When this was written, the common ideal of the author's life was very different; there was the admired Southey tradition, for example. "Southey had no events, no experiences," wrote Bagehot. "His wife kept house and allowed him pocket money, just as if he had been a German professor devoted to accents, tobacco, and the dates of Horace's amours." Rough as the judgment is, one hardly knows what to say for the benefits of seclusion and leisure when an active man can write like this. Bagehot's own love of action made him somewhat uncharitably impatient of anything like physical or mental sedentarieness. It was a grown man's business to be doing as well as thinking, to "get into the game," whatever it might be, and to let earned insight and unbidden zeal wield the pen if it must be wielded. Even action without thought is better than thought without action, he thinks. "Shakespeare was too wise not to know that for many of the purposes of human life stupidity was a most valuable element. He had nothing of the impatience which sharp, logical, narrow minds habitually feel when they come across those who do not apprehend their quick and precise deductions. . . . We must have cart horses as well as race horses, draymen as well as poets. It is no bad

¹ *Shakespeare the Man*. By WALTER BAGEHOT. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1901.

thing, after all, to be a slow man and have one idea a year." But if Bagehot did not mind dullness, narrow and "grim people" of all sorts shared the contempt which he felt for the idle and speculative. "Meeting a certain religionist is like striking the corner of a wall; he is possessed of a firm and rigid persuasion that you must leave off this and that, stop, be anxious, be advised, and, above all things, refrain from doing what you like, for nothing is so bad for any one as that."

It would be shallow to suggest that Bagehot's contribution to literature is confined to his critical essays. He wrote on the English Constitution, on banking, on political economy, as directly, vigorously, and humorously as on Shakespeare or Gibbon. He had only one manner; and his final triumph was, perhaps, that he could be even a mystic without numbering himself among the army of the "grim people."

This fact would be enough in itself to recommend him to so lively a spirit as Mr. Birrell, who has made him the subject of one of the most interesting papers in his recent volume.¹ Mr. Birrell, too, is a man of affairs, whose interest in life is in no sense reflected from literature. He records with much satisfaction that Bagehot "most surely had an *experiencing nature*, and impressed the stamp of life on everything he wrote. . . . This is the reason why Mr. Bagehot is so great a favorite with literary men. Most authors who write books in their libraries cherish at the bottom of their hearts, if not a dislike, at least a gloomy suspicion, of books and bookishness." On the other hand, Mr. Birrell does not consider the practical point of view altogether a good thing for the author. "It is very delightful to have a man of affairs writing about books," he says. "It is most refreshing and invigorating as well as unusual,

but of course qualities have their defects. Mr. Bagehot is too much alive to the risks of the social structure, far too anxious lest any convention on which it seems to rest should be injured in the handling, to be quite at his ease on the pleasant slopes of Parnassus. For example, he never cared for *Tristram Shandy*, which, he thought, should be read in extracts. He calls it an indecent novel written by a clergyman."

Mr. Birrell's present papers will be of uneven interest to the incompensious mind. Like Bagehot, this barrister, member of Parliament, and critic has several mental avenues, along any of which he may happen to take his constitutional. Like Bagehot, he is at once mystic, humorist, and man of affairs. Besides the critical and biographical papers, this volume contains two theological essays, two discursive addresses (on education and on reading), and a vivacious description of the House of Commons. Lovers of *Obiter Dicta* and the companion volumes will perhaps be disappointed that the character of many of these papers has precluded the free play of Mr. Birrell's delicate effrontery. "It is a great shame," he says, in speaking of Bagehot, "but one always remembers the playfulness of a writer — some purely human touch of his — so much better than one does his philosophy or history." One is likely to carry away from this book the memory of some such touches as when the writer speaks of "sugared phrases, which seem intended, like lollipops, for suction;" or of the fierce competition among publishers "who puff their own productions and extol the often secret charms of their kept authors with an impetuosity almost indelicate." But there are soberer passages to remember; like this, for example, from the address on *The Ideal University*: "The teaching in the Ideal University is without equivocation and without compromise. Its notes are zeal, accuracy, fullness, and authority. The education it essays to

¹ *Essays and Addresses*. By AUGUSTINE BIRRELL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

give will not teach you to outgabble your neighbor in the law courts, to unseat him in his constituency or undersell him in the market place. Gentlemen, let it be understood once and for all, these things do *not* require a university education. The commonwealth may safely leave them to be performed by the co-operation of the three primary forces, — ambition, necessity, and greed."

Mr. Birrell does not go much beyond the affirmation that "the great business of the university is to teach." The methods and the end of such teaching are discussed somewhat at length in two recent American volumes, — the work, according to Mr. Stedman's definition, of unprofessional writers.¹ President Hadley's book, like Mr. Birrell's, is a collection of addresses and essays. Its scope, as the title indicates, is confined to problems of education and citizenship. It is without obvious literary graces and unleavened by humor; but it is a most interesting book in substance, and so direct and compact in style as to endure easily the crucial second reading. The brief initial address, in particular, is so tense and terse a piece of composition that the quotation from the Gettysburg Address with which it closes surprises one by its lack of contrast with what has gone before.

Mr. Münsterberg's volume of collected essays also concerns American education and citizenship. He is speaking professedly from the point of view of a German, but with the tongue of a highly cultivated American, fluent, idiomatic, and varied (to carp would be to note the repeated quaintness "still much more," which certainly *ought* to be good English). If the native phrase-maker is disconcerted by this graceful command of language, the native satirist will be equally put to it to account for the lightness of spirit and free humor which mark these essays. May it dawn upon

him at last that the testimony of *Fliegende Blätter* is no more trustworthy than Punch's; that national taste in jokes may differ, but that humor is much the same everywhere. Cervantes was a Yankee, and so was Heine, and so was Shakespeare; at all events, we should be loath to admit that Mr. Münsterberg is not. It is reassuring to know that he has also a German audience, to which he is accustomed to speak of Germany from the point of view of an American. We ought to be willing to go halves with the Fatherland for such a purpose.

President Hadley and Mr. Münsterberg are in perfect agreement as to the main principles of the higher education. Readers of the Atlantic will recall Mr. Münsterberg's strictures upon the elective system. "Many a student in our modern schools," says President Hadley, "has been simply stuffed with the sugarplums of education. By offering a child a pound of candy, you can very rapidly increase his weight by one pound, and can produce all the external symptoms of a vigorous appetite; but any sensible man or woman knows that the weight thus gained is transient, and the appetite thus evoked worse than illusory." The main contention of both writers is for the education of power as against the education of knowledge. "The whole activity of the citizen is a course of higher education in morality," says President Hadley, "an education which may be rightly directed or wrongly directed, used or misused, but in which the citizen is engaged as long as he lives. If this is true, — and there is no question of its truth, — any attempt to make information take the place of discipline is a menace to our national life for a generation to come. As a preparation for the school of national politics, ten hours of training in civics are not the equivalent of one minute of

¹ *American Traits*. By HUGO MÜNSTERBERG. New York and Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

The Education of the American Citizen. By ARTHUR T. HADLEY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

training in order and obedience." In his very rich essay on American Democracy, Mr. Münsterberg expresses the same truth even more vigorously. He has just concluded a paragraph by saying, "Where a genius is needed, democracy appoints a committee;" and goes on: "Perhaps still more closely are defect and virtue bound together in the case of the democratic spirit of individual activity. Every one feels himself lawmaker and authority; the immediate result is the tendency to disregard every other authority but one's own self. A lack of reverence pervades the whole community, and controls the family, the school, the public life. The pert American boy, who does just what he pleases, may thus get an early training in democratic politics; but while he wastes the best of the home and of the classroom, he gets at the same time the worst possible training for the duties of life, all of which demand that he do later quite other things than those which he likes to do. He will learn too late that it is a great thing to command, but a greater thing to obey, and that no one can sign early enough the declaration of dependence."

Mr. Münsterberg is inclined to lay the greater stress upon the importance of productive scholarship to the university and to American culture. Our deficiency in such scholarship he traces in part to another cause than habitual indulgence of individual caprice. In the essay on Woman, he says, among other uncompromising things: "A lack of respect for really strenuous thought characterizes women in general. Dilettantism is the keynote. The half-educated man is much more likely to show an instinctive respect for trained thought, and to abstain from opinions where he is ignorant. But the half-educated woman cannot discriminate between the superficial and the profound, and, without the slightest hesitation, she effuses, like a bit of gossip, her views on Greek art, or on Darwinism,

or on the human soul, between two spoonfuls of ice cream. Even that is almost refreshing as a softening supplement to the manly work of civilization, but it would be a misfortune if such a spirit were to gain the controlling influence." American culture, this stern critic thinks, is in serious danger of effemination, partly through the shaping of educational methods to fit the feminine capacity, and partly because in every community the diligent half cultivation of women is going on, while the men make little effort toward cultivation of any sort. To offset the effect of this double process, only one means is possible: "No one can suggest that woman's education in this country ought to take any steps backward; all the glorious opportunities must remain open, and only one practical change must come in response to the urgent needs of our period, — the American man must raise his level of general culture. In short, the woman's question is, in this country, as ultimately perhaps everywhere, the man's question. Reform the man, and all the difficulties disappear."

But scholars and men of affairs are not the only unprofessional writers to whom we are owing much, now that toil has at last found a voice of its own. What the eighteenth century thought simply vulgar, and the nineteenth valued as material for the artist or the sociologist, is now received on even terms in the "best literary circles;" the annals of the poor are to be short and simple no longer. To the records of men like Wyckoff and Flynt there clings necessarily something of the laboratory odor; the real revelation has come in the first-hand reality of work like Gorky's or Rosenfeld's or Bullen's. Of Mr. Bullen's latest book¹ it must be said that it possesses little of the power which belonged to his earlier work. This, indeed, is a story of hum-

¹ *The Apostles of the Southeast*. By FRANK T. BULLEN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1901.

ble life, but not of the life which the first mate knows best. The Cruise of the Cachalot, The Log of a Sea-Waif, and Idylls of the Sea brought something fresh into literature, a new sense of the glamour and the horror of old ocean. We have heard before of the hardships and brutalities of the fo'c's'le, and we have taken part in so many imaginary shipwrecks and mutinies that the truth of the matter looks barely life-size. But no landsman and few seamen can have known the sea itself as this man knows it; he has the "experiencing nature," and, what is equally important to us, the faculty of speech. His style is uneven, not seldom rhetorical in an old-fashioned way, — loaded to the rail with adjectives, and at times consciously "poetical" (for example, "the full-orbed moon in a molten glow of purest silver traverses the purple concave as a conquering queen escorted by her adorning subjects"); at its best it is strong and vivid. Altogether its most striking quality, however, is the haunting sense of awe tinged with quiet melancholy, from which the writer, with all his active cheerfulness, never quite escapes. "When that familiar freshness was found to be giving place to a stale, stagnant greasiness, to which a mawkish, uninvigorating atmosphere clung, what wonder that uneasiness — all the more difficult to bear because undefinable — became generally manifest! . . . Not only fish of bizarre shape abounded, but vast numbers of great medusæ — semi-transparent simulacra of all the hideous things that ever haunted a maniac's dream — crawled greasily about us, befouling the once clear blue of the sea, and coating its sleek surface with stagnant slime. And, deeper down, mighty shadows passed sluggishly to and fro, filling the gazers with wordless terror as the days crept wearily away and those formless apparitions gradually chose higher levels." Where else could this be found, unless among the opium-fed imaginations of De Quincey? Coleridge

knew somehow of this effect of a long tropical calm (his "slimy things did crawl with legs" has long formed the charming motif of a favorite dream of the writer's); but the mighty formless submarine shadows are a touch beyond him.

In *The Apostles of the Southeast*, unfortunately, there are only a few glimpses of the sea; it is a story of London mission life, very earnest, very pious, and not very interesting. But we can only suppose that this is an experiment or a momentary lapse, and not a sign that Mr. Bullen has worked out his vein, or has resolved to edify the readers whom he has hitherto delighted.

To the literal, the name of Edward FitzGerald will seem to figure oddly among these active men. If we are to believe him, he liked nothing less than any sort of systematic activity. Happily, the creative spirit springs forth now and then from the slough of diletantism as well as from the paved highways of trade or the trodden paths of the quadrangle. FitzGerald on FitzGerald is not to be taken too seriously. It was his whim to represent himself as idle and vacillating, but few men have been more consistent or more genuinely employed. Taking him, however, as the type of inaction, he would still have, in common with the other subjects of this paper, his technical amateurship in letters. He never made or desired to make any money by writing.

It is amazing how much really valuable material remains to be unearthed, after all these years of literary excavation. This is especially true of letters, which in the nature of things are likely to turn up from time to time in unexpected quarters. The new letters of FitzGerald¹ are very much like the old; they express in the old delightful way the simple charm of the man: the steady loyalty, the sound though limited

¹ *More Letters of Edward FitzGerald*. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1901.

taste, the amiable querulousness, the touching undervaluation of self, — all the gentle humanness, in short, which has given FitzGerald place beside Lamb among the beloved figures in English letters. The two Tennysons, Pollock, Spedding, Thackeray, and Carlyle, — once again they appear in these pages as the cherished friends of the hermit of Little Grange. He could judge them freely, — deploring the rancor of Carlyle, the sentimentalism of Tennyson, the wasted Baconian labors of Spedding, or the worldliness of Thackeray; but he could not stop loving them.

A few passages from these letters will hang more closely in the memory of those who read them for the sake of their writer; as, for example, his note on traveling: "He [Tennyson] is come back from Switzerland rather disappointed, I am glad to say. How could such herds of gaping idiots come back enchanted if there were much worth going to see? I think that tours in Switzerland and Italy are less often published now than formerly; but there is all Turkey, Greece, and the East to be prostituted, also; and I fear we shan't hear the end of it in our lifetimes. Suffolk turnips seem to me so classical compared to all that sort of thing." Or there are the two characteristic allusions to his Persian translations. The first was made in 1870: "They have their merits, and do very well to give

to friends, and to please a few readers for the time, and then to subside — things of taste, not of genius at all — which, you know, is the one thing needful." And ten years later: "As to the Americans you met, if I were ten years younger I should really be disquieted by such overestimation (I mean as translator, not poet, of course) as must make me ridiculous here. It is very odd." The letter closes with a whimsical allusion to himself as "the great American Pote."

An interesting reprint was published not long ago of FitzGerald's *Polonius*,¹ a scrapbook sort of work of which the author was fond, though he claimed little for it. "It is," he wrote in the preface, "not a book of Beauties — other than as all who have the best to tell have also the best way of telling it; nor of the limbs and outward flourishes of truth, however eloquent; but, in general, and as far as I understand, of clear, decided, wholesome, and available insight into our nature and duties." Among the sober or witty *vestigia* which make up the book, one finds himself culling out those which connect themselves most plainly with FitzGerald's idiosyncrasy; none more unmistakably than this: "Themistocles said he could not fiddle, but he could rule a city. If a man can rule a city well, let him; but it is better to play the fiddle well than to rule a city ill."

H. W. Boynton.

TWO BOOKS ABOUT POETRY.

It is sometimes charged against American scholarship that it does not produce books. Journal articles on special topics, dissertations on the infinitely minute, monographs on remote obscurities, — these we have in abundance, but hardly a book. The larger grasp necessary for handling facts in

their more general bearings is said to be lacking; or, if it exists, it is unaccompanied by the courage to state those generalizations which are, after all, the main end of scholarship. This indictment, if it were substantiated, would

¹ *Polonius*. By EDWARD FITZGERALD. Portland, Maine: Thomas B. Mosher. 1901.

seem to indicate that our scholars are yet largely in the stage of apprenticeship; but we may at least take comfort in the fact that the fault is one springing from caution and modesty, and so, if we judge from other manifestations of the national spirit, not likely to be fatal or permanent.

The appearance, however, of such a work as Professor Gummere's *Beginnings of Poetry*¹ suggests that the accusation is too sweeping. Here, at any rate, is no mere laborious accumulation of facts, but a book; laden with erudition as wide and deep as any German of them all can show, yet revealing a mind alert, many-sided, profound, mastering and not mastered by its learning. Further, Mr. Gummere has a style. The brilliance of phrasing, the richness of allusion, the breeziness and rapidity which are familiar to readers of his previous writings, are here vigorously sustained, with an advance in clearness and explicitness.

The subject of investigation is the nature of the earliest poetical production. This is not, of course, the national epic, once called primitive, nor even the traditional ballad and the folk song as these are extant to-day. It is something still more remote, known to us chiefly by certain survivals that may be detected in the less sophisticated forms of literature. This point has not always been made sufficiently clear by the supporters of that communal theory of which Mr. Gummere is now the most prominent exponent, but he is satisfactorily explicit: "The present object is not to assert communal authorship, in any literal sense, for the ballad of the collections, but to show in it elements which cannot be referred to individual art, and which are of great use in determining the probable form and origins of primitive poetry."

"Rhythmic utterance with mainly

emotional origin" is Gummere's working definition of poetry, and he justifies it in a spirited examination of a great mass of poetic theory. The decision in favor of rhythmic utterance as the essential fact is not merely conveniently simple, but is significant of the drift of the whole argument; for here at once he finds proof of the fundamentally social character of poetry. "In rhythm, in sounds of the human voice, timed to movements of the human body, mankind first discovered that social consent which brought the great joys and the great pains of life to a common utterance."

The three central chapters of the work deal with the all-important distinction between the communal and the artistic elements in poetry. The poetry of art the author regards as distinguished by the fact that it is primarily the expression of the solitary poet. To him belong the idea of literary property and the desire of fame, — conceptions unknown in more primitive ages. The assumption of interest in his own personality, self-consciousness, sentiment, the "lyric cry," these are some of the marks of the individual artist. Communal characteristics, on the other hand, are regarded as survivals of the period when the actual making of poetry was in the hands, not of the individual, but of the throng. Among these he notes and examines the elements of chorus, refrain, and repetition, — especially that "incremental repetition" so familiar in the traditional ballad; the traces of improvisation, singing, and dancing; the absence of figure, of individuality in portraiture, and of the personality of the singer. The evidence on these points, derived from the actual texts of surviving ballads and songs, is supported by a large mass of material drawn from ethnology and folk lore. Then, since, the farther back we go into primitive times, the elements pointing to a communal origin increase in importance, while the elements characteriz-

¹ *The Beginnings of Poetry.* By FRANCIS B. GUMMERE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1901.

ing the individual artist dwindle, it is argued that we are justified in inferring the beginnings of poetry to have been purely the utterance of the throng.

The argument is largely cumulative, so that it is impossible to indicate its weight by an outline. The tribal lament for the dead, the rhythmical chants accompanying labor and festal dances and processions, are some of the primitive practices adduced in support; and evidence for the universality and antiquity of these is gathered from an immense field. The book closes with two chapters tracing the growth of the individual elements in poetry from the time when the occasional improviser emerges from the crowd dancing and singing in chorus, down to the modern era of the artist, busy in solitude with his sonnet, "that apartment for a single gentleman in verse."

Professor Gummere's task has been complicated by the necessity of disposing of the arguments of many predecessors in various parts of his field. This has been done with a quite exceptional vivacity; and while at times the mass of this criticism tends to obscure the main thread of the argument, it makes it possible to regard the present volume as the starting point of future discussion. A glance at the footnotes reveals the magnitude of the service implied. It is seldom that a student enjoys the spectacle of so great a mass of learning handled with such ease, such balance, and such humor.

At the other extreme of the field of poetics lie Professor Courthope's recent Oxford lectures on *Life in Poetry* and *Law in Taste*.¹ Here we have a subject-matter already so familiar that it precludes the possibility of such novel speculation as adds zest to the reading of Mr. Gummere's treatise. The old questions of the secret of vitality in po-

etry and of the existence of absolute standards of taste are once more raised and once more settled — till the next book appears. Yet it would be a mistake to regard these lectures as a useless threshing of old straw. It is true that he returns once more to Aristotle; but he treats the dicta of the *Poetics* in the light of the illuminating commentaries of Butcher, and he applies them to modern literary productions with much freshness and independence.

The volume opens with an inaugural address on Liberty and Authority in Matters of Taste. Courthope holds that society in all ages has insisted on the existence of standards of taste, and concludes that "in every art the standard is the example of the great artist, the practice of those who are acknowledged to be masters in the art." His method, then, is to be inductive. It is from an examination of those masterpieces that have stood the test of time that he is to derive the "laws and conditions on which the life of Poetry depends." These laws he attempts to trace in the phenomena of Poetical Conception, Poetical Expression, and Poetical Decadence.

In the matter of Poetical Conception, the essential requisites are that the subject should be seized by the mind of the poet in an individual way, and that it should have in it the element of the Universal. An interesting application of this double test is made to some modern poets, and the author suggests the danger to the permanence of the position of, say, Browning and Kipling, from the prominence in their work of matters of eccentric or merely temporary interest.

In this balance of the individual and universal elements in Poetry Courthope finds also the law of Poetical Expression, and in its overthrow the explanation of Poetical Decadence. From an examination of periods of decadence, like the decline of the Greek drama in Euripides, of Greek epic in Apollonius

¹ *Life in Poetry. Law in Taste.* By W. J. COURTHOPE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1901.

Rhodijs, the Senecan drama in Rome and the drama of the Restoration in England, he shows that the characteristic symptoms of decay were the domination of individual over universal elements, and the abdication by society of the right to judge, in favor of individuals and coteries. The principles thus derived he uses as a test of the state of contemporary poetry in France and England.

The second course of lectures, on *Law in Taste*, is based on a more detailed discussion of Aristotelian theory. The meaning of Aristotle's insistence on the Universal as the object of imitation in Fine Art is interestingly illustrated by reference to various phases of modern art; and it is supplemented by the statement of a Law of National Character, — "that the law of taste in each nation consists in the development of its own genius or character, in conformity with its sense of natural beauty." This national law is applied in three lectures to the history of poetry in France, Germany, and England; and its working is further illustrated by discussions of Chaucer, Milton, Pope, Tennyson, and Byron as "types of poetical art in different periods of English history." Professor Courthope concludes by pleading for the application of the Laws of Taste which he has sought to establish to contemporary criticism and education, as a check to the æsthetic anarchism of the current maxim, "*De gustibus non est disputandum.*"

No critic attempting such a wide sweep as is implied in the foregoing statement of the scope of this work could fail to raise at times in the reader the desire to controvert. Thus one is moved to protest against the almost complete ignoring of music, in making generalizations on the nature and laws of Fine Art as a whole. The result is, of course, excessive emphasis on the intellectual as opposed to the emotional elements in art. Again, Mr. Courthope is not always quite consistent. In

one lecture he speaks of the decline of the modern lyric, and says: "Sound reasoning would seem rather to point to the conclusion that, since the subjective and lyrical forms of poetry languish, the sources of life are rather to be sought on the objective side, and in the dramatic, ethical, and satiric forms of the art." Later on he amends Macaulay's maxim about the decline of poetry with the advance of civilization, thus: "When society reaches the stage at which self-consciousness is widely diffused, the epic, dramatic, and it may be added the didactic forms of poetry decline; and where poetry survives as an art, men mainly seek to express their ideas of nature in the lyric form." Yet he does not indicate that he holds the position, which, though far from plausible, is the only one capable of reconciling the two passages, that the modern world is ceasing to be self-conscious.

On the whole, however, Mr. Courthope's book is sane and suggestive, a typical outcome of conservative English culture. But if the question of originality is raised, and Mr. Gummere's volume called in comparison, it is not hard to give a verdict. It happens that both authors have occasion to discuss the question as to whether metre is of the essence of poetry. Both hold that it is: the contrast appears in the reasons offered. Courthope tells us that "the laws of artistic expression oblige" poets to write in metre, and his proof of this obligation consists merely in quoting specimen passages of poetry, and pointing out that the same result could never have been achieved in prose. "For example, when Marlowe wishes to represent the emotions of Faustus after he has called up the phantom of Helen of Troy, it is plain that some very rapturous form of expression is needed to convey an adequate idea of such famous beauty. Marlowe rises to the occasion in those 'mighty lines' of his: —

'Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?'

But it is certain that he could only have ventured on the sublime audacity of saying that a face launched ships and burned towers by escaping from the limits of ordinary language, and conveying his metaphor through the harmonious and ecstastic movements of rhythm and metre."

Contrast Mr. Gummere's suggestion

that rhythmical utterance and poetry are bound together by a common social origin: "This, then, is why rhythm will not be banished from poetry so long as poetry shall remain emotional utterance; for rhythm is not only sign and warrant of a social contract stronger, deeper, vaster, than any fancied by Rousseau, but it is the expression of a human sense more keen even than the fear of devils and the love of gods, — the sense and sympathy of kind."

William Allan Neilson.

THE YALE BICENTENNIAL PUBLICATIONS.

ONE of the most significant memorials of the two-hundredth birthday of Yale is the series of volumes¹ prepared by a

¹ *The Education of the American Citizen.* By ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY, LL. D., President of Yale University. 8vo, \$1.50 net.

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of the studies in which the university teachers are engaged." As originally planned, the publications were to represent, we believe, the work of a single department only. But it was soon found that no ordinary Jubiläum volume would represent adequately the variety and the extent of the intellectual activity of a modern university. As it became possible to present the results of investigations carried forward by various departments, the committee of publication were able to secure many long-planned books which awaited only the final preparations for the press. In estimating the character and purpose of these bicentennial volumes, therefore, it should be remembered that they were not manufactured to add to the glory of Yale's great celebration last October, but rather that the celebration was thought to be a fit occasion for offering to the public some concrete illustration of the work in which Yale scholars are constantly employed.

Many of these treatises are, in the nature of the case, too technical to attract the interest of the general reader. The *Studies from the Chemical Laboratory of the Sheffield Scientific School*, the *Research Papers from the Kent Chemical Laboratory*, *Contributions to Mineralogy and Petrography*, even Professor Hastings's masterly treatise on *Light*, and the promised *Elementary Principles in Statistical Mechanics*, by

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Professor Gibbs, that illustrious investigator to whom the Copley medal of the Royal Society was recently awarded, — none of these titles give assurance of what Dr. Johnson would call a book to hold in your hand as you sit by the fire. But that agreeable function is, after all, only one of the uses of a book, and the monographs to which we have shown the scant courtesy of "printing by title" in a footnote will be judged at their true valuation by the audience of scientific specialists for whom they were intended.

Another clearly defined group of the bicentennial publications is made up of linguistic studies, in which the method is now as rigidly scientific as in any other department of university research, but whose subject-matter brings the discussion into the general field of literary history. To this class of treatises, representing as it does some of the most noteworthy recent achievements of American scholarship, belongs Professor Goodell's well-considered *Chapters on Greek Metric*. Professor Oertel's *Lectures on the Study of Language* surveys the results of linguistic science during the nineteenth century, but devotes itself mainly to the principles which underlie changes in language. Professor Morris's *Principles and Methods in Syntax* deals primarily with Latin syntax, and its illustrations are drawn largely from Plautus, upon whose

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New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

writings Professor Morris is an acknowledged authority. The volume of Biblical and Semitic Studies is made up of critical and historical papers read before the Semitic and Biblical Club of the university. Professor Lang, in his Gallego-Castilian Court Lyrics of the 14th and 15th Centuries, will edit these poems for the first time, endeavoring to date them chronologically and to restore the text. Professor Cook's Biblical Quotations in Old English Prose Writers will also be an attempt at text reconstruction, gathering into connected form the Biblical quotations dispersed through Old English literature. Professor Hopkins contributes two separate books. One analyzes the character and origin of the Mahabharata, the Great Epic of India; the collection of essays entitled *India, Old and New*, aims at a non-professional audience, and contains, particularly in its chapters on famine and the plague in Bombay, the record of careful and clear-sighted observations of the condition of India under British rule.

Two of the volumes in the series deal with great literary figures. Plutarch receives due honors from the hands of Professor Perrin, who furnishes new translations of the *Lives* of Themistocles and Aristides, with a most illuminating Introduction and Notes. The object of the book, as concisely stated in the preface, is "to bring out clearly the spirit of Plutarch as a writer of *Lives*: the easy and comfortable movements of his thought; his attitude toward men who are struggling with great problems of life and destiny; his amiable weaknesses as a judge of historical evidence; his relish for the personal anecdote and the *mot*; his disregard of the logic and chronology of events; his naive appropriation of the literary product of others; his consummate art in making deeds and words, whether authentic or not, portray a preconceived character, — a more or less idealized character." This is an attractive pro-

gramme, surely, and the result is a charming book. Professor Perrin deals in skillful fashion with the difficult problems involved in a study of the sources of Greek history and biography, and his work may be heartily commended to a wide circle of students, not only of Greek history, but of the art of biographical and historical composition.

Shakespeare, who paid Plutarch the high compliment of borrowing so often and so closely from the *Lives*, is the theme of a genial book by Professor Lounsbury. Under the title *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist*, he sketches the history of the various views that have been held concerning Shakespeare as a dramatist and poet, down to the nineteenth century. This volume is the first of a series, under the general title of *Shakespearean Wars*, in which Professor Lounsbury proposes to write the history of the famous controversies waged over the foremost of poets. The next volume to appear will be *Shakespeare and Voltaire*, and a third volume will be devoted to the efforts to establish the text of the dramatist, and the linguistic and literary quarrels to which they have given rise. In the General Introduction accompanying the present work, Professor Lounsbury outlines his plan for the series, and comments upon the value of the lessons to be drawn from the quarrels of critics and commentators. "Few, in truth," he remarks dryly, "appreciate the invaluable services which have been wrought by wrath in behalf of the advancement of learning." The ten chapters of the book discuss, with the ample learning and tart wit familiar to readers of Professor Lounsbury's *Studies in Chaucer*, such topics as *The Dramatic Unities*, *The Intermingling of the Comic and Tragic*, *Representation of Violence and Bloodshed*, *Minor Dramatic Conventions*, and other allied subjects designed to illustrate the fluctuations of Shakespeare's reputation as a master of his

art. It is a book to be read with keen enjoyment.

Of the volumes of a more strictly historical character, Professor Schwab's *The Confederate States of America, 1861-1865*, a study of the financial and industrial history of the South during the Civil War, has already been reviewed at length in this magazine. There is much to interest even the casual reader in the sketch, by members of the Faculty of the Law School, of *Two Centuries' Growth of American Law, 1701-1901*. It furnishes a clear statement, by American lawyers of distinction, of what we have thus far accomplished in the field of jurisprudence. The most important and instructive paper in Professor Bourne's *Essays in Historical Criticism* is his workmanlike demonstration of the growth of the singular Legend of Marcus Whitman. A portion of this paper has already been printed in the *American Historical Review*, but it deserves reading in its present form by all who care to study the processes by which fiction, even in our own time, gets itself transformed into accepted history.

President Hadley's volume of papers and addresses, collected under the title

of *The Education of the American Citizen*, and commented upon elsewhere in this number of the *Atlantic*, may be taken as fairly symbolical of the aim of the entire series of books. Its ethical attitude is straightforwardly defined in these sentences of the preface: "The real test of an educational system lies in its training of the citizen to meet political exigencies. If it accomplishes this result, it is fundamentally good, whatever else it may leave undone; if it fails at this cardinal point, no amount of excellence in other directions can save it from condemnation." This belief that the higher education finds both its justification and its method through the service it renders to the public welfare is thoroughly characteristic of the spirit of Yale.

The most cursory examination of this impressive row of bicentennial volumes suggests not only the scholarship and the practical energy which a great modern university can at any moment command, but reminds one also that all this technical power, summarizing and foreshadowing as it does the thought of generations of men, is a noble contribution to the service of the public.

B. P.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

It is pleasant to see signs of a Trollope revival, and we may well hope that readers who are a little tired of cloak and sword romance will be glad to seek variety in the pages of Doctor Thorne and the *Barchester Chronicles*.¹ Perhaps no writer represents more perfectly than Trollope the great development of social and domestic tendencies in the English novel of the mid-

dle and third quarter of the last century. A man of real genius, he yet had not genius enough to stand out from and above his time; and for that very reason he portrays it more fully, just as Ben Jonson brings us nearer to the Elizabethan Age than does Shakespeare.

Trollope was essentially a realist: by which I do not mean that he had any elaborate theory as to his art, but simply that he described common life as common people see it. Realism is gen-

¹ *The Warden. Barchester Towers. Doctor Thorne.* By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New York: John Lane. 1901.

ius in the expression of the commonplace. Imagine a beef-eating, fox-hunting, Gaul-hating Englishman, red-cheeked, arrogant, stuffed full of prejudice, loathing a radical, idolizing a bishop and a lord, and worshipping British liberty, — imagine such a one with the exceptional gift of depicting himself and many another like him to the very life, and you have the author of *Orley Farm* and *Phineas Finn*.

It would be desirable to reprint Trollope's *Autobiography* with the novels, as no novelist has left us a more entertaining and instructive account of himself and his objects and methods of work. No character in his stories stands out more distinctly before us than the awkward, unfortunate, neglected boy, who tripped and stumbled through an imperfect education and a premature manhood, a burden and annoyance to his friends, an object of disgust and dissatisfaction to himself. Nor does any novel present a happier ending to the imagination of the sympathetic reader than that pleasant picture of a way found out of difficulties, of success achieved by honest industry, of self-respecting middle-class virtue rewarded with unlimited whist, wine, cigars, and fox-hunting. It is enough to turn the ambition of every poor boy in the direction of authorship.

What is especially delightful in Trollope's confessions is the utter absence of shame. Other artists — some others — do their pot-boiling in private, and proclaim publicly their scorn of pecuniary gain, their adoration of art for art's sake. Trollope writes for money, and is proud of getting it. He speaks of "that high-flown doctrine of the contempt of money, which I have never admired." If he can make a work of perfect art, well and good; but perfect or imperfect, it must sell. He gives an elaborate table — doubtless to many young authors the most interesting portion of the book — containing a full, dated list of all his writ-

ings and the sums received for each of them up to the year 1879, amounting to three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Nor did Trollope believe that genius must be pampered, humored, taken at its propitious times and seasons. In the nineteenth century everything should be manufactured mechanically, books as well as shoes. "I had long since convinced myself that in such work as mine the great merit consisted in acknowledging myself to be bound by rules of labor similar to those which an artisan or a mechanic is forced to obey. A shoemaker, when he has finished one pair of shoes, does not sit down and contemplate his work in idle satisfaction: 'There is my pair of shoes finished at last! What a pair of shoes it is!' The shoemaker who so indulged himself would be without wages half his time. It is the same with a professional writer of books. . . . Having thought much of all this, and having made up my mind that I could be really happy only when I was at work, I had now quite accustomed myself to begin a second pair so soon as the first was out of my hands."

All the details of this cobbling process are complacently revealed to us. So many words an hour, — "to write with my watch before me, and to require from myself two hundred and fifty words every quarter of an hour. I have found that the two hundred and fifty words were forthcoming as regularly as my watch went," — so many hours a day, so many novels a year! Carlyle required absolute silence and leisure for production: the hand-organ over the way tormented him to fury. But this characteristic author of the nineteenth century is indifferent to time and place. "I made for myself, therefore, a little tablet, and found, after a few days' exercise, that I could write as quickly in a railway carriage as I could at my desk." But these bits of insight into the method of production will mean

more to us when we come to look more closely into the product itself.

Trollope's novels deal almost entirely with the author's own time; no mediæval history, bravos, swordplay, moonlight romance. His people are common people; that is, they are human beings like other human beings before they are anything else. It is this constant detection of ordinary human nature under the disguises of wealth and aristocracy which misleads Mr. Saintsbury into calling Trollope a painter of middle-class life. His painting of middle-class life is good, much better than his painting of low life; but certainly his best work is on the upper classes, — dukes and duchesses, earls and barons, bishops and Cabinet ministers, or, more briefly, ladies and gentlemen. Only somehow, under his quiet but penetrating insight, all these high personages, without becoming in the least vulgar or unnatural,¹ seem to drop their titles and tinsel and appear just as middling as the middlest of us. This, too, without any of those constant depreciatory remarks which so abound in Thackeray and constitute a sort of back-handed snobbishness. Trollope's great ones are simply and naturally men and women, — nothing more.

So far as plot goes, in the stricter sense of the word, Trollope confesses that he is weak, and few will be found to differ from him. Sir Walter Besant's entertaining pamphlet containing a recipe for producing novels — Besant novels — has no application here. The elaborate machinery of scenarii, with every motive and every climax carefully fitted into place before one line is written, does not at all suit our easy-going improvisator. "There are usually some hours of agonizing doubt, almost of despair, — so, at least, it has been with me. And then, with nothing settled in my brain as to the final development of events, with no capability of settling

anything, but with a most distinct conception of some character or characters, I have rushed at the work as a rider rushes at a fence which he does not see." And speaking of that arch-plotter of plotters, Wilkie Collins, he says: "When I sit down to write a novel, I do not at all know and I do not very much care how it is to end. Wilkie Collins seems so to construct his that he not only, before writing, plans everything on, down to the minutest detail, from the beginning to the end; but then plots it all back again to see that there is no piece of necessary dovetailing which does not dovetail with absolute accuracy. . . . Such work gives me no pleasure. I am, however, quite prepared to admit that the want of pleasure comes from fault of my intellect."

Yet, although the dramatic continuity of Trollope's stories is seldom complete, we constantly come across those intensely effective and striking scenes which are perhaps the best thing in a good novel, which we pause to read twice over, which cling in the memory and keep returning to us, yet are always fresh and delightful when we come to them again. Mr. Slope's slap in the face and his fierce fight with Mrs. Proudie for the domination of the Bishop, the pitched battle between Mrs. Proudie and Mrs. Grantly, the delicious scene between Lady Lufton, and Lucy Roberts, and the somewhat similar one between the Archdeacon and Grace Crawley, Johnny Eames and the bull, Lord Chiltern riding Dandolo, Madame Max and the Duchess over the jewels, Phineas' acquittal, — these are but a tithe of what lovers of Trollope will take joy in recalling.

The life of such scenes comes from the ever present and admirably sustained interest of character, and this interest gives to Trollope's novels a unity which is wanting in their plots. One can never insist too much on the importance if Trollope himself had not always lived with dukes and bishops.

¹ In spite of some odd lapses of grammar and occasionally of manners, which make it seem

mense superiority of English literature in general over all others on this point of character. Richness and fullness of human life is what distinguishes the drama of Shakespeare from that of Sophocles, of Calderon, of Racine, of Dumas fils. An excellence of the same kind, unusual in French writers, but far inferior not only to Shakespeare's, but to Jonson's or Fletcher's or Massinger's, gives Molière his great reputation. So in the novel, French fiction may surpass English in skill of construction, in finished elegance of style, in grace and charm. It never approaches it in fertility, variety, and strength of character production. One has only to compare Dumas with Scott, George Sand with George Eliot, to feel the force of this. Balzac, like Molière, is great because he is an exception; but, like Molière, he accomplishes with titanic effort what Shakespeare, Fielding, Miss Austen, Thackeray, and Dickens do with divine ease and unerring instinct. With a great price bought he this freedom, but they were born free.

Without placing Trollope on a level with these greatest masters, it is easy to see that with him also character is a strong point. He always recognizes this himself, and in his *Autobiography* he has some admirable observations on the subject in connection with the sensational in novels. Speaking of *The Bride of Lammermoor*, of *Esmond*, of *Jane Eyre*, he says: "These stories charm us, not simply because they are tragic, but because we feel that men and women with flesh and blood, creatures with whom we can sympathize, are struggling amid their woes. It all lies in that. No novel is anything, for the purposes either of comedy or tragedy, unless the reader can sympathize

with the characters whose names he finds upon the pages. . . . Truth let there be, truth of description, truth of character, human truth as to men and women. If there be such truth, I do not know that a novel can be too sensational."

From the very fact of pitching his characters so largely on a middle note, of choosing them and keeping them always in the common light of every day, Trollope gives peculiarly the impression of having lived with them and of making us live with them. He often goes into very diffuse analyses of the thoughts and actions of his heroes and heroines; yet in so doing he does not seem to sap their vitality as do Thackeray and George Eliot. The reason of this is that he does not appear to be explaining, but speculating. He does not say, "I made this machine, and I can tell you just how it goes." He talks to you as a friend would talk about another friend in a desultory, twilight chat before a smouldering fire. His characters seem to exist entirely independent of their author, and to work out their own natures with no volition or even control from him. This is doubtless one of the advantages of his rapid and instinctive method of working.

This common naturalness of Trollope's characters, this feeling that we have lived with them and known them, is much intensified by their constant reappearance in different stories. Of course, many other authors have held their characters along from one book to another; but neither Dumas nor Balzac nor Mr. Howells has done it to the same extent as Trollope. He speaks somewhere of his lack of memory; but surely a memory approaching instinct was needed to carry a company of people through thirty-two volumes,¹ with of Barset. These are followed by the parliamentary novels, the connection between them being maintained through Mr. Palliser and some others: *Can You Forgive Her?* Phineas Finn, *The Eustace Diamonds*, *Phineas Redux*, *The Prime Minister*, *The Duke's Children*.

¹ It may interest some of Trollope's admirers to have a complete list of the long series of connected novels which includes most of his best work. The six chronicles of Barset come first, as follows: *The Warden*, *Barchester Towers*, *Doctor Thorne*, *Framley Parsonage*, *The Small House at Allington*, *The Last Chronicle*

long intervals of time both in the subjects and in the composition, and to keep constantly a distinct grasp not only of general traits of character, but of eyes and hair, of gait and gesture. In this vast and loose sequence of events and circumstances slips and inaccuracies doubtless occur, but their rarity is wonderful.

In such a crowd of characters we can hardly single out many for special consideration. Mr. Saintsbury, who has written of Trollope with sympathy and appreciation, speaks of Mr. Crawley as almost the only one of his personages who stands out with real originality and permanent significance, and Trollope himself has an unusual affection for that eccentric gentleman; but Mr. Crawley is too exceptional, too near the limits of sanity, for the deepest human interest. How inferior he is to the Archdeacon, the admirable Archdeacon, at once perfect (artistically perfect) man and perfect English clergyman! How we love him, with his conventional dignity, his conventional religion, his bustling meddlesomeness, his tyrannous impertinence, his sturdy British common sense, his never failing ejaculation, "Good Heavens!"—how we love him! And in a far different fashion how we love Mr. Harding, one of the tenderest, simplest, most touching figures in fiction, whose gentle memory brings the tears to one's eyes! How we should delight, unobserved, to watch him in one of the stalls of his beloved cathedral choir, turning over the pages of his own church music, gently and absently playing seraphic airs on an imaginary violoncello!

"Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter."

Mr. Harding, perhaps the most striking of all Trollope's creations, because so totally unlike Trollope himself, whereas the Archdeacon is clearly the very image of the author of his being.

Then the women. Mrs. Proudie,—

we all detest her. Yet we have a sneaking fondness for her, too. There is one of the marks of large humanness in Trollope: he brings out something not wholly hateful in the worst character he touches. The masters of human life in literature, Shakespeare and Scott, have the same trait. And Lady Glen-cora,—how well we know her, and who does not feel her fascination! Trollope's own observations on her show how far a true artist's judgment may be below his genius: "She has, or has been intended to have, beneath the thin stratum of her follies a basis of good principle, which enabled her to live down the original wrong that was done to her, and taught her to endeavor to do her duty in the position to which she was called." And this is Lady Glen,—the sprightly, the mobile, the petulant, the willful, the bewitching Lady Glen! It would be instructive if we had the original skeletons of Rosalind and Die Vernon to range and ticket on the same shelf with this inert anatomy.

Nor is it only in what dramatic slang would call "character parts" that Trollope succeeds. In the still more difficult task of giving individual life to heroes and heroines he shows himself equally skillful. Phineas Finn, for example, is intended to be and is a very ordinary person; yet an indescribable and indefinable something of lovable pervades his character everywhere, so that one cannot choose but love him. As for Trollope's girls,—Eleanor Harding, Mary Thorne, Lucy Roberts, Lily Dale, Grace Crawley, Violet Effingham, Isabel Boncassen, and the rest,—they are charming, and at the same time they are remarkably distinct: each keeps her individuality in the midst of the general fascination.

The style in which Trollope writes about all these personages is what might be expected from the author's method of working,—loose, free, easily followed. After all, perhaps this is the

best style for story-telling, when a man has the gift of it. The curious felicity of Flaubert and Stevenson is a precious thing; but one never escapes the sense that it is born of painful effort, and one feels a little guilty not to enjoy it with a certain effort, also. The De Goncourts speak somewhere of the struggle with which an author tears forth a beautiful page from his very vitals. Trollope never tore any pages from his vitals; he had no vitals, literarily speaking. Easy, rapid, graceful improvisation, at the rate of a thousand words an hour, as aforesaid, was good enough for him — and for most of his readers. Gautier said that the production of copy was a natural function with George Sand. So it was with Trollope: he wrote as easily as he breathed, — or hunted, — yet his style is full of individuality. It has neither dignity nor power nor remarkable precision; but it has a peculiar, homely, personal flavor, as of a man loosely noting his natural thought, writing in old clothes, with a pipe in his mouth and a glass of old wine beside him. The very tricks of it — that most marked one, which Mr. Saintsbury has noted, of repeating and emphasizing words — are characteristic of the man, and one gets attached to them as to him.

As for observation, Trollope had little, so far as the external world is concerned; but his moral insight is close and keen on the somewhat superficial plane to which he was limited by nature. "That which enables the avaricious and unjust to pass scathless through the world is not the ignorance of the world as to their sins, but the indifference of the world as to whether they be sinful or no." "The little sacrifices of society are all made by women, as are also the great sacrifices of life. A man who is good for anything is always ready for his duty, and so is a good woman for her sacrifice." "Men are cowards before women till they become tyrants." "Why is it

that girls so constantly do this? So frequently ask men who have loved them to be present at their marriages with other men? There is no triumph in it; it is done in sheer kindness and affection. 'You can't marry me yourself,' the lady seems to say, 'but the next greatest blessing I can offer you, you shall have: you shall see me married to somebody else.' I fully appreciate the intention, but in all honesty I doubt the eligibility of the proffered entertainment."

The last quotation shows the sort of good-natured satire which keeps one smiling through a great part of Trollope's work. Mr. Howells, in his otherwise most appreciative criticism, charges Trollope with a lack of humor. To most of Trollope's admirers it seems that his novels are full of humor; not indeed overcharged and farcical, like Dickens's, always restrained within the limits of nature, but true humor nevertheless.

I have said nothing as yet, however, of that which constitutes the greatest claim of Trollope's novels to permanence; that is, their picture of contemporary English life. Even where plot and character are weakest there is always something of vitality and truth, and so of interest in the background and surroundings; but when we come to the Barchester and parliamentary series, the richness and accuracy of detail is wonderful. Every syllable that deals with Barchester has the accent of truth. I have already referred to Archdeacon Grantly, who is so clerical and so English as well as so human; but all his surroundings, the bishops and the deans and canons, and the wives of these dignitaries, and their very children, and all that they say and do, bring the quaint, quiet air of the cathedral town about us. Surely future ages will turn to Trollope more than to any other author for a true and vivid picture of this life, when it shall have wholly passed away.

The parliamentary atmosphere is naturally less peculiar in its interest, but its appeal is stronger on that very account. We know by Trollope's own confession that he failed to obtain a seat in the House of Commons. We know from the same source that to obtain such a seat was one of the ambitions of his life. It does not seem possible that if he had obtained it he could have acquired a more intimate knowledge of the details of parliamentary practice. Certainly no formal history could give us half the insight into the machinery of government that we get from him. All the technicalities of majorities, cabinets, readings, questions, committees, whips, and the rest of it, all the ins and outs of candidacies, elections, ballotings with egg-throwing accompaniment, take life and significance from the human figures with which they are associated, and in turn give to those human figures a body and a substance which would otherwise be lacking.

Then the hunting, — oh, the hunting! I have referred to it before, but it is worth mentioning ten times over. Unquestionably it is the best part of Trollope. Others have described it from the desk and the chimney corner; but he gives it fresh from the field, crisp with the hoarfrost of the autumn morning, glowing with the very rush and ardor of the thing itself. Oh, the deep voice of the hounds, and the red coats flashing, and the stride of the steeds, and the thick of the hurly-burly! It is dragged into novel after novel, as Trollope himself admits; yet

the novels that are without it seem by comparison to be only half alive.

With this note of external, physical life and activity it is well to leave Trollope. As I said in the beginning, he is a true realist, a common man giving the views and the feelings of common men. His moral attitude is always proper and decent, sometimes even to the extent of sermonizing; but he has no spiritual ideal, no sense of passionate moral struggle, no aspiration after the unseen and the divine. Stuffed full of British conventions, he is, and will remain, the loyal interpreter of British — and other — Philistinism, all the more loyal because instinctive and unconscious. What Philistine would not die happy if he could sum up his career in the following paragraph? "If the rustle of a woman's petticoat has ever stirred my blood, if a cup of wine has been a joy to me, if I have thought tobacco at midnight in pleasant company to be one of the elements of an earthly paradise, if now and again I have somewhat recklessly fluttered a five-pound note over a card table, of what matter is it to any reader? I have betrayed no woman. Wine has brought me to no sorrow. It has been the companionship of smoking that I have loved rather than the habit. I have never desired to win money, and I have lost none. To enjoy the excitement of pleasure, but to be free from its vices and evil effects, to have the sweet and leave the bitter untasted, — that has been my study. The preachers tell us that this is impossible. It seems to me that I have succeeded fairly well."

Gamaliel Bradford, Jr.

MR. SCUDDER AND THE ATLANTIC.

THE Atlantic records with sorrow the death, on January 11, 1902, of its former editor, Horace Elisha Scudder. He was in his sixty-fourth year, and had borne with characteristic cheerfulness and courage an illness of many months' duration. Mr. Scudder assumed the conduct of the Atlantic in 1890, upon the resignation of Mr. Aldrich, and he remained in charge of it until 1898. He then relinquished the task, in order to devote himself more completely to the general editorial supervision of the publications of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., as well as to his own *Life of Lowell*, upon which he was already engaged. For many years before he succeeded to the editorship of the magazine he was one of its most frequent contributors. He preferred to write anonymously, for the most part, and very few of the many admirers of his skillful literary workmanship are aware that he has contributed more pages to the Atlantic than any other writer. Thoroughly loyal, from the time of his earliest ventures in authorship, to the best traditions of the magazine, it was natural that his own period of editorship, falling in his maturer years, should reflect a fastidious taste and cautious temper. It happened that his term of editorial service came within a decade when the popularizing tendency in American magazines became accentuated, both by the launching of new and low-priced periodicals, and by the efforts of the older magazines, through the increased use of illustrations and otherwise, to attract the attention of a larger and larger element of the public. Mr. Scudder's prudent and high-minded conservatism was strongly impressed upon the readers of the magazine. But this was not all. A survey of its contents during those years will reveal his versatility of resource, and the wide

range of important themes upon which he solicited contributions. The moral earnestness which was a part of his New England heritage caused him to lay especial stress upon educational and social topics, and many of the more vital discussions which have appeared in the Atlantic since its direction passed into other hands have been the result of suggestions originally made by Mr. Scudder.

Indeed, one may not inappropriately say of Mr. Horace Scudder, as Goldsmith did of his publisher, Newbery, that he had "a projecting head." He was full of literary projects, both for himself and those who sought his counsel. Endowed with an extraordinary capacity for rapid, dexterous work, his various and unintermitted activity as a man of letters was controlled by a sure intelligence. His genius for planning and executing literary tasks can best be appreciated by his daily associates, yet a wide circle of his contemporaries will join them in bearing testimony to the patience and unwearied courtesy with which Mr. Scudder placed himself at the disposal of all who wished to ask his advice. Scores of American bookmen have reason to be grateful for his kindness. Writers who prepared books under his editorial supervision will retain a vivid impression of his mastery of detail, finished scholarship, and insight into the conditions demanded by the particular task. The fine reticence which made him, in his own words, shrink from the "glare of publicity," and allow much of his best work to appear either without his signature or marked at most by his initials, did not prevent a general recognition of the consummate skill which he manifested as editor-in-chief of such series as the Cambridge Poets and the Riverside Literature Series. As was true in scarcely

less a measure of his friend and associate for twenty-five years, Mr. Azariah Smith, whose death followed swiftly upon Mr. Scudder's, the gift of ripe judgment and the grace of discriminating speech were recognized by fellow workmen throughout the country. There could be no truer or more coveted reward.

In this brief record of the respect and affection of Mr. Scudder's successors in the conduct of the Atlantic, and of his associates in the publishing house where so large a portion of his life was passed, it is needless to comment upon the characteristics of his original contributions to our literature. His most important book, the life of Lowell, was reviewed in the preceding number of this magazine. He had the happiness not only of completing this noteworthy biography, but of enjoying, in the last days of his life, the spontaneous words of praise which it elicited. He was the author of many delightful books for children, of which the Bodley Books are the best known, and his volume on Childhood in

Literature and Art was one of the first in a field which has yielded rich harvests. The volume of essays entitled *Men and Letters* is a proof of his rare accomplishments as a critic. It contains many passages of delicate beauty, but nothing more intimate in its charm than the dedication to Henry Mills Alden, where one becomes softly aware of the revelation of a nature affectionate, sensitive, and proud. The scope of Mr. Scudder's intellectual and moral sympathies drew him into many practical activities in the service of history, education, and religion. He was a valued trustee of various institutions, and notably of Williams, his own college. In all these relations of life his perfect integrity of mind and the charm of his singularly pure and unselfish nature won for him steadfast friends. But he was first of all a man of letters, devoted to his calling and cherishing lofty views of its responsibilities, and it is through his connection with literature that his useful and loving life will be remembered.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I HAVE no wish to add to the sum of Opinion and "Preaching" in Literature. remark concerning Mr. Henley's opinions about Stevenson, there being already on that theme comment, amplificatory and other, enough and to spare. But surely it is vain for Mr. Henley to enter objections against the "preaching" in Stevenson's books, and this quite apart from the "tu quoque" that runs so readily to one's lips. For, disclaim it as he may, Mr. Henley has done some admirable preaching in his time, and one may doubt whether future generations will find any greater occasion to hold him in friendly remembrance than his stirring

little sermon on the supremacy of the soul, with its closing note, of which Stevenson himself might have been fond:—

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

But aside from this,—and if we began to quote we should settle the question out of hand,—are we ready to part with "preaching" in literature? Can we really spare from our books the didactic and, what would needs go with it, much of the *obiter dicta* that make to many of us the spice of writing and of conver-

sation? For myself, frankly, I would as soon have a man without prejudices as a book without opinions. It is these that give the flavor: they are of the essence of individuality, and if we are to accept the dictum of the greater critics, that a book is to be loved because therein is embalmed a life, we must surely take some account of the opinions in which the life had its most marked expression. For, after all, is there anything more veritably a man's own than his guesses at truth, his predilections, his notions of the universe, his surmises as to human fate? It is these, and the loyalties, devotions, whims, prejudices, ideals, tastes, loves, and hates the world has left or brought him, that measure the effect of life upon him, tell what he has undergone at the hands of circumstance, how borne himself in all time of his prosperity, in all time of his tribulation. The poet Sill was at least partly right in liking *In Memoriam* because it reflected the views of a man much experienced in life. He was acting on the same instinct that leads some hundred thousands of us, gentle and simple, to watch for Mr. Dooley's latest comment on events. We want opinions, and, in short, preaching.

WHILE our learned friends the philologists are trying to invent a new pronoun, by the use of which we may get rid of the awkwardness of "his or hers," "he or she," many readers and writers of the English language would thank them very heartily if they would make, or discover, a mode of address which could be applied gracefully and naturally to both married and unmarried women, precisely as *Mr.* is applied to men.

The women who write books would be especially grateful for this. If John Smith should print on the title-page of his book, "By *Mr.* John Smith," he would be ridiculed and laughed at. It would not be "good form." Plain John Smith or Theodore Roosevelt is à la

mode for good Americans, whether they be Learned Blacksmiths or Presidents, married or unmarried.

But if John's wife Mary writes a book, what then? It is of no possible consequence to the readers of that book whether she be married or no. Yet unless she stultifies herself by taking the public into her confidence and announcing that she is *Mrs.* Mary Smith, the chances are that the first man who reviews her book will enlighten his readers as to the merits or demerits of *Miss* Smith! If Mary happens to be a white-haired grandmother, as is quite possible, this is not exactly pleasant.

On the other hand, if John Smith's daughter, just out of college and in the bloom of her youth, has the good luck to "get into" — the Atlantic, for instance, she must sign her name *Miss* Polly Smith, or it is ten to one that she will have the matronly *Mrs.* applied to her forthwith. Neither is this quite agreeable, if Polly is a sensible girl just out of her teens.

We were introduced to the Cheerless Reader at our January feast. Just at this point I hear him exclaim: "Much ado about nothing! If a woman has done any work worth mentioning or remembering, such a blunder could not be made. If she has n't, what does it matter?"

To which it is only necessary to reply that in a recent issue of a well-known city journal mention was made of Miss Julia Ward Howe, Miss Kate Wiggins, and Mrs. Sarah Orne Jewett! There might easily have been one misprint overlooked by the proofreader, but hardly three.

Please, Messieurs the Wordmakers, coin a word for us! Or perhaps we might go back to the usage of our great-grandfathers, who spoke of Mistress Evelyn Byrd or Mistress Anne Craddock precisely as they spoke of Mistress John Adams and Mistress Dolly Madison.

A Thumb-
Nail Sketch
of a Lady.

THOUGH her master the Vicar, ever dreaming of the Middle Ages, loves to play that she is a Wild Boar, she is only a Pig of beauty, manners, and pedigree. She inhabits a suite of private lodgings, but prefers a spacious green field, "prim-rosed, and hung with shade," where her friendship with the children's adored donkey is good to see. What conversation they hold is always under the rose, laconic, patrician; she standing, with animated nostrils, by his tall knee. Every hair of her is pure silver-gray, with reddish lights, and burnished, immaculate, as befits one who strolls all morning in the dew, and breakfasts on new milk and *Marasmus oreades*.

On my walks I love to look in upon her, for Dowsabella is cheerful as well as comely; and when she proffers her shapely jowl, like a prettily behaved dog, for a passing caress, one cannot but feel privileged. She is never backward, as our country folk say, in passing the time o' day. The Vicar maintains that her Latin is the real thing; not hog Latin at all. To prove it, he will tell you a little tale against himself. It would appear that my dear antiquary, forever mousing in historic ground, once found, in a season of great drought, on that bank of the river which was not his bank, but a rival archæologist's, a broken but beautifully carven little sandstone boss. He knew perfectly what it came from, and crowed to himself as he fished it out

of the mud. On the way home, composing an inscription fit to be cut on a tiny brass and inlaid at the back of his thirteenth-century conventual relic, the Vicar, crossing the stile into Dowsabella's clover park, sat down, and took out his notebook and pencil. "*Domus olim gloriosæ*," he began slowly to write, enjoying his own string of open vowels, "*hunc lapidem mutilatum pie conservavit Ronaldus Luff, clericus, anno salutis MCMI.*" He paused, thinking that he had better fill in the name of the priory in the form in which it occurs in the chartulary, when up came his pet, sniffing at the wet stone, — wet in a month of no rain. "*Hunc? hunc?*" queried she, eyeing her Vicar. "*Sane quidem!*" he replied gayly "What is the matter with *hunc?* Don't be hypercritical, don't be silly." *Hunc* was a mere ruse, as they both knew. The commentator returned to the charge. "*Conservavit?*" she drawled, with awful distinctness. The Vicar wishes you to know that her pronunciation, unlike his own usage, is modern to a degree; something in this style, "*Conk-sare-wah'weet?*" — a significant, a satiric word. Now the scholar of the first part quailed. He drew his breath, looked away from the Wild Boar, pulled his linen hat down a bit, and scored a big black line through his nice verb. What he wrote over it was *surrepsit*. Then he laughed out. "You know too much, Dowsabella," he said. "Now go preach to your donkey."

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXXIX.—APRIL, 1902.—No. DXXXIV.

THE NEW ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.

It is not too much to say that the mass of the people of the United States, particularly those of the Eastern and Southern states, realized that they possessed a regular army only when war was declared with Spain, on April 28, 1898. There were few persons not actually connected with the federal troops who could tell offhand how many regiments there were, or how and where they were employed. Not until the Washington Centennial parade of 1889 and the Columbus celebration processions of 1892 did New York see any large number of regular troops, except when the last honors were paid to General Grant. Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Cincinnati, San Francisco, and many other large centres saw only small bodies at great intervals. Chicago became aware of their presence in numbers when they ended the railroad strike in 1894, as they had ended the Pittsburgh riots in 1877, only to fold their tents and steal silently away to their lonely frontier garrisons.

From 1870 until 1898, ten regiments of cavalry, five of artillery, twenty-five of infantry, and one battalion of Engineers, the Signal Corps and Hospital Corps, in all about 28,000 men, comprised the military over which the United States alone had control, and which had no affiliation with any particular state or states, either in the matter of recruiting or names, since they were designated only by numbers, as the First, Second, or Third United

States Regiment of Infantry, or Cavalry, or Artillery. During this period, practically all of the cavalry and infantry were on the frontier safeguarding the pioneers as these took the Indian's land from him by hook or by crook, — generally by crook. When the greed or cruelty of the settlers or his own innate savagery and sense of wrong drove the Indian to the warpath, it was the regular soldier who went after him. For the pleasure of thus acting as buffer and policeman the soldier quite often gave his life. Indeed, the number of his kind whose death can be laid at the doors of corrupt or incorrupt Indian agents would make the American casualties at the battle of Santiago seem trifling. Very frequently, too, the soldier had to put up with a fire in the rear from the high-minded and praiseworthy Eastern friends of the Indian, who often were unaware that in nine cases out of ten the army officers were the redskins' best friends, and were absolutely sincere in their repugnance to the killing which went on from time to time, — at the expense of the army. Even the stirring and tragic events of these campaigns failed to attract much attention in the East and South, unless they were of the magnitude of the Thornburgh or the Custer massacre. But the work was well done, for all its lack of trumpeting. General Sheridan said that any other country than the United States would have employed at least 70,000 troops in the Indian wars

from 1875 to 1877. As it was, probably not more than 15,000 men actually took part in them. None the less, the army made the opening up of the West possible as fast as the tide of immigration from the East swelled in upon the prairies.

With the Pine Ridge campaign of December, 1890, and January, 1891, the Indian wars on a large scale probably ended. About the same time the cavalry and infantry began to move eastward or to concentrate in large garrisons. In 1889 a cavalry troop took station east of the Mississippi for the first time since the Civil War or early reconstruction days. Fort Myer near Washington, Fort Sheridan near Chicago, Fort Ethan Allen near Burlington (Vermont), Fort Crook near Omaha, and other barracks, sprang into existence, while still others were rejuvenated and given enlarged garrisons. This was in accordance with a new policy of putting troops near the great centres of population and of railways. Here they are ready for service in case of serious strikes or disorder, and can be moved quickly in any direction. The policy is the correct one from the point of view of strategy and effectiveness; it was called by Mr. Bryan, in the campaign of 1900, a "menace to the workingmen of great cities."

To these larger barracks came companies of infantry and troops of cavalry from one or two company posts scattered all over the West, and now abandoned forever. Some forts bearing historic names were torn down by the neighboring farmers almost overnight. The remainder are falling to pieces and are disappearing from the earth as have the stagecoach, the pony rider, the Indians of Sitting Bull and Chief Joseph, and the Bret Harte pioneers, — a world in which the lonely garrisons often played a leading part.

But the troops that abandoned the small posts were a fine, hardy lot, ac-

customed to long marches: the cavalry ready to ride a hundred and odd miles in twenty-four hours to rescue imperiled comrades, and the infantry inured to campaigns with the snow deep underfoot and the temperature thirty or forty degrees below zero. The "unit of service" was almost always the company of forty or fifty men, which generally marched, lived, and fought alone. The captains were, until the nineties, veterans of the Civil War, good disciplinarians and "sticklers" in keeping up military etiquette. The lieutenants were for the most part graduates of West Point, often discouraged and sometimes demoralized by the lonely life on the prairies and the desperately slow promotions. Battalion drills were possible only at the larger posts; regimental ones only at Forts Leavenworth and Riley and one or two other places. Manœuvres on a large scale occurred in 1886 and 1894. In a number of instances, regiments organized during the Civil War or at its close met for the first time as a whole when assembled at Tampa or elsewhere en route to Cuba.

In view of the army's thirty years of this kind of training, it was fortunate for the United States that the Cuban campaign in 1898 was one which could be fought largely by company officers and by the men themselves. There was little or no strategy in the attack on Santiago, and the tactics — that is, the movements in the face of the enemy — were made much like those of the Indian fights by the absence of a proper plan of attack, the nature of the jungle, and the consequent scattering of brigades and regiments. The enlisted men separated and fought much as they and their predecessors had scattered and battled in Arizona's cañons and Montana's mountains, and the way they bore themselves was only what was expected by those who knew the service. Even when their officers were shot down, blacks and whites went on, not only because of their non-commis-

sioned officers, trained to assume responsibility, but because of the spirit of obedience and the discipline licked into them by their company officers on the wind-swept parade grounds and the sun-dried mesas of the West. The hard character of the service from 1866 to 1889, and the men sent out from West Point during that time, kept the heart and the limbs of the army sound and vigorous. The inborn initiative and adaptability of the American soldier, traits so lacking in European armies and so extremely important in modern warfare, carried the army safely and victoriously through its greatest test since 1865.

During all this period when the cavalry and the infantry were serving in the West and the artillery for the most part in the antiquated forts of the seacoast, their needs were supplied by a number of staff departments, each having a headquarters, presided over by a brigadier-general in the War Department. Thus the Adjutant-General's Department performed, in brief, the general clerical work of the army, attending to the promotion, assignment, transfer of officers, etc., while the Inspectors-General reported upon the efficiency of the troops. The Judge-Advocate-General's Department dealt with the courts-martial of officers and men, while the Pay Department performed the functions indicated by its name, and the Medical Department concerned itself with the health of the troops and the supply of medicines and hospitals. The Quartermaster's Department furnished the animals and their forage, the quarters for men and beasts, the clothing of the men, their blankets and beds; but not their food, for this was the duty of the Commissary Department, and not their knives and forks and tin plates, for this was the function of the Ordnance Department. Besides this, the Ordnance officers, as indicated by their designation, selected and made the pistols and rifles and can-

non furnished to the troops, and took and still take as many years in doing this as is comfortable with their comfort. Indeed, the subdivision of duties herein briefly indicated is in force to-day in all the departments mentioned. In addition, there are the chaplains, anomalous fighting disciples of the Prince of Peace, never rising beyond the rank of captain, that humility may not be wanting among them; Signal Corps officers, whose troops, like themselves, are trained in constructing and using cables, telegraph and telephone lines, communicating by flags, etc.; and last, but not least, the Engineers, almost wholly occupied with supervising river and harbor improvements, with the lighthouse service, and with other civil duties, but always deeply concerned for the good name of their corps, composed as it is of the honor graduates of West Point.

The reader, particularly if he be a man of affairs, will not fail to notice a certain antiquarian character about the subdivision of the duties of these staff departments, and especially in the functions of those known as the "supply" departments. Like many customs of the American service, this system is almost wholly an inheritance from the days when George Washington served with the redcoats instead of against them. That the staff systems of England and the United States are far apart to-day does not deny their common origin or the sacredness of both institutions. So carefully guarded was our own, and so unchanging the tasks it had to perform in supplying and caring for 25,000 men in the West, that none of the engineers who ran the machinery would admit that it needed reconstruction from top to bottom, or even overhauling. If you criticised it, you were informed that it had always done its duties well. If you feared for its ability to withstand the strain of a war, you were told of what Montgomery Meigs did for Grant's and

Sheridan's and Sherman's armies. If you remarked that business methods had changed, and that the department store now supplied under one management what numerous shops did before, you were told that the government's military department store must be an exception for innumerable reasons, principally because it had to do with soldiers.

Turning to the superintendents, the floor-walkers and clerks of these little coördinated army shops, you found that they had life positions, and were as indifferent to the wants of their patrons as the employees of a private mercantile house are eager to find out the desires of the public. Since those who dealt with the army supply stores were forced to take the goods given them, and did not have to pay for what they got, the managers and clerks worked off the same old stocks year after year with but little change. Nor did the salesmen generally trouble to inquire whether their customers' needs had changed. Thus it took the Ordnance Corps more than a quarter of a century to find a rifle to take the place of the Springfield of Civil War days. That it was only by good luck that the Krag-Jørgensen was in the hands of the regular troops before the war with Spain is shown by the fact that the Ordnance Corps sent the cavalry to the front with antiquated pistols, and the artillery with inferior cannon and smoke-creating powder. One of the two volunteer regiments taking part in the battle of Santiago was an easy mark because of its Springfield rifles and its black powder. The Spanish army, despite its corrupt War Department, was better armed in every branch of the service than its enemy from the home of Colt, Hotchkiss, Gatling, and Maxim. In short, the staff officers of the American army were out of sympathy with the line, because they were transferred to the various departments from regiments as first lieutenants or captains, and never served

with troops in the field again. Under these circumstances they naturally lost touch with the "man behind the rifle."

Moreover, there was lacking in the American military organization what in foreign services they term the "brains of the army," — a general staff. There was no proper coördination of the various staff departments, each of which was jealous of the other. All of them were fairly given up to red tape and to the habit of wielding as much political influence as they could pick up in the lobby of the Capitol. No department or set of officers was empowered to see that the various staff corps coöperated intelligently, and nobody planned for the future, not even when war clouds were on the horizon, since it was nobody's duty. Least of all was it the task of the commanding general, who, as a result of a century of rivalry and friction with the adjutants-general and the civilian Secretaries of War, found himself practically without power. While the navy was planning months in advance for the conflict with Spain the army sat still, even though Secretary Alger was, with Roosevelt and Leonard Wood, certain that war was coming, and eager for it to begin. Nobody ascertained how many or what ships were available for transports; nobody inquired what the best port was from which troops could sail for Cuba, and what its railroad connections; nobody cared where the volunteer armies should camp, or even wondered where arms and clothing should be got to make the levies soldiers as far as outward appearances were concerned. Nor did any one dream of drawing up in advance a list of worthy National Guard officers to be given rank in the volunteers, or one of worthy civilians, or even of picking out the names of the regular officers to be appointed to generalcies at the outbreak of hostilities. These and a thousand and one other things were left until the war was pending or declared, and were then

done in a hurried and slipshod manner.

If General Alger is able to make out something of a case for himself in his recently published defense of his administration of the War Department, it is not because of any foresight on his part. For lack of that, and of any efforts to prepare for the emergency, history will certainly indict him, at the same time that it gives him credit for the remarkable things achieved by the tact, ingenuity, and energy of many of the men under him. It will find plenty to condemn in the management of the war, such as the dumping of Shafter's 20,000 men upon the dock at Tampa, upon which there was only one man who knew to which transport each regiment was assigned, and this man indistinguishable in the mob around him. For this and other inexcusable blunders, most of the blame will be laid squarely upon the antiquated staff system, the absence of a general staff, and the politics which were the bane of the army from its foundation until 1901. No War Department administration, however capable, taking office on April 1, 1898, could have passed through the ordeal of the war without making many grave and costly blunders. With war declared, it became a question of accomplishing things at any price, in any way or shape that suggested itself, since no one had thought to look ahead.

To add to the War Department's difficulties, the regular army was increased just after the war began. In March, 1898, two regiments of artillery had been added, making seven in all. On April 26, 1898, the infantry regiments were increased from ten to twelve companies and given an additional major. This was temporary legislation for war time only, but it was made permanent by the law of March 2, 1899, at which time the artillery regiments were enlarged to fourteen batteries, and the infantry regiments received a third major. As a large ma-

jority of the regular army took part in Shafter's expedition, and returned to the United States depleted by the casualties of the war and by many retirements of aged or disabled officers, it was necessarily reorganized as hastily as possible. As soon as filled up, without waiting for them to be drilled and disciplined or completely officered, the regiments were hurried to Cuba or to the Philippines in the early months of 1899, and the service was still disorganized when, on August 1st of that year, Elihu Root became Secretary of War.

Ordinarily the history of the army has been divided into epochs by its foreign wars and the Civil War. Thus there was a new army after the War of 1812, and a changed army following the war with Mexico. The spirit of the regular army, which was rebuilt in 1866 and 1870 from the best material available from the great volunteer armies of the Civil War, was as distinct and different from that existing in the "old army" "before the war" as it could well be, considering that it was an outgrowth of the service in which Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Lee, Stuart, Jackson, and a host of other famous Americans were lieutenants and captains. The customs and traditions, equipment and uniforms, were all changed, and the service was far more modern and up to date as a result of the long struggle between the North and South. So the war with Spain will mark in many minds the ending of another army epoch, a final dramatic change from frontier work and Indian campaigns to oversea service in tropical climes, varied, and, it is to be hoped, speedily followed by life in large garrisons devoted to professional advancement and incessant planning for future periods of activity.

But the historian who looks beneath the surface will be more inclined to date the rise of the present "new army" of the United States from the day when Mr. Root took office than from the dra-

matic events of 1898. What makes the "new army," as the term is used in the service, is not merely the appointment of a large body of new officers, but the development of new ideas and new customs and new theories; and Mr. Root made more reforms his own within two or three months after taking office than had occurred to all the Secretaries of War since 1866. Just why Mr. Root should have had this desire to alter existing conditions at his age, and to go in for a radical change, would be an interesting study for a psychologist. It is of course true that few of Mr. Root's reforms have originated with him. Mr. Daniel S. Lamont, for instance, recommended the consolidation of the supply departments and four-year details for chiefs of staff bureaus. There were also many young officers in whose blood the unsettling microbe of progressiveness had found a lodging, and who urged from time to time the very reforms which are now being undertaken. But Mr. Root was the first Secretary to take office with a clear conception of the fact that the machine over which he was placed was wholly behind the military times, and that its management in the past had been almost a fraud upon the public, if that term can be applied to the spending of large sums upon an obsolete system, when the taxpayer is entitled to the most economical and most modern military machine to be had for his money.

How quickly Secretary Root realized the great needs of the service is apparent from his first annual report, written in November, 1899, or within four months after entering President McKinley's Cabinet. In this document he promptly came out for radical improvements in the organization of the army, and laid down the hitherto unknown doctrine in War Department circles, that "the real object of having an army is to provide for war." The contrary, he declared, "is really the theory upon which the entire treatment of our army

proceeded for the thirty-three years between the Civil War and the war with Spain. Present utility was the controlling consideration, and the possibility of war seemed at all times so vague and unreal that it had no formative power in shaping legislation regarding the army. . . . The result did not include the effective organization and training of the army as a whole for the purposes of war. This was not because the army did not wish such organization and training, but because it was not permitted to organize and train for that object. The army has many able, educated, and competent officers who have thought much upon the subject and deeply regretted this condition, but who have been unable to secure a change."

In preparing an army for war, Secretary Root thought that at least four things were involved: first, systematic study by responsible officers of plans for action under all contingencies. By this he meant general staff work, careful instruction in the larger problems of military science, of logistics, and of national defense. His second premise was the preparation of material of war; his third the advancement of officers by selection according to capacity; and his fourth the training of officers and men in large bodies, under conditions approximating those of war time. Mr. Root's specific recommendations were also four in number, and comprised the establishment of an army war college, the ordering of every officer in the army to this college for a stated part of his career, the detailing of all staff officers from the line for four or five years instead of giving them permanent appointments, and the modification of the existing system of promoting officers by seniority only.

Of these reforms, two — the establishment of a system of higher education together with a general staff, and the principle of an interchangeable line and staff — go to the root of the evils from which the army has suffered,

and Mr. Root recurred to them in general terms in his annual report of the following year. Although he expressly stated that his plans for the modernization of the service did not include a reorganization of the army, the final adoption of these reforms involves a complete change in the spirit and point of view of the entire corps of officers, and a readjustment of the staff departments. He could have recommended only one other reform of greater importance, — the banishment of politics from the administration of the army; and this has already come about through the action of President Roosevelt and of Mr. Root himself. These three were the fundamental alterations for which the progressive officers had been pining for decades. Most of Mr. Root's other reforms, suggested or introduced, are subsidiary or correlated to the three mentioned above.

When Secretary Root assumed office, in 1899, the Western state volunteers, which together with a few regular regiments formed the first army in the Philippines, had returned home and been mustered out. It had been hoped that the reorganized regular regiments which, as stated above, were rushed to the Philippines in the first four months of 1899 would be sufficient to end the war with the Filipinos. As this did not prove to be the case, the War Department reluctantly began the organization of the twenty-five United States volunteer regiments which helped to carry on the war until their disbandment last spring, in accordance with the act of March 2, 1899, which created them. Of these twenty-five regiments, twelve were raised under Mr. Root's régime. The announcement on August 17, 1899, of their impending organization was accompanied by the names of the colonels, lieutenant-colonels, and majors selected for them, nearly all of whom were officers of the regular army. This unusual action was taken by Secretary Root in order to forestall the tre-

mendous onslaught of politicians and of officers with "pulls" which would have been certain to follow the mere statement that more regiments were to be recruited. By making the administration's intention a secret, Mr. Root was able to select the field officers on the basis of merit only, particularly in the case of the colonels, all of whom were active and vigorous regular captains, who had earned the favor of the War Department in one way or another. Thus early in his conduct of the Department Mr. Root showed his desire to eliminate politics; and, as his feeling in this matter seems never to have changed, the occasional lapses from the rule of selection and advancement for merit only must be laid to other causes or other persons, or to easily explainable errors of judgment.

It remained for President Roosevelt, however, firmly to establish the "merit rule" in the military service, which he did by a simple unofficial pronouncement from the White House in November last, and by the statement in his annual message that "every promotion and every detail under the War Department must be made solely with regard to the good of the service and to the capacity and merit of the man himself. No pressure, political, social, or personal, of any kind will be permitted to exercise the least effect in any question of promotion or detail; and if there is reason to believe that such pressure is exercised at the instigation of the officer concerned, it will be held to militate against him. In our army we cannot afford to have rewards or duties distributed, save on the simple ground that those who by their own merits are entitled to the rewards get them, and that those who are peculiarly fit to do the duties are chosen to perform them." He thus put the army on the same footing as the classified civil service and the navy, without any legislation and, so far, without any perceptible friction with the Congressional place-hunters,

who seemed to abide by the new order of things military as soon as they discovered that all patronage-seekers were treated alike. President Roosevelt's action thus demonstrated the correctness of the sharp criticisms of previous Presidents and Secretaries because of their tolerance of favoritism in the army, when they could have ended it at any time by simply posting a notice that every officer using patronage to obtain advancement or comfortable details away from his regiment would be placed upon the Department's black list. The ease with which this remarkable and far-reaching reform was accomplished should not, however, make the public overlook the courage it called for, or fail to give to Mr. Roosevelt and to Mr. Root the great credit they deserve for their stand against the politicians.

Probably no one unfamiliar with army conditions can realize how far this evil of politics had gone toward bringing men to the front, particularly in the staff departments, who were either unfit or who shirked hard work. How greatly it had discouraged manly officers, with or without influence, who wished to rise by merit alone could not well be stated briefly. It is a fact, however, that dozens and scores of officers would gladly have resigned because of it, had they not had dependent families or felt themselves unfitted for civil life. So far had this favoritism spread that people who know the army only from this side have been at a loss to understand why it was as sound as it proved itself to be during the war with Spain, and why there was not far more inefficiency than actually appeared in the various branches of the service. Few outside the army know how close are the ties which bind the service together, and how quickly it becomes known that Lieutenant Brown has been promoted to a staff captaincy because his wife is a sister of a Senator from Arkansas, or Florida, or Oregon. Still fewer can estimate the bitter disappointment and

discouragement in the army at the appointment of Frederick D. Grant from civil life, of Frederick Funston, an untrained soldier of fortune, and of Dr. Leonard Wood from the Medical Department, as brigadier-generals, over the heads of hundreds of better qualified officers of longer service.

But if the public has not realized all this and the importance of the action taken by President Roosevelt, the army is most grateful to him for making the service a profession in which every officer, whether rich or poor, of humble origin or with distinguished family connections, whether with or without influence, has an equal chance with every other officer to obtain high rank and win the rewards of efficiency and faithfulness to duty. In 1900 the writer met an able young officer who was deliberately planning to toady to men of influence, to cultivate social relations with people of prominence, and to get details away from his regiment to Washington or to the staffs of generals, etc., simply because he felt that this was the only road to success in his newly adopted profession. Unworthy as this attitude seems, the career of two officers of his own regiment, who had not been near it for ten years or more, yet had received high rank in the volunteers, bore out his contention that this was the only way to get ahead in the army. Now this young officer is planning his life quite differently, and is already making out his application to be one of the first class at the War College, or, failing that, to be detailed to the Infantry and Cavalry School at Fort Leavenworth. He is anxious to show that he has in him sufficient ability to warrant his getting upon the list of distinguished officers to be called upon first in an emergency. This list, also originated by Secretary Root, will comprise the names of officers below the rank of colonel who have: (1) heretofore exhibited superior capacity, application, and devotion to duty, the names

to be selected by a board of officers convened for that purpose; and (2) who have been reported as doing specially meritorious work in the service schools, other than the officers' schools at posts; and (3) who at any time specially distinguish themselves by exceptionally meritorious service.

"It will be the aim of the Department to make this register the basis of selection for details as staff officers, military attachés, and for special service requiring a high degree of professional capacity," is Secretary Root's terse summary of this stimulating change, which might so easily have occurred to any one of his predecessors, and which alone made many young officers, like the one cited above, suddenly realize that they had unconsciously been transferred to what is indeed a "new army."

With regard to the education of the army and to the War College, Secretary Root has from the first adopted the European view, that as far as an army's officers are concerned the service should be one great educational system, each officer being constantly trained and professionally instructed until the day of his retirement from active service. The perfection with which this theory has been worked out in the German army is one of the most important reasons for the extraordinary and unequaled efficiency of the Emperor's great military machine. If a similar system was needed in the American army before the war with Spain, it is all the more demanded now that more than thirty-three per cent of the officers are men who have come into the service since the war with Spain, mostly from the ranks, from civil life, or from the volunteers, nine tenths of them without such professional training as is obtained at West Point. In brief, Mr. Root has planned what he calls a "university system of military education," which shall include the various postgraduate schools existing prior to the war with Spain, with the officers' schools at each military post,

— hitherto known as the lyceums, and hitherto generally "unsatisfactory and futile," — as the first step in this educational ladder.

In his latest report Secretary Root describes his system of instruction as follows: —

"A General Service and Staff College, at Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

"A War College, for the most advanced instruction, at Washington Barracks, D. C.

"The War College shall be under the immediate direction of a board of five officers, detailed from the army at large, and the following *ex officio* members: the Chief of Engineers, the Chief of Artillery, the Superintendent of the Military Academy, the commanding officer of the General Service and Staff College. The War College Board shall exercise general supervision and inspection of all the different schools above enumerated, and shall be charged with the duty of maintaining through them a complete system of military education, in which each separate school shall perform its proper part. Such officers as shall be requisite to assist the board in performing its duties will be detailed from time to time for that purpose. It should be kept constantly in mind that the object and ultimate aim of all this preparatory work is to train officers to command men in war. Theory must not, therefore, be allowed to displace practical application.

"The officers' schools at military posts and the General Service and Staff College will be open for instruction to officers of the National Guard of the several states, to former officers of volunteers, and to graduates of military schools and colleges which have had officers of the army as instructors. The special service schools will be open to officers of the National Guard and former officers of volunteers who shall furnish evidence to the War Department of such preliminary education as to enable them to benefit by the courses of instruction.

The college staff at the General Service and Staff College, Fort Leavenworth, will make report to the Secretary of War of qualifications of officers of the National Guard, ex-volunteers, and graduates of military schools and colleges, who shall have attended the college or shall apply for examination, and shall further certify whether or not they are qualified for service as officers of volunteers, specifying character of the service, whether line or staff, for which they are specially qualified. A special register of the names of persons so reported as qualified will be kept in the War Department.

"There shall be, besides the Military Academy at West Point, the following schools for the instruction of officers in the army:—

"1. At each military post an officers' school for elementary instruction in theory and practice.

"2. Special service schools:—

"(a) The Artillery School, at Fort Monroe, Va.

"(b) The Engineer School of Application, Washington Barracks, D. C.

"(c) The School of Submarine Defense, Fort Totten, N. Y.

"(d) The School of Application for Cavalry and Field Artillery, at Fort Riley, Kans.

"(e) The Army Medical School, Washington, D. C."

As the "special service" schools already exist, Congress is only called upon to provide money for additional quarters for them, and for a home for the War College at Washington Barracks. The educational system can therefore practically go into operation as rapidly as the proper heads and faculties can be chosen for the institutions not already complete, and as fast as the exigencies of the Philippine service will permit. As a whole, Secretary Root's plan is cheap, economical, and simple, and full of the greatest promise for the army, for which this change also means a complete revolution in its methods.

Inseparably connected with this educational system will be the proposed general staff, for which Secretary Root has provided in a bill sent by him to Congress on February 15th last. It will have the closest affiliation with the War College, and will be the goal of every ambitious officer in the service, as well as the best kind of a training school for the future generals of the army. It will be composed of a chief of staff with the rank of lieutenant-general, a major-general, a brigadier-general, four colonels, six lieutenant-colonels, twelve majors, and twelve captains, who will all be detailed to the general staff for four years, and then return to their permanent places in the new supply department or in the line, where they must serve two years before again going on general staff duty. Almost revolutionary is the provision abolishing the position of commanding general on the retirement of General Miles, — doing away with an office which has given rise to endless and frequently disgraceful quarreling between the civilian Secretaries and the senior generals. After General Miles leaves the active list the chief of staff will be selected by the President, to serve during the latter's term of office; thus insuring an officer who will not only be in sympathy with the commander in chief, but who will be *de facto* the military right hand of the President.

As for the general staff, it will have all the functions which have been exercised by similar bodies in European armies, besides absorbing those of the present Inspector-General's Department. It will not only be the brains, but the eyes and ears of the service. Its officers will "consider the military policy of the country, and prepare comprehensive plans for the national defense and for the mobilization of the military forces in time of war; and will consider and report upon all questions affecting the welfare and efficiency of the army, including organization, meth-

ods of administration, armament, equipment, transportation, supplies, distribution, mobilization, military preparation, plans of campaign, collection of military information, and such other professional matters as may be referred to them," — a sufficiently liberal grant of powers to suit the most fastidious. Had such a body existed before the war with Spain, there would have been no such scandals as marked our conduct of the military hostilities. Its creation by Congress will be momentous, for it will put the American service for once abreast of all others, and will have as marked an effect upon the future military history of this country as West Point has had upon that of the last hundred years. Probably nothing that Secretary Root can do in the future will bring him such credit and renown as will the establishment of the general staff.

The principle of an interchangeable line and staff, which Secretary Root first urged in 1899, has already been enacted into law by Congress. According to the statute of February 2, 1901, when a vacancy occurs in any staff department, except in the Engineers and Medical Department, it is to be filled by the detail of a line officer for a period of four years, after which he is to return to the line for a period of at least two years before again going on staff duty. In this way the managers and clerks of the great service stores will be kept in touch with their customers, the soldiers and officers of the line, and a large number of officers will be trained in staff work, and so be available for service with volunteers in case of war. Characteristically, however, Congress made this rule apply only after the many vacancies which it created in the enlarged staff departments, at the same time that it added five regiments of cavalry, five of infantry, and the equivalent of six regiments of artillery to the line, were filled by the spoilsmen with permanent appoint-

tees. As a result, the system will not be in force throughout some departments for many years; but it will not be long before the system of appointing heads of departments for four years, already begun, will be in force everywhere. How desirable it is that the President should have greater powers in selecting chiefs of bureaus was admirably illustrated by the case of General Eagan, of "embalmed beef" memory, and by the working of this system in the navy.

Most men would be content with putting through so radical a reform of the staff departments as this. Not so Secretary Root. Like the magician of the inexhaustible pockets, he produces another reform proposal as soon as one has been adopted. One of his most radical and daring departures is a recommendation that the Quartermaster's, Commissary, and Pay departments shall be consolidated into one great business organization. No other Secretary ever dared to attack the supply departments in this way, despite the fact that economy and sound business reasons have long demanded this very change. There is no such hydra-headed organization in the navy, and no such ridiculous division of duties in any private business in the United States. Custom alone makes for its retention. The officers of the departments involved have not been able to agree upon a scheme of consolidation, and whether their once invincible political influence will enable them to delay the adoption of Secretary Root's plan for their consolidation, now before Congress, is, at this writing, yet to be seen.

From the first Secretary Root has endeavored to bring about closer relations between the regular army and the militias of the various states. His invitation to ambitious National Guard officers to attend post lyceums or the more advanced service schools is but a symptom of his friendly frame of mind. He intends to have them examined by

regular officers, that the names of those qualified may be placed upon a list to be drawn upon in the event of war. He would also have the present antiquated militia law, which practically dates back to 1792, repealed, the annual federal appropriation increased, and the state troops rearmed with the weapons of the regular army. He is particularly desirous of bringing about joint encampments of large bodies of regular and state troops for annual manoeuvres on a large scale, lasting a month if possible. In short, he is ready to meet the state authorities more than halfway in his effort to make those conditions impossible hereafter which confronted the War Department in 1898, in its dealings with the state troops. His idea has been that the relations between the regulars and volunteers, when again brought together in one force, "shall be such that it constitutes a homogeneous body, using the same arms, familiar with the same drill, answering to the same ideas of discipline, inspired by the same spirit, and capable of equal and even performance, and that the preparation of the regular army in time of peace for the event of war shall to the greatest possible intent inure to the benefit of the whole army, both regular and volunteer." From the military standpoint no exception can be taken to this ideal, particularly as it would make the regulars strongest where the volunteers are weakest. A bill embodying these views of Secretary Root has been introduced in each house of Congress, and has been warmly received by the press and the militia.

At one time during the last year there was felt to be grave danger of the War Department's committing itself to an extremely radical proposal: the creation of a third body of troops as a national federal reserve, to stand between the regular army and the state troops, and to be under the sole control of the War Department. There was also a strong

tendency in some quarters to change the character of the state troops by bringing them more under the control of the Department. Happily these fears were unfounded. A study of the question was undertaken by Assistant Secretary Sanger, and it led to a recognition of the fact that the genius and spirit of the American institutions are wholly against such a long step toward making this a military nation. For the prevention of internal disorder, it is desirable and necessary that the existing state troops should retain their historic status and be available only for internal defense, in repelling invasion and quelling civil strife, under orders either of the respective governors or of the President, until armies of volunteers can be raised.

But among the changes called for in the militia bills referred to above is a provision for the formation of a reserve of the regular army, similar to that of the English army. This represents the compromise which Secretary Root and Assistant Secretary Sanger have hit upon as a way of avoiding the creation of the new body of organized troops, to which it is believed that their thoughts first turned. Under this plan, there will be 100,000 unorganized men who have served in the regular army, the volunteers, or the National Guard, and who will be required to report once a year to some officer of the War Department during their enrollment period of five years. For this reporting they will receive ten dollars annually. While this plan presents some administrative difficulties, it has worked well in England, and has the merit of being comparatively inexpensive. Mr. Root's bill also provides for the list, already referred to, of National Guard officers, graduates of military schools, or civilians qualified to take commissions in the volunteer army at the outbreak of war. The names of men qualified to serve in the supply departments are to be especially sought. Here Mr. Root has learned another les-

son from the war with Spain. "To send volunteers into camp or field under inexperienced officers," he says, "is simply to educate the officers at the expense of the lives and efficiency of the men." Finally, the militia bill has the great merit of defining the status of the militia, which has hitherto been so unsatisfactory as to cause confusion and friction, and in at least one case has led to serious trouble between states and the federal government. What the War Department now aims at is to provide in advance, as far as possible, the machinery by which a volunteer army can be rapidly, effectively, and economically created.

There are various minor reforms to which Mr. Root has given his adherence. His plan of modifying the existing rule of promotion by seniority only, by the annual selection of a certain number of officers for advancement over the heads of others less industrious or less capable, is still on the carpet. President Roosevelt has urged this in his message, but it is difficult to think of a practical way of doing it in such a manner as to make favoritism and the use of social influence impossible. There would also be an ever present danger of inflicting great injustice upon some fine officers who, through no fault of their own, have lacked opportunities to show what is in them. Cases of this kind are no rarity to-day, but will occur at once to every officer. The ease with which military and naval matters become political ones or the subject of popular likes and dislikes, as in the cases of Rear-Admiral Schley and Lieutenant-General Miles, and even that of General Funston, presents still another danger to any system of promotion by selection.

To increase the efficiency of the army, and to end the enormous pressure now put upon the War Department for the promotion to brigadier-generals of a number of equally worthy old colonels and lieutenant-colonels, Secretary Root

has prepared a bill which is also now before Congress. It provides for the retirement of all officers who have served thirty-five years and are veterans of two wars, the Civil and Spanish, with the next higher rank to the one they hold. The retirements, which are to be voluntary on the part of the 185 officers concerned, and "with the advice and consent of the Senate," would free the upper grades of a number of faithful but now worn-out officers who are too old and too conservative to be of much use to the army. Their leaving the active list would permit the advancement to the important positions of regimental commanders of a number of alert and vigorous officers now in the prime of life, and eager to demonstrate in the war colleges or in the field their fitness for higher rank. In many cases simple justice to worthy veterans dictates the passage of the bill, as well as the interests of the army.

Indeed, it is a long list of other desirable changes for the "new army" which could be drawn up. Many officers hope that Secretary Root may soon be able to turn his attention to two matters which recent wars have shown to be of importance and which are in an exceedingly unsatisfactory state, — the individual training of the recruit and the question of proper regimental field transportation. The proposal to have the non-commissioned grades in the army made more respected and better paid positions will also appeal to him, without doubt. The final success of some of the reforms will of course depend largely upon the way they are treated by Congress and by Mr. Root's and President Roosevelt's successors, as well as upon the spirit in which they are received by the army itself. That they have the support of nine tenths of the officers to-day is certain. One captain, of wide acquaintance and of fourteen years' service, writes upon this point: "I don't imagine that Mr. Root is a man who cares very much, but all

men must care some for the approval of their fellows; and I know that the feeling for him, among a great crowd of officers who have never seen him, is one of intense and keen gratitude and of warm support and loyalty." If Mr. Root is able to instill into the new army, simultaneously with his other reforms, a fine spirit of devotion to the best interests of the service and a readiness to do one's duty without fear or favor, the chances are that it will be in every way as excellent a service as the United States is entitled to. Much will depend upon the severity of the discipline enforced at the headquarters of the army. President McKinley, in his kindness of heart, could hardly be brought to dismiss an officer for drunkenness; and the effect of this leniency is noticeable in many recent court-martial sentences, which have been utterly inadequate. Now that so many half-disciplined and, from the military point of view, half-educated officers have been commissioned, it is all the more important that every guilty officer should be dismissed without hesitation. Only in this way can the service be toned up after the demoralization of the recent campaigns and reorganization.

A prominent army official recently remarked, very frankly, that, as the service is now constituted, "the promotion boards do not examine, the survey boards do not survey, and the retiring boards do not properly retire." A number of incompetent officers have been passed, and a number of disabled officers allowed to stay on the active list, simply because their fellows had not the heart to end their careers. The case of a field officer of artillery is known to the writer. He was passed by an examining board although he was physically unable to mount a horse because of an evident and incurable trouble. In this and other matters there has been lacking a spirit of responsibility to the service and a high sense of duty. Fidelity and courage on the field

are never lacking, and cases of misappropriation of funds remarkably rare. But it has been considered no sin to shirk reading a paper at the post lyceum, or to read it in such a way as to fulfill the letter but not the spirit of the regulations. For this, of course, those in the "seats of the mighty" have largely been responsible. General Miles himself has openly violated the regulations in regard to the assignment of aides-de-camp. His terrible rebuke from his superiors for another violation of the regulations may have been too severe for the particular offense which called it forth, but it will have in many ways a beneficial effect upon the service.

How important the question of the education of the new army is a glance at the artillery will show. It has been increased about one hundred and fifty per cent since 1898, and has suffered perhaps more in the way of getting green and untrained officers than the other branches of the line. It is organized under an entirely new system, and has under its charge forts and guns valued at \$60,000,000. The technical training of the artillery officers in the handling of the torpedoes and the complicated electrical machinery and cannon which go to make up the equipment of a modern fort is important, but by no means as essential as that they should learn to perform their peace duties as well as those of the battlefield with that fidelity, devotion, and unvarying honesty in the smallest matters which they pledged by the acceptance of their commissions.

The future disposition and size of the army are things that no one can begin to foretell. At present Congress has fixed a minimum of 59,131 and a maximum of 100,000 men. On September 25, 1901, there were 84,513 men in the service, exclusive of 5000 native troops in the Philippines. By a singular but not unprecedented enactment, the right to fix the size between the two

figures set by Congress is placed in the hands of the President, — a proceeding certainly never contemplated by the founders of this government nor by those who drew up the Constitution. At the present day the condition of affairs in the Philippines dictates the size of the army, and many officers believe that the maximum allowed must be raised if 30,000 men continue to be needed in the archipelago. Since troops can be kept in the Philippines for only two or three years, they feel that there must be three shifts, giving each regiment six years at home out of every nine.

If, as a growing number of Americans hope, the United States shall soon take what seems to these citizens the right and Christian action of withdrawing from the islands where it is so bitterly hated and opposed, the army can at once be reduced to the minimum, or to even smaller dimensions. So wonderfully fortunate is the United States in its geographical situation that it seems as if it could become embroiled with other nations only by its own action, as in 1898. With many countries of Europe a land war is a physical impossibility, and there is not one which would contemplate a conflict with the United States with equanimity. In the Atlantic and Pacific oceans the United States has the best of defenses. With enlightened statesmanship and the avoidance of such unnecessary conflicts as those of 1845 and 1898, the United States should be able to return to that traditional policy which kept it free from international entanglements for fifty-three years, during which time, with the exception of the Civil War period, its navy and army were at a mini-

mum without the slightest detriment to its honor. During this period, it set a magnificent example to the entire world of an enlightened government which made the profession of arms one of the least important branches of the public service. Of all the great contributions of the United States to the upward progress of the world, there has been none finer than this.

With the troops out of the Philippines, the enormous military and naval expenditures could be greatly reduced from the \$205,000,000, exclusive of \$140,000,000 for pensions, paid out last year. The troops would be concentrated in large garrisons, ready for such riot, Indian, and police duty as so frequently fell to their lot in the period from 1865 to 1898. But whatever the fate in store for their army, and whatever its size, the people of the United States have an obvious right to get for their money an efficient, well-run, and modern military machine, such as they have not had in the past.

To this end Secretary Root and President Roosevelt's reforms are of the greatest value. It has been the Secretary's achievement to bring about and urge more reforms in his brief administration than did all his predecessors for fifty years, if not a century. As an example of what can be accomplished by an able and progressive man at the head of a great governmental department, Secretary Root's administrative successes are worthy of the attention of all students of government. They are numerous enough to make it a patent fact that his work for the "new army" has already made his administration memorable in army history.

Oswald Garrison Villard.

BYLOW HILL.¹

IN THREE PARTS. PART TWO.

V.

ARTHUR and Isabel were married in their own little church of All Angels, at the far end of the old street.

"I cal'late," said a rustic member of the vestry, "th' never was as pretty a weddin' so simple, nor as simple a weddin' so pretty!" Because he said it to Leonard Byington he ended with a manly laugh, for by the anxious glance of his spectacled daughter he knew he had slipped somewhere in his English. But when he heard Leonard and Ruth, in greeting the bride's mother, jointly repeat the sentiment as their own, he was, for a moment, nearly as happy as Mrs. Morris.

"Such a pity Godfrey had to be away!" said Mrs. Morris. It was the only pity she chose to emphasize. Godfrey was on distant seas. The north-bound mid-afternoon express bore away the bridal pair for a week's absence.

"Too short," said a friend or so whom Leonard fell in with as he came from the railway station, and Leonard admitted that Arthur was badly in need of rest.

At sunset Ruth came out of her gate and stood to welcome her brother's tardy return. Both brightly smiled; neither spoke. When he gave her a letter with a foreign stamp her face lighted gratefully, but still without words she put it under her belt. Then they joined hands, and he asked, "Where's father?"

"Inside, on the lounge," she replied. Her lips fell into their far-away smile, to which she added this time a murmur as of reverie, and Leonard said almost as musingly, "Come, take a short turn."

They moved on to the Winslow gate,

and entered the garden by a path which brought them to a point midway between the old cottage and the larger house. There it crossed under an arch transecting an arbor that extended from a side door of the one dwelling to a like one of the other; and the brother and sister had just passed this embowered spot, and were stepping down a winding descent by which the path sought the old mill pond, when behind them they observed two women pass athwart their track by way of the arbor, and Ruth smiled and murmured again. The crossing pair were Mrs. Morris and Sarah Stebbens, the Winslows' lifelong housekeeper, deeply immersed in arranging for Isabel to become lady of the larger house, while her mother, with a single young maidservant, was to remain mistress of the cottage.

The deep pond to whose edge Leonard and Ruth presently came was a narrow piece of clear water held in between Bylow Hill and the loftier cliff beyond by an old stone dam, long unused. Rude ledges of sombre rock underlay its depths, and lined and shelved its sides. Broad beeches and dark hemlocks overhung it. At every turn it mirrored back the slanting forms of the white and the yellow birch, or slept under green mantles of lily pads. It bore a haunted air even in the floweriest days of the year, when every bird of the wood thrilled it with his songs, and it gave to the entire region the gravest as well as richest note among all its harmonies. Down the whole way to it some one long gone had gardened with so wise a hand that later negligence had only made the wild loveliness of this inmost refuge more affluent and impassioned.

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At one point, where the hemlocks hung farthest and lowest over the pool, and the foot sank deep in a velvet of green mosses, a solid ledge of dark rock shelved inward from the top of the bank and down through the flood to a depth cavernous and black. Here, brought from time to time by the Byington and Winslow playmates, lay a number of mossy stones rounded by primeval floods,—some large enough for seats, some small; and here, where Ruth had last sat with Godfrey, she now came with her brother.

The habitual fewness of Leonard's words was a thing she prized beyond count. It made Mrs. Morris nervous, drained her mind's treasury, and sent her conversational powers borrowing and begging; Isabel it awed; Arthur it tantalized; to Godfrey it was an appetizing drollery; but to Ruth it was dearer and clearer than all spoken eloquence. The same trait in her, only less marked, was as satisfying to him, and from one rare utterance to another their thoughts moved like consorted ships from light to light along a home coast. A motion, a glance, a gleam, a shade, told its tale, as across leagues of silence a shred of smoke may tell one dweller in the wilderness the way or want of another. Such converse may have been a mere phase of the New Englander's passion for economy, or only the survival of a primitive spiritual commerce which most of us have lost through the easier use of speech and print; but the sister took calm delight in it, and it bound the two to each other as though it were itself a sort of goodness or greatness. "They have it of their mother," the old General sometimes said to himself.

There were moments, too, when their intercourse was still more subtle, and now they sat without exchange of glance or gesture, silent as chess players, looking up the narrow water into a sunset exquisite in the delicacy of its silvery plumes, fleeces pink and dusk, and il-

limitable distances of palest green seen through fan rays of white light shot down from one dark, unthreatening cloud.

"Leonard," at length said the sister, as if she had studied every possibility on the board before touching the chosen piece, "could n't you go away for a time?"

And with deliberate readiness the other gentle voice replied, "I don't think I'd better."

While they spoke their gaze rested on the changing beauties of pool and sky, and after the brief inquiry and response it still remained, though the inner glow of their mutual love and worship deepened and warmed as did the colors of the heavens and of the glassing waters. The brother knew full well Ruth's poignant sense of his distresses; and to her his mute tongue and unbent head were a sister's conviction that he would endure them in a manner wholly faithful to every one of the loved hands that had lain under his the evening Godfrey had said good-by.

Indeed, it was clear that to go away—unless he honestly felt too weak to remain—would be unfair to almost every person, every interest, concerned; and such a step was but second choice in Ruth's mind, conditioned solely on any unreadiness he might have uprightly to bear the burden brought upon him by—well, after all, by his own too confident miscalculations in the game of hearts. To him, such flight signified the indeterminate continuance of his sister's maiden singleness, and a like prolongation of her lover's galling suspense. To Ruth, it stood not only for the loss of her brother, but for the narrowing of their father's already narrowed life,—a narrowing which might come to mean a shortening as well; and it meant also the leaving of Isabel and Arthur to their mistake and to their unskillfulness slowly and patiently to work out its cure. To go away were, for him, to consent to be the one broken string on a noble but

difficult instrument. These thoughts, and many more like them, passed to and fro, out through the abstracted eyes of the one, across to the fading clouds, and back through the abstracted eyes and into the responding heart of the other.

At length the sister rose. "I must go to father," she said.

The brother stood up. Their eyes exchanged a gentle gaze and tenderly contracted. "I will come presently," he replied, and was turning toward the water, when he paused, threw a hand toward the steep wood across the pool, and silently bade her listen. The note he had remotely heard was rare on Bylow Hill since the town had come in below, and one of the errands which oftenest brought the hill's dwellers to this nook in solitary pairs was to hearken for that voice of unearthly rapture, — a rapture above all melancholy and beyond all mirth, — the call of the hermit thrush.

Now the waiting seemed in vain. The brother's hand sank; the sister turned, and soon he saw her pass from view among the boughs as she wound up the rambling path toward the three homes. At the top she halted, still longing to hear at his side that marvelous wood-note, and was just starting on once more, when from the same quarter as before it came again, with new and fervent clearness. With noiseless foot she sprang back down the bendings of the path, having no other thought but to find her brother standing as she had left him, a rapt hearer of the heavenly strain. She reached the spot, but found no hearkening or standing form. The young man's stalwart frame lay prone on the green bank, where he had thrown himself the moment she had left his sight, and his face was buried in the deep moss.

The stir of her swift coming reached his ear barely in time for him, as she choked down a cry that had all but escaped her, to turn upon his back, meet her glance, and drive the agony from

his face with a languorous smile. The melting song pervaded the air, but neither of them lifted a noting finger. Leonard rose to his feet. Ruth gave him a hand, and then its fellow, and as he pressed them together she said, "I wish you *would* go away for a time."

He dropped one of her hands, and keeping the other, started slowly homeward; and it was not until they had climbed half the ascent that, with his most remote yet boyish smile, he replied, "I don't think I'd better."

VI.

August, September, October, November, — so passed the year in gorgeous recession over Bylow Hill. Among their dismantled trees the three homes stood unveiled to the town on the meadows, and to travelers who looked from train windows while crossing the river bridge. To those who inquired whose they were there was always some one more than ready to give names and details, and to tell how perfect a bond ever had been — how beautiful a fellowship was yet, now — up there.

Sevenfold they called it, although one of the seven was away, namely, Lieutenant Godfrey Winslow, of the navy, famed for his splendid behavior in the late so-and-so affair. That stately house at the right, they said, was his home what brief times the sea was not. There lived, it would be added, his younger brother, so rapidly coming into note, — the eccentric but gifted rector of All Angels; whose great success in the heart of a Congregational community was due hardly more to his high talents than to the combined winsomeness and practical sympathies of his beautiful bride, or to the resourceful wisdom and zeal of his churchwarden, Leonard Byington.

"Any relation to Byington your new political leader in these parts?"

"Same man," the answer would be;

and there the narrator was sure to fall into a glowing tribute to the ideal companionship existing between the rector, his bride, the young district attorney, and Ruth Byington. What made this intimacy the more interesting was, in the eyes of a growing number of observers, that, as they said, "Arthur Winslow was not always an affable man, and was much more rarely a happy one."

Behind and above this popular verdict was that of the old street behind and above the town, — a sort of revised version, a higher criticism. If the young rector, this old street explained, oftener looked anxious than complacent, so in their time, most likely, did St. Paul and St. Peter. If he was not always affable, why, neither are volcanoes; the man was all molten metal within. Anyhow, he filled his church to the doors. Coaching parties of the vastly rich made the town their Sunday stopping place purely to hear him; not so much because the boldness of his speculations kept his bishop frightened as because he always fused those speculations on, white-hot, to the daily issues of private and public life, in a way to make pampered ladies hold their breath, and men of the world their brows. Such a man, to whom the least sin seemed black and bottomless, yet who appeared to know by experience the soul's every throe in the foulest crimes, was not going to show his joys on the surface in quips and smiles. "You should have heard," said the old street, "his sermon to husbands and wives! His own bride turned pale. He turned pale himself."

It was wonder enough that even the bride could be happy, at such an altitude, so to speak; immersing herself utterly, as she did, in the interests that devoured him. All Angels forgot his gloom in the radiance of her charms, — the sweet genuineness of her formal pieties, the tender glow and universality of her sympathies, the witchery of her ever ready, never too ready playfulness.

It was captivating to see how instantly and entirely she had fitted herself into a partnership so exacting; though it was pitiful to note, on second glance, how the tint and contour of her cheek were losing their perfection, and her eyes were showing those rapid alternations of languor and vivacity which storytellers call a "hunted look." Yet, oh yes, she was happy; the pair were happy. It was as a pair that they were happiest. Else, said the old street, they could not keep up the old Winslow-Byington alliance so beautifully.

To the truth of this general outline the three homes' domestics, dominated by Sarah Stebbens, certified with cordial and loyal brevity. Yet when Ruth wrote Godfrey how well things were going, there lurked between her bright lines one or two irrepressible meanings that locked his jaws till they creaked. In fact, both his brother and hers were ailing. Both carried a jaded, almost a broken look, and Arthur was taking things to make him eat and sleep; while Leonard had daily accepted more and more of the young rector's complicating cares, until he had really become the parish's chief burden-bearer.

"No," he said to his father, "Arthur carries his whole work manfully on his own shoulders."

"But, my son," replied the old General, "don't you see you're carrying Arthur?"

"No, I shan't do that," dryly responded the son; but Ruth saw a change on his brow as on that of a guide who fears he has missed the path.

The four young friends spent many delightful evenings together in the Winslow house, with Mrs. Morris and the General on one side at cribbage. Ruth had frequent happy laughs, observing Isabel's gift for making Leonard talk. It gave her a new joy in both of them to have the lovely hostess draw him out, out, out, on every matter in the wide arena to which he so vitally belonged; eliciting a flow of speech so

animated that only afterward did one notice how dumb as any tree on Bylow Hill he had been in regard to himself.

"They are bow and violin," said Arthur to Ruth, with his dark, unsmiling face so free from resentment that she gratefully wondered at him, and was presently ashamed to find herself asking her own mind if he was growing too subtle for her.

On these occasions Isabel was wont to court Ruth's counsel concerning her wifely part in Arthur's work, thus often getting Leonard's as well. Sometimes she impeached his masculine view of things, in her old skirmishing way. Then she would turn rose-color once more and mirthfully sigh, while Ruth laughed and wished for Godfrey, and Mrs. Morris breathed soft ho-ho's from the cribbage board. So came the Thanksgiving season, with black ice on the mill pond, where the four skated hand in hand. Then the piling snows stopped the skating with a white Christmas, the old year sank to rest, the new rose up, and Bylow Hill, under its bare elms and with the pine-crested ridge at its back, sat in the cold sunshine like a white sea bird with its head in its down. And when the nights were frigid and clear, its ruddy lights of lamp and hearth seemed to answer the downward gaze of the stars in silent gratitude for conditions of happiness strangely perfect for this imperfect world, and the town marveled at the young rector's grasp of his subject when his text was, "The heart knoweth his own bitterness." But on a day in early spring, when every one was in the thick of all the year's tasks and cares, there came to Leonard this letter:—

LEONARD BYINGTON, ESQUIRE:

SIR, — I find myself compelled to ask that you consider your acquaintanceship with my wife at an end. Doubtless this request will give you more relief than surprise. The visible waste of your frame and the loss of her exqui-

site bloom are proof enough that both you and she have long been in daily dread of a far worse visitation. It is not worse, because I know how sentimental your impotent and conscience-plagued interchanges of affection have been. I shall permit and assist you to keep this matter a secret. To let it be known would instantly wreck your own career, and would blast at a breath the fortunes of our church and of every one of both our kindreds. I will therefore not at this time require you to resign your church office, or to break off those business intimacies with me which, though no longer founded in personal esteem, are vital to interests that common decency must move you to shield from new peril.

I ask for no repair of the inextinguishable wrong you have done me. I only ask you not to fancy that I am to be beguiled by arguments or denials or moved by threats, or that one word I here write is founded on conjecture or inference. Groveling at my feet, in sobs of shame and with prayers for pardon, Isabel has told me all. Has told me all, Leonard Byington, my once trusted friend. Now, though prostrated on her bed, she rejoices in the double forgiveness of her husband and her priest, blessing him for deliverance from the misleadings of one who—great God! must I write it?—might at last have dragged her into crime. It is her request, as it is my command, that you darken our threshold no more, and that as far as practicable you keep yourself from her sight.

Faithfully,

ARTHUR WINSLOW.

With his swivel chair overturned behind him, the young lawyer stood at the desk of his inner office, read this letter through at headlong speed, turned it again, and re-read it, slowly, searchingly, from his own name to its writer's. Then, readjusting his chair, he stepped to a door, asked a clerk in the outer

office to order his cutter, turned back, and was closing his desk, when his partner came to him.

"Byington, are you ill?" asked the fatherly man.

"No; I'm only going out on some business. I'll be back about" — He looked at his watch.

"Byington, don't go. You're ill. You don't realize how ill you are. If you go at all, go home, and let me send some one with you. Why, your hand is as cold" —

"I'm all right," said the young man, freeing his hand and smiling with white lips. He took his hat and passed out.

Meanwhile Isabel lay on her bed, too overwhelmed to rise. In his room adjoining, with doors locked, Arthur paced the floor. He had spent the first half of the night in an agonizing interview with his wife, and the second half in writing and rewriting the letter to Leonard. Now Isabel noticed the cessation of his steps. In the door between them the key turned; then the door opened, and he stood, haggard and disheveled, gazing on her. She sat up in the bed, wan, tear-spent, her glorious hair falling over the embroideries of her nightdress.

"Arthur, dear, I am sorry for every angry word I have spoken. But the things I have denied I must deny forever. If you should wait till doomsday, I could confess no more. I have never harbored one throb of unworthy or unsafe regard toward any man in this wide world. For me to say differently would be to lie in God's own face. I have had great happiness of Leonard's companionship, and I have been proud to be myself a proof that a man and a woman can be close, dear, daily friends without being lovers or kin, and earth be only more like heaven for it, to them and all theirs. If Leonard has confessed one word more than that for me, — or even for himself, Arthur, dearest, — he has lost his reason. It's a frightful explanation, but I find no other.

Leonard Byington is not wicked, and if he were he would n't be so in a dastard's way. Never since the day I first plighted my faith to you, dear heart, has he given me one sign of a lover's love. Oh, Arthur, I do love my husband! This night has proved it to me as I never knew it before; and if you will only believe me and go back to Leonard, I believe he can tear the mask off of this horrible mystery."

Arthur turned, and once more locked the door. His wife flamed red and hearkened, and the light footfall which had tortured her for hours began again. Suddenly she left the bed and hurried to dress. At the mirror, with her hair lifted on her hands, she paused and again hearkened. Sleigh bells stopped at the front door. Now some one was let in down there, and now, at her husband's room, Giles, his English man of all work, announced Mr. Byington. "Yes, sir, but 'e says if you can't come down 'e will 'ave to come up, sir."

VII.

As Arthur entered the library Leonard came from its farther end, and they halted on opposite sides of a large table. Arthur was flushed and looked fearfully spent. Leonard was pale.

"I have your letter, Arthur."

The rector bowed.

He gave a start, but tried to conceal a gleam of triumph. Leonard ignored it and spoke on: "A gentleman, Arthur, — I mean any one trying to be a whole gentleman, — is a very helpless creature, nowadays, in matters of this sort." He looked formidable, and as he lightly grasped a chair at his side it seemed about to become a weapon. "The old thing once called satisfaction," he continued, "is something one can no longer either ask or offer, in any form. He can neither rail, nor strike, nor spellbind, nor challenge, nor lampoon, nor prosecute."

"Nearly as helpless as a clergyman," said Arthur.

"Almost," replied the visitor. "No, there is no more satisfaction in any of those things, for him, than if he were all a clergyman is supposed to be. There is none even in saying this, to you, here, now, and I'm not here to say it. Neither am I here to vindicate myself — no, nor yet Isabel — with professions or arguments to you. I might as well argue with a forest fire."

"Quite as well. What are you here for?"

"Be patient and I'll tell you. I'm trying to be so with you."

"You — trying" —

"Stop that nonsense, Arthur. Ah me, Arthur Winslow, I have no wish to humiliate you. Through the loyalty of your wife's pure heart, whatever humiliates you must humiliate her. Oh, I could wish her in her shroud and coffin rather than have her suffer the humiliation you have prepared for yourself, and for her through you."

Arthur showed a thrill of alarm. "Do you propose to go down to public shame, and drag us all with you?"

"No, nor to let you, if I can prevent you. Arthur, you have allowed a base jealousy gradually to persuade you, in the face of every contrary evidence, that your fair young wife has lost her loyalty, and your nearest friend the commonest honesty, in a clandestine love. Under the goadings of that passion you foully guessed, you heartlessly accused, you brazenly lied. Isabel has confessed nothing to you, and I know by your lies to me how pusillanimously you must have been lying to her. Had your guess been right, I should not have known you were only guessing, and your successful iniquity would have remained hidden from everybody but yourself — I still do you the honor to believe you would have realized it. Now the vital question is, do you realize it, and will you undo it?"

Arthur was deadly pale; his point-

ing finger trembled. "Leave" — he choked — "leave this house."

Leonard turned scarlet, but his tone sank low. "Arthur, I don't believe your soul is rotten. If I did, I should not be such a knave or such a fool as to make any treaty with you that would leave you in your pulpit one Sabbath Day."

"What do you — what do you mean by that?"

"I mean that such a treaty would be foul faith to everybody."

"So, then, you do propose one common shipwreck for us all?"

"Quite the contrary. To trust the fortunes of our loved ones to any treaty with a rotten soul would indeed be to launch them upon a stormy sea in a rotten boat. But I do not believe your soul is so. I believe it is sound, — still sound, though on fire; and so, to help you quench its burning, I give you my pledge to be from this day a stranger to your sweet wife. And now will you do something for me, to prove that your soul is sound and is going to stay sound? It shall be the least I can ask in good faith to the world we live in."

"What is it?" asked Arthur, with no capitulation in face or voice.

"I want you to make to her a full retraction and explanation of every falsehood you have uttered to her or to me in this matter." Leonard was pale again; Arthur burned red a moment, and then turned paler than Leonard.

"You fiend!" gasped the husband. "I am to exalt you, and abase myself, to her?"

"No. No, Arthur. Women are strange; every chance is that in her eyes I shall be abased." The speaker went whiter than ever. "But be that as it may, you shall have lifted your soul out of the mire. You must do it, Arthur; don't you see you must?"

Arthur sank into the chair at his side. He seemed to have guessed what Leonard was keeping unsaid. A cold moisture stood on his brow. Yet —

"I will die before I will do it," he said.

Leonard drew forth the letter, and then his watch. "Arthur Winslow, I give you five minutes. If you don't make me that promise in that time, I shall show this letter to your bishop."

The rector sat clenching his fingers and spreading them again, and staring at the table. A bead of sweat, then a second, and then a third started down his forehead. Presently he clutched the board, drew himself to his feet, and turned to leave the chair, but fell across its arms, slid heavily from them, and with one rude thump, and then another, lay unconscious on the floor.

Leonard sprang round the table, but when he would have lifted the fallen head it was in the arms of Isabel, and her dilated eyes were on him in a look of passionate aversion. "Ring!" she cried. "Ring for Sarah, and go! No! stop! don't ring! he's coming to! Only go! go quickly and forever! Say not a word, — oh, not a word! I heard it all! Despise me too, for I listened at the door! Oh, my husband! Arthur, — look at me, Arthur. Look, Arthur: it's your Isabel. Oh, Arthur, my husband, my husband!"

Martin Kelly, pious Irishman and outdoor factotum of the Byington place, paused from the last snow-shoveling of the season to reply to a wandering salesman of fruit trees: "Mr. Airthur Winslow or Mr. Linnard Boyington, — naw, sor! ye can see nayther the wan nor th'other, whatsomiver! How can ye see thim, moy graciouz! whin 't is two weeks since the two o' thim was tuck the same noight wid the pneumonias, boy gorra! and the both of thim has thim on the loongs!"

The nursery agent asked how it had happened so.

"Hawh! ask yer grandmother! All ye can say is they was roipe to catch the maladee, whatsomiver! Ye cannot always tell how 't is catched, and whin

ye cannot tell, moy graciouz! ye have got the wurrst koind!"

The two sick men recovered very nearly at the same time. One day, when Leonard had read all his accumulated mail and had seen three or four men officially in his bedchamber, he told Ruth that a certain criminal case which had been waiting for his recovery would take him to the county seat, and would keep him there many days, probably weeks, except for brief visits to his office and yet briefer moments at home. Ruth gave him a look of tender approval, laid a hand in his, and bent into the evening fire her far-off smile. Thus, and only thus, he knew she had divined what had befallen.

A day or two afterward Mrs. Morris brought him a note from Arthur. He wrote an answer while she stayed, and while Ruth listened elatedly to her sprightly account of how well Isabel still bore the burden of nursing a most loving but most nervous husband. The missive from Arthur was a short but complete and propitiative acknowledgment of his error and frailty. It offered no change in the agreement as to Isabel, but it professed a high yet humble resolve to fall no more, and it ended with a manly offer to resign his pulpit, and even to lay aside his sacred calling, if Leonard retained any belief in the moral necessity of his so doing. Leonard's reply was a very brief exhortation to his friend to put away all thought of resigning, and to take up his work again with the zeal with which he had first entered upon it.

Mrs. Morris went away refreshed, and left the Byingtons equally so. Her buoyancy had been as prettily restrained, her sympathies as sweet, her dimple as unconscious, her belief in everybody's wit and wisdom except her own as genuine, and her timid dissimulations as kindly meant and as transparent as ever. Yet there was an unspoken compassion for her when she was gone; for in the parting words with

which she playfully vaunted her ignorance of the correspondence she was bearing, it was clear, even to the General, that behind that small ignorance she had a larger knowledge, — a fact that made her dainty cheerfulness seem very brave.

VIII.

The freshets swept down the valleys, the myriad yellow twigs of the brook-side willows turned green, a cheery piping rose from the ponds, the last gleam of snow passed from the farthest hills, the bluebird sang, the harrow followed the plough, Ruth's crocuses shone above the greening sod, and down by the old mill pool and on the steep hillside beyond it she and Isabel gathered arbutus, anemones, and the yellow violet. Then through the thickening greenery the dogwood shone like belated drifts, the flashing warblers passed into the north, the bobolink had arrived, the robin was already overeating, the whole chorus of birds that had come to nest and stay broke forth, and it was summer.

Leonard was back in his own town, enriched with new esteem from the public and from the men of his profession. The noted case was won, a victory for the peace and dignity of the state, due wholly, it was said, to the energy and sagacity of the young district attorney. A murder had been so cunningly done that suspicion could fasten nowhere until Byington laid his finger upon a man of so unspotted a name that no one else had had the mental courage to point to him. Through a long and masterly untangling of contradictions the state's counsel had so unanswerably proved him guilty that he had confessed without waiting for the jury's verdict.

"Yes," said many, "it was a great stroke, Leonard's management of that thing." And not a few added that it had made him an older man, — "that or something." Those who were of his politics, and even some who were not,

stopped him in Main Street and State Street to "shake," and to say, without too much care for logical sequence, how soon, in their opinion, he would be the commonwealth's "favorite son."

"My dear Mrs. Morris," said the General, "every town has at least one." But even Mrs. Morris could see the father's faith through the old soldier's satire.

On the other hand, things were going ill with the little church of All Angels. Arthur kept his people as tensely strung as ever, but he no longer drew from them the chords of aspiration and enterprise. It was a sad disenchantment, and none the less so because no one seemed to know what the matter was. One darkly guessed he was writing a book, and the vestryman who had praised the lovely simplicity of the wedding lucidly explained that the young rector had "lost his grip."

At times there were flashes of recovery. One Sabbath the whole congregation came out under his benediction uplifted by his word that "loving is living." "The more we love," they quoted him on their various ways home, "the more we live. The deeper we love, the deeper we live. The more selfishly or unselfishly, the higher, the broader, the purer, the wiser, we love, the more selfishly or unselfishly, the higher, the broader, the purer, the wiser, we live!" The rector's gentle wife was visibly and ever so prettily rejoiced. True, but hardly the whole truth. In her mother's cottage her smiles were almost sad, and when she had crossed the garden and got into her own room she dropped upon her bed and wept. Yet she quickly ceased, and put on again a brave serenity, for a very tender reason which forbade such risks.

A bunch of the church's best men got together and agreed that all Arthur needed was rest; that this bright moment was the right one in which to offer him a vacation; that his physician should flatly order him to take it; and that

Byington should arrange the matter. Leonard accepted the task, the physician spoke with startling flatness, and the whole kind plot worked well. Arthur consented to go away up into the hills, beyond all the jar of the busy world's unrest. Isabel was to go with him, and they were to sojourn at some point where she would still be within prompt reach of medical skill, yet from which he could make long jaunts into the absolute wilds.

Mrs. Morris was far from well when they left, and the day afterward she was seriously ill. That night Ruth sat up with her, and the next day she was worse, yet begged that no telegram be sent to her daughter. At the close of the day there came a letter from Isabel. It said that Arthur, "already a new man," would start the next morning at dawn for a three days' trip into the wilderness. He went; and he had not been three hours gone when Isabel received a dispatch calling her to her mother. The only day train would leave in a few minutes, and she had the fortune to catch it. Ruth met her at the station with the blessed word "better." They went up from the town in Ruth's carriage, Martin Kelly driving, who let it be known that though the doctor's name, "moy graciouz!" were signed to the telegram seven times over, the actual painstaker and sender was "Linnard Boyington, whatsomiver."

Still Ruth called it the doctor's telegram, and said it made no difference who sent it; but she saw Isabel was disturbed. "Well, Martin, doctor will have to wait on himself to-morrow; Leonard will be out of town."

That evening, alone with her brother, she said, "But I thought you were to be out of town to-morrow."

"No," he replied, "I don't think I'd better."

Another day passed, another came, and Mrs. Morris was still in danger. Isabel wrote Arthur that she would be with him the moment the peril was over, if he needed her; but if he did

not, she would stay on for her mother's fuller recovery. Her letter had barely gone when she received a penciled line brought in to the mountain hotel by a chance messenger and sent on to her, saying he would be out on his tramp five days instead of three. On the fifth day she telegraphed that her mother was getting well so fast that she would come, now, at his word. The next morning she betrayed to Ruth a glad sense of relief as she showed her a dispatch from Arthur, which read: "Going on another trip to-morrow. Stay till I write."

Ruth repeated it to her father and brother at their noonday meal. Leonard made no comment, but the General asked pleasantly, "Is she certain he won't come in on this evening's express?" He was discerning more than any one wanted him to. However, at dusk came the train, took water at the tank, stopped at the station, and passed on, and Arthur did not appear.

"Well, I'll go to bed," blithely spoke the General. "I'm not so old as I have been, but I'm tired after writing that letter this afternoon — to Godfrey. Good-night." So he gave fair notice that he had moved in this matter, himself.

"I did n't know father had received a letter from Godfrey," said Ruth, shading her face from the lamp, and lifting to Leonard a smile which implied that it would have been but fair for him to have told her.

"It came the day before Arthur went away," said Leonard, and Ruth reluctantly chose a new topic.

They rarely had an evening together thus, and with a soft rain falling at the open windows they sat and talked on many themes in what was to them a very talkative way. When something brought up the subject of the late noted trial, Ruth asked her brother how he had first come to suspect so unsuspected a man.

His reply was tardy. "Partly," he said, and mused while he spoke, "because I am so unsuspected a man my-

self." He looked up with a smile, half play, half pain. "I know what an unsuspected man is capable of — under pressure."

The questioner looked on him with fond faith, and then, dropping her eyes to her needlework, said, "That was n't all that prompted you, was it?"

"No," replied the brother, again musing. "I had noticed the singular value of wanton guesswork."

"I thought so," said the sister. Her needle flagged and stopped, and each knew the other's mind was on the implacable divinations of one morbid soul.

Leonard leaned and fingered the needlework, — a worsted slipper, too small for most men, too large for most women. "Is that for him?"

"Yes," apologized Ruth; "it's the thing every clergyman has to incur. But I'm only doing it to help Isabel out; she has the other."

The evening went quickly. When Leonard had let down the window sashes and lowered the shades, Ruth, standing by the lamp as if to shade its light, said, "I'll not go for a moment or two yet." She sent him an ardent smile across the room and turned to a desk.

IX.

Ruth wrote to her lover. Her father's keeping secret his receipt of Godfrey's letter until he had mailed its answer could mean only that the answer was for him to come home. His talk of being tired by the writing of it was a purely expletive irony, for he had written with the brevity of an old soldier to a young sailor; but he had written that trouble was impending, that its source was Arthur, and that the last hope of removing it lay with him, Godfrey. A line from her, pursuing after this message, would be one steamer behind it all the way, but it would reach the far wanderer before any leave would permit him to start homeward.

So, now, what should she write? If her father had discerned so much more than he had let any one know he had discerned, how about others? How about the kind whose chief joy is ruthless guesswork? *That* need of haste was one she had overlooked. Wise father! And yet — haste itself is such a hazardous thing! Ah, if Arthur had come in on that evening express, what to write were an easier question. The minutes sped by; her pen overhung the paper with the opening sentence unfinished, and every moment the thought she kept putting away came back: "Leonard! Leonard! Godfrey's summons should go to him from Leonard; and it should flash under the seas, not crawl across them!" Hark! She rose and glided to the door through which her brother had gone. There she was startled by the sight of him speeding cautiously down the stair.

On entering his unlighted room Leonard had moved across it to a front window, where, veiled by the chamber's dusk, he stood looking out into a night dimly illumined by the overclouded moon. The Winslow house widened palely among its surrounding trees. The servants' rooms were remote as well as on the farther side, and on the nearer no lamplight shone. A short way down the street a glow came from the Morris cottage. Evidently Isabel was with her mother.

He stood and mused, unconsciously lulled by the cool drip of myriad leaves, and with his mind poised midway between emotion and thought. To yield to emotion would have been to chafe against the bands that knitted his life and hers to every life about them. To yield to thought would have been to think of her as no more to be drawn from these surrounding ties than some animate rainbow-fringed flower of the sea can be torn from its shell without laceration and death. To give thought word would have been to cry, "Oh, trust of womankind, where would this

unsuspected man, the Leonard Byington, be, if you were other than you are?" Yet the suspense between avoided feeling and avoided thought held him where he stood. So standing, it drifted idly into his mind that yonder arbor must be very wet to-night, and the cinder sidewalk out here much drier. As the thought moved him to draw one step back, the glow from the cottage broadened. Its front door had opened, and Mrs. Morris's young maid came out with a lantern, followed by Isabel saying last fond words to her mother as the convalescent closed the door. "Good-night!" she called back.

In one great wave the young man's passion rolled over its bounds and brought him to his knees with arms outstretched. "Oh, Isabel!" he murmured. "Oh, my God! Oh, Isabel! Isabel! if I had but lost you fairly!"

The two slight figures came daintily along the wet path in single file: the maid throwing the lantern's beams hither and yon as she looked back to answer Isabel's kindly questions; Isabel one moment half lost in the gloom of the trees, and then so lighted up again from foot to brow that it was easy to see the very lines of her winsome mouth, ripe for compassion or fortitude, yet wishful as a little child's.

Her secret observer moaned as he stood erect. The fury of his soul seemed to enhance his stature. He did not speak again, but, "Oh, Isabel! harder to strive against than all the world beside!" was the unuttered cry that wrote itself upon his tortured brow, "if your unfair winner would only hold you by fair means! Yet I too was to blame! I too was to blame, and you alone were not!"

Opposite his window she ceased her light talk with the maid, halted, bent, and scanned something just off the firm path, in the clean, wet sand. The maid turned and flooded her with the light of the lantern just as she impulsively lifted an alarmed glance to Leonard's

window, and as quickly averted it. "Go on," she said. "I can walk faster if you can."

The girl quickened her steps, but had not taken a dozen when Isabel stopped again. "Wait, Minnie. Now you can run back, thank you." She reached for the lantern.

"I—I thought I was to go all the way, and—and bring the lantern back."

"No, I'll keep the lantern; but I'll stay here and throw the light after you till you get in. Run along."

Minnie tripped away. As she came where they had first halted, a purposely belated good-night softly overtook her; and when she looked back, Isabel, as if by inadvertency, sent the lantern's beam into her eyes. So too much light sent the maid by the spot unlightened. Leonard drew aside, lest the beam swing next into his window. But the precaution was wasted; it followed Minnie. Isabel also followed, slowly, a few paces, and then moved obliquely into the roadway and toward the window. Only for a moment the ray swept near, and, lighting up the rain-packed sand close before her, revealed a line of footprints slanting toward her from Leonard's own gate. As the cottage door shut Minnie in, Isabel, reassured by the brightness of the Byingtons' lower windows, stopped for a furtive instant, and holding in her hand the fellow of the slipper so lately in Ruth's, exactly fitted it to one of these tracks. Then, with the lantern on her farther side, she made haste toward the open gateway of the Winslow house. A short space from it she recoiled with a gesture of dismay and self-repression, and her light shone full upon a man. He stepped from the garden, his form tensely lifted, his face aflame with anger. But her small figure straightened, also, and swiftly muffling the lantern in a fold of her skirt, she exclaimed, audibly only to him, though in words clear-cut as musical notes, "Oh, Arthur Winslow, has it come to this?"

She arrested his resentful answer by the uplift of a hand, which left the lantern again uncovered. "Inside! In the house!" she softly cried, starting on. "Not here! Look! those windows! — we're in full view of them!"

Quickly she remuffled the lantern, but not in time to hide his motion as he threw out an arm and pushed her rudely back, while he exclaimed, "In full view of them, answer me one question!"

It was then that Leonard went hurriedly downstairs.

"I will answer you nothing!" murmured the wife, still facing him as she moved round into the garden driveway. "Arthur Winslow, it is you who are on trial, not I!"

"I on trial! God, listen to that!" He sprang after her, gripped her shoulders, and hung over her, snarling, "You two-faced runaway, what have I done but suffer?"

She kept the lantern hid. "What have you done? Oh, my husband, will you hear if I tell you? You have hung the fates of all of us, living or yet to live, on one thread, — please, dear, don't bear so heavily on me, — on one poor thread, which the jar of another misstep will surely break. Oh, let us not make it! Come, Arthur, — my husband, — into the house; maybe we can yet save ourselves and our dear ones. Arthur, you're hurting me dreadfully. If you press me down that way, you'll force me to my knees."

Still she spoke in undertone and still she muffled the light, while steadily the weight of his arms increased. Suddenly he crowded her to the earth. "Arthur," she murmured, "Arthur, what are you going to do? Don't kill me here and now, Arthur; wait till tomorrow. I have that to pass through to-night which may end my life peaceably in bed; and if it should, then there will be no infamy on any of us, — on you or our child, living, or on me, dead; and Godfrey, and Ruth, and mother, and all can be" —

"Give me that lantern!" He held her with one hand, snatched the light from cover and thrust it into her face. "So this is what you signal him with, is it?"

"Oh no, no! Arthur, dear, no! Before God's throne, no!"

He lifted it as high as his arm would go, and with all his force swung it down, crashing and quenched, upon her head.

She gave a gentle sigh and rolled at his feet. Groaning with horror and fright, he lifted her in his arms and bore her to her room and bed. There she presently opened her eyes to find him laving her face and head, moaning, covering them with kisses, and imploring her forgiveness in a thousand hysterical repetitions.

"Hush, dear," she whispered. "I see how it all happened. Does anybody know? Oh, God be thanked! Don't let any one find out! It was all a misunderstanding. So many things crowded together to mislead you."

"Oh yes, so many, many things at once, my treasure! Oh yes, yes!"

"Call Sarah, will you, dear?"

"Oh, beloved, why should I? You don't need Sarah for anything."

"Yes, I need her. I must send her for mother — and Ruth — I promised Ruth; and you must send Giles for the doctor. My hour is come."

In the Byington house Ruth and her brother met at the foot of the stairs. "Leonard," she whispered, "what is it? Is father ill? Leonard! Oh, what have you seen?"

"Let me pass! quick!" He would have pressed her aside, but she laid hands on him.

"What has Arthur done?" she asked. "What is he doing?"

"Ruth! Ruth! he is putting her out of his own gate!" The brother put forth both hands to turn the sister from his path, but she twined her arms on his.

"Leonard! Leonard! for the love of Heaven, let him do it! She has only to go to her mother; let her go! It's the last hope. But she'd better be dead, and she'd a hundred times rather be dead, than that Leonard Byington should be her rescuer! Come in here a minute." Slipping both hands into his she drew him into the lighted room, adding as they went, "In a few minutes I can make some errand to her and find how matters stand" —

They stumbled over a disordered rug. She fell into a chair; he sank to his knees, and with his face in her hands he moaned: "Oh, Ruth! Oh, Ruth! It's my fault, after all! I should have gone away at the beginning!"

Ruth and Arthur met in the Winslow garden drive. "I was just coming for you," he said excitedly. . . . "Yes, her mother is with her, and" — a sound of wheels — "here's Giles, now, off for the doctor." The servant passed. "Yes, I came by the sunset express. I could n't stay, with this impending. . . . No, of course you did n't see me, for I did n't go to the station, and so I did n't pass anywhere near your house. I got off at the tank and came up the hill path. . . . Oh no! I got in before the rain began. Let myself in without seeing any one, and found Isabel was over at her mother's. So I waited here. . . . No, I have n't been off the place since I came, but I stepped out so many times into the garden to see if she was coming that I'm soaking wet."

They entered the lighted house, and he turned upon her a glance heavy and wavering with falsehood. His tongue ran like a terrified horse: "Oh — eh — before you go upstairs — Ruth — there's one thing I'm distressed about. I've told Mrs. Morris, and she's promised to see that the doctor understands it perfectly, — though I shall explain

it to him myself the moment he comes. And still I wish you'd see that he understands, will you?"

"What is it?"

"Why, at last, as I was waiting for Isabel, and saw her coming, I went to meet her. Unfortunately she took me for a stranger, turned to run, and tripped and fell headlong! She somehow got her lantern between the base of a tree and the crown of her head, smashed the lantern, and cut and bruised her head pitifully!"

To hide her start of distress Ruth moved up the stair; but after a step or two she turned. "Arthur, why say anything about it, if nothing is asked?"

The husband stared at her and turned deadly pale. "Th — that's tr — true!" he said, with an eager gesture. "I'll not mention it. And — Ruth!" — she was leaving him — "you might say the same to Mrs. Morris!"

She nodded, but would not trust her eyes to meet his. He was right: she had divined his deed. He went loiteringly into the library, and gently closed the door. Then he turned the light low, paced once up and down the room, and all at once slammed himself full length upon a lounge, and lay face up, face down, by turns, writhing and tearing his hair. Soon again he was pacing the floor, and presently was prone once more, and then once more up. Giles, the man, brought the doctor, and Arthur heard him discoursing as the vehicle drew up.

"Yes, sir, quite so; quite so, sir. And yet I believe, sir, if h-all money and lands was 'eld in common, the 'ole 'uman ryce would be as 'appy as the gentlemen and lydies on Bylow 'Ill!"

The young husband met the physician cheerily, sent him up, and went back to his solitude. An hour passed, and then Sarah Stebbens knocked and leaned in. "Mr. Arthur? Oh! I did n't see you. All's well, and it's a daughter."

G. W. Cable.

(To be continued.)

ALLEGRA.

"A lovelier toy sweet Nature never made;
 A serious, subtle, wild, yet gentle being;
 Graceful without design, and unforeseeing;
 With eyes — Oh! speak not of her eyes!
 which seem
 Twin mirrors of Italian heaven."

IN these Wordsworthian lines Shelley describes Lord Byron's little daughter Allegra, then under two years of age; and the word "toy" — so keenly suggestive of both the poetic and the masculine point of view — has in this case an unconscious and bitter significance. Allegra was a toy at which rude hands plucked violently, until death lifted her from their clutches, and hid her away in the safety and dignity of the tomb. "She is more fortunate than we are," said her father, with a noble and rare lapse into simplicity, and the words were the truest spoken. Never did a little child make a happier escape from the troublesome burden of life.

In the winter of 1816 a handsome, vivacious, dark-eyed girl called on Lord Byron in London, and begged him to use his influence in obtaining for her an engagement at Drury Lane. She was precisely the type of young woman who seeks a career on the stage, or in any other field, without regard to qualification and without the burden of study. She gave her name as Claire Clairmont, — which was prettier than the unromantic "Jane" by which she had been known from infancy, — and she added that her stepfather was William Godwin, whose daughter Mary had fled to Europe eighteen months before with the poet Shelley. As a fact, she had been their companion in flight; and their inexplicable folly in taking her with them was punished — as folly always is — with a relentless severity seldom accorded to crime. To the end of Shelley's life Miss Clairmont continued to be a source of irritation and anxiety.

No engagement at Drury Lane was procurable; but the acquaintance between Lord Byron and the infatuated girl ripened all too quickly into passion. The glamour of the poet's fame gave a compelling power to that fatal beauty which was his undoing. When we read what *men* have written about Byron's head; when we recall the rhapsodies of Moore, the reluctant praise of Trelawny, the eloquence of Coleridge; when we remember that Scott — the sanest man in Great Britain — confessed ruefully that Byron's face was a thing to dream of, we are the less surprised that women should have flung themselves at his feet in a frenzy of self-surrender which a cold legacy of busts and portraits does little to explain. Miss Clairmont, to use Professor Dowden's poetic phraseology, "was lightly whirled out of her regular orbit." When Byron left England she met him at Geneva, — still under the care of Shelley and Mary Godwin, — and the following winter her little daughter was born.

It was a blue-eyed baby of exceptional loveliness. Mrs. Shelley (Mary Godwin had been married to the poet on the death of his wife, two months earlier) fills her letters with praises of its beauty, though by this time she was sadly weary of her stepsister's companionship. Her diary — all these young people kept diaries with uncommendable industry — abounds in notes illustrative of Claire's ill temper and of her own chronic irritation: "Claire imagines that I treat her unkindly." "Claire in an ill humor." "Jane¹ gloomy." "Jane for some reason refuses to walk." "Jane is not well, and does not speak the whole day."

This was bad enough, but there were

¹ Clara Mary Jane Clairmont was "Claire's" full name.

other moods more trying than mere sulkiness. Miss Clairmont possessed nerves. She had "the horrors" when *King Lear* was read aloud. She was, or professed to be, in fear of ghosts. She would come downstairs in the middle of the night to tell Shelley that an invisible hand had lifted her pillow from her bed and dumped it on a chair. To such thrilling recitals the poet lent much serious attention. "Her manner," he wrote in his journal, "convinced me that she was not deceived. We continued to sit by the fire, at intervals engaged in awful conversation relative to the nature of these mysteries;" that is, the migrations of the pillow. As a result of sympathetic treatment, Claire would wind up the night with hysterics, writhing in convulsions on the floor and shrieking dismally, until poor Mrs. Shelley was summoned from a sick-bed to soothe her to slumber. "Give me a garden, and *absentia* Claire, and I will thank my love for many favors," is the weary comment of the wife, after months of inextinguishable agitation.

There was no loophole of escape, however, from a burden so rashly shouldered. Miss Clairmont could not and would not live with her mother, Mrs. Godwin, — "a very disgusting woman, and wears green spectacles," is Charles Lamb's description of this lady, whom, in common with most of her acquaintances, he cordially hated. But when Byron wrote, offering to receive and provide for his daughter, Mrs. Shelley determined that the child should be sent to him. Claire consented, and the journey to Italy in the spring of 1818 was undertaken mainly as a sure though expensive means of conveying the infant to its father.

A delicate baby, not yet sixteen months old, proved a formidable and inharmonious addition to the poet's Venetian household. Byron was sorely perplexed by the situation, and when Mrs. Hoppner, the Swiss wife of the

English consul-general, offered to take temporary charge of the child, he gladly and gratefully consented. That he wanted Allegra there is no doubt, nor that he was already deeply concerned for her most uncertain future. Over and over again in his letters he dwells upon his plans for her education and settlement. He was at all times sternly practical and pitilessly clear-sighted. He never regarded his daughter as a "lovely toy," but as a very serious and troublesome responsibility. The poetic view of childhood failed to commend itself to him. "Any other father," wrote Claire bitterly, "would have made of her infancy a sweet idyl of flowers and innocent joy." Byron was not idyllic. He dosed Allegra with quinine when she had a fever. He abandoned a meditated journey because she was ill. He dismissed a servant who had let her fall. He added a codicil to his will, bequeathing her five thousand pounds. These things do not indicate any stress of emotion, but they have their place in the ordinary calendar of parental cares.

One difficulty in his path he had not failed to foresee, — that Claire, having relinquished Allegra of her own free will, would quickly want her back again. In fact, before the end of the summer Miss Clairmont insisted upon going to Venice, and poor Shelley very ruefully and reluctantly accompanied her. Byron received *him* with genuine delight, and, in an access of good humor, proposed lending the party his villa at Este. There Mrs. Shelley might rest after the fatigues of prolonged travel, and there little Allegra might spend some weeks under her mother's care. The offer was frankly accepted, and the two men came once more to an amicable understanding. They were not fitted to be friends, — the gods had ruled a severance wide and deep, — but when unpricked by the contentiousness of other people they passed pleasant and profitable hours together.

Meanwhile the poor little apple of discord was ripening every day into a fairer bloom. "Allegra is very pretty, remarkably intelligent, and a great favorite with everybody," writes Byron to his sister in August. "She has very blue eyes, a singular forehead, fair curly hair, and a devil of a spirit; but that is papa's." "I have here my natural daughter, by name Allegra," he tells Moore six weeks later. "She is a pretty little girl enough, and reckoned like papa." To Murray he writes in the same paternal strain: "My daughter Allegra is well, and growing pretty; her hair is growing darker, and her eyes are blue. Her temper and her ways, Mr. Hoppner says, are like mine, as well as her features. She will make, in that case, a manageable young lady."

Other pens bear ready witness to Allegra's temper. Mr. Jeaffreson, who has written a very offensive book about Lord Byron, takes pains to tell us that the poor child was "greedy, passionate, and, in her fifth year, precocious, vain, and saucy." Mr. Hoppner, after the publication of the Countess Guiccioli's *Recollections*, wrote an agitated letter to the *Athenæum*, assuring an indifferent public that he had no acquaintance with the lady, that he utterly disapproved of the poet's life, and that he had seldom been his companion, save when they rode together, — on Byron's horses. "Allegra was not by any means an amiable child," he added sourly, "nor was Mrs. Hoppner nor I particularly fond of her."

It could hardly have been expected that the daughter of Byron and Claire Clairmont would have been "amiable;" nor can we wonder that Mr. Hoppner, who had a seven-months-old baby of his own, should have failed to wax enthusiastic over another infant. But his warm-hearted wife did love her little charge, and grieved sincerely when the child's quick temper subsided into listlessness under the fierce Italian heat. "Mon petit brille, et il est toujours gai

et sautillant," she wrote prettily to the Shelleys, after their departure from Venice; "et Allegra, par contre, est devenue tranquille et sérieuse, comme une petite vieille, ce que nous peine beaucoup."

Byron was frankly grateful to Mrs. Hoppner for her kindness to his daughter; and after he had carried the child to Ravenna, where the colder, purer air brought back her gayety and bloom, he wrote again and again to her former guardians, now thanking them for "a whole treasure of toys" which they had sent, now assuring them that "Allegrina is flourishing like a pomegranate blossom," and now pouring into their sympathetic ears the bitter resentment of his soul.

For Claire, clever about most things, was an adept in the art of provocation. She wrote him letters calculated to try the patience of a saint, and he retaliated by a cruel and contemptuous silence. In vain Shelley attempted to play the difficult part of peacemaker. "I wonder," he pleaded, "at your being provoked by what Claire writes, though that she should write what is provoking is very probable. She is unhappy and in bad health, and she ought to be treated with as much indulgence as possible. The weak and the foolish are in this respect the kings, — they can do no wrong."

But Byron was less generous. The weak and the foolish — especially when their weakness and folly took an hysterical form — irritated him beyond endurance, and he had no pity for the pain that Claire was suffering. On one point his mind was made up: Allegra should never again be sent to her mother nor to the Shelleys. He had views of his own on the education of little girls, which by no means corresponded with theirs.

"About Allegra," he writes to Mr. Hoppner in 1820, "I can only say to Claire that I so totally disapprove of the mode of children's treatment in

their family that I should look upon the child as going into a hospital. Her health has hitherto been excellent, and her temper not bad. She is sometimes vain and obstinate, but always clean and cheerful; and as, in a year or two, I shall either send her to England or put her in a convent for education, these defects will be remedied as far as they can in human nature. But the child shall not quit me again to perish of starvation and green fruit, or be taught to believe that there is no Deity. Whenever there is convenience of vicinity and access, her mother can always have her with her; otherwise, no. It was so stipulated from the beginning."

Five months later he reiterates these painfully prosaic views. He has taken a house in the country, because the air agrees better with Allegra. He has two maids to attend to her. He is doing his best, and he is very angry at Claire's last batch of letters. "Were it not for the poor little child's sake," he writes, "I am almost tempted to send her back to her atheistical mother; but that would be too bad. If Claire thinks that she shall ever interfere with the child's morals or education, she mistakes; she never shall. The girl shall be a Christian and a married woman, if possible."

On these two points Byron had set his heart. The Countess Guiccioli — kindly creature — assures us that "his dearest paternal care was the religious training to be given to his natural daughter, Allegra;" and while the words of this sweet advocate weigh little in the scale, they are in some degree confirmed by the poet's letters and conduct. He placed the child at the convent school of Bagnacavallo, twelve miles from Ravenna, and he explained very clearly and concisely that he intended keeping her in Italy, because he could there find her a husband. "Abroad, with a fair foreign education and a portion of five or six thousand pounds, she might and may marry very

respectably. In England such a dowry would be a pittance, while elsewhere it is a fortune."

Miss Clairmont was spending her carnival merrily in Florence, when word came that Allegra had been sent to school. It was a blow, says Professor Dowden, "under which she staggered and reeled." In vain Shelley and his wife represented to her the wisdom of the step. In vain Byron wrote that the air of the Romagna was exceptionally good, and that he paid double fees for his little daughter to insure her every care and attention. Claire, piteously unreasonable, answered only with frenzied reproaches and appeals. She taunted the poet with his unhappy married life, — which was applying caustic to a raw wound, — she inveighed against the "ignorance and degradation" of convent-reared women, she implored permission to carry her child to England. Her grief was so excessive that in August, 1821, the longsuffering Shelley made a pilgrimage to Bagnacavallo, to see how Allegra was placed, and to assure himself of her health and happiness. His charming letter — too long to be quoted in full — leaves no doubt upon this subject. The little girl was now in her fifth year, and lovelier than ever, with that strange mingling of melancholy and vivacity which she had inherited from her father. "Her hair, scarcely darker than it was, is beautifully profuse, and hangs in large curls on her neck. She was prettily dressed in white muslin, and an apron of black silk, with trousers. Her light and airy figure and her graceful motions were a striking contrast to the other children. She seemed a thing of a finer and higher order. . . . She showed me her little bed, and the chair where she sat at dinner, and the *carrozzina* in which she and her favorite companions drew each other along a walk in the garden. I had brought her a basket of sweetmeats, and before eating any of them she gave her friends and all the nuns a portion.

This is not much like the old Allegra. She knows certain *orazioni* by heart, and talks and dreams of paradise and angels and all sorts of things, and has a prodigious list of saints, and is always talking of the Bambino."

Shelley's content with Allegra's situation (the poor little tempest-tossed thing had at last sailed into quiet waters) failed to bring comfort to Claire. The convent walls seemed a hopeless barrier between mother and child, and Miss Clairmont actually persuaded herself that Byron meant to leave his daughter at Bagnacavallo in the event of his own departure for England. Tormented by this fear, which the poet's maddening silence did something to excuse, she determined to steal Allegra from school, and proposed wild schemes of abduction, in which she was ardently encouraged by Lady Mountcashel, Mr. Tighe, and Elizabeth Parker, all of whom seem to have worked themselves into a fever of excitement over what was certainly not their concern. Miss Parker, indeed, assured her friend that, were she the child's mother, she would unhesitatingly stab Lord Byron to the heart, and free his unhappy offspring from tyranny.

In the midst of this melodramatic turmoil we hear Mrs. Shelley's voice pleading for moderation and common sense, and stating distinctly that her husband has no money for the furtherance of such plots. Shelley himself is equally explicit on this score. "So far

from being able to lend me three or four hundred pounds," he writes to Claire, "Horace Smith has lately declined to advance six or seven napoleons for a musical instrument which I wished to buy for Jane Williams in Paris."

There was no need this time of money, or counsel, or heroics. Fever was even then sweeping the towns of the Romagna, so seldom scourged by infection, and the little English-born girl fell an early victim. Allegra died at her convent school in the spring of 1822. Byron, who loved her, admitted that death was kind. "Her position in the world would scarcely have allowed her to be happy," he said, pitying remorsefully the "sinless child of sin," so harshly handicapped in life. A fortnight later he wrote to Scott: "I have just lost my natural daughter, Allegra, by a fever. The only consolation, save time, is the reflection that she is either at rest or happy; for her few years (only five) prevented her from having incurred any sin, except what we inherit from Adam.

'Whom the gods love die young.'

Allegra's body was sent to England, and buried, by her father's wish, in Harrow church. Close to the door she lies, and visitors, searching sentimentally for "Byron's tomb," — by which they mean a stone that he was wont to sit on when a boy, — seldom observe the spot where his little daughter sleeps.

Agnes Repplier.

CITY SPARROWS.

WITHIN the stone Sahara of the Town
A green oasis lies the open Square:
Hark to the noisy caravans of brown,
Intrepid Sparrow-Arabs of the air!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

THE PIPES OF PAN.

*THIS is something that I heard, —
Half a cry and half a word, —
On a magic day in June,
In the ghostly azure noon,
Where the wind among the trees
Made mysterious melodies,
Such as those which filled the earth
When the elder gods had birth.*

Ah, the world is growing old!
Of the joys it used to hold,
Love and beauty, naught have I
But the fragrant memory.

Once, ah, once, (ye know the story!)
When the earth was in her glory,
Ere man gave his heart to breed
Iron hate and heartless greed,
Near a meadow by a stream
Quiet as a dateless dream,
As I watched from the green rim
Of a beech grove, cool and dim,
Musing in the pleasant shade
The soft leafy sunlight made,
What should gleam and move and quiver
Down by the clear, pebbly river,
Where the tallest reeds were growing
And the bluest iris blowing, —
Gleam a moment and then pass,
(Ah, the dare-to-love she was,
In her summer-fervid dress
Of sheer love and loveliness!)
Wayward, melting, shy, and fond,
Lissome as a bulrush wand,
Fresh as meadowsweet new-blown,
Sandal lost, and loosened zone,
Our own white Arcadian
Touched with rose and creamy tan,
Eyes the color that might fleck
The red meadow lily's neck,
Hair with the soft silky curl
Of some strayed patrician girl,
Beech-brown on the sunlit throat,
Cheek of tawny apricot,
Parted lips and breast aglow, —
Who but Syrinx, as ye know!

Gone, swift as a darting swallow.
 What could young Pan do but follow?
 (Have ye felt the warm blood beat,
 At an ankle in the street?
 Known the pulse's hurried throb
 And the breathing's catch and sob,
 When, upon his race with Death,
 Life the runner halts for breath,
 Taking with a happy cry
 His brief draught of ecstasy?)
 Call I did, with only laughter
 Blown back, as I hurried after;
 Till I reached the riverside,
 Where I last had seen her glide
 In among the reeds, and there
 Lost her. But a breath of air
 Moved the grass-heads, going by,
 And I heard the rushes sigh.

So the chase has always proved;
 And Pan never yet has loved,
 But the loved one all too soon
 Merged in music and was gone, —
 Melted like a passing strain,
 Vanished like a gust of rain
 Or a footfall of the wind,
 Leaving not a trace behind.

All that once was Pitys stirs
 In the soft voice of the firs.
 Lovers, when ye hear that sigh,
 Not without a prayer pass by!
 And, O lovers, when ye hear,
 On a morning soft and clear,
 All that once was Echo still
 Wandering from hill to hill,
 Breathe a prayer lest ye too stray,
 Lost upon the mountain way,
 And go seeking all your lives
 Love, when but his ghost survives!

Then a swaying river reed
 From the water, for my need,
 In a dream I blindly drew,
 Cut and fashioned, ranged and blew, —
 Such a music as was played
 Never yet since earth was made.
 Shrilling, wild and dazed and thin,
 All my welling heart therein
 Trembled, till the piping grew
 Pure as fire and fine as dew,

Till confusion was untangled
From the crowding notes that jangled,
And a new-created world
To my wonder was unfurled,
Sphere by sphere, as climbing sense
Faltered at the imminence
Of the fragile thing called soul
Just beyond oblivion's goal,
And creation's open door
Bade me enter and explore.

Slowly hill and stream and wood
Merged and melted, for my mood,
With the color of the sun
In the pipe I played upon.

Slowly anger from me fell,
In the coil of that new spell
My own music laid on me, —
Like the great rote of the sea,
Like the whisper of the stream,
Like a wood bird's sudden gleam,
Or the gusts that swoop and pass
Through the ripe and seeding grass, —
Perfect rhythm and color cast
In the perfect mould at last.

Slowly I came back to poise, —
A new self with other joys,
Other raptures than before,
Harming less and helping more.
I could strive no more for gain;
Being was my true domain,
And the smiling peace that ever
In the end outruns endeavor.
It was not enough to do;
I must feel, but reason too, —
Find the perfect form and fashion
For the elemental passion;
Else must blemish still be hurled
On the beauty of the world, —
Gloom and clang and hate alloy
Color, melody, and joy,
And the violence of error
Fill the earth with sound and terror.

So I felt the subtle change,
Large, enduring, keen, and strange;
And on that day long ago
I became the god ye know,
Made by music out of man.
Now ye have the pipes of Pan,

The Pipes of Pan.

Which ye call by Syrinx' name,
 Keeping bright a little fame
 Few folk ever think upon.
 Ah, but where is Syrinx gone?

*As the mountain twilight stole
 Through the woods from bole to bole,
 A dumb warder setting free
 Every shy divinity,
 I became aware of each
 Presence, aspen, bass, and beech;
 And they all found voice and made
 A green music in the shade.*

Therefore, therefore, mortal man,
 When ye hear the pipes of Pan,
 Marvel not that they should hold
 Something sad and calm and old,
 Like an eerie minor strain
 Running through the strong refrain.
 All there is of human woe
 Pan has fathomed long ago;
 All of sorrow, all of ill,
 Kindly Pan remembers still;
 Disappointment, grief, disdain,
 Stifled impulse and bleak pain, —
 Pan has learned them; Pan has known
 Hurts and passions of his own.

Thus Pan knows the secret hid
 Under the Great Pyramid;
 Why young lovers for their love
 Think the stars are light enough,
 And they very well may house
 In the odorous fir boughs, —
 Think there is no light of day
 With the loved one gone away,
 Use in life, nor pleasure more
 By the hearth or out of door, —
 Since all things begin and end
 But to glad the little friend,
 And all gladness is forgot
 Where the little friend is not.

Thus Pan melts your human heart
 With the magic of his art.
 Yet, O heart-distracted man,
 When you hear the pipes of Pan,
 Marvel not that they should hold
 Something sure and strong and bold,

Like a dominant refrain
Heartening the minor strain.

Come into the woods once more;
Leave the fire and close the door;
Trust the spirit that has made
Musical the light and shade,
Still to guard you, still to guide you,
Somewhere in the wood beside you,
Pace for pace upon the road
To your larger next abode.
Though the world should lay a finger
On your arm to bid you linger,
Ye shall neither halt nor tarry
(Little be the load ye carry!)
When ye hear the pipes of Pan
Shrill and pleading in the van.
'Tis the music that has freed you
From the old life, and shall lead you,
Gently wise and strongly fond,
To the greater life beyond.
Yet I whisper to you, "Stay;
That new life is here; to-day
Is your home, whose roof shall rise
From the ground before your eyes."

For Pan loves you and is near,
Though no music you should hear.
Hearken, hearken; it will grow,
Spite of bitterness and woe,
Clear and sweet and undistraught,
(This old earth's impassioned thought,)
And the sorry heart shall learn
What no rapture could discern.

All the music ye have heard:
Mountain brook and orchard bird;
Fifers in the April swamp,
Fiddlers leading August's pomp;
All the mellow flutes of June
Melting on the mating tune;
Pale tree cricket with his bell
Ringing ceaselessly and well,
Sounding silver to the brass
Of his cousin in the grass;
Hot cicada clacking by,
When the air is dusty dry;
Old man owl, with noiseless flight,
Whoo-hoo-hooing in the night;
Surf of ocean, sough of pine;
Note of warbler, sharp and fine;

The Pipes of Pan.

Rising wind and falling rain,
 Lowing cattle on the plain;
 And that hardly noticed sound
 When the apples come to ground,
 On the long, still afternoons,
 In the shelter of the dunes;
 Chir and guggle, bark and cry,
 Bleat, hum, twitter, coo and sigh,
 Mew and belling, hoot and bay,
 Clack and chirrup, croak and neigh,
 Woof and cackle, whine and creak,
 Honk and chatter, caw and squeak;
 Wolf and eagle, mink and moose,
 Each for his own joyous use
 Uttering the heart's desire
 As the season bade aspire;
 Folk of meadow, crag, and dale,
 Open barren and deep swale, —
 Every diverse rhythm and time
 Brought to order, ranged in rhyme:
 All these bubbling notes once ran
 Thrilling through the pipes of Pan.

Think you Pan forgets the tune
 Learned beneath the slim new moon,
 When these throbbings all were blent
 To the dominant intent?

All the beauties ye have seen:
 Autumn scarlet, young spring green;
 Floating mists that drift and follow
 Up the dark blue mountain hollow;
 Yellow sunlight, silver spray;
 The wild creatures at their play;
 Through still hours the floating seed
 Of the thistle and milkweed,
 And the purple asters snowed
 In a drift beside the road;
 Swarthy fern by pebbly shoal;
 Mossed and mottled beech-tree bole;
 Fireflies in a dewy net,
 When the summer eves are wet;
 All the bright, gay-colored things
 Buoyed in air on balanced wings;
 All earth's wonder; then the sea
 In his lone immensity
 Only the great stars can share,
 And the life uncounted there,
 Where the coral gardens lie
 And the painted droves go by,

In the water-light and gloom,
Silent till the day of doom:
These have lent, as beauty can,
Color to the pipes of Pan.

Think you Pan forgets the key
Of their primal melody, —
Phrase and motive to revive
Every drooping soul alive?

All the wilding rapture shared
With the loved one, when ye dared
(Lip to lip and knee to knee)
Force the door of destiny, —
Greatly loved and greatly gave,
Too divine to stint or save;
All the passion ye have poured
For the joy of the adored,
Spending without thought or measure
Young delight and priceless treasure,
Grown immortal in the hour
When fresh manhood came in flower;
All the ecstasy unpent
From sweet ardors finding vent
In the coming on of spring,
When the rainy uplands ring,
And the misty woods unfold
To the magic as of old;
All the hot, delicious swoon
Of the teeming summer noon,
When the year is brought to prime
By the bees among the thyme,
And each mortal heart made over
By the wind among the clover:
All these glad things ye shall find
With a free and single mind,
Dreaming eye and cheek of tan,
Lurking in the pipes of Pan.

*So the forest wind went by, —
Half a word and half a sigh, —
On a magic night in June,
When the wondrous silent moon
Flooded the blue mountain clove,
And the stream in my beech grove
Uttered secrets strange and deep,
Like one talking in his sleep.*

Would ye enter, maid and man,
The novitiate of Pan?
Know the secret of the strain
Lures you through the summer plain,

Guess the meaning of the thrill
 Haunts you on the autumn hill?
 Would ye too contrive a measure
 Out of love, to fill your leisure?
 Learn to fashion a flute-reed
 That should answer to love's need,
 When the spirit in you cries
 To be given form and guise
 Others may perceive and love,
 Fair and much accounted of, —
 Craves to be the tenant heart
 In some wild, new, lovely art,
 Such as haunts the glades of spring
 When the woodlands bloom and ring?

While the silver night still broods
 On the mountain solitudes,
 And the great white planet still
 Is undimmed upon the hill, —
 Ere a hint of subtile change
 Steals across the purple range
 To arouse the sleeping bird, —
 Hear the wise old master's word,
 When he leads the pregnant notes
 From the reedy golden throats,
 And the traveler, in their spell,
 Halts, and wonders what they tell!

Here is Pan's green flower, the earth,
 He has tended without dearth,
 Brought to blossom, fruit, and seed
 By the sap's imperious need,
 When the season of the sun
 Sets its fervor free to run.
 Sap of tree and pith of man,
 Ah, but they are dear to Pan!
 Not a creature stirs or moves,
 But Pan heartens and approves;
 Not a being loves or dies,
 But Pan knows the sacrifice.
 Man or stripling, wife or maid,
 Pan is ever by to aid;
 And no harm can come to you,
 But his great heart feels it, too.

Love's use let the joiner prove
 By the fit of tongue and groove;
 Or the smith, whose forge's play
 Stubborn metal must obey;
 Let the temple-builders own,
 As they mortise stone to stone;

Or the sailor, when he reeves
Sheet and halliard through the sheaves;
Or the potter, from whose wheel
Fair and finished shapes upsteal,
As by magic of command,
Guided by the loving hand.

Ye behold in love the tether
Binding the great world together;
For without that coil of wonder
The round world would fall asunder,
And your hearts be filled with sadness
At a great god's seeming madness,
Where they now have peace, and hope,
Somewhere, somehow, time will ope,
And the loneliness be sated,
And the longing be abated
In the loved one, — lovely past
All imagining at last,
Melting, fragrant, starry-eyed,
Like a garden in its pride,
Odorous with hint and rapture
Of soft joys no word can capture.

Ah, the sweet Pandean strain!
He who hears it once shall gain
Freedom of the open door,
Willing to go back no more.

When ye hear the sea pipes thunder,
Bow the loving heart in wonder;
When ye hear the wood pipes play,
Lift the door latch and away;
When ye hear the hill pipes calling,
Where the pure cold brooks are falling,
Follow till your feet have found
The desired forgotten ground,
And ye know, past all unlearning,
By the raptured quench of yearning,
What the breath is to the reed
Whence the magic notes are freed, —
What new life the gods discover
To the loved one and the lover,
When their fabled dreams come true
In the wondrous fair and new.

For the music of the earth,
Helping joy-of-heart to birth,
(Field note, wood note, wild or mellow,
Bidding all things fare and fellow,)
Means that wisdom lurks behind
The enchantment of the mind;

The Pipes of Pan.

And your longing keen and tense
 Still must trust the lead of sense, —
 Hint of color, form, and sound, —
 Till it reach the perfect round,
 And completed blend its strain
 With the haunted pipes again.
 Ye must learn the lift and thrill
 That elate the wood pipes still;
 Feel the ecstasy and shiver
 Of the reed notes in the river;
 Shudder to the minor trace
 In the sea's eternal bass,
 And give back the whole heart's treasure
 To supreme the music's measure,
 Glad that love should sink and sound
 All the beauty in earth's bound.

All this loveliness which ran
 Searching through the pipes of Pan, —
 All this love must merge and blend
 With Pan's piping in the end.
 All the knowledge ye draw near
 At the ripening of the year,
 Living one day at a time,
 Innocent of fear or crime,
 (When the mountain slopes put on
 Their brave scarlet in the sun,
 When the sea assumes a blue
 Such as April never knew,
 And the marshes, fields, and skies
 Sing with color as day dies,)
 Peaceful, undistracted, free,
 In your earth-born piety;
 All the love when friend for friend
 Dared misfortune to the end, —
 Fronted failure, flouted harm,
 For the sake of folding arm, —
 Bravelier trod the earth, and bolder,
 For the touch of hand on shoulder;
 All the homely smiles and tears
 Ever given childish years;
 Every open, generous deed
 Lending help to human need;
 Every kindness to age,
 Every impulse true and sage,
 Lifting concord out of strife,
 Bringing beauty into life:
 These no feeble faith can ban
 Ever from the pipes of Pan.

Think you Pan forgets the scheme
 Or the cadence of his theme?

Ah, your wit must still discover
No mere madness of a lover,
Headstrong, whimsical, and blind,
But a prompting sane and kind,
Scope and purpose, hint and plan,
Lurking in the pipes of Pan;
Calling ever, smooth and clear,
Courage to the heeding ear;
Fluting ever, sweet and high,
Wisdom to the passer-by;
Sounding ever, soft and far,
Happiness no grief can mar.

This enchantment Pan bequeaths
Unto every lip that breathes;
Cunning unto every hand
Agile under will's command;
Unto every human heart
The inheritance of art,
Lighted only by a gleam
Of the dear and deathless dream, —
Power out of hurt and stain
To bring beauty back again,
And life's loveliness restore
To a toiling age once more.

Yes, the world is growing old,
But the joys it used to hold,
Love and beauty, only grow
Greater as they come and go, —
Larger, keener, and more splendid,
Seen to be superbly blended,
As the cadenced years go by,
Into chord and melody,
Strong and clear as ever ran
Over the rude pipes of Pan.

*So the music passed and died
In the dark green mountain side;
The entranced ravine took on
A new purple, faint and wan;
And I heard across the hush
A far solitary thrush
From the hemlocks deep and still
Fluting day upon the hill.*

Bliss Carman.

PAN-AMERICAN DIPLOMACY.

COUNT DE ARANDA, Spanish ambassador in Paris, in announcing to Charles III. the treaty of peace and independence of the British-American colonies, used this prophetic language: —

"This federal republic is born a pygmy. A day will come when it will be a giant, even a Colossus, formidable to these countries. . . . In a few years we shall watch with grief the tyrannical existence of this same Colossus."

Of all the statesmen of Europe, he seems to have realized most fully the significance of this event, and especially the influence it was destined to have upon the Spanish dominions in America. He advised King Charles to transform the Spanish colonies in America into three great empires: one embracing all the possessions in North America, with Mexico as a centre; one in the southern part of South America, with Peru as its seat of power; and the other on the Spanish Main, grouping the vice-royalties of the northern half of that continent, — each empire to be ruled by a member of the Spanish royal family. He proposed that the king should assume the title of Emperor, that the new sovereigns should intermarry with the Bourbon families, and that each of them should pay an annual tribute into the Spanish treasury. Thus this far-seeing statesman sought to satisfy the spirit of independence which must be awakened in the western hemisphere, to resist the contagion of republican principles, and to attach to the Spanish throne by ties of consanguinity and mutual interest the vast territory then under Spanish domination.

At that time it embraced nearly forty-six per cent of the area of the hemisphere; Portugal possessed twenty-one per cent, and the new republic of the United States only five per cent. Before a generation had passed the leaven

of republicanism had begun to work in the Spanish-American colonies, within half a century they had followed the example of the British colonies and established their independence, and our day has witnessed the fulfillment of Aranda's prophecy in the complete expulsion of Spanish authority from this half of the world.

The influence of the United States, so potent in bringing about the overthrow of Spanish dominion in this hemisphere, has continued throughout the entire existence of the Latin-American republics. This influence has been at all times very marked; usually of a friendly and beneficent character, but often misinterpreted and not always on our part distinguished by disinterested and honorable conduct. A citation of some of the leading events of the past seventy-five years respecting the relations of the United States with the other American republics will give emphasis to these statements.

During their prolonged and sanguinary struggle for independence they looked anxiously and impatiently for recognition from our government, whose principles they had embraced, whose Constitution they had adopted as a model, and on whose favor they confidently relied. Mr. Clay championed their cause with eloquence and great urgency, but the conservative policy of President Monroe's administration led to much delay in the realization of the hoped-for recognition. The purchase of Louisiana had rendered necessary the acquisition of Florida; and a century ago the power of Spain made her a formidable opponent for the young and still feeble republic. Florida was finally secured, by peaceful negotiations, in 1821, — an event which John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, characterized as the most important achievement of his life.

That event removed the chief embarrassment to recognition, and it soon followed, to the great satisfaction of the Spanish republics as well as of our own people, who had no sympathy with the delay of the administration.

The achievement of independence by these countries had a direct influence on the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine, which was hailed with great delight by them. But they were soon destined to serious disappointment, when they sought to have what they regarded as its principles put into execution. The Panama Congress of the American States, in 1826, was the inspiration of Bolivar, the South American liberator. It had for its object the union of these nations in the organization of an army and navy to resist the encroachments of the Holy Alliance, and in securing the freedom and independence of the remaining Spanish-American colonies. When the United States was invited to send delegates, our government was given to understand that it need not participate in the armed measures, but would be asked to unite in a declaration against European interference in American affairs, to consider measures for the suppression of the slave trade, and to recognize the negro republic of Hayti. The proposal of President Adams to send delegates evoked a bitter debate in Congress, in which the Monroe Doctrine was fully discussed and the rising spirit of slavery propaganda was manifested.

After much delay the delegates were finally appointed; but the Panama Congress had adjourned before their arrival, and its objects failed largely because of the hesitating conduct of the United States. These new republics met with a further disappointment in the declaration of the House of Representatives on the scope of the Monroe Doctrine, in consenting to the appointment of the delegates. It was as follows: "In the opinion of this House, . . . the United States . . . ought

not to form any alliance . . . with all or any of the South American republics; nor ought they to become parties with them . . . to any joint declaration for the purpose of preventing the interference of any of the European powers with their independence or form of government, or to any compact for the purpose of preventing colonization upon the continents of America, but that the people of the United States should be left free to act in any crisis, in such manner as their feelings of friendship towards these republics or as their own honor and policy may at the time dictate." This must be accepted as a proper statement of the policy which should guide our government in the application of the Monroe Doctrine; but it created an unfavorable impression in the Spanish-American countries, and was interpreted as evincing an indisposition to treat with them upon a basis of equality.

What may be termed the middle period of our country's history was characterized by a spirit either of indifference or of outright unfriendliness toward the other American republics. It includes the aggressive colonization of Texas and its separation from Mexico through the action of American settlers; the unjustifiable war with Mexico and the spoliation of one half its territory; the rampant spirit of slavery extension, which permitted the filibustering expeditions of Walker and others from our shores against the Central American states; the famous Ostend Manifesto, which declared if Spain would not sell us Cuba for a fair price we should be justified "by every law, human and divine," in taking it by force. These are dark pages in our history, and it is not to be wondered at that the countries to the south of us should have contracted feelings of suspicion or hostility, which a generation and more of better conduct has hardly obliterated. Our excuse is that the government was bewitched by the de-

mon of slavery, and our hope is that, chastened by the terrible ordeal of the Civil War, we emerged with a proper spirit of fraternity toward our sister republics.

It is gratifying to note that the relations of the United States with them since that period have been of a much more honorable and friendly character, notwithstanding the action of the government has not in all cases been interpreted in a favorable light. Though inspired in part by motives of self-interest, the interposition of the United States to bring about the withdrawal of the French forces from Mexico, which resulted in the overthrow of Maximilian, made it manifest that the Monroe Doctrine was not a defunct nor useless pronunciamiento, but a vital force sufficient to reestablish republican government in Mexico. In the case of Venezuela the interposition of the United States was free from every imputation of self-interest, and the check then given to the expansive spirit in the British colonial possessions was the most significant indication that our government stands ready to interpose its powerful influence when it is satisfied that a European nation is infringing upon the territorial rights of even the weaker of the American republics. That act has done much to satisfy them that the United States is sincere in its advocacy of the doctrine, even when its own interests are not immediately involved.

In a number of instances our government has departed from the strict line of impartial neutrality in times of civil disorder, to favor republican principles when threatened by undue European influence or monarchical tendencies. On the eve of our Civil War, when Mexico was torn by internal dissensions and the clerical party was supported by the open sympathy of the European monarchies, the administration of President Buchanan did not hesitate to recognize Juarez as the legitimate ruler, and our navy at Vera Cruz was able, without any

overt act of war, to render material aid to the liberal cause. Also during the administration of Lincoln and up to the close of the French intervention, relations were maintained exclusively with the Juarez government, and Maximilian's envoys were refused recognition.

A more recent manifestation of the manner in which the sympathy of the United States may be made effective in support of republican principles on this hemisphere was seen during the attempt of the royalists to reestablish the monarchy of Brazil, in 1893-94. The opponents of the newly established republic gained possession of the Brazilian navy and held undisputed possession of the harbor of Rio Janeiro. A squadron of the United States navy was ordered to that port, to observe the progress of affairs. The American admiral found the commanders of the European squadrons in sympathy with the reactionary movement. The revolted Brazilian admiral proposed to establish a blockade of the port. The American admiral alone protested, in the interest of foreign commerce, and threatened to prevent it by the exercise of force against the Brazilian navy. The latter had to desist from its purpose. The republican government was thereby greatly encouraged and strengthened in its hold upon power, and the revolt soon after collapsed.

But not always in recent years has our government found it possible to maintain a friendly attitude toward the southern republics. A case in point is the relations with Chile. Pursuing a uniform policy of maintaining friendly relations with the established government, the United States, up to the overthrow of Balmaceda, recognized him as the legitimate President; and during the civil war in that country we were compelled, in the enforcement of the neutrality laws, to frustrate some of the plans of the revolutionists for securing warlike materials in this country. When the latter succeeded to

power, they manifested their unfriendly feeling toward the United States by the attack of the populace of Valparaiso on the sailors of our navy. This led to the firm attitude of President Harrison, heartily supported by Congress, which brought about an apology from the Chilean government and compensation to the families of the murdered and maimed sailors. Our government could not have done less and retain the respect of other nations, but its action has left a feeling of resentment in Chile.

This feeling is the more deep-seated because of an occurrence a few years before, when we unwittingly gave that country a ground of complaint. The war between Chile, Peru, and Bolivia, in 1881, brought about an unpleasant state of relations between the United States and Chile, the victorious party, because of the effort of Secretary Blaine to save Peru from some of the harsh terms exacted for peace. To facilitate this effort Secretary Blaine dispatched two special envoys to Peru and Chile, with instructions which, if followed to the letter, would have brought about a suspension of diplomatic intercourse with Chile, and possibly have led to more serious consequences. But before the envoys could execute their instructions a change in the State Department occurred, occasioned by the death of President Garfield, and the new Secretary, Mr. Frelinghuysen, so modified the instructions as to deprive them of their hostile character. Mr. Blaine's purpose was to interpose the good offices of the United States to save Peru from her cruel fate, but his unsolicited intervention was a cause of offense to Chile.

Repeated instances have shown that the United States cannot presume upon its disinterested friendship nor upon any supposed primacy on this hemisphere to intrude its counsel on two or more disputant American republics. The weaker or defeated party may welcome the intervention, but the stronger power is apt to resent it as an intrusion. Mr.

Blaine instructed our minister in Mexico, in 1881, to tender our good offices in a boundary controversy between Mexico and Guatemala, which seemed to threaten hostilities. Guatemala welcomed the offer, but it was respectfully but firmly declined by Mexico. So also any suggestion that our system of laws or jurisprudence is better than theirs is not kindly received. An American was arrested, a few years ago, across the line in Mexico, for a libel published in the United States. Secretary Bayard insisted that, under the common law, the offender should be tried in the district where the offense was committed. But the Mexican government held that he had offended against the civil law, which prevailed in Mexico, and having voluntarily come within its jurisdiction he must be tried by that code. It was of no avail that the Secretary sent a special envoy to the City of Mexico and that an investigation was had by Congress.

In one class of international questions, at least, the United States has pursued a consistent and conciliatory course toward the other American republics. Nothing has been such a perennial source of trouble for them as the claims of foreigners. This was the foundation or avowed cause of the tripartite intervention in Mexico in 1861, which led to the coming of Maximilian and the temporary overthrow of the republican government. Yesterday witnessed the dispatch of a British fleet to Nicaragua to enforce the money claim of a subject. To-day an Italian cruiser visits a Colombian port to support the broken contract of a subject. And tomorrow a German squadron may seize the custom houses of Venezuela to compensate a German railroad company whose accounts are disputed by the government with which it voluntarily entered into a contract.

The United States does not abandon the just claims of its citizens, but often presents them with much diplomatic

persistence, and usually succeeds in bringing about a satisfactory settlement. But when diplomatic resources are exhausted, our country does not adopt the tactics so often resorted to by European governments against the weaker American republics. Force gives place to arbitration, and in a score and more of instances American citizens have been required by their government to accept that method of settlement.

This government has shown still greater consideration for the sensibilities of its neighbors. In repeated instances where American citizens have been awarded large sums upon claims presented on their behalf by their government, it has not hesitated to reopen the awards or refuse to enforce them when it has been made to appear that they were tainted with fraud. In the case of Venezuela, corruption on the part of the American officials connected with the arbitration was suspected; and though awards in favor of our citizens for large sums had been rendered, Congress, upon the suggestion of the State Department, set aside the whole proceeding, and by a new arbitration Venezuela was saved from the payment of fraudulent claims to a considerable amount. A similar proceeding has recently occurred respecting Mexico, and by the voluntary action of the United States over a million dollars has been returned to her, which represented certain dishonest claims presented by our government, without knowledge of their character, to the arbitration tribunal, whose award, the treaty prescribed, should be final and conclusive.

Almost every one of the American republics has profited by this sense of equity and honorable dealing on the part of the United States respecting private claims. Notable instances not already named are those in the case of Peru, Brazil, and Hayti, which need not be narrated in detail. In contrast with what has so often been the arbitrary conduct of European nations, the

action of the United States in this respect has not failed to create a favorable impression among the other American states.

Since the Congress of Panama various efforts have been made to unite the American republics in some general line of policy. In 1883 the representatives of a number of the Spanish-American states assembled at Caracas, and another conference was held at Buenos Ayres; but the most notable of these assemblages was the Pan-American Conference which met in Washington in 1889-90. It was the first time that the representatives of all the independent nations of this hemisphere had come together.¹ The invitation to attend was issued by the President of the United States, and it is a marked illustration of the influence of this government that it received a favorable and unanimous response. The two subjects most prominently brought to the attention of this conference were arbitration and the improvement in the commercial relations between the American states, but various other matters received consideration, such as the establishment of steamship lines, an intercontinental railway, a uniform system of customs regulations, of weights and measures, of consular fees, and of sanitary regulations, and the establishment of a monetary union.

On all of these subjects formal reports were made, and on most of them the draughts of treaties or distinct recommendations for the action of the participating nations were adopted. It is discouraging, however, to those who hope for a better union or coöperation among the American republics, to record the fact that all these projects failed of realization, with one exception, — the establishment of the Bureau of the American Republics, for the dissemination of commercial and other information respecting these countries.

¹ San Domingo expressed concurrence in the objects of the conference, but omitted to send delegates.

The limits of this article will not permit of a detailed discussion of the causes of this failure, but it may be well to make some comment on one subject. Before doing so a useful result of the conference may be noted. One of the most distinguished and experienced of its members, the late Señor Romero, of Mexico, in a review of the work of the conference, wrote: "Almost all of the Latin-American nations came to Washington with a fear that the United States intended to dictate to them by reason of its great power and its material superiority; and they went back satisfied that, so far from this being the case, this country had only sentiments of respect and consideration for her sister republics, and that its aim had simply been to accomplish what was of mutual advantage to all, she acting on the same footing as the smallest of the nations represented."

The subject most discussed and which evoked the greatest feeling in the conference was that of compulsory arbitration, and the proceedings on this question developed some of the reasons why a more perfect union or harmony among these states was difficult of realization. Chile and the Argentine Republic are the most progressive and important of the South American countries. Their governments, upon the whole, have been well managed, and their financial credit well sustained abroad. They are both ambitious of power, and had developed much antagonism because of boundary disputes. Chile also had controversies with Peru, growing out of their late war. The five Central American states had a long-standing source of trouble in the effort made on the part of some and resisted by others of them to form or compel a single confederate nation. Costa Rica and Colombia also had a controversy arising out of their frontier line. The same cause of difference existed between Mexico and Guatemala, and it had more than once approached the brink of war.

The conference threatened dissolution without result because of the arbitration controversy. Mr. Blaine, then Secretary of State, who had been conspicuous in calling the conference and deeply interested in its success, personally exerted all his influence and persuasive powers to secure harmony of action. But he was only able to bring a bare majority of the republics to agree to the arbitration treaty; and the important states of Mexico, Argentina, and Chile, with other of the smaller ones, declined to commit themselves to the project. The effect of this dissidence was the failure of the arbitration scheme, as none of the governments whose delegates signed the treaty ever ratified it.

Twelve years after the adjournment of this conference a second one was held, and it has only recently concluded its labors in the City of Mexico. After an agreement respecting the call for the conference had been reached by the diplomatic representatives of the American republics, resident in Washington, the invitation was issued by the President of Mexico, and, after some hesitation on the part of Chile, it was accepted by all of the independent nations on this hemisphere. Their delegates assembled in the City of Mexico in October last, and continued in session through January. As in the Washington conference, the subject of compulsory arbitration gave rise to the most animated discussion, and for a time threatened to break up the sessions; but happily, at the last, a pacific though not unanimous agreement was reached.

The action of the conference on the subject of arbitration has a threefold character. It was unanimously decided that all the American republics should become parties to the conventions concluded at the Hague in 1899, including that for arbitration, which, as is well known, is purely voluntary on the part of the signatory powers. The adhesion of the American nations is to be made

through the good offices of either the United States or Mexico, which were the two governments of this hemisphere participating in the Hague conference and signatory parties to the conventions. In addition to this, ten of the nineteen nations represented at the City of Mexico united in the project of a treaty, to be ratified by their respective governments, providing for compulsory arbitration of all controversies which, in the judgment of any of the interested nations, do not affect either their independence or national honor; and it is prescribed that in independence and national honor are not included controversies concerning diplomatic privileges, limits, rights of navigation, or the validity, interpretation, and fulfillment of treaties. Mexico became a party to this project, but the United States declined; thus showing an entire change of attitude on the part of these two nations since the Washington conference of 1890. Mexico had in the meantime adjusted its boundary dispute with Guatemala. But since Mr. Blaine's ardent advocacy of compulsory arbitration the Senate of the United States had manifested its opposition to the policy by the rejection of the Olney-Pauncefote arbitration treaty of 1897, and it is to be inferred that the Secretary of State did not think it wise to commit our government to a measure which had been disapproved of by the coordinate branch of the treaty-making power.

The third provision of the conference respecting arbitration related to the subject of claims. It was resolved to submit to the arbitration court organized under the Hague convention all controversies that may arise among the governments of America on account of the claims of private individuals for indemnities and damages where they amount to a sum sufficient to justify the reference. This action was characterized by Señor Mariscal, the Mexican Secretary of Foreign Affairs, in his address

closing the conference, as the most important triumph of that body, as he attributed to questions of this class the most frequent cause of controversies between the countries of this hemisphere. His commendation of the measure is well founded, if, upon examination, it shall prove that the project has properly provided for the method of submission and the composition of the tribunal.

Treaties were likewise agreed upon respecting a number of other important matters, including extradition and protection against anarchy, patents and trademarks, literary and artistic copyright, the exchange of official, scientific, and literary publications, and the exercise of the learned professions. A recommendation was made for the establishment of a Pan-American bank, and resolutions were adopted for the holding of conferences to consider customs regulations for facilitating commercial relations; for the construction of an intercontinental north and south railway, utilizing existing lines; for the agreement upon sanitary measures and the establishment of a permanent international sanitary board; and for the exchange of statistics and samples of natural and manufactured products. Important principles were also enunciated as to the rights of foreigners, and a commission was decided upon to frame a code of public and private international law, which, when sanctioned, should be recognized throughout the hemisphere.

In order to provide against the failure to carry out these desirable measures, such as followed the decisions of the conference of 1890, a resolution was adopted for the convocation of a Pan-American Conference within five years, which after that interval might consider anew the questions, remedy defects, and overcome the causes for failure. In officially closing the conference the Mexican Secretary of Foreign Affairs said: "It is possible the results obtained may not come up to what an enthusiastic Pan-American had been led

to expect. But they are enough, and more than enough, to prevent any one of you going away disappointed. . . . May the aims for which this conference was convened serve to confirm and strengthen your love of peace, fraternity, and justice; and may these sentiments, placed at the service of your several nations, guide their policies, making them happy in themselves and happy in the reflected happiness of all their sister republics, whether great or small."

It is certainly a source of congratulation to all the friends of peace and good government in America that such valuable results as those enumerated have been secured, and that elements so discordant could be brought to an agreement upon many important questions. Doubtless all the projects will not be immediately realized, but it is a great step toward continental concord that such a conference has been held, and it does mark an advance in republican government and fraternity. A fair degree of credit for this result is due to the Secretary of State and the delegates from the United States. The power of our nation and its greater prosperity and success in government naturally led the other nations to defer much to its line of conduct, and its moderate attitude on arbitration prevented Chile and Chilean sympathizers from causing an open rupture.

But no less credit is due the Mexican government and its very capable delegation. Holding views on arbitration more in harmony with the majority of the delegates, it was able to restrain their action, and, joining with the United States in a conservative policy, it contributed greatly to the final adjustment of that troublesome question. Its delegates were also better adapted to gain the sympathy of the members of the conference; speaking the language of most of them, being of the same religious, social, and racial tendencies, they afforded no cause for jealousy or sinister

designs. The presence in the City of Mexico of the delegates from Central and South America gave them a constant object lesson of great value. Here was a country of Spanish-American origin, which, after half a century of independent existence, the victim of constantly recurring revolutions, had abruptly turned upon its past history and made a record of twenty-five years of peace and orderly government. As a consequence, it was in the enjoyment of unparalleled prosperity and development. It pointed these delegates the way to a solution of all their troubles.

The construction of an isthmian interoceanic canal has an important relation to the other American republics, and more especially those through whose territory it may pass. For half a century our government has been hampered in the realization of this great enterprise by treaty relations with Great Britain; but having released itself from European embarrassments, it is now addressing itself to perfecting satisfactory arrangements with the countries of Central America in or adjacent to which the canal may be located. It proposes to construct the canal at its exclusive cost, taking all the risks of its practicability and profit, and upon completion to throw it open to the commerce of the world on terms of equality. Notwithstanding the assumption of these burdens, it proposes to pay to the government through whose territory the canal may pass a liberal compensation for the right of way. Neither does it seek any territorial aggrandizement, or other privileges than such as are absolutely necessary for the proper maintenance, control, and preservation of this valuable and important property. To this end, it is understood, negotiations are in progress to obtain a lease, perpetual or for a long term of years, for the strip of land through which the canal passes, with the right of police and judicial control. Such privileges do not derogate materially from the sovereignty of

the nation in whose territory the canal shall be constructed, but, on the other hand, confers upon it valuable pecuniary benefits, and guarantees the peace and security of the locality. Such conduct is in marked contrast with that of its great commercial rival, Great Britain. That government allowed the Suez Canal to be built by a private company, with capital largely contributed by the people of other nations, although the enterprise was to be mainly for the benefit of its own commerce and its possessions. When the canal was shown to be an engineering success and a profitable investment, it purchased a controlling interest in the stock; and then, in order to make sure of connection through the canal with its imperial domain and for its navy, in time of peace and war, it took violent military possession of the entire country in which the canal is located, and still continues as overlord.

The foregoing review of the relations of the United States with the other republics of the Americas presents no such record of self-aggrandizement or of disregard of national rights, and yet their estimate of us has not always been free from jealousy or suspicion. Neither are our commercial relations with them upon a satisfactory basis. There are several reasons for this, two of the leading ones being the lack of frequent and direct communication and the absence of satisfactory tariff arrangements. Much might be done to overcome the first if our government would give greater encouragement to the establishment of steamship lines, and the second if satisfactory reciprocity treaties could be made.

Social intercourse is apt to follow commerce. With Mexico, since the opening of the various railroad lines, we have established both a large commerce and fairly intimate financial and social relations; but with the other countries we have little trade and less social intercourse. There are good rea-

sons for this fact. Aside from the similarity of our systems of government, we possess little in common with Latin America. The people have a different language, religion, and historical association. Their government loans, financial exchanges, and banking are with Europe; their steamship communication is most frequent with the ports of that continent, and the tide of travel turns thither. Much of this may be changed by us with the development of greater commercial relations, but not wholly overcome.

There is also a reason of a personal character which has operated to our disadvantage with the Latin-American countries. Too little attention has been given to the fitness of the diplomatic and consular representatives sent to them by our government. It is a calumny to state, as has been charged, that the Spanish-American countries have been made the Botany Bay of broken-down American politicians; but it is true that the diplomatic posts on this hemisphere are not so much sought after, nor has the government exercised as much care in filling them, as those in Europe. This does not grow out of the fact of lower salaries, as Congress has treated them on an equality. For instance, the ambassador to Mexico receives the same salary as one to London or Paris; and because of the fact that Mexico is on a silver basis the salary is of more intrinsic value. The salary of the minister to Brazil is the same as that of the ambassador to Italy; that of the minister to Colombia or Peru equal to that of the envoy to Belgium, and greater than that of the envoy to Sweden or Greece. Señor Romero, in referring to some of the disadvantages under which the delegates of the United States labored in the Pan-American Conference at Washington, states that not one of the ten delegates could speak the Spanish language. It is a rare instance that a person when appointed minister or consul to a Spanish-American country

has any knowledge of the language, and usually he has had no diplomatic experience. Our country will not exert the influence in Latin America that it should until greater attention is given to the appointment of ministers and consuls fitted for their posts.

But with all its shortcomings and mistakes the policy of our government toward the other American nations has been one of friendship, seeking more intimate relations, both commercial and social. The spirit which actuates it to-day cannot be better stated than in the language of Secretary Hay in a recent public address, as follows: "I think I may say that our sister republics to

the south of us are perfectly convinced of the sincerity of our attitude. They know we desire the prosperity of each of them. We no more want their territory than we covet the mountains of the moon. We are grieved and distressed when there are differences among them; but even then we should never think of trying to compose any of those differences unless by the request of both parties to it. Not even our earnest desire for peace among them will lead us to any action which might offend their national dignity or their just sense of independence. We owe them all the consideration which we claim for ourselves."

John W. Foster.

A TALE OF LANGUEDOC.

HE drove at me again with a clumsy courage; but I was over my surprise by now, — he had no chance. That side-wise blow of mine ended the affair; after the whirl and clash of it the silence fell again. The two who had attacked us a moment before in such a gust of fury lay quiet enough, with the blood making little rivers under them, and the wide plain around.

Gilles the Black held up his sword with that swagger he had, and peered at its edge against the light. "Now that was a curious thing," mused he. For all around us, as I say, lay the lonely plain, the wide, strange land of Languedoc. We were on a main highway, but at this place there met it a kind of byroad, which ran off to the left into rough, barren ground. Out of this road — which nobody would have thought of taking — those two had rushed so desperately, to make assault on Gilles and myself, the chosen pair who rode in front of Guiard of Châlons' men.

While we sat our saddles there and

meditated, the count himself came up. "Fighting?" he asked, and got off to look at the bodies. "House servants, by the look of them," said he. "But why should they fight instead of fly?" He stood and peered up the byroad with a puzzlement like ours. For in that level country the people who yet had life in them had learned to fly instead of fight. To right and left and behind was silence on the face of the land. That was no milk-and-water business, saints of God! that in Languedoc, when we carried down war against the cursed Albigenses. The songs of their minstrels, their Provençal troubadours, might better have been dirges. You have heard men tell, here in the north, of the fairness of that land: I think of it as splashed all over with blood, and red with stormy sunsets.

Such a sunset hung now in the sky above the moor into which that road led. On the horizon was a dark mass which might prove to be a place where men dwelt. "These two who were frightened into fighting," Count Guiard

said, "may have thought that we would take this road. If they were trying to defend it, there must have been something to defend. Well, we must find a lodging for to-night, and I am minded to seek it here." A word of command ran down along the troop, and we turned off to the left.

"It is a place for witchcraft and for sorcery!" said Gilles, and crossed himself as he looked around. And this seemed to me very probable. The whole plain looked as though it had been scorched by fire or harried by Guy of Lusignan; the night was closing down; evil seemed in the air. It was an awesome place which could make Gilles the Black devout. Myself, I was once, as they will tell you, intended for holy orders, — think! — but chose the other trade. And I followed like a good retainer, as I trust, Count Guiard of Châlons, who had come down from his castle in the north for this crusade. Up yonder he had left broad lands and a slip of a girl, betrothed to him for years, whose wide, clear eyes, as clear as northern lakes, could never see anything but Guiard. I should have been a troubadour, forsooth; no churchly life for me!

In front of us we saw in no great time a pile of buildings looming, with a tower above. The place was half in ruins, yet, strangely, not deserted. We surprised a scared half dozen of serving-men, like those whom Gilles and I had met, and from the stables horses neighed to our horses. "What devil's tangle is this?" Count Guiard said. "Look through the grove for their masters," and went himself into the great echoing hall.

Presently there arose a cry from the horseboys, and they came toward Gilles and me, bringing two prisoners whom they had taken. These were no servants: they seemed like people of place and consequence, and they wore heavy cloaks of black and hoods to shade their faces. The foremost did the talking,

readily and boldly, as might a man from the lawyer class of the cities; the other hung back somewhat. A big figure crackled away behind them and lighted up the two, and behind that again our men came crowding to stare.

"Well taken, ha!" quoth Gilles, and put on the swelling air he loved. "Heretics, beyond a doubt! Hellhounds of Thoulouse who worship Mahound, by the rood!"

The other waved all that aside, and went to the gist of the matter. "In this purse," said he, "are some six hundred crowns; in the stables horses. All that we ask, my companion here and I, is to mount and ride northward in peace."

A roar of jests went up at that from the gaping crowd behind him. Northward in peace, where at that moment, as we knew, Guy of Lusignan and his gentle lambs were working their own will! But all the land, indeed, was full of the moving bands, Germans, French, Burgundians, all bearing down toward Lunas, where the next task lay to do. Whoever fell in with them, as a general thing, died: it did not matter so much what the religion was. As Arnold Amalric said to us: "Kill them all. God will know his own."

"Hist there," warned Gilles as the laughter swelled, "or our little count will come out and break our necks." But I, glancing around, saw that he stood there already in the shadow, and that he looked for a long time at those two strangers. He was quiet, Count Guiard, almost like a boy, with steady blue eyes which saw everything. He stood a half head over either Gilles or me, and could have killed us both with his naked hands, although he hated brawls. The axe and long sword were the weapons that he favored, but the only man who ever held him even with the lance was William of Barres, the match of Cœur de Lion. Mercy of God, but that was a pretty company of ours, and a leader fit to follow, when we carried

down the holy war on the heretics of the south!

"Your name?" asked Guiard then of the foremost stranger.

"Is Thiebault. I am, or was, a lawyer and a magistrate of Thoulouse. This, my younger brother John. We ask fair quarter and leave to ride down into Lunas, if there be no other way."

"If you will go into the hall," said Guiard courteously enough, "you shall have, at least to-night, what we have." He turned; for there arose a sound of horses' hoofs, and a swarm of riders came crowding to the place, as though the world were coming. "Guy of Lusignan!" some one bawled out in the darkness. At that name, as I thought, the foremost stranger suddenly went pale, and the second one yet paler, and they hurried into the hall.

Guy of Lusignan slid from his saddle with a great clattering of mail. He never took the trouble to seem anything but the big brute he was. "My greeting," grunted he. "I seek two runaways who have but now escaped me."

"Two gentlemen of Thoulouse?" quoth our count.

"Gentlemen or not," said Guy of Lusignan, "I claim them as mine own. They must be here."

"Come inside the hall, then," our count replied, and led the way. Great torches flared from the walls; and he stopped still in the light of them, amazed. "St. Mary!" he said. "What witchcraft have we here?"

For Thiebault of Thoulouse came toward him, and led by the hand a girl. She had donned in that brief interval a woman's garments, and stood before us, tall as myself, but with a woman's gentle grace. Her hair was dark as midnight, and her eyes, her face as pale almost as northern snows, but on her lips, even in that dire stress, there lingered yet a little of the laughter of the south. A moment she and Count Guiard stood and stared at each

other, while on the faces of them both a kind of wonder came.

"My lord," said Thiebault then, "I lied to you, but, as I thought, of necessity. The disguise was because of that man," and he nodded toward Guy of Lusignan. "This lady is my ward and my affianced wife; and her name, not John, but Johan." He waited like a law pleader for Lusignan's side of the case.

"By right of sword I claim them," said the other, and swaggered one step toward her.

"It appears to me," quoth our count, "that to find might be to hold, in this case. Well, I have promised these two protection for to - night: to - morrow I will see them safe to Lunas, if that may be. After that, I suppose, my gentle lord, they must be the prize of battle for whoever can take."

That gentle lord went red up to his temples and chewed upon his mustache, in two minds for a moment. He was ever a brawler and a ruffler, Guy of Lusignan, quick to scent insults from everybody: William of Barres and this cool young count of ours were the two who did not insult him. With a sulky curse or so he presently got to saddle again, and went clattering with his rake-hells from the place.

The night passed quietly enough, with Thiebault asleep in the hall, the lady in a chamber near by. Count Guiard slept not much; he prowled the place, while Gilles and I, resting beside the fire, watched him out of the corners of our eyes.

"A place for magic arts is this," I said to Gilles, — "spells made by the fiend: I like it not."

"It may be so," quoth he and laughed. "The magic and the sorceries of Mother Eve!"

But when the morning dawned and the horses were saddled, we forgot the qualms of night. Down to the great highway we rode again, and the very land seemed changed, — a meadow

sprinkled with dew and flowers. For the gladness of morning was on it, the freshness of spring. Count Guiard rode behind the two Thoulousians. Once or twice he put his horse alongside, and spoke with them a little. For the rest he rode in silence and deep thought; only I who watched him always saw how his glance, as though compelled, kept going to the maiden's face again, and met her glance returning. I should have been a troubadour, a juggler of songs.

Meanwhile we were getting down toward Lunas, that stronghold of the unfaithful. In front were fugitives, seeking to win the town in those last hours; on either side the companies all hurrying that way. At noon we fell in with one of these, and the captains spoke with each other. There may have been some laxity. Our count, returning, ran his eye over us and sharply cried, "Where are the two, my prisoners?" He might ask it: they were gone as though in smoke. We scattered and searched for them. We found them not, save that one man declared that he had seen, away in the direction of Lunas, two riders pricking fast. By the bones of St. Bartholomew, that was a bad half hour! Any one who had seen and heard our lord would not have called him cool.

"But forward, then," said Gilles the Black at last. "St. Mars instead of St. Cupid!" And we rode down in front of Lunas to join the holy army. My faith, but that was a sight for a man to remember long. French and Italians, Normans, Belgians, and Burgundians,—they were swarming there in packs, like wolf packs for a feast. And before us, insolent, offering celestial honor for the soul and somewhat for the hands, lay Lunas, a great red castle on a hill, and the town behind its walls.

You know how that business went. Three days of skirmishing in the breaches, and then no water, and despair for them. Down they came and sallied out into the plain,—fighting

men, women, all of them; their van a bristling front, but with wailing in the rear. The cries of battle began to swell up faster and faster; there was soon stubborn fighting everywhere. That front of theirs reeled to and fro, and men were trampled under, women were trampled: still their front held, until a cry began to pass along for Guiard of Châlons then. "Let him break this line, if he can, for the Lord and us!" Since that escape three days ago our count had fallen to a wicked quiet; now he merely nodded and swung himself to the saddle. One could tell by the way he did it, by the way he shifted himself in his seat, the quick power that he had. And braggart Gascons, envious knights of Poitou, drew up with the plunder under their horses' noses, and watched through half-shut eyes to see our champion of Châlons, our strong lad of the north, make good the fame he carried. He rode back a little way behind us and wheeled his great roan around; the men at arms in front of him drew off to give him room. A dreary clamor of shouts and curses arose from their ranks at the sight of him launching against them. And then we saw a strange thing. For as the man and horse struck and went ploughing through, Count Guiard seemed to slip from his saddle and bent him down, scarce level with the horse's back. He hung there in the press, striking no strokes, and accepted without reply the curses and the blows.

A sudden, taunting cry went up from among Guy of Lusignan's men, a kind of scornful cackle, answered by a big laugh from our own; for Count Guiard had lunged forward a little way, and from that mêlée, that ruck of blood and mud, had clutched his prize out,—a girl like a great white lily, the flower of Provence. He tossed her lightly to the saddlebow and steadied her there with one hand, killed Godfrey of Menerbe with the other, and waited for us to come in.

Their line was crumbling away, say like a flock of frightened sheep which scatters far and wide: you should have seen the wolves! Some men I know, who are not squeamish, cannot be coaxed to talk of the taking of Lunas. For their insolence and riches, their damnable heresies and black art, learned from the Saracen, no doubt they deserved to pay, and they paid. You know what Arnold Amalric said: that was our motto there.

Afterward a kind of silence fell, but the plundering went on. Count Guiard was not the man to call off his faithful followers from that. But out beyond the edge of the hurly-burly, where the led horses waited and tossed their heads to be gone, a girl as white as a great white lily sat on a palfrey and waited, still as death. She was bent down until her face almost rested against the black mane, lest some last arrows might be flying. And on that face, chasing like lights and shadows over water, were fear, surprise, despair, delight— By Holy Mary, I do not know!

One old acquaintance she had near her; for Thiebault was not, at least, a coward. When the rout began, he walked out past the flicking swords and came to where Count Guiard sat on his horse, directing matters. The Thoulousian looked toward the rear where the girl was, as one who should say, "Kill me or let me go to her." The other man nodded his head, — it was not a place for much talking, — and so Thiebault went out through the running blood, and sullenly stood beside her. He could understand there, my faith, how well the gauntlet of steel had crushed his clever wiles. All around him men were shouting and passing jokes of a kind, and looking across toward Count Guiard, who had taken the fairest booty. He sat on the roan, Guiard, making plans with the other leaders, and never glanced behind, but a slight smile lurked around his lips. I who knew him so well could guess

with what a pleasant madness the blood was dancing through his heart.

After a while, when there was no more to do in Lunas, the bands began to separate. Our troop closed up together, finished with putting the packs on the led horses. There was a word from the van, and we went eastward. Stretched out in a long line we jogged across the plain. In our rear the horseboys still chattered over victory; in the centre those two prisoners — we had no others — sat silently and let their horses carry them forward toward what might be; we were almost as silent, we in the advance. Count Guiard rode along for hours without speaking to Gilles or me, who followed him. And there, as it seems to me, if ever in this world a man had chance to choose his road, the one before us had it. For a man like that might take or might put aside, but he could not blink the question. In all that plain, in all the wide Provençal land, was naught to balk his will, any more than Guy of Lusignan could, raving away in the rear. He had the game in his own hands.

Far to the northward a chain of mountains stole along the sky, faint blue they were so far. And one road lay toward these. The other road led toward the south, through that great smiling plain which stretched away, away, till no eyes could see the end. Down on the horizon you might catch a glimpse now and then of a patch of blue sea. In that direction the whole land smiled with flowers, while fragrant breezes blew across to us, and voices seemed to whisper: "Here is the land for a man to come and take his heart's desire. One day of me is worth all other days."

The Count Guiard drew rein at last, and turned upon us suddenly. "There are two roads that I can take," he said, "and how am I to know the better?"

Then spoke out Gilles, like the roistering knave he was. "Why, throw a main for it," he said.

"Yes," replied our count, "one

might do that. You love the games of hazard, Gilles; but you would not throw for stakes which were all in your own hands, or I to choose a road when the road is already chosen." And we took the way toward the south.

So in the course of time we came down to Narbonne, a port upon the sea. Around it were silent, fragrant gardens, but the town itself was full of riot and uproar. There had been no defense here; the bands that came in helped themselves as they pleased, the people glad to escape on any terms. Down on the quays a throng of fugitives were trying to get on board the shipping and sail away to Marseilles. Near by these quays was a great looming pile of a building, into which our Châlons men swarmed for a lodging. Outside in the streets, as it grew later, the rioting increased, but here in the great court, lit up by flaming torches, were quiet and repose. And here Count Guiard, after a while, ordered the two prisoners to be brought before him.

They came, and waited silently: the man white, desperate; the girl white, radiant. I said that she was like a lily, a great flower: in these last hours she had revived like one. She stood there, so slender-tall, and left the matter in his keeping, waited for him to say. Count Guiard looked at her once, and passed his hand across his brow; and then he spoke to Thiebault.

"You have forfeited life and goods and this lady," he said harshly. "In the name of all the saints, man, take your life and a thousand crowns, and go!"

But the sullen Thoulousian answered: "Not by my own will do I leave her. I stay by her while life remains. You know the remedy for that."

"By the faith," Count Guiard answered, "I think I do!" and signed to some of us. We went out into the streets with those two prisoners and the torches, and so down to the water's

edge. Along the quays, where the crowd was gathered, a tumult and a clamoring arose; sometimes a yell of despair as a ship threw off the ropes and lurched toward the open water. Beside one ship we paused, and our count turned upon Thiebault.

"St. Mary," said he, with a sudden heat, "but I should like to kill you! To Marseilles must you go." He spoke a word with some men upon the deck, and in a moment they had drawn Thiebault over upon it, and held him struggling there. As the ship veered out a little way, a kind of frenzy seized on the Thoulousian. Across those few feet of water the two men stared at each other,—he who was to have and he who must go forlorn. Thiebault was gasping, foaming; but the count smiled slightly again. And he turned to look at Johan.

Awhile he stood and gazed at her, with the strangest contorted face that ever a man wore. "Johan! Johan!" he said; and in his throat was a noise betwixt a laugh and groan. He stretched out his long arms, for the second time in life laid hands upon her, and raised and dashed her from him across that strip of water fair into Thiebault's arms. So rapidly he did it, so lightly she flew and fell, that she came down all unharmed against the startled Thoulousian, who staggered, but held that burden. There are men who say that such a thing could not be possible; but they never saw Guiard of Châlons.

I do not know what she thought of it,—the lady. Our man turned without ever looking at her more, and we went back into the city. There were mirth and carousing everywhere, but he went along like a man dazed by a sword-stroke. When we had reached our lodging, he said to Gilles and me: "I would be alone awhile. Do not, especially, let Guy of Lusignan come where I am." Some people say that he spent that night in feasting, like the other captains; but Gilles and I, who

guarded the door for him, we knew the truth of it. So we watched Guiard of Châlons, sitting there through the long hours, in his eyes a kind of desperation,

a kind of rueful amusement at himself, and a wonder at the fortune which could send upon a man such puzzling things as that.

Mortimer O. Wilcox.

THE PLAY AND THE GALLERY.

THE significance of the play to the audience is a subject upon which students of the acted drama invariably hold opinions, — opinions most bewilderingly various. One point in common, at least, they all admit, — the perennial attraction of the play.

"The people go to the theatre," they grant easily enough: "they go nowhere else more willingly; they go nowhere else in greater numbers. But why do they go? What do they get, or not get, from the play?"

It is an insistent question; and it has provoked hundreds of speculative and involved answers, solemn, humorous, and exasperated. It is an alluring question, too; for it may well have an almost limitless number of replies, — very nearly as many, indeed, as there are plays and audiences, and individuals in audiences. The difficulty with these replies is that they are ordinarily made, not by the audience, but by the questioners themselves. The people of the audience in the majority are, to use an expressive Scotch word, too canny to reply, if they could or would. Usually they neither can nor will; they are too well informed as to the complexities of dramatic art and stage technicalities, and too knowing, and too busy trying to find out why the other people go to the play. Even the less learned and less knowing are yet too self-conscious to be other than cautious when they approach the subject. They seem to feel under the necessity of having some occult interest in seeing the play.

One afternoon, in Boston, at a most

hilarious *matinée* performance of *The Pride of Jennico*, the extreme excitement of a girl — a sophomore, as she presently told me, of Radcliffe College — actually alarmed me. She wept copiously, she laughed most wildly, she shuddered, and she applauded Mr. Hackett, whenever he appeared or disappeared, with an exaggerated but delightful fervor. Between the acts she dried her eyes, and talked to me, though I was a stranger to her, about plays, — or, more accurately, players. "Did you ever see such eyes as Julia Marlowe's?" she asked me. "I adore Julia Marlowe, anyway, don't you?" "At Barbara Frietchie," she added, without waiting for any replies, she had "cried quarts." She "positively worshiped Sothern," she declared; but she had not seen his *Hamlet*, because she knew that she "could n't possibly live through a play in which he had to die." She mentioned Mr. Hackett, too. She was "wild to see him off the stage," she said, though she knew that if ever she did she should "fall over in a faint."

"You must find the theatre very interesting," was the one remark with which I interrupted her monologues.

"Oh *yes*," she said fervently, "*I do*, and especially since I have begun to read psychology."

That sophomore undoubtedly does find the theatre interesting; but could Professor James himself discover any connection between what she finds in it of most evident interest and her study of psychology? With all her confidences, she still was canny when it

came to the delicate point. She possibly does not know just why she goes to the play; she may actually believe that her motive has something to do with the study of psychology. At any rate, even she had her reserves, confiding as she was.

The people in the audience who have not these reserves are the people in the gallery, the people who come from the city tenements to what are graphically known as the "rush seats." They have not begun to read psychology, and they are not in the least self-conscious. They may be canny; but they are not too canny to know why they go to the play, and, more delightful still, they are not too canny to tell it all to a sympathetic listener.

It has been my happy fortune to be regarded in this light by some of the people who see the play from the gallery; and in the course of many conversations they have told me why they have gone to the theatre, and what they have taken from the theatre. Few things could be more charmingly simple than their relations to that least simple of all the arts, the acted play.

In the first place, they have gone to the theatre, and they go to the theatre, to see the play; not to see the players, nor to see how they play the play, nor why they possibly play it thus, nor why they do not play it in some other way ("in any conceivable other way," as I overheard a critic murmur, at a recent Shakespearean revival), nor what the author of the play meant, nor what he did not mean, nor what he should have meant. They may see all these things; they frequently do see several of them; but they go to the theatre to see the play. It is interesting to remember that in Shakespeare's time the entire audience went to see the play.

Shortly after my experience with the sophomore to whom *The Pride of Jenico* had been interesting from a psychological standpoint, I said, for an ex-

periment, to a young girl of about the sophomore's age, who frequently goes to the unreserved gallery of the theatre, "Why do you go to the theatre?"

"Why, to see the play!" she said, in surprise.

This girl lives in one of the city tenements. I met her, as I have met other members of the audience in the gallery, at a college settlement. Through the college settlement and various charitable organizations, as well as through other means, I had gained some knowledge of the lives of the people in the city tenements, and of a few of the influences brought to bear upon them. It was not, however, until some of the people were very friendly with me that I found that, among their influences, none had been greater and more vital than the influence of the stage, of the acted play.

My own love for the acted drama is somewhat great; and I found, in visiting the women in many of the city tenements, that an involuntary betrayal of it sometimes melted their reserve, and even their occasional suspicion, as an application of the formal principles of social science would never have done. Their instant response was at times not without humor, but neither was it without significance. The moment they found me irresistibly sympathetic with a fondness for seeing acted plays, they regarded me no longer as an alien, who might be expected to give unsolicited advice on all subjects and to ask inconvenient questions on most, but as a kindred spirit. They seemed to feel that a person who could echo a wish that Miss Ellen Terry would come to America "a little oftener" was privileged to give advice about keeping the back yard in order, and might even safely be trusted to take the children and have them vaccinated.

It has given me much delight to find that some of the people whom I have met in various tenements have thus strongly — as Mr. William Winter says most

of us have in some measure — the dramatic perception. It has been to me so beautiful to have in common with them an interest in things so lovely as the drama and dramatic art. I meet it in new acquaintances among them with keen pleasure; and they, when they happen to discover that I too like to go to see plays, seem always to feel "a kind of joy to hear of it." They know how very much one can like it, for they themselves like it so well and it means so much to them.

They go from their tenements to see plays: they see, and they feel, and they think, and they effectually remember. They are influenced; they are made greater or less; and, simple as the influence may be, its result is surely felt by their associates and their surroundings.

They go not once, but often, — as often as they can buy tickets of admission to the galleries. The majority of them work throughout the day, and they go to the gallery in the evening. So much does the experience mean to them that many times they save for their suppers portions of the lunches brought in the morning to the shops and factories in which they work; and thus, enabled to go directly from their work to the theatre, they gain another hour in which to await the opening of the doors leading to the gallery.

Once I remonstrated at some length with a young woman who made a habit of this unhygienic saving of time. "It will make you ill," I warned her.

"It gives me a better chance for a front seat," she responded, with the effect of presenting a complete justification of even a greater sacrifice of physical well-being than is represented by a supper made up of a banana and half a cheese sandwich.

Through this same young woman I found the first instance of many instances that I have found of the good given by the theatre through the gallery to the tenements.

Learning one day that she was ill, I went to her home to see her. It happened to be in the autumn of 1898. Mr. Richard Mansfield had been announced in a new play, *Cyrano de Bergerac*, by M. Edmond Rostand. By the merest chance I had with me a new copy of the English version of the play, to be used by Mr. Mansfield, and it was in my hand as I went into the room. The room lacked much to make it even approximately comfortable. The face of the sick girl was drawn and tired, until she saw that book. Then an eager light came into it; she held out her hand.

"Oh, Mansfield's big new play!" she exclaimed. "I can hardly wait to see him in it! How kind you are to bring it to me!"

I was more than a little surprised; I had not supposed that she ever had heard of Mr. Mansfield or of *Cyrano de Bergerac*; but I was interested. I had not brought the book for the girl, but I gladly left it for her. In the usual fashion I had brought some flowers for the tenement room, but she scarcely mentioned the flowers; instead she asked me in how many plays I had seen Mr. Mansfield, and exactly what I thought of him in each of them.

She saw the play of *Cyrano de Bergerac* on its first night; and I too saw it on its first night, urged thereto by the girl. "What did you think of it?" I inquired, when she called at the settlement the next night to ask me what I thought of it.

"Well," said she, "I think all the trouble came because they all cared so much about looks. *Cyrano* cared about looks, and *Roxane* cared about looks, and *Christian* cared about looks. Of course *Cyrano's* carin' made the most trouble, because he cared the most."

This was interesting in the extreme: it was a true critical appreciation of the play, and the appreciation of a playgoer who was ignorant of any canons of dramatic criticism; who was unaided by any authority of critic; who had no the-

ory, and felt no necessity of having any theory, as to the drama and dramatic art; to whom, indeed, the words themselves were without meaning. She merely and simply had seen the play, and had seen it truly. This alone was interesting, but the girl continued: "Of course I've heard that looks don't count much, and that feelin' they do makes trouble. I never thought much about it; but now I've seen it, I don't believe I'll ever forget it."

Nor was this all. Many months later I saw again the influence of that play for what Mr. Sothern has called "noble living." A little girl, living in a tenement in the same neighborhood, burned her face very severely with fireworks. When I went to see her, I found with her the girl who considered a front seat in the gallery of more importance than food. The child who was burned was in great distress because some one had suggested that her face would be left disfigured. I hopefully expressed a contrary opinion; but the girl who had seen *Cyrano de Bergerac* from the gallery said, with a conviction that quieted the child: "Well, it won't matter — much — if it is, dear. Looks ain't what count. It's what we *do* that counts."

Several weeks later I met the child, entirely recovered, on the street. "My face ain't scarred!" she cried. "I'm glad," she continued, — "but" — after a pause she added, "if it had er been, it would n't er mattered — much. It's what we *do* matters, not looks."

The influence was simple in its trend, but it was potent; and in the city tenements the new measure of values it created has a deep meaning. Simple as it was, what was the meaning of M. Rostand's and Mr. Mansfield's art in the play of *Cyrano de Bergerac* but just exactly that "it's what we *do* that counts, not looks"? I had seen the play of *Cyrano de Bergerac* twice, and had read it twice as many times, and had read pages of critical appreciation

of it; but I confessed to myself that its real import was most suggested to me, after all, by the girl who merely had seen it once from the gallery. I never see her without recollecting that "it's what we *do* that counts, not looks."

One day I went to call upon a woman whose life had been very hard, whom circumstances might well have made more hard. She lived in one of the least model of tenements, and I had difficulty in groping my way through the dim hall and up the dark stairs. The woman received me in a room from which great poverty had not taken all cheer, and silently, stolidly waited until I should open the conversation. I had been warned that she would expect me "to do rather most of the talking." Very much at a loss for a topic, I glanced around the room. On a small shelf in one corner I saw a picture, cut from a magazine, of Miss Ellen Terry as Portia. Supposing it to be purely decorative, I said, partly for the sake of breaking the silence, which was threatening to be protracted, "That is a beautiful picture."

"Yes, but it ain't as beautiful as *she* was," said the woman unexpectedly.

"Have you seen her?" I exclaimed, in amazement. It seemed scarcely possible.

"Yes," said the woman, "once I saw her. I saw *The Merchant of Venice*, and she was in it. She was Portia."

"She certainly was!" I found myself agreeing, not without fervor.

The woman succumbed. She moved her chair nearer and prepared to tell me all about it. As she told me, she warmed more and more to her subject; she gave me no further opportunity to do any of the talking at all.

"I didn't care much for *Shylock*," she said reflectively, "but he was n't a person you would want to care much 'bout; but," and her eyes lighted and she indicated the picture of Miss Terry, "she was lovely. It's a long time since I saw her, but I've never forgot

the things she said 'bout havin' mercy, and how she looked when she said 'em. People ain't always had mercy for me; and when I've wanted to pay 'em back for it or be mean to anybody, I jes' remember her and what she said 'bout havin' mercy — and I don't want to be mean 'cause of her," she concluded, almost shyly.

Ah, there are happily many of us who have the abiding joy of remembering how lovely Miss Terry is in *The Merchant of Venice*, and the things she says about having mercy, and how she looks when she says them; but it is doubtful if there be quite as many who remember further, because of her, to "render the deeds of mercy."

During three years that followed I was fortunate enough to find opportunities to make this woman's life less hard; but very recently some one laughingly told me that she had heard me designated fondly by my friend simply as "the lady who knew to say right off by heart all them things in the play I saw 'bout havin' mercy, and gave me the book with 'em in."

One day another woman in the same neighborhood, who had seen the book, — which its owner still prizes and exhibits, — met me with the inquiry, "Did you ever see a play named *Othello*?"

I told her that I had seen a play named *Othello*.

"Can you get the book of it to read?"

"I have it," I said to her. "Would you like to read it? I shall be glad to lend it to you. Have you seen the play?"

"Yes," said the woman, "and I'd love to read it. I saw it a long time ago. I rushed to it, to the gallery. The man that was *Othello* said what he said in *Eye-talian*. Did *Othello* when you saw it? I could n't tell what he said, 'cause it *was* in *Eye-talian*, but I could see what he was like: he believed everything he heard. I see lots like that. Rememberin' how *he* ended has kept me from believin' lots *I* hear."

Even the man who "said what he said in *Eye-talian*" has not had this influence upon all who remember what his *Othello* was like — if he were like anything or any one — and how he ended.

The woman came to the settlement to return the book. "It seems so real, to read it," she commented.

"Did it seem as real to see it played?" I asked.

"It seemed realer," she said meditatively, "specially *Othello*."

Who can say more than that it did, — especially *Othello*? The woman who spoke was unconscious that she was making a plea for the theatre; a plea to the stage and to the others of the audience, — a plea to them for larger opportunities to come under the influence of the stage. She was unconscious, too, that she was increasing the weight of responsibility as to the character of that influence.

That the influence has been of harm I have found to be quite as definitely true as that it has, in the lives of these three women, been of good.

A young woman in the tenements, whom I have known for more than three years, went to see one of the recently produced plays of which Nell Gwynn is the heroine. She was interested in history, and when she learned that Nell of old Drury had actually lived she went to the Public Library and inquired into the circumstances of her life. She came one night, after she had seen the play, to discuss it with me. She is as fond of discussing plays as of seeing them.

"Nell Gwynn was n't a good woman, was she?" she began.

It seemed wisest to express a doubt; but I reminded her of the period in English history to which Nell Gwynn belonged.

"Did the other people think her good then?" the girl persisted.

"No," I replied, "they scarcely did."

"But in the play she seems better than them; she gets along best."

This was too true to attack very strongly, though I made some effort to explain.

"But even if she did get along best then, and was n't good, if people thought her bad then, what makes them think her good now?" the girl said, in reply to my attempt at enlightenment.

"But they do not."

"The people who made the play do," insisted my companion, "and everybody goes to see it, and seems to think she is all right."

From this point of view I could not move her, though I went the length of risking the hypothesis that the authors of the Nell Gwynn plays had created a fictitious heroine in Nell Gwynn's historic place and given her the real heroine's name. The girl had read too many historic novels, and she took plays too seriously, to be impressed by this theory, which from a mere historic standpoint strongly suggested itself. I had seen three Nell Gwynn plays, written by three respective authors, and the dénouement of each one had been, to express it very mildly indeed, historically unexpected. The theory was well grounded, but it did not help the girl. Her conception of the standard of good and evil held by the majority, and by the gifted who make plays, had been lowered, and lowered through the theatre.

It is probable that these plays were meant to give, and to most of their audiences gave, the merest amusement. This is more than possible; but, however it may be forgotten, it still is somewhat relentlessly true that the stage is a power, that the theatre is an influence.

A boy, almost grown to manhood, living in the tenements, went at times to the gallery to see a play. I had known this boy also for several years, and realized that to an unusual degree his future rested upon the relative strengths of the influences which might be brought to bear upon him. With misgivings I

listened, therefore, when he said one evening: "I saw a play the other night named *The Gay Lord Quex*. The people in it are a bad lot, but they get out all right. The worst is the best, and they gets out best."

"But in real life it is different," I replied to his inference.

"Maybe it is," said the boy, "maybe it ain't. There's no tellin'." This doubt he still holds. It is a dangerous doubt, and in the tenement district especially dangerous.

That the boy saw the play aright I thought probable. He saw in the same year Mr. E. H. Sothern's *Hamlet*, having previously read the tragedy; and of the production he said, "I liked it; but *Hamlet* was kinder in the play than in the book." This same kindness in Mr. Sothern's *Hamlet* was the subject of chief praise and chief blame from his ablest critics, some of whom insisted also that *Hamlet* is less kind in the book than in Mr. Sothern's playing. If the boy saw thus truly Mr. Sothern's exquisitely fine conception of *Hamlet*, it is more than probable that he saw as truly *The Gay Lord Quex*.

It is remarkable how truly the people who form the audience in the gallery see the play. They have in most cases none of the lights with the help of which even most devoted students of the acted drama still find themselves insufficiently lighted, but they do so unerringly see.

One girl whom I know is especially clear and definite in her views of plays. She went one night to see Miss Maude Adams in *The Little Minister*. "No," she said decisively, "I did n't get any enjoyment out of it. Lady Babbie had a kind of a taking way with her, but she was so childish!" Most of us got so much enjoyment out of *The Little Minister*; and did we not get it because Lady Babbie had *such* a "taking way with her, and was so childish"?

This same girl went to see *Ben-Hur*. She had been very eager to see the play,

but she found it almost too disappointing for words.

"What was the trouble with it?" I asked sympathetically.

"Well," she sighed, "the scenery was grand, and the clothes were grand, and the chariot race was grand; but when I go to the theatre I like to see acting."

There are others of us who when we go to the theatre like to see acting! The particular play that this girl wanted I could not discover until she saw 'Way Down East, and explained quaintly that she liked it "because it touched the heart."

'Way Down East touched her heart as truly as The Sunken Bell touched the imagination of another girl whom I met. I was sitting in the shelter of the settlement doorway one summer evening, telling fairy tales to some of the neighborhood children; and she came in search of her little sister just as the last story reached its climax. Urged by the little sister, she sat on the steps to wait until the story should be ended.

"Go on," the children said to me, impatient of the interruption. "You were where the lovely fairy came, dancing in the moonlight" —

"Yes," I continued, "she came; and she was *very* lovely. Her hair was spun of long, bright sunbeams, and she had a beautiful dress made of a soft red cloud" —

The older girl laid her hand on my arm. "Why," she said eagerly, "she must have looked just like Rautendelein! Oh, *did* you see her, too?"

She waited until the story was finished, and then she plied me with questions. When she found that I "too" had seen the beautiful production of The Sunken Bell, given with Mr. E. H. Sothorn as Heinrich, and Miss Virginia Harned as the lovely, elusive Rautendelein, her delight was charming to see. She had so much to say about it all, but especially about Rautendelein.

Rautendelein had been to her, as Mr. Clapp said the entire production was to all of us who saw it, "a comfort and a joy." She worked in a factory, but not even months of long, monotonous days had dimmed her memory of the "elfin creature."

"She was like a fairy come true," she said. "Sometimes, when I get tired, it rests me just to remember her, with her fairy ways and looks."

Rautendelein was so actual to her that I longed to ask her the questions that so many of us have asked ourselves about the significance of Hauptmann's "dear enigma," but I did not. It seemed better to leave to her untouched the vision that Miss Harned had given her of the "sweet fantasy" with fairy ways and looks, whom it rested her to remember when she was tired.

An older woman whom I know told me one day that she "loved the theatre, but had n't had a chance to go for nine years." I promptly invited her to go to a *matinée* with me on her next holiday. Since then we have seen several plays together. One of them was a delicate comedy, and it did not interest her; another was a finely constructed tragedy, and it tired her; another was a most thrilling melodrama, and it seized and held her attention.

It was given by the stock company of the Castle Square Theatre in Boston; and the person in the play who appealed especially to my companion was the heroine, who, in the exciting course of the play, loses her reason through her grief at the unforgiving rage of the hero, and when, just before the final curtain, he relents, regains it. The absurd part was played in a manner surprisingly not absurd, and by a very young actress, Miss Eva Taylor. Realizing, doubtless, that if she must play so preposterous a rôle at all, her only hope lay in playing it seriously, she actually compelled even the humorously inclined in the audience to take at least her motive as seriously, and

moved the others to tears for herself and hisses for the hero.

My companion was obviously affected. She was also unusually silent. When I met her, several days later, she immediately spoke of the melodrama. "I felt bad," she said, "to see you take it so calm, 'cause I knew you cared 'bout people's sorrows, and that poor girl had such a hard time! But I see now that it would er been better if *she* had taken it calm, too, 'stead er gettin' so excited an' losin' her mind."

"It would have been rather more sensible," I agreed.

"Yes, would n't it?" she said. "It's better to take things calm. I never see it so plain till I see that play, and I'll remember it."

To learn the value of self-control from a melodrama, and that melodrama, of all others, *The Duel of Hearts*, was so diverting that I often smiled at the mere memory of it.

Then, one day, some time after, two of the little children of the woman who had seen the melodrama fell ill, one of them quite beyond hope of recovery. When I went to see her, she was, even in her great trouble, quiet. It was an unusual, an unexpected mark of strength, and before I left her I could not forbear saying: "Not every one has your courage. You are even braver than I had hoped you could be, and you know how brave that is."

"Don't you remember," she said, "when we saw that play, an' talked 'bout how much better it is to take things calm? I never thought I'd have anything like this to take, when I made up my mind to take things calm, but I'm tryin'."

It was inexpressibly pathetic. It was the most touching, and in many ways the most lovely, to me, of all the various meanings which the people of the tenements have told me they have found in plays. By the merest chance we saw the melodrama. By another chance the rôle of the impossible heroine was

played by a young and naïvely sincere woman, whose mere sincerity redeemed its grotesqueness. Whatever else it lacked, it was sincere; and it not only affected for the moment the woman of the tenement, but in her great need it kept still the force of the appeal it had made to her.

One of my particular friends in the tenements is a Polish girl, who, even when so slightly acquainted with the English language that she was unable to follow the lines of the play, went often to the gallery. She had seen Mr. Edwin Booth's *Hamlet*, and Mr. Richard Mansfield's *Richard III.*, and Miss Ada Rehan as *Katherine the Shrew*, and Madame Modjeska as *Lady Macbeth*, and Sir Henry Irving as *Shylock* with Miss Ellen Terry as *Portia*, and Miss Julia Marlowe in many parts.

Miss Marlowe's acting has been her greatest delight; and when first I met her, it was her favorite and almost her only topic of conversation. She had, and she still has, a great deal to say about Miss Marlowe, — quite as much as the psychological sophomore, — and she says it freely and frequently; but she never yet has mentioned Miss Marlowe's eyes to me, nor has she ever said that she adored her. Very often, though, she says, "I like it, I like it much, to see Julia Marlowe act."

When this girl heard that she might have most of Miss Marlowe's plays to read, her pleasure was exceedingly great. She worked all day in a shop, but at night she read *As You Like It* and *Romeo and Juliet*, and made lists of words and phrases that puzzled her, and brought them to me and sent them to me for interpretation. Had she been urged to study Shakespeare, she doubtless would have refused; but the joy of reading Miss Marlowe's plays caused her not only to surmount the difficulties of reading, but to commit to memory some of the lines, and to ask for information regarding their author and "his other books."

She afterward read Hamlet and The Merchant of Venice, and had long arguments with me as to Hamlet's madness, and the strict legality of Portia's reasoning and triumph in the trial scene. She took these discussions so seriously that my belief in Hamlet's madness — a belief contrary to her own — gave her much anxiety, and at intervals she would confront me with proofs against it in the shape of lines from the play. Even when she ceased to combat it in this way it distressed her. Not very long ago I met her. I had not seen her for more than a month, and she had much to say.

"Before Julia Marlowe, she comes, you will lend me When Knighthood Was in Flower?" she presently said.

"I certainly shall," I promised.

"And Hamlet, do you yet think him, he wass mad?" she next anxiously inquired.

She wrote "appreciations" of several Shakespearean characters. I suggested to her that she write next a sketch of Shakespeare's life, and explained to her how to go about finding her material at the Public Library. One evening, about a week later, she came to the settlement. I was busy with a club meeting, but she said so earnestly that she absolutely must see me that some one came for me, saying in explanation that the girl was evidently in some dire need.

"Your mother is n't worse?" I asked. Her mother had been ill.

"No," she replied, "she iss better. But in a book at the Library it did say that a man named Bacon, he did write Shakespeare's plays! Did he?"

She became so imbued with Shakespeare that she involuntarily fell into his lines and used his words. Hearing me express a wish one day that better care might be taken of a tenement near the settlement, to which wish I added, "It *should* be done," she said, "Oh yes, and it *would* be 'if to do were ass eas-sy ass to know what were goot to do.'"

On another occasion, when I was spending an evening at her home, she filled a small glass with a wine brewed by her mother, and, turning to me, said with the greatest dignity and impressiveness, "I carouse to thy fortune, my friend." Several weeks earlier I had explained to her that the words of the Queen in Hamlet, "The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet," were of themselves a good wish, and the act of itself a tribute.

She went to see Miss Marlowe as the Countess Valeska with eager anticipation, for she knew that the play dealt with Poland, her own native and beloved country.

"What did you think of it?" I asked, about as eagerly, when next we met.

The girl's reply gave evidence of a minutely true view of the production. She was very thoughtful as she answered: "I did like it; but Valeska wass a Polish woman, and Julia Marlowe iss an American woman. I wish Modjeska, *she* would play it. An American woman, — America is so different, — how can *she* know how feels a Polish woman?" She was so loath to find a deficiency in Miss Marlowe's acting that she found it instead in her environment.

"But Juliet," I said, for the purposes of argumentation chiefly, "was an Italian woman, you know; and you thought Miss Marlowe knew how she felt."

"Ah," said the girl, "Juliet, she wass just a woman; but Valeska, she wass a Polish woman!"

Even allowing for the Polish girl's pride of race, who shall say otherwise or more truly than that Juliet was just a woman, and Valeska, peculiarly, a Polish woman?

She saw The Pride of Jennico before I had seen it. "The princess and the man," she reported, "they did behave like children; but all the people in the theatre, they did like it much." This was comprehensive, but was it not true?

Is it not this youthful behavior that constitutes the essence of the romantic drama, and its particular and unfailing charm for "the people in the theatre"?

My Polish friend had a companion who went to the gallery to see plays. She came to the settlement to meet me, because her friend had mentioned to her my interest in the stage and had lent her my books of plays.

She was a serious, thoughtful girl, and through closer acquaintance with her I found a most unique evidence of the power of the theatre, and the responsibility of the stage to those who come within reach of its influence.

"Do you believe in seeing immoral plays when great actors and actresses act them?" the girl asked, one evening when we were reading aloud. She *Stoops to Conquer*, and had drifted from the one play to plays in general.

It was a large question, and I hesitated. "I believe in seeing nothing that, for any reason, the person seeing it finds unwholesome to see," I replied finally, and vaguely.

"But you don't know *what* you are going to see, when you go to the theatre," the girl said. There was a certain grim humor in this too true observation, but she made it in all seriousness.

"When you are there, you very soon find that out," I said by way of reply, "and you are not compelled to remain, you know, if you find that you prefer not."

She did not for many weeks return to the discussion of the subject. Shortly after it she went to see a dramatization of *Quo Vadis*? and the strong impression left by the play, and her subsequent absorption in reading and discussing the book, left us no time for more abstract conversations.

"I'll always remember that play!" she exclaimed. "Lygia was so noble; she stood up for her principles and was n't afraid. I'll always think of her when I have to stand up for mine."

By this time I had grown accustomed to definite instances of the influence of the stage in the tenement. This instance did not surprise me; it was not unexpected. My amazement came, however, some weeks later.

"I went to a play last night," began the girl, one evening at the settlement. "I went to *Zaza*" —

"You did?" I interrupted, recalling our discussion.

"Yes," continued the girl, "but I did n't stay."

"You did n't?"

"No, I did n't stay," she went on. "I had n't been there long before I remembered what you said about going away from what was unwholesome; and then I remembered how *Lygia* stood up for what was right and was n't afraid, and how good *Lygia* was, and so I came home."

Of the vital meaning of the stage to the simplest of its audience I had been certain. It was of much interest to find that meaning so real that a moral development produced by one acted play had made it impossible for the person in whom it had taken place to see another acted play. To the relative artistic values of the two plays the question is not directed. The influence was, and the influence must invariably be, the influence of the message of the art.

Mr. Jacob A. Riis gives a reason for writing his studies of the New York tenements his belief that "every man's experience ought to be worth something to the community from which he drew it, no matter what that experience may be, so long as it was gleaned along the line of some decent honest work." It is with the hope that they may be not only of interest, but perhaps also of use, to others who are interested in the stage and in the tenements, that these few of many instances of the influence of the theatre upon the people who go to its gallery from the tenements are given.

To me and to my work in the tene-

ments they meant very much. Through them I was enabled to substitute volumes of Shakespeare, of Sheridan, of Goldsmith, of Rostand, of Washington Irving (the last was lent to a boy who had seen Mr. Joseph Jefferson as Rip Van Winkle), and of too many other masters of literature for present mention, for sensational papers and worse than sensational books. The value of the substitutions is evident, and the value of the acted play is more evident.

The influence of the theatre had been, through the gallery, a force, a real

force for good and for evil. When it had been for good, it had been very good; and chiefly it had been, it would seem, for good. At its beginning the acted play was meant to be a power for good. It was given, as it is given, with a seriousness of purpose, which was, and is, the secret of its power. It may be — with all its failures, it to-day is — a power for good. Wherever else it may glance aside, certain it is that the people of the gallery abundantly receive it, and through it affect social and moral standards in the tenements.

Elizabeth McCracken.

THE DAY'S WORK OF A FORESTER.

"Who can impress the forest, bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root?"

Macbeth.

FORESTRY may briefly be defined as the science of conservative lumbering; or, more at length, as the study of the management of a forest in a way to secure a financial return to the owner, at stated intervals of rotation, which will be at least equal to, and is in fact greater than, that attained by the usual methods of lumbering, and at the same time so to protect, to perpetuate, and to improve the younger forest as to insure its permanence, and therefore to make the retention of it a paying investment. In total disagreement with the popular notion of it, forestry has as its aim only partially the preservation of the forests, as this affects the owners' income or is to their advantage in other ways; and while the conserving of our water supply and the continued enjoyment of forestal beauty will be brought about by the better methods of lumbering introduced by forestry, the proper economic conception of a forest is that of a great natural reservoir of useful raw material which, if sound and matured timber, should be converted into a finished pro-

duct for man's comfort and welfare. Then, too, forestry is not merely the culture of trees, with reference to their picturesque effects, in parks or groves; it is not landscape gardening. Its practicality is hence the ultimate test of the usefulness of the forester's profession, and his daily work in the woods must partake very largely of a life of that nature. For forestry, to lumbermen, means a business; and unless it pays to employ a trained forester, — that is, unless his presence will not only restrain any immediate waste in the course of cutting and guard against later depredations that can be prevented, but will also absolutely increase the future value of the forest to them, in both the quality and the quantity of the wood, and therefore also in its salability, — his services will not be needed in the woods. However, the time is now ripe in this country for an intelligent handling of the forest with these ends in view; for it is imperative that the ruthless slashing and rough destruction of all undergrowth, which characterize American lumbering of the present day, shall cease. Unless we foster our forests there will soon be no woodland.

Forestry is no new thing in European countries, where the necessity for it arrived long ago; and there is a growing conviction in America that, in one way or another, something must be done with the virgin timber that still remains here. It is the policy of the Bureau of Forestry of the United States Department of Agriculture to encourage the new lumbering in every possible way, for as yet there are very few private foresters in this country. In a circular issued not long ago to lumbermen and the owners of wood lots, it offered to give practical assistance and advice in the management of their stand of timber. The good achieved was twofold, in that, while the private interests were being looked to, and widespread instruction upon the principles of forestry thereby created, the government at the same time was gathering statistics of the growth and stand of timber in various regions, — statistics that are for the most part new, and that will be exceedingly valuable to future foresters. The information thus gained is frequently embodied in a report issued as a Bulletin. As a result of this effort, many owners of large and small tracts in almost every section of the country have taken advantage of the offer and made application for working plans. The Bureau of Forestry has also coöperated with the state of New York in the surveying of its state lands in the Adirondacks. It is the wish, too, of the government to encourage the introduction of tree plantations on a large scale out upon the plains, or wherever the forests have been devastated and trees are needed; and the success of this movement has been most gratifying, thousands of acres having already been planted in catalpa, black locust, black walnut, and other woods, which will be ready for use in a few years as posts, railroad ties, or for similar purposes.

The first thing to be done, in the preparation of a working plan, after a preliminary cruising has been made and

the advisability of it determined, is to make an estimate of the actual stand of merchantable timber upon the tract. This is accomplished by conducting a number of valuation surveys. The method of surveying adopted by the government is what is known as the strip method. Usually three men are employed in a crew: the central one, as tallyman and the head of the crew, to record the trees, and a man on each side of him to measure them with calipers. There is sometimes a fourth man, to keep the course selected, and thus to relieve the tallyman of the annoyance of constant attention to a compass. Calipers, be it known to those unacquainted with them, are a scale or rule, generally three feet in length, with a stationary arm at one end, and a movable, sliding one at the other, which may so be adjusted that both will clasp the tree, when the exact diameter may be read in inches on the scale.

It is the duty of the men with calipers to announce to the tallyman the species and diameter, taken breast-high, of each tree as it is measured, and it is the duty of the tallyman to keep an accurate record of the trees and dimensions given. The tallyman must also note the variation in altitude, the direction followed, the general character of the country and soil, the depth of the humus, the ground cover, the extent and quality of the reproduction, and the kinds of seedlings and saplings forming the undergrowth; observe the density of the forest; determine the present condition of the trees, if sound or unsound; decide whether the quality of the timber is as good as it should be for the soil, situation, and density that it has; and pass his judgment upon whether the country is favorable or unfavorable for lumbering.

The tallyman is provided with a chain, thirty-three (or occasionally sixty-six) feet in length, which is attached usually to a belt about his waist; and armed with chain, tally board, and cali-

pers, and with lunch for the noon hour, the crew of foresters go forth into "the merry green woods" for the fray. After the tallyman has steered the course with his compass and walked from the starting point the length of a chain, he is halted, and the survey begins; the men with calipers keeping an equal distance of thirty-three feet upon each side of him, and measuring all the trees within that distance. As soon as all these have been measured and recorded up to the limit of the length of the chain, the tallyman proceeds along his course another chain's length, is again stopped at the end of it, and the survey continues as before. It is at first somewhat difficult for those calipering to keep an accurate estimate of the distance; but in doubtful cases, when a tree seems to be almost beyond the limit, the distance is generally paced or measured with the chain, and it soon becomes an easy matter. Twenty chains of this sort of surveying, if a thirty-three-foot chain is used, complete one acre; if a sixty-six-foot chain is chosen, only ten lengths are necessary. Each acre, when finished, is filed by itself, and is considered to be one valuation survey. From fifteen to twenty acres, in ordinary country and with a moderate stand of timber (say three hundred trees calipered to the acre), is an average day's work, if the diameters be taken down to a five-inch limit; but the area of timber surveyed will vary considerably with the diameter limit, the number of trees found, and the character of the country, whether open or hilly, and also will greatly increase in extent if only certain species are to be calipered, and not the entire stand. The writer very well recollects one memorable survey made in the woods of central Arkansas, and on the day before Christmas, too, in which, as tallyman, he recorded the trees on seventy acres in one day; but only the pines were measured, and even then the diameter was at ten inches. If hardwoods had

been included, the number of acres would have been cut down by over half. The tallyman, as a rule, has the easier time of it, for the men who do the measuring must go from tree to tree and swing their calipers about in every direction, and they will, as a rule, manage to cover about twice as much territory as he does; but the tallyman must keep his eyes open, for all depends upon the accuracy of his record.

The strip method varies in operation according to the ends in view, the topography and the percentage of timbered land to be surveyed. Indeed, in some large tracts, where the character of the country has been ascertained to be generally similar and where the stand of timber is quite uniform, it has been customary to survey along the section lines or to zigzag obliquely from corner to corner across the quarter sections, following the map; in others, where a greater percentage to be surveyed has been involved and where the country and timber have varied a good deal, the township lines have been reblazed, and parallel surveys made from stations half a mile — or perhaps even less — distant from one another along those lines; in smaller tracts, where certain kinds of timber were mainly in question — as, for example, the percentage of cedar in swamp lands — or where previous surveys had been made, only those portions have been gone over which are of pertinence in an estimate of the timber. The percentage of timber actually surveyed for an estimate varies from two to five per cent, or, in rare cases, even more. These surveys, taken as they are impartially as regards the stand of timber, across poor country as well as good, are considered to afford an average acre, and it is believed that this method comes within five per cent of the actual stand of timber; whereas a lumberman, by cruising over a tract and selecting what in his judgment is a representative acre, and then estimating the general stand from that, rarely

comes nearer than within twenty per cent of the total stand, as shown by the lumbering of it, and his estimate is likely to vary from within ten to forty per cent.

Culling, in an estimate, is accomplished in several ways: first, while the surveys are being made, by not caliper- ing the trees that are evidently inferior; second, by using the percentage of cull trees and logs as shown in the stem analyses made on similar ground or on the tract actually surveyed, or by using the cull figures of the lumbermen; and, third, by surveying all the trees on a marked acre before it has been lumbered, and then resurveying the same area after all the merchantable trees have been cut off. All these methods are good. Few men know what is in a tree until it has been cut; and an accurate percentage of culls is one of the most important things to be considered by a forester.

As many survey and other crews are provided as are necessary and possible. The number of men in a camp will range from three to thirty, or more, according to the size of the tract and the importance and pressure of the work. Canned goods are the most portable food, and tents and blankets are the usual movable equipment for a camp, including a cook tent and utensils; but frequently the work requires a party to be so constantly with the men of the lumber camps that in such cases they have their lodging and meals with the lumbermen. A cook always accompanies an independent party, except in emergency cases, in order that no time may be lost by the men themselves. Yet there are occasions when the forester will rejoice if he is able to prepare a meal; and if he finds himself slightly in ignorance on such matters, he will probably come out of the woods with at least a better conscience and perhaps a little more self-reliance. It may be said, too, that he will be somewhat more competent to wash his own clothes,

should the necessity for it ever arrive thereafter. The men usually have cots to sleep on, as these may be folded and are quite light in weight; but it is not at all an infrequent occurrence for them to make their own beds of leaves and boughs, and roll up in blankets like soldiers, with the rest of their belongings for pillows; for the camps are shifted as the work progresses, and the distance to camp each day becomes greater, and to be always in readiness and in light marching order is one of the best rules for the mobility of the men and for the advance and success of the season's work. The men all rise early, and work long and hard; but it is much better that less work be done, and that done well, than that the result should be merely a showing in numbers, and not in accuracy. The camp equipment is all moved by teams, if possible, but occasionally is transported in canoes, if the nature of the country requires it, or is carried in pack baskets, on their backs, Indian style, by the men themselves.

Surveying is hard work. To walk from ten to twenty miles a day, caliper- ing and tallying, up over hills above the clouds and down again in the valleys, through swamps and thickets, wading perchance across streams, sometimes climbing great precipices, while affording every opportunity for gaining an acquaintance with the trees and with all the wild life of the forest, and for the enjoyment of much beautiful scenery too, must not be looked upon as an easy task. It is one that would be shunned by most men. The lines do not always fall in pleasant places. Yet it is the most important part of the work to be done.

Next in importance to the surveys, for practical calculations, but of greater scientific interest, are the analyses of the stems or trunks of the various kinds and sizes of merchantable trees on the tract. If possible, the lumbermen are followed and measurements taken as the

trees are cut; but frequently special felling is done for the purpose, and the logs are rolled out with cant hooks by the men of the crews. Usually two men are sufficient for this purpose, one to tally and to do his share also in helping the other; but as many men can be used as are available or as one tallyman can keep up with. The age of the tree is found by counting the number of its annual rings of growth at the stump; the diameter, too, is taken there, and the years and diameter are also ascertained at the end of each log cut. From these and similar data may be learned the time necessary for the different species to reach certain heights and diameters under their separate conditions of soil, situation, and density, which are recorded in the case of each individual tree. An account is kept of each tree's soundness and of each log's; of the shape of the trunk, whether straight or crooked, tapering or cylindrical; of the form of its crown, whether full or narrow, long, short, or scraggly; and of the length of the logs, of the crown, and of the whole tree. The height of the stump is then taken, and the length along the trunk that is clear of all branches, from the ground up to the first limb three inches in diameter, is measured; or, where there is no three-inch limb, the beginning of the crown is considered as the end of the clear length, and the diameter taken in either case. The actual merchantable point, too, is observed, with its diameter and the distance to it from the ground. Other height and clear-length measurements of standing trees are obtained separately with a hypsometer, and the trees thus measured should be in all situations and for all diameters.

The record of the rings is a most interesting study, and the ways, too, in which the different trees and species reveal therein their individualities and life histories. The rings of some trees are wavy and irregular, while those of

others show even growth. The record is imperishable and lives with the tree, and is a true one, showing in its wider rings the favorable seasons, and in its narrower rings the unfavorable years of drought, or fire, or late spring frosts. The writer has seen and measured, in the open stand of the loblolly pines in the Southern states, a distance of over one inch between one annual ring and another, making the increase in diameter for that year to be over two inches; on the other hand he has frequently seen, in the Adirondacks, hemlocks so suppressed in growth that it had taken more than ten years to add one quarter of an inch to their diameters. The pine had had the most favorable environment in every way, and was scarcely one hundred years old, while the hemlocks, which were nearly five hundred years of age, and hence had been trees of some size when Columbus first saw land ahead in the west, had grown up in the shade, and had been protected from the winds which eventually blew down their taller neighbors. Trees, in stem analyses, are classified as either dominant, codominant, or suppressed. A dominant tree is one having a full enjoyment of open sunlight; one codominant is perhaps slightly younger than the dominant and somewhat beneath it, though frequently aspiring to reach its fellows; one that has been suppressed in growth is much lower than the others, and, if a tree of size, is usually as old as they, or older.

The percentage of sap and heart wood, for trees of different ages and at different heights on the same tree, is measured on the face of the cross-sections; and no better opportunity could be afforded for learning the hardness, color, odor, and grain of the different woods than the study of these disks at the ends of the logs. In some, as in the oaks and ashes, the spring growth is a ring of open pores, and the summer wood a gradual thickening of them; while in others, as in the maples and

birches, the spring growth is very diffuse in a broad band, and the terminating distinct layer of summer wood is the only thing definite. In either case the ring records the year, and each year's growth forms a new sheath inclosing the others. The growth is generally measured along the average radius, from the bark to the centre, in periods of ten years, and the distance, in tenths of inches, recorded, for that period's increase. The aim is to find the average rate of growth, and then to determine how many years it will take a tree, under certain expected conditions, to realize a desired diameter. The width of the bark is measured, too, for each log, thus showing the taper for the tree; and there is quite a difference in every way in the bark of the various species. Where practicable, as in a windfall, studies in the root systems of the different species, the extent of their spread and the depth of them in certain soils and moisture, are also carried on. If there is any coppice growth which has sprouted from old cuttings, analyses are made of this, and a comparison thus afforded between the coppice and similar analyses of small seedlings. Anything unique in a tree's history is definitely found out, and the characteristics of the different species on a tract become thoroughly learned; as, for example, where a bird's-eye maple is discovered, the distance is found along the trunk to which this phenomenon of the wood is discernible, and frequently it will be up even into the branches. The trees in mixture in the immediate vicinity of those examined are also mentioned in the analysis, and other relevant facts are remarked similar to those kept by the tallyman on the surveys.

It is hardly possible to ascertain the exact age of an old tree. It will have taken it a few years to grow up to the height of the stump on which the rings are counted, and the seasons may at times have been so unfavorable that,

especially if a tree has a small top, not enough material will have been absorbed through its leaves that year to extend in new wood all the way down the trunk, and so no new ring will have been formed at the base.

Valuation surveys and stem analyses are the main data in the forester's measurement of the stand and growth of his crop of trees, but their real significance is deeper than that, and is known only by very careful silvicultural observations. Silviculture is the study of the requirements and preferences of the different varieties of trees with reference to soil, situation, and density, and complements the practical aim of forestry proper. Such investigations are no less essential to the eventual success of a forester than the ascertaining of the stand of timber; and, in fact, unless his specifications are supported by a thorough silvicultural knowledge of his forest, they are very likely to fall through. Much of the surveying and stem-analysis work, however, is found to be of great silvicultural value.

The forester should know, for example, the kinds of trees that grow best together, and how much light they will need, so that his thinning of useful but crowded material may be judicious. Cutting out the less important species and the inferior trees of the more valuable varieties is one of the most desirable features to introduce for the improvement of the forest. The rejected timber can easily be disposed of as cord wood, if in a region suitable for such work, and this will be found to pay the expense of having the work done; while the seedlings of the finer trees will thereafter have a chance to live, and the straight boles of those left will widen and become still more symmetrical with the even increase of new foliage in the tops.

The study of the reproduction of the different species, of the most favorable conditions of soil, moisture, and light exposure in which the seeds of the

various trees will best germinate, has many interesting silvicultural points. A representative square acre is measured off, peeled poles are driven at the corners and in conspicuous places along the lines, and trees that are on the lines are slightly blazed. All the seedling growth inclosed within these lines is then recorded, and the number of veterans and standards taken, also, so that the extent of the reproduction from these trees may be judged, and, in the poles and saplings, the proportion of the seedlings that will eventually mature. As an example of this work, after selecting what seemed to be a spot of average density and a normal distribution of trees, it was soon found, to the writer's dismay and to that of the two men with him, that the recording of several thousand seedlings would be the result of this study in reproduction; and the actual tally showed thirty-five hundred hard maples under one inch in diameter and over three inches in height, and a total of nearly six thousand trees and seedlings of all species. It is the duty of the forester to see that suitable and sufficient seed trees are left in the lumbering. In the Adirondacks, the percentage of spruce affected with mistletoe is noted in this sort of work. Sometimes smaller sample areas, say ten feet square, are picked out, and on these everything is counted, the wild flowers and grasses as well as the seedlings.

It is very desirable, therefore, that the forester have a good working knowledge of botany and geology as well as an understanding of his forest. It might be well, too, for him to have some acquaintance with astronomy, so that he could pilot himself by the north star, if in the woods at night without a compass. The true forester, however, will have other resources under such circumstances. He will know whither the streams lead, upon which slopes he is, from the kinds of timber upon them, and on a cloudy day can tell where the sun lies by the delicate shadow of

his knife blade on his palm; in fact, as old woodsmen say, the only compass absolutely necessary in the woods is a good silver dollar and a horseshoe nail. The moss on the trunks is generally a safe guide as to direction; for it is thickest on the north side, because the sunlight comes upon it from the south, though it is dependent upon other light exposures, also, and in the case of a clearing may be of equal growth on all sides of the tree. Trees, too, dip along the banks of lakes and rivers, or wherever there is a depression, and the forester will perhaps be able to locate himself by such appearances of the forest.

Why is it that there are always more seedlings of birch on a fallen hemlock than anywhere else in the woods? Is it because there is something in the tannin of the bark which especially nurtures the growth of birches, or is it because the little seeds easily lodge as they are blown against the log and drift into its great seams? The writer has seen old hemlock logs, in the forests, covered with ferns and with innumerable tiny seedlings of birch and spruce, and they seemed the most beautiful things in the world. Birches will grow upon old hemlock stumps, too, and frequently may be seen in their maturity, with their great roots, like buttresses, supporting the bases of their stems a foot or so in the air, and beneath each tree an open space where the stump had been and had decayed. Sometimes a row of these singularly propped-up birches may be observed; and it will easily be seen that they were once seedlings on a log, for in the round hollow through their roots, evidently, once lay the original log which gave them life, and which they had twined about and clasped.

By the density of a forest is usually meant the extent to which the crown cover excludes the light from the forest floor beneath. In a wood where the canopy of leaves is so spread from one tree to another that it admits of prac-

tically no entrance for the sunlight the density is absolute; but that would be a rare forest that did not have some openings through which the light might filter. Sometimes the stem density is recorded, too, in which instance the absolute density would be that of a forest completely crowded by the tree trunks. But in either case, whether stem density or crown density is called for, the actual density of the forest is averaged on the basis of a unit as the absolute density; the various degrees of density, for different acres and situations, being ranged in decimals, according to the nature of each case. Thus, in the Adirondacks, the crown density for the entire forest averages about seven tenths; and this is a very commendable density, for enough light is permitted to encourage the growth of the younger forest, while the older trees have ample space in which to spread their tops.

It is interesting, as an illustration, to observe that Spenser's conception of a forest as a place completely shaded by the foliage, and yet with trees so far apart that a knight and his lady could ride side by side between them, and with paths leading throughout, perfectly free from the tangle of undergrowth, was evidently based upon one whose crown density had been so absolute that no light could enter, and that hence beneath it no seedlings could live:

"Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;

Whose loftie trees, yelad with sommers pride,
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,

Not perceable with power of any starr:

And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farr:
Faire harbour that them seemes; so in they entred ar."

The trees mentioned in the stanzas ensuing could hardly all be growing together naturally; but if his description was based upon an actual forest (possibly composed largely of the English oak),

there is no wonder that no seedlings survived, even of those species tolerant of shade, under a canopy so thick that it was "not perceable with power of any starr." Elsewhere, too, Spenser reiterates this mediæval ideal of the forest as

"a gloomy shade,
Cover'd with boughs and shrubs from heavens light;"

the inhabitants being generally found sequestered there among the trees "in secret shadow from the sunny ray." Spenser's grand old forest, however, is perhaps a sad commentary upon the endless jungle of decayed trunks and ill-managed undergrowth in so many of our forests of to-day.

It is well known that the evergreens, such as pine, balsam, hemlock, spruce, and cedar, thrive well beneath the shade of overarching broadleaf species, a new forest of conifers following the former one of hardwoods. This is especially noticeable in some places in the Berkshires, where the young evergreens, so tolerant of shade, form a beautiful under-forest in the older woods of maple, birch, beech, and ash. But the beech and the maples endure shade nearly as well, more so than almost any other broadleaf species. The writer has seen maples and beeches of some size growing healthily and with full green crowns, and yet completely overarched by the tops of their dominating neighbors, and with little entrance of light for them, except here and there among the trunks or through small openings between the branches. The basswood also endures shade well, with its wide leaves. But all trees love the light, and without it they could not live; and wherever there is the least exposure of open sky among the trees, there you will find an arm perhaps of beech or of maple, trees that are otherwise tolerant of shade, gently fingering the light and stretching out into luxuriant life and growth. On the same tree, the leaves on those branches having a full enjoyment of light will be, as a rule, in much better condition, be

larger and in better health, than those restricted to the shade.

It is interesting, silviculturally, to observe that in a forest of conifers the tamarack is evidently crowded off from the slopes by the spruce, balsam, and hemlock, — the tamarack requiring a greater amount of light than is afforded in the close stand of the others, which excludes the light. So, though the tamarack will grow on a ridge, if planted with no very near neighbors, it seems to have taken up its abode in the low, wet places where few other species choose to thrive, and where consequently each individual tree is permitted as much light as an unhindered open exposure can give. Again, it has been noticed that, at least in some sections of the country, the beech — a tree, as has been said, most tolerant of shade — will put forth long shoots of fresh green twigs and leaves at the first unfolding of the buds, some time before most of the other species are even swelling in the tips; and this early growth of two weeks will in most cases be two thirds of the length of the total annual increase in height, as judged by the growth marks of previous years. This remarkable and sudden springing out of the beech at the first approach of spring, when the other surrounding trees are still undeveloped in their foliage, and when, therefore, there is less shade and an easier entrance of light, is doubtless one cause for its well-known tolerance of shade; for most of its leaves are well developed before the shade from the contiguous trees comes, and the later growth, after the light begins to be excluded by their oncoming foliage, is much less, thus showing that it does not get all its growth from a small amount of light. The beech is one of the most interesting and beautiful of trees in its habits. Thoreau was very enthusiastic over the "lichen-painted" beeches. And the different varieties of birches, — what grace in them, what refinement and delicacy of light green foliage and

white bark! Readers of Hamerton will well remember his fine description of them in *The Sylvan Year*. Each tree has its own individuality, and to know this completely is the part of silviculture. The real reasons for many of the ascertained facts in the forest's life are questions still open for the forester to solve.

Another interesting study in silviculture is that of the kinds of trees found generally together, and those growing upon different slopes and in different soils. In the Adirondacks, for example, the red spruce and other evergreens thrive best upon the southern and western slopes, while the broadleaf hardwoods are larger and more numerous and in better health on the eastern and northern slopes; apparently an anomalous condition, for one would naturally expect the reverse, the hardwoods needing light and the conifers enduring the shade. Moisture conditions doubtless have something to do with it, however, and we consequently find the softwoods most numerous on those slopes which the sun reaches first, and whose soil is as a result drier, while the hardwoods grow better on those sides of the mountains not always openly exposed to the rays of the sun, and the soil on which is therefore more moist and porous.

These are some aspects of the forester's everyday life in the woods; but these are not all of it. The forester in charge of a party has much more to do. He must prevent the use of valuable timber in the construction of skidways, and regulate the cutting of the trees, that they be not sawed too high; for thousands of board feet are lost every year in lumber, in tall stumps. He should know how much it costs per thousand feet to get the logs sawed and on to the skidways, and how much to get them from the skidways to the mill and into lumber. He must know which species especially to encourage on his tract, in view of present and future markets, and how best to foster them.

He must go over the ground and select sites for camps, must buy provisions and see that all goes well with the men, and must make a thorough reconnoissance of the whole tract, botanical, geological, and topographical, and collect all sorts of material for his report which the survey parties would not see or be expected to see. He will later collate the results of all that has been done in the woods, and embody his conclusions in a working plan for the lumbering of the tract, together with recommendations looking toward the obviation of soil erosion; the prevention of fires, if that be necessary; the best ways of combating the many other enemies of the forest, such as insects and fungi (as, for example, the burning of pruned branches, dead stumps, and tops left after the lumbering); and, if his work be in the West, perhaps the most advisable methods of regulating the grazing or browsing of sheep or cattle. After the field season is over, there is still much office work to be done before the real facts of a summer's survey can be learned, and then explicitly stated in accurate specifications. With the data obtained from the stem analyses and height measurements symbolic curves are plotted, representing the rise in height with the increase in diameter, and also the rising height with the increase in age. Mainly, however, the number of merchantable logs on a tract must approximately be determined in terms of board feet, together with the percentage of each species and of the trees of each diameter, and the diameter limit to which it is safe to cut in order that a continuous financial return may be secured.

It has been the good fortune of the writer to have work in the woods assigned to him in more than one locality, during the past year. He has been in the endless pine forests of Arkansas in the winter time, among the beautiful Berkshire Hills in spring, upon Grand Island, Michigan, during the summer, and in the Adirondacks in autumn: and

not the least enjoyable of the things seen and remembered is the time when, on a Thanksgiving Day hunt, he came across a cabin deep in the woods, with an outjutting rafter strung with black, fox, and gray squirrels, cottontails and big swamp hares, doves and quail; or when an old Confederate soldier strolled into camp with his son-in-law, and the latter gave us *The Arkansas Traveler* on a fiddle in genuine Southern style, while another beat time with a straw on the strings and made a weird accompaniment to the playing of the tune; or when, beside some stream bordered and fringed with alders and birches, he toasted his bread, reclined upon a soft carpet of spring beauties, and listened to the musical, ceaseless swirl of the waterfalls; or when, in the evening, he was one of a happy group about a huge camp fire of driftwood on the shores of Lake Superior; or when once he almost stepped on a fawn in the forest, and when three beautiful does came tripping past his camp, and again when a buck bounded away before him early one morning, and he could hear the antlers crack and knock against the undergrowth; or when, in the night, he lay beneath a lean-to of bark and leafy branches, and slept upon balsam boughs under the stars. But he especially remembers one beautiful noon in the Berkshires, when he and his companions had lunch in the shade of two spruce trees on a hillside. It was a clear and perfect day. In the south was Mount Tom; toward the north old Greylock loomed up in sheer massiveness; to the east the lovely Massachusetts country lay spread out before him; westward, ponds could be seen among the hills, whose slopes, too, were strikingly varied in color in their spring green, the lighter hues of beech and ash being mingled with the darker balsam and spruce; beyond these was a view of the Housatonic Valley, with a glimpse of a village here and there; while far in the distance, in irregular gray outline,

like clouds banked up along the horizon, were the Catskills. He never tired of looking toward the Catskills. It was the old story of Rip Van Winkle come back again through the years with all the freshness and dream of boyhood.

This enjoyment of the wild, the quaint, and the picturesque is a part of the life of the forester, and of his daily life, and not the least part of it. No man, it has been said by Mr. Gifford Pinchot, should be a forester who is not by instinct a hunter; and it is a comfortable doctrine to preach, and a still more comfortable one to practice. For the forester has opportunities to see and to know the wild life of the forest better than most men. He hears the whistle of the quail and the drumming of the partridge, and frequently he finds their nests and sees their broods of young; he learns the ways of the wild duck, stumbles upon the curious nest of the ovenbird, and becomes acquainted with many rare, shy birds; he has the best of chances to observe the squirrels and deer, the two most graceful animals in the woods, in their native homes amid the trees, and he comes across saplings against which deer have scraped their horns when in the velvet, follows their trails to his work, surveys through their feeding grounds where they have browsed the tips of cedar, hemlock, ash, and basswood, picks up their cast-off antlers lying among the leaves, and finds the beds of matted grass and ferns where they have lain. And then, too, few things are quite so palatable as game cooked to a crisp over a wood fire in the open air, and nothing tastes so good as pure, fresh, cold water drunk straight from a brook, without the intervening aid of cup or glass. These also are the forester's advantages. He may fry some brook trout or pickerel for breakfast, roast a piece of venison for lunch, and broil a rabbit or squirrel for supper. The writer has had bass, venison, and partridge in one day, and all taken within

a mile of camp. This, it is true, is not the ordinary camp fare; but a taste of game is not at all uncommon, and guns and rifles are almost a necessary part of an outfit.

The forest's growth is quickly responsive to man's hints. The old story in Virgil's *Æneid*, of how the branches of cornel, when torn, shed blood, having sprung from the body of Polydorus, is not so far from the mark. The forest is very much alive. It is not always a "gloomy wood," leading to hell, as the old Florentine pictured it, nor are we always astray therein. Readers of Hamerton will recollect his attractive portrayal of the primitive life of the forester, Jean Bouleau, in *The Sylvan Year*, and of his hut, — "a sort of wigwam of young oak trunks and branches, with a thatch of gorse that covered both roof and wall." Do you remember, too, the old antiquary in *The Unknown River*, who every year retired for the summer to his hut on the hill, amid the beeches; compelled to flee the city, with its magnificences, overcome because of his desire "for the little hut, and the free range of the wild forest, and the fresh, high air, and the healthy days of toil, and the lonely evening walks about the hill, and the vast, illimitable horizons"? Well, it is with some such feelings, perhaps, that the forester of to-day, if he be a man, should venture upon his duties, with his heart in his work, knowing that it is not every one who has his privileges. There is always something new in his profession, some unknown fact about trees to discover, untrodden regions to explore, something ever to identify. It is not all learned in a day, and there are few other ways of earning one's living in which more mental activities are brought into play, or where the work itself is so constantly interesting, and the daily task, performed in the exhilaration of the great outdoors, has combined with it so much of real pleasure.

But, besides affording a life perhaps a little like that of Robin Hood in Sherwood Forest, the forest imparts to men also the finer spiritual influences. Nature wins us over by uplifting our emotions as well as by inspiring us to scientific investigation. The forester who does not feel the majesty of the forest, the infinite beauty of the sky, the repose of the hills, and the illimitable life and mystery of the world has not found all that is there, among the trees and the flowers. He is a good poet, and might have made a forester, who has written of trees in these beautiful lines; and they will be appreciated by every lover of the woods, and by all who have a concern for the poetic in life as well as for the industrial and commercial:—

“Your sense is sealed, or you should hear them
tell

The tale of their dim life and all
Its compost of experience: how the Sun
Spreads them their daily feast,
Sumptuous, of light, firing them as with wine;

Of the old Moon's fitful solicitude,
And those mild messages the Stars
Descend in silver silences and dews;
Or what the buxom West,
Wanton with wading in the swirl of the wheat,
Said, and their leafage laughed;
And how the wet-winged Angel of the Rain
Came whispering . . . whispering; and the
gifts of the Year—

The sting of the stirring sap
Under the wizardry of the young-eyed Spring,
Their summer amplitudes of pomp
And rich autumnal melancholy, and the shrill,
Embittered housewifery
Of the lean Winter: all such things,
And with them all the goodness of the Master
Whose right hand blesses with increase and
life,
Whose left hand honours with decay and death.

“So, under the constraint of Night,
These gross and simple creatures,
Each in his scores of rings, which rings are
years,

A servant of the Will.
And God, the Craftsman, as He walks
The floor of His workshop, hearkens, full of
cheer

In thus accomplishing
The aims of His miraculous artistry.”

Paul Griswold Huston.

PROTHALAMION.

O DAWN that ushers in the bridal day,
And with the twilight brings the bridal joy,
Yours is the torch that once would light the way
Of that fair pagan boy,
Who guided hearts, and married their delight,
And closed the portals on the nuptial night.
No more he comes, all wingèd with desire,
And flambeau burning bright;
No more he brings his unawakened lyre,
And makes the strings dance to the blowing breeze;
No more his careless heart is set on fire
In bower after bower of amorous ease.

Long years ago, when on the Syrian hills
A glory shone, and all the world grew light,
Ours was the day, and his the endless night;
We left him dreaming on Hymettus mount,

Where murmur of the bees his slumber fills,
And all the bubbling rills.
The honey stolen from the wilding hive
Clings to the dryad's lip; he dreams it sweet,
And her fond kisses keep his hope alive,
But waking finds the sun upon the plain,
With all the world in combat at his feet,
And all his vassals fallen from his train.

No more we follow where his torches led,
No more we listen to his careless song;
Our hopes are high, and his dominion dead.
The graven tablets that undid this wrong,
The holy heart that made the whole world hear,
Have taught us wisdom; and with wings of fire
We can outsoar his torches, burnt too bright;
We have unfettered love from her old fear,
Like some enchanted sprite,
That has escaped the caverns of desire.
O bridal dawn, your light is not his light!

And you, twin souls, who on this happy day
Have married hearts, and mingled the two streams
Of your own fates in this more perfect way,
Behold the bright girl April's dancing eyes
Grow brighter with your dreams.
She sets the sun 'mid showers in the skies,
To mock your tender tears; and on the hills,
Through the dank earth, wrapped in her curling leaf,
The bloodroot flower forgets her winter's grief,
In longing for your bridal. Maytime brings
Arbutus and anemone, and fills
The woods with perfume, but the April sun
Holds court in heaven, and the robin sings
Full-hearted carols when the bride is won.

O lady, weeping at your own delight,
A happy sorrow mellowing your tear,
The plighted day, the consecrated night,
The honeyed month, the slow-revolving year,
Are yours and his by right.
O guiding star of his unsundered fate,
Through life and death, through hopes that cannot die,
Keep his strong heart elate;
Be pilot of your yet unweathered bark,
Faithful to that bright planet in the sky,
Through reaches of the far mysterious dark.

O happy youth, bringing the bride-heart home,
To seal with nuptial rapture her sweet fate,
From out of highest heaven's awful dome
You were ordained to mate, —

Twin passions of a single hallowed heart,
 Who join the sweet and strong with perfect art,
 And marry good with great;
 No mystic portent and no elfin power
 Rouse your desire in watches of the night,
 Nor fair Armida of the blissful bower;
 Her deepest magic is her womanhood;
 But through the shadows of our earthly wood
 Follow your star that makes the heaven bright.

Not here within the bridal clasp of hands,
 But in the Eden of your highest hope,
 The perfect future stands;
 You do foretoken that diviner day
 We eat our hearts in praying for, and grope
 Through shadows on the never ending way;
 The goal is far, but earth and heaven the prize.
 On this bright dawn let us forget our fears,
 And yield to every hope your nuptials rouse;
 For echoing Sinai, Nazareth is wise,
 And all the heartache of the grinding years
 Is buried in your deathless marriage vows.

So sang the wood thrush throbbing in my brain,
 But the blithe robin dancing in my heart
 Carols a softer strain:
 No time is this for peril or for pain,
 When bright-eyed April plays her happiest part,
 Smiling through dewy lashes; no time this,
 When youth meets youth, and bridegroom takes his bride,
 And love and living seem a single bliss.
 O rapture in the twilight clasp of arms,
 O melody, O joy of virgin charms,
 Youth and the young year, budding side by side,
 Make all Spring's flowers blossom in your kiss!

J. E. Spingarn.

A SIBERIAN EVANGELINE.

ONE hundred and forty steamers ply up and down the Amur River and its tributary the Chilka. All fly the three horizontal stripes of Russia, red, white, and dull blue. According to treaty with China and notification to the rest of the world, craft flying other flags are unconditionally debarred these waters.

Half of the steamers belong to the

company which receives a government subsidy for carrying the mail, and their going and coming seem to rest upon some impulse of regularity. Of course they are idle for more than half the year, when the river is closed and ice-bound, or else breaking and churning and releasing its imprisoned waters. The first steamer passes up early in

May; then until the bitter cold of the autumn the waters are never deserted.

One trip up or down the river has its monotonies even at the best of times, when the water is high and the danger of spending half of every day on mud bars is least. For thousands of versts the great brown river sweeps around the same long curves, and the same low landscape stretches away on either side, sometimes dimly bounded by a blue mountain range far away in Manchuria. Each wooden village at which the steamer stops seems like the last, and apparently the same eager group of peasants hurry down the water-eaten bank to the beach, laden with loaves of bread, bottles of milk, and plates of sour cream. Yet the captain told me that for two summers the haggard woman who leaned all day against the rail of the lower deck had never failed a trip of his steamer up or down the river; and in the winter, he had been told, she kept up her singular pilgrimage back and forth on tarantass or sledge. We sat in the shade of the pilot house, the captain sipping a glass of tea. He had just succeeded in getting the steamer off a mud bar inside of an hour, and he felt in good humor.

"You've noticed her amongst the third-class people?" (They were huddled, poor creatures, with their bundles, on the lower deck, with no particular place to lay their heads.) "She always stands by the rail, like that, and looks over toward the shore. When we blow the whistle and begin to slow up to make a landing at a village, she hurries to the place where the gangplank goes; when it's let across she runs down to the beach, and hunts out the pope in the crowd and asks him a question. It's always the same thing: 'Have you seen Michael Petr'ich?' or, 'Has Michael Petr'ich been here, from the commune of —, in Little Russia?' And the pope always shakes his head; and she comes back to the steamer, walking very slow, and takes her old

place on the deck. Then she hardly moves for hours."

"Perhaps he's a convict — ticket-of-leave man — and she's his wife; or perhaps it is a man who has wronged her or her family, and she is seeking revenge. A murderer, perhaps."

The captain shook his head. "She has money, and her passport is all right. She came out first with a neighbor's family who were emigrating. I've since met a woman from her village in Little Russia, and she says that the woman was betrothed to a Michael Petrovitch, and that she ran away to Odessa to work in a factory. In a little while she came back; but the man had got the government permission to emigrate and was gone. She had a little money left her, and started off after him. She heard first that he was in the Transbaikal Province, then in the Amurskaia: so she's been going up and down, and has n't heard of him."

"That's an unusual story for Russian peasants."

The captain removed his cap, and ran his pocket comb — important possession of most Russian men — through his bushy hair. He was a nervous little fellow. His yellow beard was cut to a point, and his face was red from exposure, but it had a kindly and quizzical expression. His type was not unlike that of his Czar, — with proper respect to the latter. After replacing the comb in his pocket he thoughtfully said: —

"Yes, they don't generally love that way. The people are afraid of her and leave her alone. They think that she is mad. But so long as she has her passport and pays her fare we have nothing" —

The fateful cry of "Vōsēm-por-lavini — vōsēm — sēm-por-la-vini — sēm — shèst-por-la-vini — shèst-por-la-vini — shèst" — came to us from the bow. The captain got up, and hurried forward with an exclamation of excuse and impatience, and stood where he could watch the deck hand who threw a painted pole

into the water, crying out the depth as he did so. We were on shallows again.

I walked forward and looked down, also. There were two little upper decks: the one on which I stood, about three feet above the other, had the pilot house and the captain's cabin, and just cleared the paddle wheels; the lower one was built over the tops of our tiny staterooms. On the bits of clear deck below, the third-class passengers — men, women, and children — were crowded. Some Cossacks abode in the bow, and assisted the deck hands with capstan and poles when we were stuck on the river bottom. They were watching the record on the painted pole with interest. On the other side, indifferent to all around her, stood the woman of whom we had spoken, and I observed her again with a feeling of new interest.

Few of those Russian peasant women are pretty, though few, on the other hand, are repulsive. Their hair is apt to be straw-colored and straight, and their eyes blue. They lack delicacy of feature and the feminine charm which rarely exists in an atmosphere barren of homage for their sex. At the most they are thoroughly wholesome and good-natured, used to work in the fields as hard as the men, and bear the babies too, which is merely a side issue. This woman was gaunt and her face was haggard. At first I thought her middle-aged, but after watching her closely I realized that she was younger than she seemed. Some mental mishap or physical illness had stolen her youth. In spite of this her face had the quality of beauty. The prettiness which many of these peasant women may possess when they are girls passes away quickly under the stress of such a life as theirs; real beauty never, except in degree, — that is, its essence.

I had thought the captain's story unusual, because the Russian peasant is not romantic, and there is no gleam of chivalry in his soul. His marriage is

largely a matter of convenience. The husband is often very kindly to his wife and fond of her, and the children are their joint pride and care; but few could sympathize with the intense feeling which must inspire the woman who leaned on the rail below, who for two years had kept up her lonely search. You may feel interested in the average *moujik* (peasant) from a distance, but you rarely feel as strongly attracted to any as I did to this woman gazing dumbly toward the shore, mystery and sorrow in her face.

We passed a steamer or two every day, and when one glided into view from behind a curve of the river we blew a greeting and received a reply. Then what a change in the rigid figure! She quivered with excitement, and leaned eagerly forward to scan with her eyes the oncoming boat. If it was loaded with emigrants, packed together so closely that we saw them as a whole, in a blurred mass, she leaned forward all the more eagerly in a vain and pitiful attempt to see every face, and then shrank back despairingly after it had passed. How long could she keep this up without going mad as the people thought her?

The days passed, with very little to distinguish one from another. The country still stretched away in its low, barren monotony. Once in a while, to make life tolerable, the river curled for a few versts within a group of hills or passed a bold cliff surmounted by a wooden cross.

It is a difficult feat to navigate these rivers, with their shifting banks of mud or sand. At night, all the way from Nikolaievsk, at the mouth of the Amur, to the point where navigation ends on the Chilka, we were never out of sight of a light at night, always twinkling through the darkness on one side of the river or the other, wherever it could guide the skipper best; and in the daytime the gaudily painted lamp poles were of equal value as marks whereby

to steer a course. When the heavy fog fell, we anchored till it passed away. To tend these lamps, light them at night, and patrol the river, over a thousand men are employed by the government, many of whom lead hermit lives. We used to see them paddling their canoes near the shore, out of reach of the current, on their way from one lamp to another, and sometimes we caught sight of a solitary hut of logs half hidden in the timber. I thought of the long winter, when the river was in its icy clasp and the summer occupation gone. Then these lonely men spent the time in gathering furs, which they sold at some village store or sent to one of the large cities in the spring. Still there must be many days when the snow imprisons the isolated hut, and what are the resources of the occupant? Does he sleep, or weep, or think? What a life!

These thoughts were in my mind one night as we steamed slowly against the current, and dark headlands came into view, were passed, and faded into the blackness behind us. The cry came monotonously from the bow: "Vōsēm-por-la-vini — vōsēm — sēm - por-la-vini — sēm — shēst-por-la-vini — shēst — piāth - por-la-vini — piāth — che-tēērys - por-la-vini — che-tēērys-che-tēērys" —

Suddenly the pilot's bell rang sharply in the engine room, and the steamer slowed up, then stopped, keeping her wheels revolving just enough to resist the current.

We were used to stopping in mid-stream, but not when it seemed possible to go on, so all the passengers on deck asked the captain what was the matter. "Light's out," he replied laconically, and then I noticed that there was no yellow glimmer on either shore. A boat was lowered and rowed heavily upstream, soon disappearing into the darkness. The captain came near and leaned on the rail at my side.

"It looks like rain," he said, in a tone of gratification, for if it fell his

troubles would cease. "We are stopping now to find out why the lamp is not lit; it seldom happens."

"What is the cause?"

"Man may be sick, or drunk — or dead."

The steward came toiling up the steps with a great brass samovar, and the captain went into his cabin to sip his evening cup of tea. Clouds hid the stars, and the moon attempted to struggle through where they were thinnest, and cast a faint glimmer over the rapidly flowing water which finally merged into the blackness of the shore. Near the steamer it foamed angrily from the slowly moving paddle wheels which kept us stationary in midstream. The sound of oars came out of the darkness, and we could distinguish the shadowy form of a boat struggling against the current. The passengers who were on deck crowded to the side to pick up some item of interest from the mysterious incident, and a long rope was whirled out to the man in the bow, who caught it on the fly. Then the oars were shipped and the men drew themselves alongside.

In the stern lay a limp black figure.

"He's either sick or dead. If he'd been drunk, they would have left him," said the captain, who stood at my side again. Then we both descended to the lower deck. Here the emigrants were huddled, and many of them had curled up in the midst of their luggage, fast asleep for the night. The sailors were lifting the limp form to the deck. The captain knelt beside it.

"Have him brought to my room," he said, rising.

"Herosho" (All right), was the response, and the men began to lift him again. They were interrupted by a cry, — a cry of grief and joy blended curiously together.

"Michael! Michael Petr'ich! Michael! Michael!" and the sombre figure of the peasant woman, the woman of the quest, impelled its way through the crowd and sank beside the prostrate

man. With tense movement she leaned over to look into his face, and remained for a minute absolutely motionless, — looking, looking, looking; then the man opened his eyes. “Michael, Michael, — Michael!” and her tone had a note of rapture.

A faint smile came into the man’s face along with the shadow of death. “Marya,” he whispered, and tried feebly to raise himself.

She lifted him with her strong arms so that his head lay against her shoulder, and clasped him close. Then, with the smile on his face, he died; and still the woman held him.

Some of the rough moujiks rubbed their eyes with the backs of their hands, and most of the women sobbed, while their children clung to them in wonder, and one of the babies began to wail. An old grandmother put her arms gently about the woman who knelt, clasping her dead, and finally led her away. Then the captain gave some orders in a low tone, and we climbed silently to the upper deck.

At eight o’clock the next morning we came to the town of Pokoroffsky, nor far from the junction of the Amur and the Chilka. Here, as soon as we stopped, a bier was carried on shore, and

the pope met it on the beach. There was a little graveyard on a hill overlooking the group of log houses, and among the multitude of wooden crosses a grave was dug.

The captain, with his kindly red face, approached the woman before she followed the bier to the beach. “Will you not go on with us to the railroad and return to your home in Little Russia?”

She answered simply: “Here is my home. I will take land, and build a house before the winter.” Then she went down to the shore. I caught sight of her face. It was still haggard, but the despairing, questioning look was gone, and I thought that the deep shadows were beginning to vanish in the light of certainty and peace. Who could say that her quest was not worth while?

As our boat steamed away we could see the slow procession climbing up the hill to the little mortuary chapel. Then a curve of the winding river took us slowly out of sight of the brown houses clustered between low hills, and the green spires of the church, and from the bow came the familiar cry of “Võ-sēm-por-la-vini — vōsēm - sēm-por-la-vini — sēm” —

Anna Northend Benjamin.

OLIVER ELLSWORTH AND FEDERATION.

NOTHING in recent history is more interesting or dramatic than the steady, irresistible movement of races and peoples toward individual freedom through national union. Thus arose the Dominion of Canada in 1867, the German Empire in 1870, and the closer union of Switzerland in 1874. The first day of the twentieth century, upon the opposite side of the earth, six colonies or states, a people equal in number to the thirteen colonies in 1776, and in area

to the United States, in America, became one nation, the Commonwealth of Australia. Greater Britain, spurred by the common peril and sacrifice of the Boer war, is fast approaching a more compact, interdependent, world-wide union, and Cuba and the Philippines, assisted by the United States but impatient of control, are groping with varying fortunes toward a national life.

In these national dramas the dénouement is the same. It is a federation,

a union, for the protection and control of general and external interests, of several communities or states of contiguous borders and of common blood, origin, or civilization, each within its own limits and over its own affairs reserving exclusive control. And for all, in different degrees, there has been a common model, — the government of the United States, the strongest federation the world has ever seen.

It was during the closing years of the eighteenth century that the United States devised, inaugurated, and tested their federation, maintaining it against disintegrating, centrifugal forces from within, and against selfish, insidious aggression from without, and, incidentally, formulated and asserted a national policy toward foreign nations, throwing off the entangling alliance with France, into which they had been drawn in their struggle for independence. This is the great constructive era in our history. It had to do with the primary rights of individuals and of communities, and with the bonds that unite them. Hence it is the period from which, during the past century, other peoples have gained inspiration and guidance in their progress toward well-ordered democracy, and to which, at the present time, we ourselves must turn, as we are compelled by the war with Spain to readjust our political and commercial relations with Europe and Asia, and to adapt republican government to Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines.

Fortunately, there is one man in whose public services is embraced that whole constructive era, and in whose character and career that great movement toward federation is clearly reflected, and this is Oliver Ellsworth. His name is almost unknown to the present generation. Yet he may well be called one of the fathers of American federation.

In creating a federal union the chief question is to-day what it was in 1787:

Can a form of union be devised that will be acceptable to the states that are to compose it? In the convention of 1787 it was early and generally admitted that any form, to be practicable, must be made up of the essential elements of republican government that had been developed, as it were, by civic evolution in the separate states. There the people had come to govern themselves, as a rule, through representatives, chosen directly or indirectly by themselves, and acting in three groups or classes, each more or less independent of and a check upon the others, — the legislative making the laws, the judiciary interpreting them, and the executive enforcing them; and the legislative body was usually composed of two branches, a Senate and a House of Representatives. To the want of some of these features was attributed to a great extent the failure of preceding efforts toward union, and their incorporation now into the new scheme was approved, with but a single exception. In the several states the representatives in number and influence had generally and approximately been apportioned to population. But as the states varied in population, from puny Delaware to large Pennsylvania, to apportion representation in the federal government to population would lodge the control of the union in the large states at the expense of the small. It would lead, also, the latter feared, to their absorption by the large states and to the loss of their own state governments. To these governments their people were devoted: under them they had lived and traded in freedom and security; in them they reposed their sentiment and hope. It was not strange, then, that the small states insisted upon an equality with the large, in the new political system.

In the main this policy had the sympathy of Ellsworth, a delegate from a small state, and, as its champion in debate, he was supported by precedents. Hitherto, in continental assemblies, the

states had exercised an equality of suffrage irrespective of their inequality in population and wealth. A similar rule had been adopted for the Constitutional Convention itself, though against the wishes of the large states. Even the credentials of delegates presupposed this equality, and Delaware had gone so far as to instruct her delegates, if it were questioned, to withdraw from the convention.

None the less did the representatives of the large states — especially their leaders, James Wilson, James Madison, and Rufus King — insist on proportional representation. To them, equality of suffrage among the states in the general government would introduce a far-reaching if not fatal defect. It would violate the fundamental principle of republican government, — the rule of the majority. As the weeks passed into months the debate increased in intensity and bitterness. It gradually involved and divided the whole convention, and finally, blocking all progress, it led almost to despair. That an agreement was reached at last, and a continental union thereby made possible, was chiefly due to the moderation and influence of Oliver Ellsworth.

For this service he was well fitted by training, temperament, and experience. Born at Windsor, Connecticut, April 29, 1745, he was a product of the purest New England democracy. Settled in 1635 by some of the choicest English immigrants, Windsor had steadily pursued those ideals of freedom, civil and religious, for which its founders had forsaken England. Here had been developed a pure democracy, guided by a succession of able freemen, like the Newberrys, Wolcotts, and Ellsworths. The family last named had occupied the same farmstead since 1665. The father of Oliver, Captain David Ellsworth, was not only a prosperous farmer, but also led a company of militia at the siege of Louisburg, and was a selectman of Windsor for many years. Intending

Oliver for the ministry, he gave him the best education the times afforded. Prepared for college by the celebrated Dr. Bellamy, of Bethlehem, Connecticut, with whom subsequently Aaron Burr prepared for the ministry, Oliver Ellsworth entered Yale in 1762. After two or three years he transferred his residence to Nassau Hall, now Princeton University, — then under the presidency of the eloquent Dr. Finley, who had assisted Whitefield in the great revival, — and he was there graduated in 1766. At the request of his father he studied theology for a year under Dr. Smalley, a learned Connecticut clergyman. But his own preference was for the law, and finally, with his father's consent, he pursued this study under the first Governor Griswold, and then under Jesse Root, of Coventry, later chief justice of Connecticut. His textbooks were Bacon's Abridgment and Jacob's Law Dictionary. He was admitted to the Bar of Hartford County in 1771.

The independence and resolution shown in the choice of profession were characteristic. Having incurred debt during his course of study, he determined to discharge it before entering the practice of law. For this purpose he tried to dispose of the timber standing on a small tract that he owned on the Connecticut River, and finding no purchaser he became a woodman himself. With his own hands he cut the wood, and, conveying it down the river, sold it at Hartford. Shortly afterwards, though without a competence or a law practice, he married Miss Abigail Wolcott, granddaughter of Governor Roger Wolcott, of East Windsor; and hiring of his father a small farm in the neighboring parish of Wiltonbury, he made a start, now splitting rails to inclose a field, and now walking ten miles to Hartford to attend court. At first, evidently, the former occupation was more profitable than the latter: for three years his professional income was but

three pounds Connecticut money. But his superior education, talent, and character soon told. Chosen state's attorney in 1777, he removed to Hartford, and soon acquired a large clientage. Scarce an important case was tried in which he was not retained, and his docket would contain as many as a thousand cases a year.

From absorption in his profession he was soon drawn into continental politics. Sent to Congress in 1778, he was placed on the important committees of Marine and Appeals, — the former having general charge of naval affairs, and the latter determining appeals from local admiralty courts. With short intervals, he remained in Congress during the five trying and eventful years that preceded the conclusion of peace, with constantly increasing usefulness and influence. In 1783 he returned to his native state, to become a member of the governor's council and a judge of the Superior Court. He declined, in 1784, the appointment of commissioner of the Treasury, tendered by Congress, and did not again participate in continental affairs till he was sent, with Roger Sherman and Dr. William Samuel Johnson, to represent Connecticut in the convention of 1787.

In this body, though loyal to Connecticut — a small state — he avoided partisanship. Early in the debate, unlike his colleague, Roger Sherman, he favored proportional representation in the lower house of the national legislature, the House of Representatives. Hence with the better grace and the more force he was able to urge an equality of suffrage in the Senate. As reported by Madison, he said: "Over so great an extent of country, . . . the only chance of supporting a general government lies in grafting it on those of the individual states; . . . we were partly national, partly federal. The proportional representation in the first branch was conformable to the national principle, and would secure the large

states against the small. An equality of voices was conformable to the federal principle, and was necessary to secure the small states against the large. . . . Let a strong executive, a judiciary and legislative power be created; but let not too much be attempted, by which all may be lost." This compromise, "The Connecticut Proposal," he urged persistently, answering with calmness and moderation the learned and logical arguments of Madison and Wilson. He united upon it all the states' rights men except the irreconcilables, and several of the more moderate nationalists, like Caleb Strong and George Mason. He finally secured its adoption by the majority of a single state.

It is possible that this agreement might not have been reached but for favorable circumstances. From Wilson's standpoint it was an unjust victory of a minority gained through the convention rule of equality of suffrage. The population of the states voting for it was much smaller than that of the states voting against it. Moreover, to some extent fear superseded argument. The convention was on the verge of dissolution in failure, a result that would almost inevitably end republican government and independence in the United States. No other compromise stood the least chance of acceptance. Nevertheless, the credit is due chiefly to Ellsworth. It was little short of genius to comprehend and measure the conditions of the problem, to appreciate the patriotism and different points of view of the opposing factions, to discern and combine the most important and acceptable elements in the two plans, and with dignity, moderation, and steadiness to advocate the compromise till its acceptance was unavoidable.

At any rate, this agreement tided the convention past its critical stage, and became the basis upon which the Constitution as a whole was constructed. It made our continental union a mixed one, — mainly national, as Wilson and

Madison planned, so far as its several departments spring from, respond to, and act upon the individual citizen; but also materially federal, as intended by Ellsworth and Patterson, in so far as those departments, through the Senate, are influenced by the states as individual political communities. The equality of the states in representation and suffrage in the Senate has done much to confirm and establish the dignity and integrity of local self-government, and thus to fix definite check and limit to the powerful drift toward centralization observable in other republics. In this respect it has distinctly contributed to the freedom and security of the individual. It was doubtless suggested by the equality enjoyed by the towns in Connecticut in the lower branch of the state legislature; and though the Connecticut usage has led to great abuse, and is now being reconsidered, its application to the Senate of the United States has been much admired and imitated. In the Australian federation, just consummated, the six states have an equality of suffrage in the Senate, or higher branch of the federal legislature.

The prominence Ellsworth had shown in outlining the Constitution gave him an important part also in completing its details. With Rutledge, Randolph, Gorham, and Wilson, he was on the committee on detail that draughted and reported the Constitution, in accordance with the resolutions of the convention. Because of an illness he could not sign it, but it received none the less his hearty support. In the Connecticut convention to which it was submitted his speeches in its favor were the principal influence in securing its prompt and enthusiastic ratification. When, soon, the time came to organize and establish the new government, he was chosen, with Dr. William Samuel Johnson, to represent Connecticut in the first Senate of the United States.

This work of putting the new federation into effect fell mainly upon the

men who had framed it. They did not shrink. Washington, as the first President, assumed chief direction, and Hamilton, as Secretary of the Treasury, undertook to create credit and stimulate industry. In Congress the first need was to elaborate the instruments of government which had been only outlined in the convention. Among the most important was the judiciary. The Constitution barely prescribed the jurisdiction of the United States courts. What and how many these courts should be, and what should be their respective limits and duties, the Senate now undertook to define. Early in its first session it appointed a committee to consider this whole subject and report a comprehensive plan, and made Ellsworth chairman. This was a significant tribute. Among his associates were some of the ablest lawyers and jurists in the country, like William Grayson, George Read, Rufus King, William Patterson, and Caleb Strong. When the bill was reported, these men brought to its discussion all their learning and acumen; and in its defense Ellsworth was compelled to exhaust English and colonial precedents, and to employ all his resources as a debater. In the end he was able to satisfy professional criticism, though he could not overcome sectional prejudice. As the courts of the United States were made supreme over those of the states, the bill was claimed by the opposition to contain "the gunpowder plot of the Constitution." But by distinguished lawyers out of Congress, to whom it was submitted, like James Wilson and the attorney-general and chief justice of Pennsylvania, it was heartily approved. It finally passed both houses substantially in the form written by Ellsworth, and, with some amendment, has since remained the charter of the United States courts.

Evidently Ellsworth was passing to a new stage of growth. The Constitutional Convention had been a fork in the road. Some members of that body,

confirmed in their fears and prejudices, as were Elbridge Gerry and George Mason, thenceforth refused to approve, and strove to defeat, its work. But Ellsworth grew in hope and in breadth of view. During that momentous intellectual contest he came to see in the Constitution a splendid design of a continental republic, strong in its own functions and powers, under the protection of which the citizen would enjoy freedom and happiness, and the states would occupy undisturbed their proper spheres. He was no longer a states' rights man, but a nationalist. He therefore earnestly supported Hamilton's measures to invigorate, dignify, and establish the general government. And such was the confidence that he inspired that he became the administration leader in the Senate. At the same time he initiated measures of his own. By pushing through the Senate a bill preventing imports from Rhode Island, he forced that state finally to join the Union. "The Constitution is now adopted," he wrote to a friend, "by all the states, and I have much satisfaction, and perhaps some vanity, in seeing, at length, a great work finished, for which I have long labored incessantly."

At the outset the Senate became a weighty and efficient body. Nearly half its members had attended the Constitutional Convention. These men now strove to realize the lofty ideal they had conceived. They imposed secrecy and enforced dignity and deliberation. "The Senators," says Schouler, "never more than thirty-two at Philadelphia, appeared, well powdered and in rich dress, and if any loud whisper disturbed the member who had the floor Vice President Adams would restore order by gently tapping with his silver pencil case upon the little mahogany table which stood in front of him."

Those members who had labored steadily for the creation and ratification of the Constitution now naturally united

to support the administration. Hence arose what was called "the Court Party." Its chief support came from New England. As Chauncey Goodrich wrote in 1796, "The government still rests on New England prudence and firmness." In the Senate it included with others Rufus King, Caleb Strong, George Cabot, William Patterson, Robert Morris, and Oliver Ellsworth. Of this party Ellsworth was *facile princeps*. He is one of the ablest politicians or party leaders in our history, and as such his salient traits crop out in the racy diary of his associate and opponent, Senator Maclay. "All-powerful and eloquent in debate," he would "batter down all his antagonist had said." "Economy is all his cry." Aggressive, "with strong traits of obstinacy," industrious, learned, persuasive, and conciliatory, he united the Federalists, by his rare tact and wisdom, into a compact, efficient group. Nevertheless, this success was gained by a narrow margin. The party in opposition, known as Anti-Federalists or Republicans, aroused by the Judiciary bill, grew with the unfolding of Federal policy. It soon found subtle, skillful leadership, strange to say, in Madison, hitherto a nationalist, and in Jefferson, though still a member of Washington's Cabinet. And the serious affection of states' rights from which they had steadily suffered was now complicated by a dangerous attack of what George Cabot called "the French disease."

In 1778, to gain aid against England, the American colonies had made a treaty with France, by which the latter had recognized the independence of the former, granting money and men, and the colonies had undertaken to guarantee the dominions of France on the American continent. This support was both timely and generous. It left a deep feeling of gratitude and obligation in the American people. Many years had passed, and the French Revolution had intervened. In its violent

progress France had declared war on England, and, the treaty being still in force, appealed in her turn to the United States for aid. Doubting a ready compliance from our government, she promptly, with supreme insolence, dispatched an emissary to appeal directly to the people. Both the object and the method of these advances were encouraged by the Anti-Federalists. The latter draughted congratulatory addresses, and packed public meetings and fêtes. The people were stirred by sympathy with France and hatred of England. For much of this feeling England was herself at fault. Having failed to collect her prerevolutionary debts in America, partly from the inefficiency of the local courts and partly from the weakness of the general government, she had retaliated by retaining the western forts and by seizing American commerce under arbitrary orders in council.

This was the gravest crisis of Washington's administration, and it was met with great courage, wisdom, and patriotism. He believed that, in the existing weakness and immaturity of the general government, war with either England or France would inevitably result in the loss of the independence, or in the destruction of the government, of the United States. He therefore declared and enforced strict neutrality, checked the French propaganda, and steadily sought an understanding with both countries.

It is safe to say that without the support of the Senate this policy could not have prevailed. In the Senate the Federal leaders were able to hold a firm hand, but in the House they had less power. Here upon the popular tide the opposition had ridden into control, and to embarrass the administration they introduced a resolution in effect to impose restrictions and duties on English commerce and navigation. If this were adopted, accommodation with England might be impossible. Hence, to anticipate it, after a conference between

Ellsworth, King, Strong, and Cabot, and upon their advice, with Ellsworth as their spokesman, Washington appointed Jay to negotiate an agreement with England. As a result the Jay treaty was made, and war with England was averted.

Had this treaty come for ratification before the people rather than the President and the Senate, doubtless it would have failed. But as it was, by a sharp, bitter struggle, the very men who had initiated the negotiation, again under Ellsworth's lead, secured its acceptance. The Senate thus early gave a striking example of its exalted duty and power to conserve the government, even if need be against the popular will.

The part taken by Ellsworth in the Jay treaty, while perhaps the most arduous, was his last service in the Senate. March 4, 1796, he was appointed Chief Justice of the United States. In accepting this office he evidently thought none too well of his qualifications. Though nearly fifty-one years of age, he immediately began and incessantly continued an exhaustive study of jurisprudence. It was his lifelong habit thoroughly to prepare for each duty as it came. To others, however, he must have seemed amply qualified. In early life he had attained distinction at the Bar and had served with credit on the Connecticut Bench, and since then he had enjoyed wide study and experience in continental affairs. In fact, it was peculiarly fitting that the man who had done most to create the judicial system should now, in his ripe manhood, be called to administer it. He possessed appropriate legal learning and a judicial temperament. Impressive in height and manner, he was uniformly patient and courteous. He was a worthy successor of John Jay, and would have made a great jurist had the opportunity been given him. As yet the duties of the office taxed the body more than the mind. As presiding judge on the circuit, he was obliged to spend much

of his time in tedious journeys, over crude roads or by slow boats, between widely separated parts of the Union. His associate, William Cushing, is said to have traveled usually, accompanied by his wife, in a four-wheeled phaeton, drawn by two horses and driven by himself, ingeniously packed with books, groceries, and other comforts; the colored servant following behind with the baggage in a one-horse vehicle. But comparatively few cases were heard. It was not till the time of John Marshall, his successor, that this court was called upon to render those far-reaching decisions involving the Constitution which have made their author famous.

For Ellsworth the opportunity was in politics. His appointment to the Bench had not terminated his service to his party. In the Federal councils his opinion was constantly sought, and was never more needed. The party, by strange fatuity, had lost its ablest leaders. Rufus King had been sent as minister to England, and Caleb Strong and George Cabot had resigned. In fact, the perplexity of the party soon became so great that Ellsworth felt obliged to return to its active service.

The Jay treaty had indeed averted war with England, but it seemed to entail war with France. The latter country had deeply resented the maintenance of neutrality, but by the Jay treaty she was exasperated. Deeming the treaty of 1778 thereby nullified, she ordered, in disregard of its terms, the seizure of English property and provisions destined for England when found on American ships, made American commerce lawful prey to French cruisers, and treated American seamen found on English ships as pirates. Even the recall, by the United States, of James Monroe, her minister at Paris, was regarded by France as unfriendly, and Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, sent in his place, was not only denied a reception, but was summarily dismissed from French territory. When, notwith-

standing, President Adams, as a last effort at accommodation, sent John Marshall, Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, and Elbridge Gerry as an extraordinary embassy, these men not only were denied public recognition, but were even invited to pay a bribe as a condition of negotiation.

When these successive indignities, increasing in harshness, became known in the United States, public indignation and resentment swelled into a mighty tide. Congress, summoned in extraordinary session, prepared for war. With other measures, it authorized the construction of new ships, created a Navy Department, empowered the President to raise an army, suspended all commercial relations with France, and authorized armed vessels of the United States to resist and capture French cruisers preying on American commerce. The people showed equal spirit. "Millions for defense," was the popular cry, "but not one cent for tribute!" No such upheaval of patriotism had been seen since the war for independence.

At this point occurred one of the great surprises and enigmas of our political history. Without consulting or even warning his party, President Adams nominated as minister to France William Vans Murray, then minister of the United States at the Hague. It transpired that Talleyrand, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, unwilling after all to go to war with the United States while deeply involved with Europe, had given assurances through Vans Murray that if yet another minister were sent he would be properly received, and President Adams had jumped at the chance. The Federal leaders were dumbfounded. The step seemed to contravene the very policy which the President himself had directed. They distrusted Talleyrand, and deprecated the ill-timed confusion and discord in the party. Nevertheless, they were obliged to accept the new situation. A committee of the Senate, waiting on the

President, suggested the appointment of three men instead of one, as more appropriate to the importance of the mission; and thereupon Oliver Ellsworth, Patrick Henry, and William Vans Murray were named.

The commission thus constituted was readily confirmed. To put the Chief Justice at its head not only followed the precedent set when Chief Justice Jay was sent to England, but it also avoided the party quarrel. From his letters to Pickering, then Secretary of State, it is evident that Ellsworth doubted the good faith of Talleyrand, questioned the propriety of sending another mission after so many rebuffs, and regretted the inconsiderate conduct of the President. Yet his utterances had been guarded, and in his exalted office he was free from the imputation of partisanship. No Federalist could command such general confidence and respect. In fact, it was not his confirmation but his acceptance that might well have been in doubt. The new office could add no honor. As Chief Justice he was already next if not equal to the President in dignity, and his duties, though onerous, were regular and congenial. His reputation was assured, his future secure. To accept the offer would involve serious sacrifice and perplexity. It would involve an absence of unknown duration from his home and family, to which he was deeply attached. It would compel an uncomfortable voyage in the winter season, with serious hazard of his health, already enfeebled. It would lead him into a tedious, doubtful struggle in diplomacy, for which he had no special training or experience, in a distant country, whose language and customs were not familiar, and whose people and government were in the midst of a mad career of domestic revolution and foreign conquest. It would impose upon him mainly the momentous responsibility of deciding between peace and war.

Nevertheless, his acceptance was evi-

dently a necessity both to his party and to his country. No other Federalist sufficiently prominent and acceptable was available. If he declined, an Anti-Federalist might be appointed, with whom the policy and reputation of his party and the welfare of the country might not be safe.

November 3, 1799, Ellsworth, with Governor William R. Davie, of North Carolina, who had been appointed upon the declination of Patrick Henry, sailed for France in the frigate *United States*. Touching at Lisbon, after a stormy passage, they learned of the overthrow of the Directory — "Monsieur Five-Heads," as Fisher Ames called it — and of the ascent of Napoleon to the chief power as First Consul. Though in doubt whether they would be received by the new government, they determined to proceed. Sailing for L'Orient, they met a terrible gale. Driven out of their course, they put in at Corunna, Spain, and proceeded by land over the Pyrenees to Paris, enduring great privation and exposure in a journey of seven weeks. They were received with courtesy and respect, and a commission, headed by Joseph Bonaparte, brother of the First Consul, was named to represent France.

On behalf of the United States the discussion was conducted mainly by Ellsworth, and it taxed severely his temper and intellect. His instructions required that no treaty be made unless it secured compensation to citizens of the United States for all losses from the illegal capture or condemnation of their vessels or other property under authority from the French Republic. But it soon became evident that it was this very payment of indemnity that the French were resolved to avoid. For, shrewdly divining that the Americans were determined also to be rid of the old treaty imposing the alliance, they made the revival of the old treaty in all respects an absolute condition of the payment of indemnity. A deadlock

ensued. Meanwhile Napoleon was on the full tide of military conquest. He had led his army over the Great St. Bernard, had captured Milan, and had won the victory of Marengo. Apparently he would soon have Europe at his feet, and would then have ample leisure and power to deal with the United States. It seemed wise to Ellsworth, therefore, though unable to make a comprehensive treaty, at least to conclude a *modus vivendi*. A convention was signed, limited in scope but not in duration. It provided for the mutual restoration of vessels and property not already condemned, contained a liberal definition of neutral rights, and otherwise regulated the relations of the two countries, but postponed to a future settlement the question of indemnities; the treaty of alliance, meanwhile, to have no operation. Though France had the best of the bargain, it secured to the United States peace, with a permanent separation from Europe. As Bancroft has pointed out, it also paved the way for the purchase, a short time later, of the Louisiana Territory.

But to many in the United States, counting the losses rather than the gains, the result was a great disappointment. Wolcott, then Secretary of the Treasury, and an old friend and party associate of Ellsworth, with Pickering's approval, imputed the outcome, rather unfeelingly, to a decline in Ellsworth's intellect. Hamilton's vision was clearer. "As to indemnification," he wrote to Gouverneur Morris, "that was rather to be wished than to be expected while France is laying the whole world under contribution. . . . The least evil is to ratify. The contrary would finish the ruin of the Federal party and endanger our internal tranquillity."

One of the earliest and most beneficial results of the convention was the restoration of good will on the part of France. A splendid fête was given by Joseph Bonaparte, at his château at Marfontaine, to the American envoys,

as they journeyed to Havre-de-Grâce to embark. Oliver Ellsworth, Jr., the companion and private secretary of his father, has left an interesting account of the incident. Arriving at two o'clock, the envoys found in attendance many French magistrates. During the afternoon all enjoyed the park belonging to the château, laid out in English style, with a canal, a natural pond, islands, and rocky hills surmounted by an ancient tower. At four o'clock the First Consul arrived, being received by music of bands and firing of cannon. In the evening, at eight o'clock, the convention, being first signed by the French and American commissioners, was ratified by the First Consul, cannon announcing the event. At nine o'clock, the guests, over one hundred, were conducted to a banquet spread in three large halls, splendidly illuminated and decorated. The principal one, called the Hall of Union, was hung with wreaths, interspersed with inscriptions commemorating the Declaration of Independence and other celebrated events connected with the American Revolution, and with the letters F. and A., representing France and America, intertwined. In the second hall, the Hall of Washington, was a bust of Washington, with the French and American flags interlaced. The third, the Hall of Franklin, contained a bust of the philosopher. After the banquet there were brilliant fireworks, followed by a concert and a play by famous performers brought from Paris.

To Ellsworth these festivities brought little pleasure. The malady with which he was afflicted before he left the United States was greatly aggravated by the hardships on sea and land, and by the protracted, perplexing negotiations through which he had passed. Forbidden by his physician to venture again upon a winter voyage, he decided to spend the approaching winter in the south of France, after a short sojourn in England to try the waters at Bath.

He accordingly sent his resignation of the office of Chief Justice by his son, who with Governor Davie soon returned to the United States.

In England Ellsworth received marked attention from the Court, the Bench, and the Bar. Owing to his eminent station in his own country and to his conduct of the negotiation at Paris, he was the most distinguished representative of the United States that had yet visited England. At the law courts he met the leaders at the Bar, and was invited to a seat beside Lord Kenyon on the King's Bench. Giving up a return to France, he spent the winter in England. In the spring, having received but temporary relief, he returned to the United States, intending to retire from public life. But his native state again called him to service. Being elected to the governor's council, he remained upon it the rest of his life, incidentally serving on the Connecticut Court of Appeals and as a fellow of Yale College. Upon the reorganization of the state judiciary in 1807, he was appointed chief justice of Connecticut. But the acceptance which he had sent he was obliged to withdraw by a sharp return of his illness. He died November 26, 1807.

Oliver Ellsworth was an excellent specimen of the New England character of his time. He was rooted in the soil. True to his early training, he retained through life the farmer's instincts and aptitude. It is said that while on the southern circuit he assisted so efficiently in repairing an unfortunate stagecoach that a bystander inquired, "Who is that gentleman who understands everything and is eloquent about a coach wheel?" He was one of the first to point out the value of gypsum and of broadcloth, and he aided in starting the manufacture of the latter near his home. This was but one of the many ways in which he repaid the debt he owed his native town. In beautiful, historic Windsor, on the banks of the

Connecticut, his affections centred and his mind relaxed. On quaint, straggling Windsor Street, perhaps a mile north from the ancient Palisado Green, upon the estate occupied by his ancestors for several generations, he built his house, supervising himself with tender care the details of its design and construction. He placed it upon a slight eminence, partly screened from the street by a grove of tall elms. Of ample proportions and of dignified aspect, the roof at one corner supported by stately columns forming a quaint porch, it stands to-day but little changed by man, though seared and hoary from the elements. It is still the most imposing and beautiful house in Windsor. Under this generous roof he reared a large family, one of his sons subsequently becoming governor of Connecticut and member of Congress. Here, too, he dispensed hospitality. He entertained President Washington in 1789, and President Adams in 1799. And here he zealously guarded and promoted the common welfare, social, religious, and political. Now, as magistrate, he would grant a permit to travel on the Sabbath to some privileged person. Now, as citizen, he would urge a stricter enforcement of order by the tithingman, and now he would settle some long-standing dispute. In 1793, largely through his influence, a union was effected of the First and Fourth societies, which, by reconciling conflicting interests, gave to the town a church edifice, an academy building, two highways, and a causeway. On the bank of the Rivulet, at the corner of the Palisado Green, may still be seen the church, erected under his supervision, in which with the united congregations he worshiped; and just behind it, among the trees in the ancient cemetery, beneath a modest stone, lies his grave. It is not surprising that in Windsor a life so righteous and beneficent has left a memory both enduring and fragrant.

Not only with his town but with his

whole state Ellsworth was upon terms of mutual confidence and respect. The faithful servant of the public, both at home and in continental affairs, from his youth through his manhood, he certainly deserved to be what Noah Webster curiously called him, one of the "Three Mighties of Connecticut."

His wide experience and dominant influence in his own state brought him respect and reputation in interstate affairs, and as the calls to service in the latter sphere increased they received from him a ready response. He did not share the indifference to public responsibility prevalent in his time. Doubtless his willing acceptance of office was partly due to his rare adaptability to public affairs. John Adams, who in the Senate and in the presidency had the best opportunity to judge, said, "Mr. Ellsworth is so great a master of business." This power found its fullest scope during his seven years in the Senate. As Alexander Johnson has tersely said, "The first two Congresses [1789-93] marked out the lines which the subsequent development of the country has followed." Ellsworth's great experience and reputation in the Continental Congress, upon the Bench of his own state, and in the Constitutional Convention gave him authority and efficiency. At the same time he became the representative of the administration and the exponent of the Federal policy. It is best that the credit for the Federal achievements should be equitably apportioned. Doubtless they were largely due to Hamilton's bold, original, and fertile mind. But in the arts of leadership Hamilton was deficient. He did not possess that moderate and conciliatory temper which reconciles conflicting interests and attracts support. It was here that Ellsworth excelled. "He wishes," wrote Maclay, "to reconcile the Secretary's policy to the public opinion and welfare." The task was a difficult one; for the Senate was so evenly divided that its decision often depended

upon the Vice President. Yet it was accomplished, largely through the tact with which Ellsworth united his followers, and the power with which he answered his opponents.

Though a party man, he was never fettered by party. He did not share the gloom with which many Federalists regarded the election of Jefferson. In 1801 he wrote King: "He [Jefferson] dare not run the ship aground, nor essentially deviate from that course which has hitherto rendered her voyage so prosperous." Whatever he said or did was stamped with earnestness and sincerity. Indeed, it was the elevation and strength of his moral character that most impressed his contemporaries. Dr. Timothy Dwight, president of Yale College, a personal friend, said: "The purity and excellence of his character are rare in any station, and in the higher walks of life are almost unknown. . . . There was probably no man, when Washington was not present, who would be more readily acknowledged to hold the first character."

Men of such endowments are fitted for great crises in history, and at least two such came to Ellsworth. One was in the Constitutional Convention, when the delegates, divided into two parties, of equal conscientiousness and patriotism, but of different training and associations, found themselves, after weeks of discussion, diametrically opposed upon the very basis of a continental union, and almost in despair of agreement. The compromise that the union be half national, half federal, brought forward and patiently, adroitly pressed mainly by the Connecticut men, has indeed given us a curious result, — a government that is neither a nation nor a federation, a republic in which more and more the minority rule. But it was the only agreement possible; the only alternative was anarchy. Thus far, in the main it has proved practicable. Whatever changes in the constitution of the Senate may be made necessary, either

by its own arrogance or aggression, or by the negligence or partisanship of its constituent state legislatures, the credit due to Ellsworth is none the less.

The second crisis was in the negotiation at Paris in 1800, when in her pride and power France, as the condition of a treaty, made upon the American envoys demands utterly inconsistent with their instructions. Upon their decision hung war between the United States, weak and undeveloped in resources, distracted with party strife, exposed to attack and without allies, on the one hand, and on the other a great, compact, military power, led by a military genius fast becoming the conqueror of Europe. A man of less courage, less self-reliance, less patriotism, would have adhered to his instructions, and left the responsibility with the government that had imposed them. Ellsworth saw his duty and did it, with characteristic adroitness and foresight. Deferring the settlement of the more obstinate but really less important differences to a favorable season, he secured at once the essential objects of his mission. He maintained peace and restored good will with France, and by abrogating the alliance disentangled the United States from Europe. He thus took the last, in-

dispensable step for the establishment of the American federation, contemplated by Federal policy and inculcated by Washington's Farewell Address.

Why is it, then, that Oliver Ellsworth has received so little attention from biographers and historians? He was not born in Massachusetts or in Virginia. In Connecticut, as in Pennsylvania, the historic field has been meagrely tilled. Moreover, the dramatic and opportune quality of his work has been perceived only through the perspective of multiplying years. To negotiate an unpopular convention for a party just retiring from office in defeat and ignominy is not conducive to immediate fame. Nevertheless, he has not been wholly overlooked by subsequent statesmen. Webster said of him: "For strength of reason, for sagacity, wisdom, and sound good sense in the conduct of affairs, for moderation of temper and general ability, it may be doubted if New England has yet produced his superior." What Ellsworth said, as Chief Justice of the United States, to the grand jury at Savannah in 1796 was the aim of his whole life: "So let us rear an empire sacred to the rights of men, and commend a government of reason to the nations of the earth."

Frank Gaylord Cook.

OUR STATE UNIVERSITY.

IN our town we are at once grandiloquent and simple. We call ourselves "the Athens of America," and we allude to our university as "school." One can be grandiloquent about "school" too, of course, but only with a certain outlay of language. We waste no words. Our young people attend "school," and the school year is now opening. At this season I like to saunter about the town or look in at the Town and Gown Club, where I greet

my friends the professors on their return from their summer vacation.

The streets swarm with boys and girls; for here we take coeducation as a matter of course, never having thought of anything else. Nevertheless, owing to the large professional departments, the boys far outnumber the girls.

In our university the dormitory system does not prevail, and these young people are very much occupied in getting themselves settled in the town,

wherever they can find lodgings, usually lodging and boarding in different houses. Comparatively few of the citizens are averse to taking "roomers," but meals are a more serious matter. Of late there is a somewhat aggrieved surprise among householders at certain new exactions on the part of applicants for lodgings. I am told that even freshmen now demand furnace-heated rooms, whereas a few years ago a student carried up his own wood and took care of his — or even her — own fire. The present pace was set by a few persons who built modern houses for their own convenience, and then admitted student lodgers in order to make good the outlay. These well-warmed rooms are distinctly a civilizing agency. When a man got up and made his own fire, with the thermometer at twenty or thirty degrees below zero, he did not care overmuch about a bath; in fact, the idea was more than irksome. Now even the public baths are open every day, and not, as formerly, on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons only; and in private houses the bathtub and the furnace enter hand in hand.

A glance at the university catalogue shows that most of the students come from within the state. This is natural where each state has its university, but on some accounts it is a pity. We are too proud of our state, and would be the better for rubbing shoulders with outsiders. The danger of a narrow view is not diminished by the fact that even the textbooks — or a portion of them — used in the public schools are made especially for the locality.

However, here are all these young people, presumably thirsting for knowledge. Those who are in a position to judge say that, on the whole, the thirst is keener than in the Eastern universities; that the boy who goes to college because his people expect it of him is a much rarer person than in the older parts of the country. On the contrary, boys are urged to get into some money-

making occupation as soon as they have graduated from the high school; and this in families where the girls are given superior advantages. It happens occasionally that the son of a well-to-do farmer comes to the university, if not exactly under the parental curse, yet cut off from all the assistance which would have been given to him had he chosen to stay at home and work on the farm. If he must needs have an education, he may shift for himself.

A student who can prove his inability to pay is entitled to free tuition, and if unable to buy a uniform he may be excused from military drill. If, nevertheless, such an one, unwilling to proclaim his poverty, walks into the business office with the price of tuition in his hand, or stands in the ranks clad like his fellows, the secret may perhaps be between him and a large-minded president. I am told that such debts of honor are almost invariably paid in the end. As to the rest, the bare necessities of living cost but little, and there are furnaces to take care of and other employments of a similar nature. One enterprising youth, after a year of well-paid wood-chopping and fire-tending, went away and married him a wife. Her savings as a school-teacher stood them in stead during the summer, and in the autumn she accompanied him to the university, — not to study with him, but to cook for a club of poor students. Each member of the club allowed a few cents per week to the caterer, and on that sum the pair lived; and the thrifty husband was able to devote himself, single-minded, to his studies, with no further interruption in the way of wood-chopping. He graduated long ago, and report says that in a neighboring town his business sign may now be seen: —

JOHN SMITH.

LIME, CEMENT, AND CIVIL ENGINEERING.

The eager and earnest young men who form the majority of the students have, it seems, a more serious difficulty to

contend with than mere poverty. This is the lack of adequate preparation. Scarcely any of them have been able to get anything better than the narrow and machine-made instruction which is all that even the better high schools can offer. Of the general information which comes from contact with cultivated minds most of them show not the slightest trace. They go at their tremendous task with tremendous energy, and by sheer force conquer the obstacles that lie between them and their university degree. The occasional man of exceptional ability goes farther. He may become eminent as a specialist, and in that case a professorship is the goal of his ambition. Personally, I cannot help mourning the passing of the old idea of a college professor as a man of all-round culture; but I am told that my notions are out of date.

There are other students, however, better dressed and more sophisticated, the sons of professional and business men. These are the ones whom one meets walking with pretty girls. They belong to the fraternities, and interest themselves in the usual diversions of the student. Some of them also study. Not many of them are rich, though they have a certain amount of money to spend. The rich men of the state mostly send their boys to the large Eastern universities. This custom, while apparently the loss of the university, is likely to be the gain of the community, and thus, in the end, of the university; for we may trust that they come back with open minds, to be better citizens for the larger outlook.

As for the women, they too are of various kinds, from the girl who has saved up her earnings in order to take a course at the university to the daughter of one of the foremost citizens of the town. A witty professor once said that the woman students of the university could be divided into four classes. Beginning at the bottom, they were: (1) those who were of no account either as girls or as

students; (2) those who were good students, but indifferent to the graces of the toilet; (3) those who dressed well and took the lead in the social amusements of student life; and (4) Miss Mary Martin.

What most impresses the impartial observer is the extraordinary independence of these girls. It is the rarest thing in the world for a father or mother to come with a daughter, to see that she is suitably lodged and properly started in her university life. I am told that when this exceptional parent does come, he — or oftener she — is inclined to think that the president of the university should personally superintend the selection of lodgings. Ordinarily the girl finds her own quarters and manages her own affairs. Her goings and comings, her hours, her companions, are all at her own disposal. Sometimes she is a serious student; frequently she is clever enough to hold her own extremely well in her classes; but apparently she is more apt than her brother to come to the university for the fun of it. In the Eastern states, where women have gained admission to the universities only after a long struggle, they take their privileges seriously. They go to Radcliffe or Barnard for study, and not for fun. The woman students in a Western college or university are not a picked lot. Seriousness is not absent, by any means, but frivolity is present. Girls even say that they hate to graduate, because they will have no more "good times;" and some of those residing in the town manage, by taking less than the full amount of work, to spin their university life out far beyond the orthodox four years. The girls who come to the university for amusement rather than for study are without doubt greatly in the minority, but because they are here at all there should be some system of guardianship.

It is true that in spite of her freedom the girl usually escapes without having fallen below her own standard of

decorum. But her standard permits a good deal. I have met a boy and girl on their way to take a row on the river as late as ten o'clock in the evening, after a meeting of one of their literary societies; and it seems that this is not an infrequent occurrence. It is but a sample of a freedom which is sometimes harmful. To be sure, in every condition of life things happen that ought not to happen. Nevertheless, a girl who is guarded during her years of irresponsibility may live a long life and go to her grave without a suspicion of what might have been her own capabilities in the way of folly if she had been left to herself at that time.

Public opinion would not indorse my views on this subject; and yet in some directions public opinion is strict. When I first settled in this neighborhood, it reminded me quaintly of my native New England village. I had not thought to find in a Western town such pronounced views in the matter of a glass of beer and a cigar. That shows that I did not know the middle West. I shortly discovered, however, that the New England village and the Western town differ radically. Both communities are religious, but the latter offers a picturesque variety in the matter of religion. The seven or eight thousand inhabitants may take their choice among a dozen sects. Variety has bred tolerance. One seldom hears theological wrangling. The university, being non-sectarian, is frequently attacked as "godless," particularly by the denominations which have colleges of their own to support.

The most striking difference between the New England village and the Western country town is in the attitude of the people toward innovations and toward criticism. In the former your criticism is received with unruffled serenity, and your attempt at introducing a new custom ends where it begins. In the latter the mere suspicion of a wish to criticise is enough to damn you; but

if you show yourself friendly, you may perhaps make a revolution in the customs and manners of the town. You cannot touch us politically. Our state is the finest in the Union, and we are satisfied with ourselves as a commonwealth; but in little matters of social customs we are willing to take a hint, if the hint be agreeably conveyed.

We are a hospitable people. When I go back to my New England village, I am greeted pleasantly, but whatever fattened calves there may be are eaten behind closed doors. When my friends come to visit me in my Western town, they break bread in the houses of most of my acquaintances.

The town never forgets its share in the ownership of the university, which it construes into an ownership of the faculty. Concerning the students the citizens do not burden themselves with responsibility, but the professors need watching. For one thing, some of them have been brought — most unnecessarily — from outside of the state. We have a deep-rooted belief in the superiority of native products, and hold that we are false to the finest state in the Union if we want anything else. When the regents of the university come to town for their meetings, they are button-holed by citizens anxious to enlighten them as to university matters. To tell the truth, the regents are not unwilling to be thus enlightened, and some of them even go about seeking information through these irregular channels.

The regents of a state university have certain idiosyncrasies, resulting largely from the manner of their selection. Political appointment means more or less the appointment of politicians. An effort is always made by the president of the university, and by the more conscientious of the regents, to have the places, as they fall vacant, filled by good men; but the best men are hard to get, for the better they are, the more affairs of their own they have to attend to. If by good fortune a man of real

fitness is induced to accept a position on the board, he is apt to have but scant leisure to devote to its duties. I have known such a man to resign, because he felt that he could not do justice to the university, — too modest to realize that his occasional counsels might be more valuable than his successor's constant attendance. A man of leisure, broad-minded and devoted to the university, is a treasure not often to be found. One such regent this university had, and those who best know what he did for it have not ceased to mourn his loss. The board is usually made up of a few farmers, a few lawyers, a doctor or two, possibly a couple of business men, and a preponderance of editors; the governor of the state being the chairman. The executive committee visits the university once a month; the full board comes two or three times a year. The resident business manager is well acquainted with the affairs of the university; so is the president, and so are one or two of the regents.

The regents are not, as a rule, capitalists, and they have not a capitalist's scorn of a professor. On the contrary, their attitude is respectful rather than otherwise. The Westerner has a genuine respect for education. Professors coming from a large young university of an Eastern state tell me that the trustees there consider a professor a very poor creature indeed, who has presumably chosen his profession because of a singular deficiency in his brain which prevents him from setting a proper value on money, and which would probably in any case prevent him from achieving financial success. Some of our regents have even smaller incomes than our professors, and think the latter rather clever fellows to make their money so easily — as it seems to them.

In their management they are only occasionally swayed by politics. When this happens, it is chiefly the law school that suffers; for it is easier to give a lectureship in law to a political friend

than to let him try his hand at Latin or biology. Religious views play some small part. A Presbyterian regent might like to put in Presbyterian professors; a Baptist will be likely to suggest sending to Chicago for Baptists. Nearly all of them would prefer natives of the state. Yet they admit that one of the important duties of the president is to select the best men he can find to fill vacancies, and they usually confirm his nominations. We may have our little dissatisfactions with the way things are managed here, but we think ourselves well off when we hear of the antics of a regent in a neighboring state, where the president of the state university was two years in getting rid of a notoriously immoral man, a member of one of the professional faculties, because the aforesaid regent "stood in" with him, threatening to remove the president if he did not discontinue his efforts. Our regents, on the whole, mean to do their duty, but, as has been said, the best of them have not the leisure to master complicated details. Since the board meets seldom and the monthly sittings of the executive committee are exceedingly brief, university matters are left for the greater part of the time in the hands of persons who understand them, namely, the president, the business manager, and the faculty.

Regents may come and go, may do good or harm, but it is, after all, the faculty that counts; and the professors in our state university, taken as a whole, form an admirable body of men. Their salaries are small, their work is hard, their situation is more or less isolated, there is never money enough properly to equip their departments, they are not always sure of the support of the regents, and in some cases know only too well that their work is not appreciated: yet they are not only hard-working and conscientious; they are for the most part enthusiastic and cheerful. As far as my experience goes, all college faculties are mixtures of efficient

and inefficient men. It could hardly be otherwise. Some of these men, it must be confessed, are mere plodders, some are shams; but among them are many who would hold their own with the best. Some of them have already attained distinction, and are treated with deference in this country and in Europe. Others deserve to be known, but are prevented by the limitations of distance and a narrow income from that occasional contact with fellow workers in their own specialties which would bring them both inspiration and appreciation.

College trustees, and sometimes even college presidents, are too apt to think that if a professor prints nothing he is good for nothing. A brand-new president of our university told me that he was not going to keep professors who did not bring themselves into notice by their publications; and I remember hearing of a man who, whenever he contemplated sending in a petition for an increase of salary, had a pile of magazines and pamphlets containing his publications put in a conspicuous place in the room where the trustees of his university held their meetings. He usually got what he asked, and I well remember the respect with which an old trustee of my acquaintance used to speak of the height of that pile of pamphlets. Yet his fellow scientists did not think highly of his publications, but said that he cheapened himself by shallow writing. Trustees sometimes fail to recognize the fact that a man may possess such a gift of teaching and such personal magnetism as to be an awakening and inspiring influence, — inspiring far beyond the bounds of the special subject which he teaches, — and yet may have no time to write. Indeed, in most of our state universities the professors are not allowed much leisure for independent work. We demand first of all that they shall be teachers; and since money is scarce, they have not enough assistants and are overworked. The position of a professor in a univer-

sity remote from the centre of things, and with an attendance limited to its own locality, seems particularly hard, for he often has to be content with a merely local reputation. There are such men among my friends here, — men who give themselves to their work of teaching with an enthusiasm fresh every day. The good that they do is incalculable, yet they are not widely known, and most of them print nothing.

Some of the professors are natives of the state; perhaps a majority of them are Western men by birth; but most of them have been educated according to modern methods. Many, indeed, are graduates of Eastern colleges and universities, and nearly all have taken their year, or two or three years, in foreign universities. The others come from all parts of the country, and a few from Europe. Thus we get a pleasing cosmopolitan flavor which even our state pride cannot prevent us from enjoying.

But some of us may become learned without becoming broad, and we are all human. Truth compels me to state that my friends of the various faculties have their little jealousies. The classicist thinks science a necessary evil, to be firmly kept in its inferior place; the regular school of medicine thinks homeopathy an unnecessary curse, for which there should be no place. They are all obliged to tolerate one another, and that does them good. Whether all these elements will combine harmoniously and make a strong working force depends largely on the president.

It always seems to me that no one in the university works quite so hard as the president. His office door bears a legend to the effect that his office hours are fixed within certain limits, but as a matter of fact he finds it necessary to be accessible at all hours. The most successful of the presidents whom I have known here was the one who never seemed in a hurry. Whatever the pressure of business, he always managed to be interested in the person who was

talking to him. To a friend who said to him, "But why must you submit to all these interruptions?" he replied, "That is one thing that I am here for, to talk and to listen, — chiefly to listen." In addition to this and the many other qualities which should be possessed by every college president, the president of our state university is required to have some special gifts. Coming in contact, in his university work throughout the state, with men of all classes and of many creeds and more prejudices, he needs to be singularly open-minded and adaptable, and more than all he needs to be sincere. If he has a talent for public speaking, so much the better for him. Westerners adore oratory, and consider it almost more important that there should be a professor to teach their sons how to speak than that there should be professors to train their minds so that they may have something to say. The president is obliged to travel about the state making addresses at high-school Commencements, at Teachers' Associations, at every kind of educational gathering that ingenuity can devise; not to speak of festivities at home, such as alumni banquets and the like. His travels over a large state, with railroad connections which might often be more properly termed disconnections, resemble in their vicissitudes those of a missionary bishop, with some advantages on the side of the latter. I once heard the president and the bishop comparing notes. Said the former: —

"What do you do, bishop, when you have only one sheet to your bed?"

"I double it," replied the bishop, "and get inside."

"But suppose they put another man in the same bed?"

"That," said the bishop, "has n't yet happened to me."

These journeys are not optional; they form a portion of the duties which the president assumes when he accepts his position. He finds it best, however,

always to time them so that he can be present at the meetings of the board of regents and of the executive committee. Not only is he far better acquainted than they are with all details of university affairs, but he is the medium of communication between them and the faculty. I am told that here is the rock on which college presidents frequently go to pieces, and that the temptation to be something more than a transparent medium appears to be strong. In our struggling state university the situation is one of extreme delicacy; for there is little money and there are many departments, each in its own opinion the most needy of all. Everybody's claims must be considered; nobody can have exactly what he wants. The president needs to be a singularly fair-minded man.

Some petty annoyances, amusing in the retrospect, are a peculiar feature of the state university, on account of the tendency of the man with a grievance to try to pull political wires; as when the angry father of a suspended student, arriving by a late train, repairs to the president's house, and, finding one light still burning, rings the doorbell with such vehemence that the master of the house slips hastily into his clothes again and goes to the door, to be assailed by a demand that the delinquent be reinstated, on pain of a report to the regents, the governor, and the legislature, all of whom, it would seem, are the intimate friends of the outraged parent; or when an indignant mother, calling slander to her aid, actually tries to set the legislative machinery in motion to crush the administration.

A somewhat more serious matter is the opposition which is occasionally set on foot when circumstances require changes in the faculty. When a professor is asked for his resignation, it depends on himself whether the manner of his taking off is made public. Usually he prefers to leave as quietly as possible, but sometimes he makes a fight. Religious and political influences

are brought to bear, very likely a party is formed among the regents, and for a time the issue may seem doubtful. But the president gets his way in the end. Whatever changes he may make, he must always recognize the fact that his faculty will not be perfect. A learned man may not be a good teacher; a good teacher may have a difficult temperament; the desirable man may be unwilling to go to a Western university on a small salary; the superficial man who can do nothing but talk is found everywhere. The president can but do his best.

In the all-important matter of revenue, our state university leads a precarious, hand-to-mouth existence, depending on the favor of the legislature. There was, of course, the original land grant from the United States government; but in our case, as in too many others, the lands were sold years ago for a song, and that fund brings in a mere pittance. There is a small permanent income from the state; but for most of the current expenses and all of the buildings and equipments the university must depend on the special appropriations made by the legislature. Increase in attendance means increased need of buildings, equipments, and instructors; and grow the university does, in spite of its poverty and its enemies. Unfortunately, its enemies are many and powerful. Where the folly of the founders of the university and the state agricultural college has made of them two institutions instead of one, the university finds an enemy in the agricultural college. Thanks to its fund from the United States government, the latter starts out on a better foundation than the university. An agricultural college, as every one knows, is not apt to have many students in agriculture. The farmers' sons who care to go to college rarely count on going back to the farm. Many of them do go back, after they have failed as lawyers, doctors, or dentists; and their education has not been time

lost if they succeed in raising by ever so little the average of intelligence of the farming class. But they have not swelled the number of students in agriculture. So the agricultural college, besides its elaborate outfit in its own specialties, — its experimental farm, its dairies, its veterinary department, its department of domestic science for women, etc., — must, in order to make any show of students, duplicate the university equipment in all or nearly all of the other departments, and accordingly comes regularly to the legislature with large demands which it urges in a spirit of jealousy of the rival institution.

Every religious denomination which has its own colleges in the state (and they are legion) is also more or less an enemy, and, while asking nothing for itself, has its party in the legislature ready to oppose the university.

All the state institutions — insane hospitals, reform schools, penitentiaries — are also in chronic need of money, which, as a rule, they spend more extravagantly than does the university. Each one is fighting for itself and opposing outlay in any other direction, and each has a contingent of the legislature pledged to support its interests. These members do not favor generosity to the university. Then there are the members who wish to make a record for economy, and those who are swayed by personal animosity, perhaps to a regent, perhaps to the president, perhaps even to a former president. The student of a dozen years before, who was disciplined under a former administration, has been known to bear a grudge and to refuse to vote supplies. The session of the legislature means hard work for the friends of the university. The president is compelled, willy nilly, to be chief lobbyist, and spends day after day and week after week arguing his case, now before a committee, now with individual members; showing facts and figures, statistics of other state univer-

sities, estimates of the requirements of his own; answering questions, refuting calumnies, exhausting every argument; then hurrying back to his office and doing double work to make up for lost time, back again to the capital, and so on through the winter.

Usually a visiting committee is sent to look over the university and make a report. The three or five members of the committee may not all come with impartial minds; that is as it happens. The university asks nothing better than investigation. It is glad of the opportunity. Everything is shown and explained, and the visitors then profess themselves satisfied. They are entertained in the town; the president invites the professors to meet them. They go away protesting friendship for the university, and saying that they had but to see to be convinced. We are all greatly pleased with ourselves and with them. But when they return to the capital other considerations resume their sway, and very likely one or two of them vote against the university appropriation bill.

The truth is that the legislature is much more interested in the penitentiaries and the reform schools than in the university, and more interested in a reputation for economy than in anything else. Moreover, the title of the agricultural college commends itself to an agricultural community. The university is treated as a stepchild of the

state, and receives but a niggardly appropriation. The good day of suitable buildings and equipments, of adequate salaries, of departments properly manned, of a more extended influence, is once more put off. The president comes back to his accumulation of work feeling the sickness of hope deferred, and once more goes through the wearisome task of saying to ambitious young instructors that no promotion with increase of salary can be looked for, and to overworked professors that they cannot have the assistants whom they need, or the apparatus which they can hardly do without, or the accommodations which seem absolutely essential; that, in short, for yet another two years sixpence must do the work of a shilling.

Yet they join hands with a good will and go on with their work with undiminished energy. For they are still hopeful. Each legislature, they assure me, is more intelligent than the last; each appropriation, though sadly inadequate, is a little larger; each year more graduates of the university are finding their way both into the legislature and into the board of regents. The alumni societies are making themselves felt. The university is raising its own standards and the standards of the secondary schools. It is drawing after it the sectarian colleges, which must either follow its lead or drop into the position of preparatory schools. The state university is alive, and it has a future.

An Athenian.

OMAHA, THE PRAIRIE CITY.

"Rare are the buttons on a Roman's breeches,
In antiquarian eyes surpassing riches :
Rare is each crack'd, black, rotten earthen dish,
That held of ancient Rome the flesh and fish."

THUS wrote Peter Pindar ; and Dr. Holmes, in kindred mood, said that "fifty years make everything hopelessly old-fashioned, without giving it the charm of real antiquity. There are too many talkative old people who remember all about that time ; and at best half a century is a half-baked bit of ware."

It was a little chilling to have memory thrust forward those sayings at the moment of starting to write about Omaha, which is a half-century town. But memory furnished also a remedy for the chill, in the observation of Bacon, that "a Man that is young in Yeares, may be Old in Houres, if he have lost no Time." Omaha has lost no time. In the first part of the year 1854 there was not the first premonitory symptom of a town ; now there is a city of more than one hundred thousand inhabitants, and within a radius of ten miles the people number nearly a quarter of a million. If we measure by the scale of contrasts, we may well say that the city had its beginning in a remote antiquity.

It is doubtful when white men first set foot upon this soil. In 1673 Father Marquette accurately mapped the confluence of the Platte and Missouri rivers ; but his map was drawn "upon information and belief," as the lawyers say. He got his data from the Indians. Probably the earliest authentic map of this region to be drawn from actual knowledge was that made by Lewis and Clark, who were here in 1804. But long before the coming of Lewis and Clark the skirmish line of civilization had passed the mouth of the Platte, and moved on into the northwestern wilderness. The skirmishers made a motley crowd, of mixed mo-

tives and interests, — Jesuit missionaries, hunters, trappers, agents of the fur companies, Indian traders, and on down the scale to mere restless-footed adventurers. Some wandering Frenchmen had entered the Missouri country by way of Canada and the Great Lakes ; they had formed trading compacts with many of the Indian tribes, and some had entered into conjugal misalliances with Indian women. The effects of those unions can be traced to this day, if one cares to take the trouble. In Astoria Irving tells of one Dorion, who had associated himself more or less intimately with several bands, and who had as his "habitual wife" a Sioux squaw. That was not an exceptional case ; there were many like Dorion, although few left legible records of their doings.

The Canadian French formed but a part of the pioneer stragglers. It is probable that the Missouri itself was the main-traveled avenue of that early incursion ; for the waterway offered the easiest approach to the country, and also the easiest means for carrying away the plunder of traffic. More than a century ago, the American Fur Company, whose headquarters were at St. Louis, established trading posts at many places upon the Upper Missouri. But these were not towns in any sense of the word. That was not a time for town-building.

It was the gold excitement of 1849 that first brought the whites to this part of the West in considerable numbers, and resulted in the planting of the first permanent settlements. The lands beyond the Missouri were then in possession of the Indians, and the only right the whites enjoyed was to pass peacefully over the trail that led up the valley of the Platte. But Iowa had been ceded to civilization, and upon the eastern bank of the Missouri there grew

up a few rudimentary towns that were engaged in "outfitting" the gold hunters for their trip across the plains. Amongst all such seats of traffic there was hot rivalry for preëminence. In this neighborhood the most successful in that struggle was the place first known as Kanesville, which was afterward absorbed into the present city of Council Bluffs, directly opposite Omaha. After a little time Kanesville became the metropolis of the Salt Lake trail, and attracted to itself a great host of adventurers of all sorts, — just the kind of populace that is now swarming in the camps and towns that supply the Klondike and the Cape Nome country. Every mother's son was in quest of sudden and great wealth.

But they were not all men of the moment, content with the moment's opportunities. Some were mindful of the time when the broad prairies beyond the river would be opened for settlement, and when Fortune would strike into a swifter pace. Men of that stripe will always feel themselves handicapped by even a fictitious limitation upon their activity. The men of Kanesville chafed under the law which kept them from Nebraska soil. That restriction was soon removed. The Kansas-Nebraska Bill was signed by Franklin Pierce on May 30, 1854. The more enterprising ones of Council Bluffs had surreptitiously "located" a town site on the new soil many months in advance of authority; that is, they had selected a likely place, and were awaiting only the conclusion of formalities before taking open possession. The date fixed for the incoming of settlers was early in July, 1854, and the freshly glorified Fourth was celebrated in the new-made Omaha City.

There were strong differences between the motives of the Kansans and the Nebraskans. The opening of Kansas put the nation into a passion; the opening of Nebraska did little more than to stimulate commercial activity. Kansas stood for a conflict of ideas and for a conquest

by blood; Nebraska stood for an everyday sort of neighborliness, for peaceful settlement and home-making, and for a conquest by simple business sagacity. Yet the beginning of Nebraska was picturesque in the extreme, with rose-hued romance and dun-colored actuality inextricably intertwined. Not a foot of railroad had been built in Iowa, and there was no communication with the world save as wagon trains or horsemen came straggling over the Iowa trails, or as the half-tramp boats struggled up the uncertain river from St. Louis. The new land was then more remote than is any part of our nation to-day; yet the people lacked nothing that would make them equal to their life. It was a society sufficient unto itself, having its own localized ideas and purposes and its own mode for working out its salvation. Closer proximity to the established institutions of civilization would hardly have helped the movement; it would have been more likely to hinder, by damping the frank ingenuousness of the impulse. Nebraska was very well off in those days, although the people did some unwise and even grotesque things. The first of all matters to engage their attention was the building of a legion of towns. Wherever a ferryboat touched the western bank of the stream it made the soil pregnant, and there a town quickened.

Towns, no less than states or nations, must have some reason for being; the birth of a hamlet is no more fortuitous than the birth of an empire. Nevertheless, it is hard to give a just reason for the beginning of Omaha. There seems to be but one word for it, — the overworked American word "enterprise." Other towns — many Western towns — have sprung from an exalted thought, and been nourished by the blood of sacrifice. Omaha had no such experience. The mother of Omaha was Expediency; among its founders there were no martyrs to a great social cause, but there

was a good general average of manly honor and faithfulness to the plain duties of every day; the settlement was not led by eminent captains of industry or commerce, but the rank and file of the settlers held many clear-sighted, stout-hearted traders and workers. Omaha owed its establishment, as it has owed the best of its later growth, to the multiplication of the simple arts of peace and to a commonalty of well-being. It was a beginning almost commonplace, — almost, but not quite. The element of romance averted commonplaceness. From an early history I quote this description of the first house that was built here : —

“The house was of round logs, and stood on the corner of Jackson and Twelfth streets. It was intended for a town house, and being the general headquarters for a time, was known under the name of the ‘St. Nicholas.’ Here those who had claims would congregate in the evenings; cook their bacon, corn bread, and coffee in the centre of the room, where a portion of the puncheon floor had been removed for a fireplace, and sing songs and pass away the evening. Later, one Johnson pitched a tent on the corner of Cass and Thirteenth streets, which was in time supplanted by a sod-and-board shanty, that was named the ‘Big Six,’ where the first saloon was established, to which the town-house men would often pay a visit, wading through grass knee-deep.”

Omaha was already claiming a population of hundreds; but those hundreds were actually living in Council Bluffs, awaiting the time when walls and roofs could be built. Before the town had any real existence a postmaster was appointed; and when it was but three weeks old, and while the postmaster was carrying the mail about with him in the crown of his hat, a newspaper was established! Twelve issues make a complete file of that baby newspaper. I quote from the initial editorial : —

“Well, strangers, friends, patrons, and good people generally, wherever in the wide world your lot may be cast, here we are upon Nebraska soil, seated upon the stump of an ancient oak, which serves for an editorial chair, and with the top of our badly abused beaver hat for a table, we propose inditing a leader for the Omaha Arrow. . . . There sticks our axe in the trunk of an old oak whose branches have for years been fanned by the breezes that constantly sweep from over the oft-times flower-dotted prairie lea, and from which we propose making a log for our cabin. . . . The pioneering squatter and the uncivilized red men are our constituents and neighbors, the wolves and deer our traveling companions, and the wild birds and prairie winds our musicians. . . .

“Last night we slept in our sanctum, the starry-decked heaven for a ceiling, and our mother earth for a floor. It was a glorious night, and we were tired from the day’s exertions. Far away on different portions of the prairie glimmered the camp fires of our neighbors, the Pawnees, Omahas, or that noble and too often unappreciated class of our people known as pioneers or squatters. We gathered around our little camp fire, talked of times in the past, of the pleasing present, and of the glorious future which the march of civilization should open in the land whereon we sat. . . . Behind us was spread our buffalo robe in an old Indian trail, which was to serve as our bed. The cool night wind swept in cooling breezes around us, deep-laden with the perfume of a thousand-hued and various flowers. Far away upon our lee came the occasional long-drawn howl of the prairie wolves. Talk of comfort! There was more of it in one hour of our sanctum camp life upon Nebraska soil than in a whole life of fashionable pampered world in the settlements.”

Neither in the town nor in the territory had government taken form; the

citizens were administering their affairs in something like committee of the whole; yet life was fairly orderly and decent, simply because the people wished to have it so.

A governor was appointed for the territory, but he did not arrive upon the scene until October. Then he stopped at Bellevue, a town twelve miles below Omaha, meaning to make that place the seat of the territorial government; but he died three weeks later, and the territorial secretary, who became acting governor, brought the capital to Omaha, where it remained until 1867, when Nebraska was admitted to statehood. At the first session of the legislature the question of the permanent location of the capital aroused no little bitterness. Every town upon the new soil was clamorous to be chosen. "The excitement was very great at times," wrote an early historian. "The lobbies were once crowded with the respective parties to the contest, armed with bludgeons, brickbats, and pistols. A fight was thought to be imminent, but it did not occur. . . . The elections were eminently farcical, owing to the fact that many districts where white men had never slept more than one night were represented by members who talked loudly of their 'constituents.'"

At some time in the winter of 1854-55 the dead governor was succeeded by an appointee from Arkansas, one Mark W. Izard. Here is the story of the inaugural ball:—

"The rooms had a single coat of what was then called plastering, composed of frozen mud, and a very thin coating at that. The floor was rough and unplanned, and had been energetically scrubbed for the occasion; but the night being dreadfully cold, and the heating apparatus failing to warm the room, the water froze upon the floor and could not be melted. Rough cottonwood boards on either side of the room were substitutes for chairs.

"The hour of seven having arrived, the grand company began to assemble. Long before the appointed hour his Arkansas Excellency appeared in the dancing hall. . . . Izard was the guest of nine ladies, who were all that could be mustered, even for a state occasion, in Omaha. Two of the ladies could not dance, and their places were supplied by gentlemen. . . . Jim Orton was the solitary fiddler, occupying the corner of the room. . . . The supper came off about midnight, and consisted of coffee with brown sugar, but no milk, sandwiches of a peculiar size, very thick, and made up of a singular mixture of bread of radical complexion, and bacon. This menu was supplemented with dried-apple pie; and there being no tables in those days, it was 'passed around.' The governor, being from a warmer climate, stood around shivering with the cold, but bore himself with amiable fortitude, buoyed up by the honors thus showered upon him; and at the proper time, under a deep sense of his own consequence, made a speech returning thanks for the high honors done him."

Such was the beginning. In July, 1855, Omaha had about 200 residents; in 1857 this number had increased to about 1800, and then, for the first time, an orderly government by statutes and law officers was put into effect. It was not until the latter year that any consistent attempt was made to develop the outlying farm lands. A land office was then established; before that time it had been impossible for a settler to get title to his acres. After those three formless years there was organization and the beginning of progress. Churches and schools were built; there was a public library of 4000 volumes, and a citizens' association provided a course of ten lectures for the benefit of a library fund; the federal government was erecting a substantial building, to cost \$100,000; \$50,000 had been expended in constructing a military road to connect Omaha

with Fort Kearney, and there was an appropriation of \$400,000 for building a wagon road to South Pass that was to place the town in commercial communication with the great West. All this in three years.

The panic of 1857 affected the newer districts no less than the old, — not by wrecking fortunes already amassed, but by retarding development. One of the most serious effects was in the delay of railroad-building. Beginning with the work of Fremont, numberless surveys had been made for a Pacific railway, and numberless construction companies had been organized for carrying on the work. National aid was for a long time denied, and the building of the Union Pacific was not begun until 1863. The road was completed in May, 1869; and in the meantime three great railway systems had extended their lines across Iowa. That was the beginning of modern Omaha, as it was the beginning of the modern West. From that time to the present, material progress has suffered no serious checks but such as have been imposed by the erratic moods of the people themselves.

Omaha stands for the life of the prairies, to which it owes its own life; its past and future must be read not alone in the temper and inclinations of its own corporate citizens, but also in the motives of the men who have been engaged in turning the wild prairies into farms and gardens. For the purpose of measurement and valuation it must not be isolated; it must be considered as merely an integral part of the middle Missouri country. It is not a cosmopolitan city, — in the nature of things it cannot be; at its greatest and best it must be and remain a farm town, with all that that implies. Consider that within a circle of seven hundred miles or more in diameter, with Omaha as the centre, there is practically no source of wealth save in crops and herds. No country hamlet of the region is more truly the creature of

the farms. Those partial disasters which the city has experienced have resulted from its failure to see or to acknowledge its dependence. The people have nursed some leaping ambitions, and have tried to ignore the inevitable; but they have had to pay the price down to the last decimal.

Readers will remember that in the years from 1885 to 1890 the middle West was in travail with a "boom." Both city and country were involved, but in different degrees. In its relation to the farm lands the boom was little more than a passing delusion; in very many towns and cities it amounted to a frenzy of false views and attitudes. The people of Omaha then fancied that they could read clear their title to a vague immensity, and adopted a course of behavior that has flavored every succeeding year with bitterness. The corporate limits of the town were greatly enlarged, and the surrounding prairies broke out in a rash of pretentious "additions." Quiet cornfields that lay ten miles from the heart of things were surveyed and platted into town lots, which were sold for a hundred times their real value. It does not appear that any one was willing to show disloyalty to his fellows by questioning the future; and so the process of booming was continued until the frenzy was spent by its own force. Of course there was no good reason for such conduct, — no shadow of reason save in an ill-considered desire for an unearned greatness.

"We may outrun,

By violent swiftness, that which we run at,
And lose by over running."

That proved to be exactly true in the case of Omaha. It outran sober judgment, sound sense, and all the virtues of that old-fashioned class, until there was real danger that it would be "like a candle ill made, that smothers the splendor of a happy fortune in its own grease." The boom did not consist only in inflation of real estate values; it went

much farther. There was a craze for wholesale inflation; most of all, a craze for a big population. As other places have thought, so thought Omaha, that if only enough people came in there would be a great city. Thousands of people and millions of money were sucked into that maelstrom of insanity. But means of support cannot be provided by mere enthusiasm, however honest. The city of Omaha makes its living only as a sort of corporate middleman for the tenants of the tributary farms; and as this business is limited to a certain volume, its profits will not support an unlimited number, no matter how loudly the ambitious people may whoop about it. Omaha wanted to grow, regardless of the farms, and so grew beyond the true measure of its usefulness and power; then when it got back its consciousness it had to sit down in wretched idleness, while

waiting for the undeveloped farms to catch up.

But the boasted growth was not all *bona fide*. The census of 1890 showed a population of 140,000, while the census of 1900 shows but 103,000. The plain truth is that the returns of 1890 were "padded," probably for political ends. Padding was the key to the mood of the time. In 1890 Omaha really had 85,000 or 90,000 people. When the announcement for 1900 was made, the citizens were a little dismayed for a day or two; but now they are quite complacently congratulating themselves that every one knew the earlier figures to be a lie!

In fact, within the latter half of the past decade Omaha has had a substantial growth in population, in industrial activity, and in wealth. Here are the figures, got from authoritative sources:—

	1890.	1901.	
Output of factories	\$68,000,000	\$121,000,000	Inc. 78%
Jobbing trade	47,000,000	93,000,000	Inc. 98%
Bank deposits	14,782,200	25,764,245	Inc. 78%
City directory	45,260	55,000	Inc. 22%
School enrollment	13,279	19,384	Inc. 48%

These figures give an accurate index to what has been achieved in Omaha; but their greatest value is in indicating (what is far more important) the growth of the prairies that make Omaha.

The saddest and most disastrous of all the effects of the boom was in inciting a majority of the middle Western cities of metropolitan pretensions to inaugurate a system of municipal government that was much too large for the work necessary to be done. In this respect Omaha suffered more than most of her sister cities. As a matter of good common sense, Omaha needed no elaborate scheme of government. It was nothing but an overgrown country town; its people were pastoral, and really wanted nothing better than to have their town's affairs administered according to the dic-

tates of pastoral prudence and thrift. But one city set the example of overdoing, and the rest jealously followed; and now the people have on their hands a political "machine" as burdensome as a large family of white elephants. There is not enough to give the machine legitimate occupation; so it has turned its attention to the illegitimate, and the people are suffering from "ring politics," bossism, and all the evils of that breed, on down to official corruption. It began with the boom, but no one knows where it will end.

"Had doting Priam checked his son's desire, Troy had been bright with fame, and not with fire."

Surely no good citizen should decry a wise devotion to the problems of good government; but here is a tendency to

be passionately enamored of professional politics in its poorest form. La Bruyère said that "there is what is called the highway to posts and honors, and there is a cross- and by-way, which is much the shortest." That "cross- and by-way" has been the favored route out here. The functions of public officers have been debased from lawgiving, in its true sense, to mere lawmaking; machine-made, "hand-me-down" laws are usurping the place of plain, honest rules of action, and the government of the city has been carried to the point of making it a trade, for the profit of the tradesmen in power. Reckless extravagance marked the beginning. With no need for such action, the boundaries of the city were widened to include more than twenty-five square miles, and over this area there was spread a close network of "improvements," — grading, paving, sewerage, and so forth; and that course was not stopped until the people either would not or could not vote any more bonds. They were already saddled with a bonded indebtedness of \$5,000,000. The city presents an anomalous appearance to-day: there are entire quarter sections of farm lands lying within the corporate limits, still planted to crops, while subject to regular and "special" municipal taxation. Many owners of such property have been ruined in consequence of this condition; for because of the burden of taxes these lands have a lower market value than those lying outside the city.

The tax levy for the year 1901 closely approximates the sum of \$1,250,000 (or say \$12 *per capita*), which will be expended for interest on bonded debt, and for current administrative expenses of this overgrown government. There is no municipal ownership of any public utilities; water, gas, electric lighting, and so forth, the city buys from franchised companies or corporations, which in turn have got their franchises from the machine. In 1899 there was paid for public water

rates \$90,000, and for street-lighting \$80,000. The era of franchised corporations brought a new order of political evils, and the people have not yet devised means for dealing with them. Recourse to the ballot has accomplished no definite reform. The citizens of Omaha have sometimes displayed an almost morbid interest in voting, but within the past ten years they have not often succeeded in voting aright. They have lacked clear understanding of the situation, and have also lacked able leadership in organizing to combat it. Almost every Western city of any considerable size has this difficult problem to solve. It is the price that must be paid for having tried to do too much within a little time.

Omaha sprawls. Horizontally it is a great city. Even the chance visitor is impressed at once by the want of cohesion and solidity. It is like the unjointed skeleton of a man, scattered over a ten-acre lot: the bones are here, and they are bones of a man's size, but they want articulation. The front of the town extends for seven miles along the river, presenting a most ungainly aspect, broken and dilapidated, so that it seems to be grinning widely at the world with a mouth whose front teeth are missing. The city began upon the river bank; but after a little while, when it had got its false notions of bigness, it longed to set its mark upon the hilltops, five miles away, and then its first work was abandoned and suffered to crumble. That district is now largely dedicated to vice; for Omaha feels that if it is to be indeed a city, it must indulge all those forms of viciousness which contribute to the appearance of cosmopolitanism. I have talked with officers of the city government who seemed to congratulate themselves in saying that they had assumed a "liberal" attitude toward all manner of social evils.

From its base line upon the Missouri the town has cast itself down upon its

belly, stretching out its arms to the utmost over miles of territory, crying greedily, "It's mine, — all mine!" But in no true sense has the city possessed its miles. In appearance Omaha is to-day no more than a big aggregation of little towns. Citified dignity and village simplicity rub elbows on every street. Here, on one corner, is a mammoth modern structure of stone and steel that cost \$1,000,000; and within the adjoining block is a row of tottering frame hovels abandoned to the rats. It is in the residence districts that this contrast is most striking. Go out upon almost any of the main streets, and you will presently come to an unbroken half mile of stately avenue, grown with beautiful trees, and lined with a double row of as pretentious homes as you can find anywhere. Before you can fairly catch your breath you have passed from that scene into one of utter desolation. The asphalt pavement has given place to deep-rutted yellow earth; your feet are treading a rotted wooden sidewalk or a beaten dirt path, arched over and all but obstructed by a tangle of sunflowers and wild hemp. You will think you have come to the suburbs. But Omaha has no suburbs save in the heart of the city: "improvement" has merely dropped a stitch. After walking for a quarter of a mile through that wilderness of weeds you will come to another stretch of proud avenue, with parks and fountains and massive mansions. Between those districts there will likely be cultivated cornfields and cabbage patches. New York could be set down upon the ground included within Omaha's boundaries, and would hardly lap over the edges.

The outward aspect of Omaha affords a clue to its intellectual and moral attitude. Its life is still rude, almost unformed. The people are very sensitive upon this point. It is all one's life is worth to say that the town lacks culture. Culture! What a word that is! Omaha has true-hearted and refined men and

women in plenty; but, rather strangely, these have not succeeded in uniting to form a true-hearted and refined society. I think the people are a little chary of expressing their gentleness and refinement in public, for fear of being considered unsophisticated or rural. That would be hard to bear; for the town has only very lately passed out of its rural days. Whatever the cause, the open social life of the place is concerned with appearances, not with verities; it is made up mostly of postures and show; it is continually calling attention to itself in a loud voice, after the manner of those who are rudely affected, the world over. There is no new thing that lifts above the horizon of "culture" which the people of Omaha do not forthwith import, if it promises to be fashionable. With all its intense longing to appear cultured, the town succeeds only in being up to date. In fact, Omaha has no strong collective social aims; it has no strong aggregate tendencies. Its life thus far has been nothing but a conglomerate of individual desires, and there has been no adequate means for bringing these desires to a focus. The city has no public art galleries, no museums, — nothing of that sort; even in architecture no particular ideals have come to light. This condition is a part of the penalty which the town has had to pay for the lack of ideals in its foundation. It was begun for no better reason than that its founders saw here opportunities for getting rich, and that paucity of thought has persisted.

Colton argued that "men, by associating in masses, as in camps and in cities, improve their talents, but impair their virtues." That saying is reduced to its least significance when it is applied to a farm town. An agricultural state, pure and simple, gives to its cities economic stability; in a still greater degree do they get moral stamina. Nebraska is preëminently the farming state of the Union, and statistics show that she leads

also in the social virtues. Illiteracy is at its lowest, and most of the crime relates back to poor, simple Eve and the apple. On the farm social relations are fundamental, and life is correspondingly tranquil. This does not imply moral inertia, but a primary estate of sound, rational behavior. A city that is in close relations with such surroundings must be influenced thereby. Omaha has been greatly influenced. The best thing to be said of the place is that beneath the false, frothy surface there is a deep and strong current of moral integrity. That this has not made bold show of itself is due to lack of inciting occasion. The people have known no great common vicissitudes that should draw them together and test the fibre of the common temper. Should such a trial come, it would be met with an amazing strength and power of sacrifice for good ends. The life of the prairies has made good men, but has given them no especial motive beyond individual eagerness to get on, no particular ideal save to possess their strength in peace.

"A nation's character is the sum of its splendid deeds," said Clay; and Emerson, in writing of Boston, declared that "a community, like a man, is entitled to be judged by its best." The best of Omaha is very good indeed. If one is inclined to be hasty or harsh in judgment, it is well to remember the rule of the humane judge, who will temper the severity of his sentence in consideration of youth. Bear in mind that the whole history of Omaha is included in the span of forty-eight years; then say whether it has done well. No one who has taken the trouble to get into close touch with the people of this magnificent young West can entertain a moment's doubt for the future. The future is in safe hands. When the people get to know what it is that they have to do, they will arise and do it; and woe betide him who stands in the way of their honest desires. He must be hardy indeed who would under-

take to compass them about with the usages of dishonor. Omaha will find the way, and will keep to it.

It would be a mistake to argue that the actual or potential greatness of the city is brought within too narrow limits by the lack of variety in the resources and activities of the region upon which it must draw for the raw materials of its greatness. The domain that is directly tributary to Omaha comprises a large part of the future food gardens of the world. It is idle to try to summarize these resources, for they are boundless, and they make the most infallible of all sources of wealth and power. The present state of development has hardly served to make a scratch upon the outmost cuticle of affairs. Not the city alone, but the whole of the Missouri country as well, is still in a mewling industrial infancy: not in the least particular has maturity been attained; not in the least degree do the people appreciate what this land may be. It is safe to say that all the real difficulties of past and present are like the common little ailments of childhood. Society is plastic and protean, and behavior in all ways is often whimsical, and rarely built upon sound and safe rules dictated by practical experience. There is plenty of law, but no fixed policy; there is plenty of industry, but no recognized scheme for a concerted industrial development. All that remains to be evolved,—and it will come.

That the people are now inclined to a wise course may be seen in almost every detail of the new life, as it expresses itself in the affairs of every day. The desire for size is giving place to a sincerer desire for strength. In the past, Omaha, like many another neighboring town and city, has been content to get its living by playing the easy part of merchantman; merely trafficking in commodities and catering to the simple daily needs of the people. Not until within the past ten years has it consistently

tried to add to the value of what it handled, in the way of manufacture; and thus it has missed its greatest opportunities. What may be done by manufactories in Omaha and other cities of the Missouri Valley is incalculable. Heretofore the immense wheat crops of Nebraska have been sold outside the state, to be bought back as flour. With millions of sheep upon the outlying ranges, there is not a yard of woollen cloth manufactured in the state. With millions of hides and pelts annually offered for sale, there is hardly a shoe or a glove made at home. These examples are illustrative of a general condition. This lack is now being felt. Within a few years the Commercial Club has been organized, and this, under able management, is doing its utmost to correct a faulty condition. The establishment of manufactories will serve a double purpose: it will give greater stability to the town's life by the employment of its citizens, and it will also create home markets for the raw materials that are now sent far away. Notwithstanding its situation in the very heart of the wheat and corn lands, Omaha is not a grain market: the state's great crops of grain sift through Omaha's fingers, going to enrich other towns. This is likely to be remedied before the new century gets into its teens; and the change will link the farm and the city into a firmer union, and give to both a clearer understanding that their interests are inseparable.

The real virtue of the community has

found fit expression in its public schools. To be sure, the conduct of school affairs has been marked by that extravagance of expenditure which has characterized other administrative functions; but in the schools themselves, and in what they stand for, is the crowning glory of the young city's life.

The most gifted of seers must stop abashed before the attempt to reveal the whole fortunes of this lusty youngling of the prairies. Greatness awaits it, if it will merit greatness. This will not come in obedience to the fiat of written law; neither by "enterprise" alone, of whatsoever degree of acuteness or audacity. It will come along broader and opener ways, attendant upon those men of whom it is said: "They have adjusted their souls to all senses, and all biases; have propt and supported them with all foreign helps proper for them, and enrich'd and adorn'd them with all they could borrow for their advantage, both within and without the world: those are they that are plac'd in the utmost and supreme height, to which human nature can attain. They have regulated the world with politics and laws. They have instructed it with arts and sciences, and do yet instruct it by the example of their admirable manners." Mark it well: that will be the true character of the future men of the West. Moral greatness must go before any other real greatness that ever was or ever will be. Fifty years hence Omaha will be a strong city.

William R. Lighton.

JANE AUSTEN.

THERE is in the work of Jane Austen, after Sappho the most unquestioned genius of her sex, I know not what of personal seductiveness and charm. It is hard nowadays to find any professional critic or amateur of letters who can be easy until he has publicly listed his suffrage for "Aunt Jane." But so copiously and eloquently have her praises been sounded that many of her most devoted admirers have hesitated to attempt the difficult task of saying anything new and true in her honor. It is therefore a cause for gratulation that the publication of two excellent books affords an excuse to review her felicities and her fame. Mr. Pollock's delightful little work¹ is given up to the exhibition of Miss Austen's preëminence in the character of Cynthia among the lesser stars, — the admirable woman novelists her contemporaries. Miss Hill's book,² with full and intimate knowledge, depicts the natural setting and background of Jane Austen's life, and dwells informingly upon her relations with friends and family. Read together, attentively, the two books will help one to a more vivid realization of Miss Austen's character and temperament. If one ponders them closely, he will come to understand better certain phases of her genius; and he may perhaps form a new appreciation of her novels, and revise a little his notion of her place in literature.

Jane Austen was a diligent reader of the best books, but she in no sense belonged to any school in literature. Except for a brief acquaintance with Clarke, librarian of the Prince Regent, she seems never to have felt the stimulus of real or known the fatuity of af-

fectured "literary society." To the full appreciation of her work, therefore, a knowledge of her household and her natural environment is the more important.

The major part of Jane Austen's too brief life was passed in Steventon and Chawton, inland villages like those immortalized as the habitations of the Bennets, the Woodhouses, and the Bertrams. Miss Hill's writing, aided by the clever pencil of Miss Ellen Hill, gives one an engaging picture of these little towns. One sees them girt round by meadows crossed by odorous lanes, with a not infrequent "hanger" rising gracefully above. It is not necessary to go all the way with Taine and the naturalistic critics to be assured that the quiet, fragrant beauty of her early surroundings wrought upon the mind and art of Jane Austen, softly insinuating itself in her style, coloring her view of the world and its people. Such a conclusion ceases to seem fanciful when we remember that while she was resident at Chawton, Gilbert White was at Selborne, only five miles away, and Miss Mitford lived but little farther distant, likewise within the confines of Hampshire, — two writers very like Jane Austen in powers of minute observation, in quiet humor, and in the bent of their intuitions of the world. But it is important to remember, what Miss Hill's reader will not forget, that Jane Austen, at Lyme and at Southampton, dwelt by the seashore, and that two of her brothers were mariners of England. Of Byronic or Tennysonian sea sentiment there is none in her pages, but in Mansfield Park and in *Persuasion* there are stray touches of descrip-

¹ *Jane Austen, her Contemporaries and herself. An Essay in Criticism.* By WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK. London: Longmans. 1899.

² *Jane Austen, her Homes and her Friends.* By CONSTANCE HILL. Illustrations by ELLEN G. HILL. London and New York: John Lane. 1902.

tion which connect her, at least remotely, with that maritime tradition, the sea spell, which has rarely been wanting in the greatest literature of the British Isles.

Miss Hill's account of the Austen family does not add many significant facts to the information furnished us in the biographies by Mr. Austen Leigh and Mr. Adams, and by Miss Austen's own incomparable letters, edited by Lord Brabourne. She has, however, enjoyed the advantage of seeing in manuscript certain family records, and of bringing to the observation of Jane Austen's several homes sharp eyes and fresh interest; so she contrives to portray very vividly the *vie intime* of the Austen circle, with its strong affections, its graceful courtesy, its playful humor. She preserves recollections of a niece of Miss Austen concerning the room at Steventon in which her aunt wrote. In remembering the works of creative imagination which proceeded from this girlish environment, one feels the transcendence of art as strikingly as in thinking of the lyrics which, a few years earlier, lay in the drawer of Burns's little deal table at Mossiel.

"A sitting room was made upstairs, — 'the dressing room,' as they were pleased to call it, perhaps because it opened into a smaller chamber in which my two aunts slept. I remember the common-looking carpet with its chocolate ground, and the painted press with shelves above for books, and Jane's piano, and an oval glass that hung between the windows; but the charm of the room, with its scanty furniture and cheaply papered walls, must have been, for those who were old enough to understand it, the flow of native household wit, with all the fun and nonsense of a large and clever family. Here were written the two first of my aunt Jane's completed works, *Sense and Sensibility*, and *Pride and Prejudice*."

With this may profitably be read the account, by another niece, of Miss Aus-

ten's method of composition in later years, at Godmersham: —

"I remember that when aunt Jane came to us at Godmersham she used to bring the MS. of whatever novel she was writing with her, and would shut herself up with my elder sisters in one of the bedrooms to read them aloud. I and the younger ones used to hear peals of laughter through the door, and thought it very hard that we should be shut out from what was so delightful. I also remember how aunt Jane would sit quietly working beside the fire in the library, saying nothing for a good while, and then would suddenly burst out laughing, jump up and run across the room to a table where pens and paper were lying, write something down, and then come back to the fire and go on quietly working as before."

Stories like this at first make more marvelous, and then serve to explain, Jane Austen's chief literary virtue, her unique and never adequately to be praised power of imaginative realization, — the faculty of idealization in the strictest sense. How great this was is not hard to realize; one has but to think of any feigned character whatsoever, outside of Shakespeare, and then to think of Elizabeth Bennet, — one feels that he knows the very sound of her voice. Not long ago, Mr. W. J. Courthope, sometime professor of poetry at Oxford, and a careful and unemotional critic, was so moved by such a comparison as to cry, in paraphrase of the praise of Menander, "O Nature and Jane Austen, which of you has copied from the other?"

There is much in Miss Hill's book, as I have hinted, to explain this rare power. The life of Jane Austen, excluding incidents and considering essentials, is seen to be very like the life of her heroines. She knew intimately the scenes and the people whereof she wrote. She once advised a niece who was meditating a novel, "Three or four families in a country village is the

very thing to work on;" and her own practice conformed to this precept closely. Mr. Pollock transcribes from a paper by his father the notable observation that Jane Austen never reports a conversation among men only,—a striking indication of cautious restraint of her imaginative powers. Indeed, Miss Austen's best characters are always her heroines: gentle Fanny Price, independent Emma Woodhouse (*me judice* the "college woman" of her age), and Elizabeth Bennet, the inimitable and altogether delightful. Despite the conscientious objectivity of Jane Austen's work, one fancies that when she would portray such girls as these she had but to "look in her heart and write."

But this imaginative faculty implies much more than faithful self-expression, or accurate transcription of the life which her brown eyes observed. Miss Jane Austen, the life of her family and a conspicuous ornament at village assemblies, possessed at twenty-one absolute, un-relative artistic vision of the highest order. There is much in Miss Hill's book to exhibit this. We have stories of how she would relate to her family doings of her characters quite apart from the events in her manuscript, and how at exhibitions she would discover portraits of the people of her brain. A single reference to one of her novels may show how such a vivifying imagination shaped her art. In Mansfield Park a duly qualified reader will discern an instance of the differentiation of character by environment nothing less than Shakespearean in its subtle reality. Lady Bertram, Mrs. Norris, and Mrs. Price are sisters. One is led to believe that as children they were as like as three sisters could well be. One has married Sir Thomas Bertram, and attained a life of affluence and ease. Another has been wedded to the rather self-centred Rev. Dr. Norris, and within sight of her more fortunate sister has lived upon a less sufficient income. The third has become the wife of a poor

and too genial seaman. As we know them in middle age, Lady Bertram is indolent, good-hearted, and a little silly. Mrs. Price is reluctantly industrious, good-hearted, and likewise a little silly. Mrs. Norris, one of the most complete comic characters in literature, shows a wider perversion of the same traits. She has become an arrogant and self-satisfied martyr to housework; envy has soured her disposition, and meannesses and petty spites have grown in her heart. Through all these vital distinctions of character is shot a certain family resemblance, which never permits us to forget that the three women are children of the same parents. It is hard to conceive a more luminous instance of creative vision in the use of plot and characterization as typical experiments in life.

If Jane Austen had lived all her days in sequestered villages like Steventon and Chawton, it is likely that the product of her imagination would have wanted that savor of high comedy which is now one of her distinguishing charms. To the Muse of Comedy no spot can be more congenial than a fashionable watering place. Miss Austen's life at Bath was surely very momentous. To this life Miss Hill devotes several informing chapters. The reader derives a clear notion of the gay, whimsical Bath society, in which young people might go about together, unaccompanied by the usual "steady friend," and especially of Miss Jane Austen's delight in it, both as participant and as observer. We have had her, in an earlier letter, writing to her sister of a ball at Deane House, at which she received great particularity of attention from a Celt, Mr. Tom Lefroy. We have been diverted to learn that she committed "everything most profligate and shocking in the way of dancing and sitting down together," and to know that this Mr. Tom Lefroy, who was to become chief justice of Ireland, divided his admiration between the real Jane

Austen and the fictitious Tom Jones, and that Miss Jane was proud so to share it. But by the time the Austens moved to Bath, in the first year of the last century, we hear no more of such young-ladylike profligacy. Jane was then twenty-five; the slipping away of her unreturning Maytime had sobered but not saddened her, and we find in her letters and in the anecdotes which Miss Hill has preserved a less naive delight in the frequentation of balls for their own sake, and a keener interest in the study of social humors, for which such gatherings afforded her a notable opportunity.

It is scarcely necessary to observe that Jane Austen's comedy is never the stern-browed, mordant satire which in the work of some "humorists" lies so near to tragedy. Hers is, rather, the playful humorsomeness of a wisely happy temperament. In one of the letters she writes, "I do not think it is worth while to wait for enjoyment until there is some real opportunity for it." She took her enjoyment in the continued humorous observation of the people she knew. But with her, as with Thackeray, humor meant wit plus love, for it is always softened by a singularly sympathetic feeling with its object. In *Pride and Prejudice*, Elizabeth has a speech which is certainly the expression of her author's mind: "I hope I never ridicule what is wise or good. Follies and nonsense, whims and inconsistencies, do divert me, I own, and I laugh at them whenever I can."

From the girlish *jeu d'esprit* *The Mystery*, a satire on the prevailing school of comedy, to *Persuasion*, with its quiet undertones and atmosphere of afterglow, Jane Austen was essentially a comic writer. We have but to compare her Emma with Gwendolen in *Daniel Deronda* to know the difference between the affectionately comic and the tragic treatment of similar characters. Miss Austen could never have solved the problem of modern art, which

has been to portray the human will rising superior to a new "necessity" more terrible than the "fate" the ancients knew,—a necessity which, as Walter Pater wrote, "is a magic web woven through and through us, like that magnetic system of which modern science speaks, penetrating us with a network subtler than our subtlest nerves, yet bearing in it the central forces of the world." Such devious coverts of dismay were not for the feet of Jane Austen. There is perhaps a premonition of such things in the differentiation of the sisters in *Mansfield Park*, but she was born too early and too propitiously to be subject to the introspective maladies of the nineteenth century, or greatly to be affected by its larger movement of ideas. She is always the novelist of manners, but of such manners as spring most directly from character and temperament, and tend to exhibit these with the most lively reality.

An analysis of Jane Austen's humor may be fittingly concluded by a piece of Lamb-like or Stevenson-like whimsicality in a letter to her sister Cassandra, cited by Miss Hill:—

"Your unfortunate sister was betrayed last Thursday into a situation of the utmost cruelty. I arrived at Ashe Park before the party from Deane, and was shut up in the drawing room with Mr. Holder alone for ten minutes. I had some thoughts of insisting on the housekeeper being sent for, and nothing could prevail on me to move two steps from the door, on the lock of which I kept one hand constantly fixed. We met nobody but ourselves, played at vingt-un again, and were very cross. . . . You express so little anxiety about my being murdered under Ashe Copse by Mrs. Hulbert's servant that I have a great mind not to tell you whether I was or not."

One cannot write of Jane Austen as a humorist without thinking of Northanger Abbey; and in the matter of Northanger Abbey, especially concern-

ing the relation of it and the rest of Miss Austen's novels to the literature of "sensibility," there is something still to be said.

The machinery of the story of Catherine Morland's adventures is clearly an ironic burlesque of the later eighteenth-century novel, — the novel of the delicious shudder and the facile tear. Likewise, in all Miss Austen's other novels we find numerous pleasantries at the expense of the fiction of the school of Mackenzie, Walpole, Lewis, and occasionally at the great Richardson himself. But her first writing was done not very long after the ascendancy of this school, and there is in her work much evidence to show that she was not uninfluenced by its ideals. Marianne, for instance, in *Sense and Sensibility*, is a romantic heroine of the deepest dye; and though her sensibility brings her to grief, yet one feels that Miss Austen had a certain ingenuous interest in her vicissitudes for their own sake. Even in *Northanger Abbey*, the love story of Catherine and Henry Tilney, the serious interest of the book, is told with many touches of real sensibility. In all her work, indeed, the experienced reader of old novels will recognize traces of a mild susceptibility to the shudder and the tear. Her most conventional leading men have, for the corresponding girlish protagonists, a certain charm of masculine mystery. Something of this is doubtless perennial, yet may it not be in part referred to the tradition of her predecessors? In this connection it is noteworthy that three of her six heroines marry clergymen.

There are several points in the books by Miss Hill and Mr. Pollock to sustain this judgment. We hear a good deal of Jane Austen's admiration for Richardson, — an admiration which may be not unsuggestively likened to the high regard of Cervantes for the *Amadis de Gaule*. There are, too, many significant personal details reported. Thus we are edified to know that Miss Aus-

ten was wont to attend the play armed with two handkerchiefs; and that on one occasion, when seeing Miss O'Neil as Isabella, she was somewhat put out at having but scant use for one. In the following half-playful advice to a niece engaged in the composition of a novel there is an undercurrent of seriousness which points to the same thing: "Your aunt C. does not like desultory novels, and is rather afraid yours will be too much so. . . . It will not be so great an objection to me if it is. I allow much more latitude than she does, and think nature and spirit cover many sins of a wandering story. . . . What can you do with Egerton to increase the interest for him? I wish you could contrive something, . . . something to carry him mysteriously away, and then be heard of at York or Edinburgh in an old greatcoat. . . . Devereux Forester's being ruined by his vanity is extremely good, but I wish you would not let him plunge into 'a vortex of dissipation.' I do not object to the thing, but I cannot bear the expression; it is such thoroughly novel slang, and so old that I dare say Adam met with it in the first novel he opened."

It is, indeed, not wholly fanciful to affirm that the relation of Jane Austen to the romance of sensibility is very much the same as that of Cervantes to the books of chivalry, or of Heine to German romanticism. She is at once its satirist and its best exponent; her work is its apotheosis and siderealization.

The final effect of the two books under consideration, with their anecdotes of Jane Austen and long citations from the novels and letters, is to help the reader to savor more subtly her literary personality. Think of any other woman of anything like her genius, and try to realize the difference. Mary Wollstonecraft, Madame de Staël, the Brontës, George Sand, Mrs. Browning, George Eliot, — in the writings of such women

we find a passionate prodigality of diction, sometimes an exenteration of ideas, sometimes awkwardness and constraint; almost always a tendency to a certain hectic quality in form and content, and almost never the graceful pellucidity of thought, the easy felicity of diction, which eternalize the writings of Jane Austen. Heine has just been mentioned; the reader will recall his summary remark: "All women write with one eye on the paper, and the other on some man, — all except the Countess Hahn-Hahn, who has only one eye."

Jane Austen, with two very excellent eyes, was another exception, and to this, doubtless, much of her preëminence is due. The secret of her abiding charm lies in the fair balance of her temperament. There was in her nature no hint of the unduly strenuous, no morbid desire. She was, in truth, the Euphues of her sex: not the precious, word-dallying hero of Lyly, but the *Εὐφύης* of Plato, a fair nature; one in whom clear vision and lively affections are at such perfect balance as to find ready and copious expression in graceful, pliant speech.

Ferris Greenslet.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

PICTURE BOOKS AND OTHERS.

I.

THERE is, we are told, among certain humble pictorial journals, a habit of buying up old woodcuts which have earned their discharge, but are still capable, like an exhausted soil, of being turned to some account. The humble editor has an eye for tillable material which may be farmed out in small lots, and in due time, irrigated by the humble author's modest will of text, may really bear some sort of second crop. The illustrator illustrated, — "here's fine revolution." The situation is quite bald, at least; the writer knows perfectly what he is doing.

An illustrative text assumes a better sort of dignity when it is the work of a draughtsman whose pictures have attained celebrity enough to deserve the gloss of a running commentary. Mr. Harry Furniss¹ has just done himself this office, amusingly, though with extreme diffuseness. Whatever there is

dubious in the autobiographer's business is here got rid of by the simplest means. The minutest Furnissiana are of absorbing interest to the chronicler, and are offered us with the frankest expectation of our sympathy. The demand is perhaps excessive; we could spare the record of certain minor conversational facetiæ, or of occasional fa-tuities into which the absolutism of the platform has betrayed him. (Instance the speech before a gathering of American women, pp. 112-114.) Fortunately, the book yields much freshness of another sort; notably in its side illumination of many of the great English public figures of the past half century, — Disraeli, Parnell, Bright, Bradlaugh, Gladstone, and the rest.

But in the field of professed illustration, particularly in the illustration of fiction, a more equivocal relation between author and artist has grown common of late. We in America are especially inclined to pride ourselves upon the progress we have made in the art of illustrating during the past half century. For one thing, the mechanical

¹ *The Confessions of a Caricaturist*. By HARRY FURNISS. New York and London: Harper and Brothers. 1902.

facilities have increased remarkably. A dozen cheap processes have supplanted the laborious and expensive steel engraving, which was no longer ago than fifty years the most valued type of illustration; and the artist's higher technical skill has led to the perfection of wood engraving, then a far second. No doubt the general taste has grown more exacting; certainly good drawing is now demanded of all comers, unless indeed of the confessed postermonger, whose canons are plainly apocalyptical. Things are done now in the daily press which would have been the despair, technically, of the American magazine illustrator a generation back. It is a great thing to have outgrown the pictorial absurdities of the Godey's Lady's Book phase. We are right in preferring the De Monvel child (to cite a somewhat conventionalized type) to those prim young Rollos with the property hoops and oranges, or the Gibson girl to those wasp-waisted young females of the hectic cheek and corkscrew ringlet whom our grandmothers admired. But our own situation has its dangers; for, unfortunately, the tendency which made itself felt some time ago in magazine work is carrying over into stiff-covered literature. The draughtsman is assuming such importance in his own eyes and in the eyes of the public that we are in some danger of forgetting or of complaisantly waiving the principle of subordinating the picture to the text, the trimmings to the actual substance. Obviously, a drawing may be good in itself without really illustrating the text; as, to take more general grounds, the bulk and prominence of the illustrative matter may distract our attention from the legitimate business in hand. Doubtless the illustrator's highest exploit would be by a sort of divination to come at the living meaning of the author, and by appealing to the eye to strengthen materially the effect of the text. He cannot be expected to invent a new manner for every subject, but he can in some sense

subject his personality, or at least curb his mannerisms, for the sake of the text, — which he would hardly deny to be, like the contents of Lumpkin's letter, the cream of the correspondence. Yet indifference to this apparently simple relation has already done much toward the cheapening of the illustrator's art, the multiplication of mere picture books, and the growing popular distaste for pure text.

For, unluckily, illustrating, like the stage, has not only its heroes, but its *matinée* heroes, who are valued for the pretty things they do out of their own heads rather than for their fidelity to the lines and skill in the interpretation of character. In Mr. Howells's latest volume,¹ for example, we are continually coming upon the familiar and adored Christy girl under various aliases. Occasionally she is dressed for the part, but not always; so confident is her creator that, like a Maude Adams, she will win applause because she is so fetching, and may act or not, as she likes. Here, complacent, fresh from the Horse Show, and without removing her hat, she essays the rôle of Sophia Primrose by dint of loosing a curl over one shoulder. She is then "in character;" and we are not to murmur if she fails to shift the horse-showish good breeding of her features in favor of the "soft, modest, and alluring" femininity with which Goldsmith fondly endows his Sophia. The curl keeps its post in Nancy Sykes, is multiplied for Effie Deans (otherwise these two are much alike in make-up), and finally discarded — or retrenched — in the society part of Gwendolen Harleth, a surprisingly smart girl of the present, rather fast, and utterly unsuggestive of the "Lamia beauty" which the spectators, according to the author, are supposed to be noticing in her at the moment.

The problem of new illustrations for old books is a difficult one, often a

¹ *Heroines of Fiction*. By W. D. HOWELLS. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1901.

painful one when they come to supplant or to supplement work which we have grown to think of almost as a part of the text. Dickens might have had better illustrators than Cruikshank, but we hardly feel the need of new experiments now; and Thackeray, badly as he often drew, did all that we really care to have done for his people. The new edition of *Alice in Wonderland*, with Mr. Newell's pictures,¹ is rather distressing to the age-long lover of Tenniel's dainty Alice. We are not ready to exchange that sweet and dignified maiden for this little pig-tailed idiot; it must be confessed, the thing strikes us as pretty near a sacrilege. We are inclined, after glancing at the pictures and laughing at them, to put the book away on a high shelf, among other books not to be perused by the young person. This would not be accusing the artist of a deliberate error; there are really some people who take *Alice in Wonderland* as a joke. But we cannot help feeling a little nervous about other favorites. What if Mr. Newell (or his publisher) should, in his castings-about, light upon *Pilgrim's Progress*, say? How could one tremble for a saucer-eyed Christian or at a bow-legged Apollyon?

Apart from the question of interpretation, there is a certain difficulty in the employment of modern methods to fit old books. There is something just a little incongruous, for instance, in a wash drawing of Fanny Burney's *Evelina*. Whether it is worth while to suggest deliberately the rougher methods of other periods, as Mr. Howard Pyle has sometimes done, is an open question. That something short of this may give the desired sense of fitness is attested by such work as Hugh Thomson's, — modern in its delicacy, yet undeniably smacking of the eighteenth century.

But our illustrators are, as a rule, not only cavalier in their attitude toward

such general considerations of interpretation and atmosphere; they do not hesitate to ignore the specifications of the text. The author is particular in stipulating a certain costume, or grouping, or background, or gesture, and the artist blandly furnishes another. In *Heroines of Fiction*, one is sorry to notice that the inoffensive George Sampson has been ousted from the supper table of the Wilfers, and that Becky Sharp has been removed from her prescribed sofa and Lord Steyne given a chair, perhaps in charity to poor Rawdon, who enters at that famous moment. These are small matters; but as they interested the author, why not stick to his version of them?

II.

One book of the day, at least, we may be sure that future illustrators will have little excuse for dealing with. The pictures in *Kim*² are as fitting as they are odd, and that is saying a good deal. One would hardly have supposed that a not very numerous series of bas-reliefs reduced to the flat could have greatly illumined a story abounding in color and action. Yet the thing has been done. Not only the statuesque dignity of the Lama, but the fire and mischief of the gamin Kim, and even something of the spectacular richness of the wayside Orient, has been suggested; and that without doing violence to the chosen medium. Indeed, one hardly knows how, between this implicitness of simple form and that farthest remove of explicitness which might be attained by some gorgeous panoramic canvas, so good an impression of those persons and scenes could have been gained. For pen-and-ink drawing is, after all, only a sort of go-between, a makeshift, though a noble one, dimly adumbrating the positive virtues of form and color.

¹ *Alice in Wonderland*. Illustrated by PETER NEWELL. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1901.

² *Kim*. By RUDYARD KIPLING. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1901.

So one guesses, until a renewal of contact with such work as Mr. Joseph Pennell's gives him pause and the layman's opportunity to guess again; for here is a pen which manages to render subtly the effects of both form and color. The new edition of *Italian Journeys*¹ might well be bought, with no belittling of the text, for the sake of Mr. Pennell's drawings alone; and they may, in fact, stand alone, for they have no direct bearing upon the book as narrative. The sea gate at Pompeii is not submitted to the impertinence of a recognizable young American author in the foreground. Of certain whimsical experiences of Mr. Howells at Herculaneum or on the road to Grosseto nothing is made; nor is the least advantage taken of such picturesque material — fair game for a Christy — as the stalwart and immaculate market woman of Trieste or the pretty muldress at Capri. The human figure in Mr. Pennell's drawings, which deal with light and bulk and distance, is nothing more than a decorative suggestion here and there. Nevertheless, these pictures are interesting not only in themselves, but as illustrations; for the book is frankly a series of impressions of places rather than a study of human types or a narrative of personal adventures. Books of travel and description offer themselves too readily, perhaps, to illustration. We have had a surfeit of foreign photographs and "views" of all sorts; indeed, with the Duomo or the Campanile, Chillon or St. Mark's, eyeing us from every inward-bound post card, there is not much to be done in a small way by the picture-book maker. One excellent example of self-denial was set not long ago by the Blashfields in their *Italian Cities*,² the admirable text of which is

unbroken, if unadorned, by illustration of any sort.

No such denial could have been required of their latest book,³ though the uneven merit of the dramatic sketches it contains may make one a little doubtful of the propriety of so elaborate a setting. But books are not always to be judged absolutely, and that we can seldom safely so judge a new book ought to make us willing to cast into the balance in its favor such advantages of typography and ornamentation as large paper, the De Vinne presswork, and the pictures of Mr. Blashfield have here furnished. The first of the four numbers is a modern farce, of a common and not very pleasing type. It is based upon the vulgar implication, still popular on the stage and in the columns of a certain type of unspeakable "society" journal, that a woman may be "compromised" by this or that momentary accident of situation. The reputable world — our Anglo-Saxon world, at least — is, one must believe, pretty well done with this sort of shoddy code, and inclined to resign it to the uses of the dubious half-world which may still find some meaning, or mockery of meaning, in it. The second sketch is a good dramatization of Stevenson's *The Sire of Malétoit's Door*, and the third is a pleasant, Frenchy little comedy. But the fourth, *In Cleon's Garden*, is of a much rarer sort, a dramatic prose idyl, as much more delicate in flavor and genuine in characterization than its companion pieces as its action is farther removed from us in point of time.

III.

A lifelong leader of minority, Mr. Howells is still a great name among us;

¹ *Italian Journeys*. By W. D. HOWELLS. With Illustrations by JOSEPH PENNELL. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

² *Italian Cities*. By E. H. and E. W. BLASH-

FIELD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

³ *Masques of Cupid*. By EVANGELINE WILBOUR BLASHFIELD. Illustrations by EDWIN HOWLAND BLASHFIELD. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

yet it is hard not to feel that in leaving fiction, of late years, to devote himself mainly to what may be agreeably called the higher journalism, he has deprived his special audience of what he is best fitted to give them. Nothing that he now writes is without charm, but much of it is without compactness or definition. The canons of his literary faith were long ago known to us; his expression of that faith has been, not changed, but rarefied, by iteration; and though we are not able to be impatient of it, we are not altogether able, either, to be edified by it. It would be unprofitable to urge serious charges of diffuseness and padding against a series of papers which were originally prepared for Harper's Bazar. Nor can one who knows his Howells take new exception to the main critical contentions of *Heroines of Fiction*. Here once more are the allusions to the "echoing verbiage" of Scott's more popular romances, the "strictly melodramatic gift" of Dickens, the "dawdling" and "sentimentality" of Thackeray.

The omissions are what surprise us; and we hardly know how to take the critic's offhand disclaimer of responsibility for some of them. "I confess," he says, "that I never read a novel of Blackmore's or a novel of Stevenson's, or more than one novel of Mr. George Meredith's; and though I might qualify myself to speak of their heroines by taking a course of their fiction, I am afraid that my appreciation would have a perfunctory look, out of keeping with the prevailing character of these studies. I might learn what those ladies were like, but I should have no associations with them from the past, no remembered passion; and if it is not now too late for me to form a passion for a new heroine, it would not be, perhaps, becoming." There is no quarreling with this position; the personal point of view once admitted can hardly be assailed. But one cannot help wishing that this gallery of cherished loveliness might

have contained (in place, say, of certain heroines of Mrs. Radcliffe, Baroness Tautphœus, and J. W. De Forest, all of whom must have gained upon Mr. Howells by early propinquity) the fair Lorna; that wonderful unfinished sketch of Stevenson's last, and in truth sole heroine; and the brilliant, hapless Diana, with whom, in virtue of her need, so good a lover as Mr. Howells might surely have allowed himself some relation of grandfatherly tenderness.

There could be little profit in a set comparison between these informal sketches in criticism and the carefully considered essays of Mr. Brownell.¹ But the two books are not so different in method, after all, as in point of view and in results. A single instance will suggest what these differences amount to. Mr. Howells says of Thackeray: "He put on a fine literary air of being above his business; he talked of fiction as fable-land, when he ought to have known it and proclaimed it the very home of truth, where alone we can see through all these disguises; he formed the vicious habit of spoiling the illusion, or clouding the clear air of his art, by the intrusion of his own personality; and in fine he showed himself, in spite of his high instincts, a survival of the romantic period whose traces in others (especially Bulwer and Disraeli) he knew how so deliciously to burlesque." So speaks Mr. Howells's sincerity; but we perceive that it is the sincerity of partisanship when the same theme comes to be touched by a critic unbiased by practice: "'The bust outlasts the throne, the coin Tiberius;' but the subject of the novel being rather Tiberius and the throne than busts and coins, it is not modeling and chasing as such and for their own sweet sake that endue it with enduring vitality, but qualities more significant and more profound. And these qualities depend

¹ *Victorian Prose Masters*. By W. C. BROWNELL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

upon the artist's personality, and are inseparable from it. They are essentially human in distinction from purely intellectual or sensuous qualities. They are qualities without which purely intellectual or sensuous qualities produce a result that is often sterile and always incomplete. . . . Why is there such a sense of life in *The Newcomes*, compared with Turgeneff's *Virgin Soil*, that the story of the latter seems to vibrate idly *in vacuo*? Because Thackeray enwraps and embroiders his story with his personal philosophy; charges it with his personal feeling; draws out, with inexhaustible perseverance and zest, its typical suggestiveness; and deals with his material directly instead of dispassionately and disinterestedly, after the manner of the Russian master.

. . . The question is, after all, mainly one of technic. When Thackeray is reproached with 'bad art' for intruding upon his scene, the reproach is chiefly the recommendation of a different technic. And each man's technic is his own, and that of a master may be accepted as possessing some inner principle of propriety which any suggested improvement would compromise."

To personality, or temperament, as in the later papers he prefers to say, Mr. Brownell is continually recurring as the prime essential of creative art. George Eliot's later work was inferior because her temperament had become subject to intellect; and Meredith owes his limitations and his small following, not to eccentricity of manner, but to absolute lack of temperament. "He has, if one chooses, the temperament of the dilettante. But the characteristic of the dilettante is really absence of temperament." The essay on Meredith is, as a whole, the most striking of these studies; and it is a fact of some interest, with Mr. Howells's confession in mind, that Mr. Brownell should have owned

to reading much of Meredith for the first time with a view to this paper.

The volume itself is a delight to the eye, though it is altogether unembellished; indeed, any sort of pictorial garnishing of so staid a meal as is here set for us would be an impertinence. At the same time the service is excellent; paper, type, and binding are all that they should be for such a book. There is much still to be said for the pictureless book. One is not sure even that Mr. Brownell's *French Art*¹ in its sumptuous later form, with its elaborate illustrations, is greatly more effective as criticism than in the original unadorned octavo. Or perhaps it would be more fairly said that the primary effect of such a book may best be had in its pure text form. Afterward it may receive some increment of value from the use of illustrative matter. So Mr. Pennell's drawings have best served the *Italian Journeys*; and so, possibly, the *Italian Cities* of Mr. and Mrs. Blashfield, a more distinctly critical work, may gain later from that appeal to the eye which it has rightly denied itself as in the first instance adventitious and even a little compromising.

H. W. Boynton.

IN a stout binding of green, which suggests the shallow seas about Ogygia and first editions of Tennyson's dramas, Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Ulysses*² comes auspiciously from the press. To true-born lovers of poetry this is an event of singular interest. Mr. Phillips is a poet of exceptional promise, who has, nevertheless, seemed to many to be in the dangerous way of defeating expectation, while to some he has appeared an almost tragic figure striving to reassert the integrity of dramatic poetry in a time of theatrical commercialism. It is, then, a matter of

¹ *French Art*. By W. C. BROWNELL. New and Enlarged Edition, with forty-eight Illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

² *Ulysses*. A Drama in a Prologue and Three Acts. By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1902.

moment to see what kind of a play he has wrought from the swift, eventful story of the *Odyssey*, and what manner of protagonist he has made of Ulysses.

The action of the piece is simple and closely knit. It is, as Mr. Phillips says in his note, the action of the *Odyssey* "rearranged, reimagined, and, above all, unsparingly accelerated and cut down." First comes a Prologue on Olympus, where Athene and Poseidon dispute the fate of Ulysses, until Zeus, by eloquent and expressive thundering, decides that he shall, if he wishes, return to Ithaca and Penelope. The Prologue is written in a subtly ironic vein, which suggests the air of the gods in exile, or their bearing in that northern island inhabited by Lutherans, of which Mr. Gosse has lately written. It is noteworthy that the parley of the gods is carried on in resonant pentameter couplets, sounding not with the clear, metallic chime of Pope's, or the wandering melodies which Keats evoked from the old form, but with a kind of contrapuntal harmony which curiously suggests the seventeenth-century wielders of the couplet, Dryden, or Cowley at his best.

The beginning of the drama proper shows us the woe of Ithaca obsessed by the suitors of the queen, and Penelope's wistful constancy. Then, suddenly, the scene shifts to Ogygia, where Ulysses lies in a sea cave, enthralled by Calypso, yet happy in his thralldom. But as he sleeps Hermes comes from Zeus, warning the enchantress that freedom must lie within the will of Ulysses, touching the sleeper with his caduceus that his will may be free. Ulysses, upon awaking, talks some excellent poetry with Calypso, elects to leave her, calls his joyful companions to push his ship from the shingle, and embarks for Ithaca; leaving one rather pitiful for Calypso, who generously raises a wind to propel her departing lover. In the second act Ulysses fulfills the hard condition of his return that has been set by Zeus; he goes down

the facile descent to Hades, and with brooding, Virgilian pity, broken by fits of terror, moves among the sorrowful shades. In the third and last act Ulysses is shipwrecked on the shores of Ithaca. Stirring scenes ensue. In the disguise which we all remember, Ulysses enters his hall at the fatal hour when Penelope is to choose from the suitors. After a series of strikingly dramatic situations there comes a rather robustious scene of slaughter. Then Penelope and Ulysses are emparadised in an embrace, while from behind is heard the voice of a minstrel singing the refrain:—

"And she shall fall upon his breast
With never a spoken word."

The possibilities of this structure as a splendid, quasi-poetic spectacle are obvious. Indeed, all accounts of the London performance agree as to its decisive success. But its value as dramatic poetry is another matter. It will hold the reader throughout, and certain passages will stir him, as true poetry must, but the final effect of great stage poetry is wanting. The characters are suggested, not realized. They pause too often in the dramatic expression of their thought to gather poetical poesies by the way; yet their heightened speech never has the superb unction, the joyous inevitableness, which can atone for this. Save in the third act the action moves somewhat leisurely, without the bustle and clash one expects in the mimic world. The impression made by the piece, even when played by the skilled stock company which most experienced readers take about under their hats, is theatrical in the less admirable sense.

Nevertheless, when all is said, Ulysses is a fair continuance of promise. The poetic style is less eclectic than in either Paolo and Francesca or Herod, and Mr. Phillips's characteristic and mature manner is seen to be quite that which was foretold in his incomparable *Marpessa*. The thing he does best, the thing in which he is, one thinks, most of his age, is the

moving and melodious expression of a mood of anxious wistfulness. Perhaps the most characteristic lines in the play are in Penelope's lament in the first act:

"Cease, minstrel, cease, and sing some other song;

Thy music floated up into my room,
And the sweet words of it have hurt my heart.
Others return, the other husbands, but
Never for me that sail on the sea-line,
Never a sound of oars beneath the moon,
Nor sudden step beside me at midnight:
Never Ulysses!"

But it is to elegiac rather than to dramatic composition that Mr. Phillips's poetic quality is best suited. *F. G.*

NEARLY sixty years ago, Mr. George Roberts, head master of the *King Monmouth*. Lyme Regis Grammar School and sometime mayor of the town, published a *Life of the Duke of Monmouth*, a work showing much patient and intelligent research, and especially proving its author to be a local antiquary of no small distinction. The Protestant Duke's latest biographer¹ disclaims all desire to supersede his predecessor's work, which in many respects is likely to remain the principal authority on its subject, but seeks only to supplement it by utilizing the new material brought to light in the last half century. In tastes the two writers are in some sort akin. Mr. Allan Fea — it is pure conjecture on our part — must be a native of one of the south-western counties, who, for love of his accustomed haunts, followed step by step the adventures of young Charles in *The Flight of the King*, gathering a store of traditional and pictorial illustration on the way, and has now, in the case of that engaging and graceless youth's reputed son, continued these congenial wanderings with an equally gratifying result. He writes in a sensible, unpretentious fashion, and the new material has been faithfully collected and set forth, but he can hardly be seriously considered as an

historian. Rather he is a lover of historic landmarks and relics and the tales they tell, and he has a very admirable sense of the manner in which history should be illustrated, as *King Monmouth* brilliantly shows. His right instinct appears even in what is excluded; for no imaginary presentment of a dramatic or picturesque episode tempts him, even when the picture, so to speak, lies ready to his hand.

The Duke of Monmouth must have been painted nearly as often as, in shop parlance, "celebrities" are photographed nowadays. Of the selection from these portraits given, two especially, the earliest and latest, make us in some measure conscious of the astonishing beauty, grace, and charm which Grammont describes, — Lely's adorable boy picture, and the sketch of the head after the executioner had done his work, where death has but refined and ennobled the face in which youth yet lingers. Beside the fine Lely and Kneller portraits of the "brown, beautiful, bold, yet insipid creature," to quote Evelyn's brief but sufficient summary of Lucy Walter, four pictures are reproduced from the same artists, of the two women most closely connected with Monmouth's later life, — the heiress of Buccleuch, his wife from her childhood, and the hapless Lady Wentworth, — together with those of the men most deeply concerned in the events which led to the Rebellion of 1685 and in the lamentable tragedy of which Sedgemoor was but the first act. The last of the photogravures, which are all of the excellent quality we have learned to look for in English works of this class, is from Kneller's Jeffreys in the National Gallery, that handsome, high-bred face which lately so enthralled a certain young writer that he unflinchingly attempted the thorough rehabilitation of the Judge of the Bloody Assize. Of course Mr. Fea has not overlooked church,

By ALLAN FEA. London and New York: John Lane. 1902.

¹ *King Monmouth*. Being a History of the Career of James Scott, "The Protestant Duke."

manor house, or inn on the roads which were to lead his hero (using the word conventionally) to Tower Hill, nor does it appear that any relic connected therewith has escaped his attention, and from beginning to end the book has not an illustration which does not illustrate.

S. M. F.

ALL readers of eighteenth-century memoirs and letters have at least been introduced to that beautiful daughter of the second Duke of Richmond, Lady Sarah Lennox, to whom the young king, being much in love, made proposals of marriage, which came to naught. Later, the lady — she was then but seventeen — was married to Sir Charles Bunbury; and after floating for a few seasons on the top of the social wave, she made what seemed, according to all human probabilities, utter shipwreck of her life. But she came to herself in the quiet, lonely years that followed; her second marriage brought everything the first had missed, and the last glimpse we had of her was as the adored mother of a group of heroes. Well known, too, are her portraits by Sir Joshua: the pseudo-classic Lady Sarah Bunbury Sacrificing to the Graces, and “the canvas worthy of Titian” which shows her looking down from a window in Holland House upon her nephew, Charles James Fox, hardly younger than herself, and the boy’s cousin, Lady Susan Fox-Strangways, Lady Sarah’s close friend for well-nigh seventy years. To this friendship, which defied chances and changes, long separations, and entire frankness on both sides, we owe our first real knowledge of a very interesting woman; for her letters to Lady Susan were carefully preserved, and are now given to the world by the present mistress of Holland House.¹ These letters, dating from the writer’s giddy girlhood to her gracious and beau-

The Mother
of the
Napiers.

tiful old age, serve well enough the purposes of an autobiography; for Lady Sarah had quick perceptions, great sincerity, and never was woman less of a *poseuse*. Her correspondent had her romance. Walpole has commemorated the theatricals at Holland House, in which Lady Susan and her friend distinguished themselves. The handsome young player, William O’Brien, appears to have acted as director to the very youthful amateurs. He and Lady Susan forthwith fell in love; and as the latter’s family naturally disapproved, an elopement followed. Even the Whig magnates among the bride’s kin seem to have found considerable difficulty in suitably providing for the unwelcome bridegroom. One expedient was a colonial post, and the pair spent some years in America, chiefly, it is to be inferred, in New York. Some of Lady Susan’s letters therefrom perhaps would have proved interesting. We have at present so much of the later provincial life in fiction that some new glimpses of it in fact might illustrate — or contrast.

Lord Holland tries to describe the beauty of his young sister-in-law, but finds it beyond his words. He was much more interested in the king’s advances than was Lady Sarah, to whom the death of her pet squirrel was a far greater grief than the coming of the Princess Charlotte. It is plain enough that had the girl been older, more self-seeking and worldly-wise, and a little in love, she might have made Lord Bute’s arrangements very difficult. But she willingly figured as the chief bridesmaid, — her brilliant beauty making the bride’s lack of it the more apparent, — and though “the time when we used to fancy great things” was never forgotten, it was not remembered regretfully. At sixty she writes: “I am delighted to hear the king is so well, for I am excessively partial to him. I always consider him as an

¹ *The Life and Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox, 1745–1826.* Edited by the COUNTESS OF IL-

CHESTER and LORD STAVORDALE. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner’s Sons. 1902.

old friend who has been in the wrong ; but does one love one's friends less for being in the wrong even towards oneself ?" Her old friend often earned her disapproval by his public acts ; for though Lady Sarah was not a political any more than a literary woman (though, oddly enough, she is misprinted in these volumes as sacrificing to the *Muses*), she faithfully reflected the Whig sentiment of the time, and her kinsmen were emphatically of the ruling class. For Fox in especial her affection was steadfast, even if, with the most charming amiability, he always neglected to do anything to advance her husband's interests, though Colonel Napier's high character and distinguished ability — "No one of us is his equal," declared his son Charles — well deserved such furtherance.

Many aspects of this intimate record of a woman's life might be dwelt upon ; but, after all, it is as a mother of men that she will be remembered, — a mother singularly honored and beloved. With keen sympathies and warm affections, she was preëminently a brave woman, physically and morally. This was shown in early life in her acceptance of the results of her own misdoing, without railing at the world's judgments or blaming any one but herself. And later, the cheerful courage with which she encountered heavy cares, great anxieties, and what was for her almost poverty was equaled by her fortitude under the most heart-breaking bereavements and the blindness which was for so many years her portion. Of the heroic Napiers she cannot be counted the least. *S. M. F.*

DURING Dr. Johnson's tour to the Hebrides, he fell into discussion with Boswell over the relative advantages of great and little European courts as schools of manners.

¹ *The Book of the Courtier*. By Count BALDESAR CASTIGLIONE. Translated from the Italian and annotated by LEONARD ECKSTEIN OPDYCKE. With seventy-one Portraits and fif-

Both men agreeing that smaller courts were superior in this respect, the doctor closed the conversation by remarking, "The best book that ever was written upon good breeding, *Il Corteggiano*, by Castiglione, grew up at the little court of Urbino, and you should read it." These words were spoken in 1773. Previous to that date there had been three translations of Castiglione's *The Courtier* into English. The admirable translation by Mr. Opdycke¹ is the fourth English version, but it follows its latest predecessor by the space of a century and three quarters. Few English and American readers, except those with a knowledge of Italian, have taken Dr. Johnson's advice to read the book.

Yet, in its present dress, there could scarcely be a more delightful volume than *The Courtier*. It is composed of four discussions, each extending through an entire evening, concerning the training and the character of the ideal gentleman and gentlewoman. The speakers are all residents at the court of Urbino, in the splendid summer time of the Italian Renaissance. They are scholars, soldiers, statesmen, wits, and great ladies, representing Italian culture in its most highly perfected form. Count Baldesar Castiglione, the author, whose kindly face is familiar through the portrait by his friend Raphael, now in the Louvre gallery, was for many years in the service of the Duke of Urbino. His book was written partly at Urbino and partly at Rome, between 1508 and 1516, and it was first printed at the Aldine Press, Venice, in 1528.

Not the least charm of Mr. Opdycke's sumptuous edition is due to the full and unique collection of illustrations. There are three portraits of Castiglione, besides sixty-eight other portraits of persons mentioned or taking part in the dialogues.

teen Autographs reproduced by EDWARD BIERSTADT. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901. 4to, \$10.00 net.

Many rare busts, medals, and autographs have been specially photographed for this edition. Some of the most interesting of this illustrative material is interspersed through the notes, which are models of scholarly accuracy and good taste. Indeed, this beautiful vellum-bound folio, planned with the most exquisite attention to detail and printed at the De Vinne Press, may fairly be said to be in keeping with those ideals of dignity, harmony, and good breeding to which Count Castiglione gave such loyal and eloquent praise. One would like to send a copy to Dr. Johnson.

THE great collection of Jesuit Relations, which, under the competent editorial control of Mr. Reuben Gold Thwaites, has been growing through a space of five years, has now come to a prosperous completion in two volumes of singularly admirable index.¹ It is not necessary to say much here of the monumental comprehensiveness or the careful precision and accuracy of the substantive work. The researches of Mr. Thwaites and his assistants have drained a wide area. They have brought together a vast body of Latin, French, and Italian texts, and have furnished close yet readable translations. The collection will of course be indispensable to any writer on colonial history, while to the diligent general

reader the romantic interest of many of the Relations should be very great. Finally, be it said not too loudly, the more painstaking and wholesome sort of historical novelist should find here a wealth of material quite ready for his assiduous hand.

The index, which has just been published, is a fitting finish to the long set. The darkling, subterranean work of the index-maker is so often passed in silence that it is a particular pleasure to comment on the excellence of this. Occupying nearly eight hundred pages, arranged under headings and subheadings, with cross-references like those of a dictionary catalogue in a library, with an excellent system of typography, by which the references to major passages are in black-faced numerals, it would be hard to conceive a more complete and efficient piece of compilation. It has, indeed, something of that almost æsthetic value which is inseparable from balance and harmony of parts, while it is so opulent in detail that the "index-raker," if any of that ancient order now survives, should reap from it a rich harvest.

It is a cause for gratulation that there should be published in America, just at this time, a work like this, which will not suffer by comparison with the publications of the pace-makers in historical scholarship, like the Hakluyt Society in England.

PROFESSOR THOMAS'S LIFE OF SCHILLER.

"THESE twenty years the public has been contending as to which is the greater, Schiller or I; they ought rather to be glad that they have a brace of such fellows to quarrel about." These words,

¹ *The Jesuit Relations. Travels and Explorations of the Jesuit Missionaries in New France, 1610-1791.* . . . Edited by REUBEN GOLD

addressed by Goethe to Eckermann in 1825, refer to a deplorable direction of public opinion that originated with the extremely partisan Romanticists. Unfortunately, this puerile and profitless

THWAITES. Vol. 72, 73. Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Co. 1901.

bickering as to the relative merits of Goethe and Schiller became acute with Menzel and the Young Germans, and has latterly been given a pseudo-scientific twist by the attitude of prominent Goethe scholars. Eminent leaders among the historians of German literature, like Hermann Grimm, Wilhelm Scherer, and Erich Schmidt, have set the pace for the exertions of a throng of young Goethe philologists. Honest absorption in important and trivial questions of date, inception, development, completion, transmission, final form, and intention of the poet's works has often led to a somewhat exclusive and one-sided admiration of his personality and contribution to modern thought. Some have even gone so far afield as to find no adequate expression for their allegiance to the child of Frankfurt short of ill-concealed or outspoken contempt for the alleged narrowness and provincial tone of the mind of Schiller. The undeniable popularity of the latter is, in the eyes of such scholars, a distinct condemnation of him as an unripe interpreter of life and art, whom the people love and admire because they understand the burden of his mediocre song.

In view of this state of things, competent attempts, like those of Minor, Weltrich, and Wychgram, to reinterpret for modern readers the personality and art of Schiller are welcome signs of a return of the judicial temper to the service of German scholarship. Professor Thomas, though never a "Schiller hater," regarded the poet, at one time, as "very much overestimated by his countrymen," and listened with complacency to "demonstrations of his artistic shortcomings." He has since then been brought to a different temper, and has embodied his conversion and present views in a book¹ that will compare favorably, in point of readableness and

impartiality, with the best that has ever been written upon the subject.

Professor Thomas comes to the task in the spirit of the inquirer, desirous of securing, by direct study of the poet's works, especially of his letters, a fair and independent evaluation of the man and artist, Schiller. With due regard to the major and minor investigations of his predecessors, the author maintains throughout that judicial independence of temper characteristic of the best of his previous work as a student of Goethe. Schiller's marvelous development as an artist is so utterly out of proportion to the scanty items of his contact with the world of men and affairs as to render of prime importance a study of his works, as a reflection of his inner life. This consideration has dictated the relatively large space devoted by Thomas to genetic and expository criticism of the successive products of the poet's pen. With wise silence about matters of slight importance, our author traces in detail, through a sequence of twenty-two chapters, the persistence and unity of purpose that dominate the career of Schiller. The mass of detail is never so great as to obscure for the general reader the essential features of the picture. He expressly disclaims all "care to be either systematic or exhaustive." Only essentials are selected for discussion, and space is thus secured for a suggestive introduction to the study of each of the dramas of the poet's earlier and later period. On the whole, the scholar will approve the author's distribution of emphasis, and the general reader will be stimulated, by the exposition and criticism offered, to a personal examination of Schiller's dramatic works. A glance at Professor Thomas's treatment of the poet's youth will reveal in general how the critic conceives his task.

He emphasizes the visible passion with which Schiller's first drama, *The Robbers*, fairly throbs, and also the impetuous rush of its dialogue, as the main

¹ *The Life and Works of Schiller.* By CALVIN THOMAS. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1901.

causes of its deep hold upon the reading and theatre-going public, from the date of its appearance, 1781, to the present. These elements vitalize it, in spite of the handicap of turgid rhetoric, a dull villain, an insipid heroine, and a nerveless "dummy in a rocking-chair," father of the visionary revolutionist, Karl Moor, and of his Satanic brother, Franz. Professor Thomas points out the defects of Schiller's youthful dramatic craftsmanship. He condemns the long monologues, the disregard of everyday probability, in the plot as a whole and in several of its parts, and the loose motivation of the death of Spiegelberg. But he mentions these flaws in passing, without making them unduly prominent, in face of the wonderful capacity already shown by the poet for transmuting the details of an abstract plot into action. He might well have added a word of praise for the rare economy and effectiveness of the exposition in this first dramatic experiment. Of the whole he says, "Extravagant it is, no doubt; but while there are always hundreds of critics in the world who can see that and say it more or less cleverly, there is but one man in a century who can write such scenes."

With similar good taste and sureness of touch *Fiesco* and *Cabal and Love* are passed in review. Professor Thomas recognizes in the former a slight improvement in the poet's delineation of feminine character, but regards the play as equally open to adverse criticism on the score of lurid rhetoric, unredeemed by the unity of heroic personality and the dramatic verve, characteristic of *The Robbers*. He mentions the indebtedness of Schiller to sundry predecessors, notably Rousseau, Diderot, and Lessing, for features of his next drama, *Cabal and Love*. He then shows how thoroughly the poet digested this raw material, and converted it by his extraordinary gift of dramatic visualization into a strong, consistent action. Schiller is blamed for allowing the tragic

element of the situation to hinge upon the silence of the heroine in face of the jealousy of her lover, since an explanatory word from her would remove the fatal tension, without even a breach of the oath extorted from her by threats against her father's life. This verdict of common sense seems valid, and applicable not only to *Cabal and Love*, but also to a similar unnatural silence of the mother in *The Bride of Messina*. The discrepancy between Louise's childlike simplicity under ordinary circumstances and her precocious philosophizing in the presence of Lady Milford is further evidence of Schiller's youthful ignorance of female character. Contemporary political life in Württemberg abounded in prototypes of the ogre-like features of the President von Walther. Ferdinand, the hero of the play, is, however, a sentimental idealist, who shows such a genuine disdain for his father's brutality as to suggest a world in which thorns bear grapes, and thistles figs. Professor Thomas fails to note this freak of heredity. He is right in regarding this tragedy of the middle class as having a dramatic power superior to that of its predecessors, due to its convincing portrayal, not of abstract conditions, but of real infamies of the old aristocracy of Württemberg. Schiller assumes no Italian mask, as did Lessing in his *Emilia*, while holding "the mirror up to nature" for the instruction of his fellow countrymen. It would have been worth while to call attention to the fact that both Lessing and Schiller assign a tragic import to the silence of the heroines of their respective plays.

Professor Thomas gives in the opening chapters of his book a clear-cut and in the main correct impression of the tremendous energy, the strong dramatic instinct, the ignorance of human nature, and the love of titanic phraseology characteristic of Schiller's youth. By means of a suitable selection of salient phases of the poet's intellectual activity, he acquaints us with the life, taste,

and growth of Schiller, from his dark days at the academy to his friendship with Körner, dating from 1785. The impassioned though somewhat chaotic Ode to Rousseau (born, as Schiller then supposed, in Paris, and toiling for thankless humanity in southern France), the high-keyed, empty songs to Laura, Schiller's own remarkable analysis and searching criticism of *The Robbers*, his ill health, his financial straits, the heartlessness of the Mannheim intendant, Dalberg; — these and other elements of the poet's experience and occupation are given proper place and perspective in the general narrative.

The limits of the present review render impossible any adequate indication of the wealth of suggestive discussion offered by Professor Thomas in connection with his treatment of the genesis and texture of Schiller's later dramas, *Don Carlos*, *Wallenstein*, *Maria Stuart*, *Maid of Orleans*, *Bride of Messina*, and *William Tell*, and also in dealing with the dramatic fragments. The chief charm and value of these chapters are their suggestiveness, and the absence from them of the dogmatic spirit that imagines itself each moment as saying the final word and effectively closing the debate. The author's catholicity of mind and fairness of argument are likely to make his book a starting point in America for a fruitful investigation of mooted questions of genesis and interpretation.

Schiller's friendship with Körner, the timely assistance of the Danish admirers, the calming and steadying influence of Schiller's love for Lotte, and the enriching and quickening influence of the poet's detailed study of Kant and the Greeks are touched upon, together with a large number of other items of importance in any adequate picture of the development of Schiller's knowledge, taste, and artistic power. Thomas considers also Schiller's professorship at Jena, his studies in *Netherlandic history* and in the details of the Thirty

Years' War, his graphic historical style, and his tendency to subordinate the facts of history to the features of his own philosophic preconception. He might have shown more clearly than he has done that such hyper-subjective treatment of history not only was quite natural in the premises, but actually affords a gauge of the strength of the artistic impulse of Schiller's genius. His power and his weakness as an historian are both the result of his marvelous capacity for dramatic visualization.

The chapter on Schiller's æsthetic writings would be much improved by a comparison of Schiller's views under the influence of Kant with those of Lessing under the influence of Aristotle.

One of the most important and interesting chapters in the book is that dealing with the friendship of Goethe and Schiller. For to the inspiration of this intercourse with the older poet is ascribable in large measure the admirable variety and quality of Schiller's dramatic productions, that crowned the closing eighteenth and so brilliantly inaugurated the nineteenth century. It was certainly well for the cause of German drama that natural affinity finally triumphed over distrust and prejudice, and brought together these men whose united service so far exceeded the arithmetical sum of their individual efforts. Thomas tells the story of this partnership sympathetically and effectively. He fails, however, to mention what ought never to be passed over in silence in such an account, — the important service rendered Goethe and the world by Schiller through a long series of pleadings and urgent requests for the continuation and completion of the *Faust* fragment, coupled with many helpful suggestions as to the general plan. It is very doubtful whether Goethe, in the absence of this stimulation from his younger colleague, would ever have felt impelled to resume work upon what had become repugnant to his views of art. It is therefore no exaggeration to say

that we are indebted to Schiller for the completed first part of the poem, and also, indirectly, for the second part, since Eckermann's suggestions would certainly have fallen upon deaf ears, had Goethe made no progress beyond the fragment of 1790. This was of vastly greater importance than the "Xeniafusillade" or the coöperation of the friends in the production of the Horen.

The final chapter of the book, entitled *The Verdict of Posterity*, contains a terse summary of the estimate placed upon Schiller by the German people at large, by the sculptor Dannecker, by Madame de Staël, by Goethe, by the

Romanticists, the Young Germans, and other doctrinaires, by the modern Realists since 1871, and by the author himself. While denying to Schiller "the supreme qualities that go to the making up of a great world poet," Professor Thomas sees in him, in spite of his cosmopolitanism, "a German of the Germans. Think of a sentiment that Germans love, and you shall find it, if you search, expressed in sonorous verse in some poem or play of Schiller. . . . The intellectual classes . . . are coming to dwell less on the great qualities that he lacked than upon the great qualities that he possessed."

Starr Willard Cutting.

"BEHOLD, I SHEW YOU A MYSTERY."

(H. E. S. AND A. H.)

Two ways were theirs to reach the unknown shore :

One man was held in the fierce grasp of pain,
And watched the springs of being slowly wane ;
The other no such bitter trial bore,

But dropping 'mid his fellows, breathed no more.

Men grieved, and listened for some sad refrain
From homes bereft ; and trembling for the twain

Whose lingering lives were crushed, I sought their door.

They spoke in turn : "It always was his prayer

To go out like a flash : this chides regret."

"He wished I should a garb of sunshine wear."

Both women smiled ; only my eyes were wet.

O Life and Death, what mysteries ye share !

Greatest of all, the love that ye beget !

Mary Thacher Higginson.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

In the treasure house of Old Romance
 The Ring in lie stored many charmed rings,
 Romance. the like of which are not to be
 found in any royal regalia.

First comes that tarnished favorite, that one has only to rub, and behold "a genie of enormous stature and a most horrid countenance," and the thrilling words are spoken: "What dost thou command? I am ready to obey thee as thy slave, — as the slave of him who has the ring on his finger, — both I and the other slaves of the ring." Another, that bears a close resemblance to Aladdin's ring, is to be found in a fairy tale from Asia Minor. By the aid of the slave of this ring, the gardener's son marries the princess, and provides himself with a ship, the hull of which is of gold, the mast silver, and the sails of brocade. A Jew magician obtains the ring by means of the ruse of offering to the princess some pretty red fishes, for which he will take no other payment than the old bronze ring which the captain of the golden ship has carelessly left behind him. Thereupon his fine ship is turned to black wood, and the crew and precious cargo to negroes and cats, till he once more regains the amulet.

In Scott's Tales of the Crusaders, Saladin, in the character of the physician Adonbec, preserves the life of Richard Cœur de Lion by means of his talisman, the diamond which he wears in a ring, and on which his signet is engraved.

There is again the ring of which Chaucer told the tale. The knight that rides into the hall of Cambuscan, when the king is keeping his birthday feast, brings this ring as a gift to the "faire Kyng's daughter Canace" from the king of Arabie and Ind.

"The vertu of the ring, if ye wol here,
 Is this, that if hir lust it for to were
 Upon hir thombe, or in hir purs it bere,

Ther is no foul that fleeth under the hevene,
 That she ne shal wel understonde his stevene,¹
 And knowe his mening openly and pleyn,
 And answeere him in his langage ageyn;
 And every gras that groweth upon rote
 She shall eek know, and whom it wol do bote,
 Al be his woundes never so depe and wyde."

Bearing on her hand this "queinte ring," Canace goes out at day dawning, and finds she can interpret the notes of love and dread from every feather-clad breast.

"And seyden alle that swich a wonder thing
 Of craft of ringes herde they never non,
 Save that he Moyyses and King Salomon
 Hadde a name of konning in swich art."

Even in the Talmudic legend the ring has its place. Solomon held his kingdom and exercised his wisdom only by virtue of a signet ring descended to him from Jared, the father of Enoch, concerning which traditions abound. In the legend, a demon named Sakhr becomes possessed of this by cunning, and rules the land in the shape of Solomon for forty days, altering the law to suit his pleasure. This was the judgment of God upon Solomon, inasmuch as one of his wives had been worshiping an idol in his palace, and he had not known it and constrained her. While the pretended king reigns in his stead, Solomon, in a form not his own, must wander through the land, seeking alms for the same number of days as the idol worship had continued in his house. When that time is accomplished Sakhr takes his flight; and since he may himself no longer possess the signet, he throws it into the sea. It is then swallowed by a fish, which being caught and brought to the king's table, the treasure is regained.

In Sir Thomas Malory's Noble and Joyous History of King Arthur, Dame Lyones, the lady of the castle before which the great tournament is to be held, says to Sir Gareth of Orkney, who is desirous that none shall know who he

¹ Voice.

is: "Sir, I will lend you a ring, but I would pray you, as ye love me heartily, let me have it again when the tournament is done. For that ring increaseth my beauty much more than it is of itself. And this is the virtue of my ring: that is green it will turn it into red, and that is red it will turn into likeness of green, and that is blue it will turn to likeness of white, and that is white it will turn to likeness of blue, and so it will do all manner of colors: Also who that beareth my ring shall lose no blood, and for great love I will give you this ring." By the might of this talisman does Gareth great deeds of valor that day, so that King Arthur is led to exclaim, "So God me help, that knight with the many colors is a good knight!" But the dwarf of Gareth is jealous for his master to claim the renown of his own deeds, and begs the ring of him when he draws aside from the fray, "that ye lose it not while ye drink." And Gareth, eager to rejoin the tourney, is heedless of his loss till he finds himself recognized by the king and knights there assembled, and he bids the boy give him the ring that he may again hide his body withal.

Numerous, too, are the fabled rings that bear charms to resist all perils by land or sea. Notwithstanding a certain sameness in the central idea, each is a fresh testimony to the revolt of all times against the prosaic and circumscribed.

When Jason comes to Colchis to bring away the Golden Fleece that is guarded by the dragon with flaming nostrils, the king's daughter, Medea, falls in love with the youth, and, being skilled in magic lore, gives him a ring possessing a charm against poison, fire, and steel. Armed with this, Jason overcomes the brazen bulls, and lulls to sleep the guardian dragon of the Fleece. Laurin, the king of the dwarfs, in the old tale, is protected by an enchanted ring, and lives safely in his rose garden, encircled by the silken thread that whosoever breaks must pay for his rashness with hand and

foot. And fair Melusina leaves with her husband two rings, which so long as he has in his keeping he cannot be overcome in battle nor pleading, nor die by any weapon.

When Ogier the Dane slept in the fair country across the sea, whither the boat in which he had alone escaped from the wreck carried him, he felt

"slim fingers fair

Move to his mighty sword-worn hand, and there
Set on some ring,"

as William Morris has told the story. Then he who closed his eyes on a world that he had looked upon for more than the allotted span of man's life wakes in the vigor of manhood. So he is crowned with Morgan le Fay in her wonderful pleasure house, and stays with her in the Isle of Avalon, forgetting all earthly things till another hundred years have passed, and Morgan reminds him that the glory of his renown will be fading from the minds of men. Soon after there appears at the French court a knight with young appearance and ancient dress. The secret of Ogier's youth is discovered by one of the queen's ladies, who slips the ring from his finger to her own, and immediately grows young again, while Ogier is an old, worn-out man. She is at once forced to restore the ring; though one version has it that she is not content till she has employed thirty champions who all seek without avail to win the charm.

Ogier does great deeds, and at the end of a year is hailed as Charles of France, for it is the eve of his marriage with the queen. Then Morgan le Fay appears, and the memory returns to him of how he dwelt with her in Avalon, to the exclusion of all beside. They return to the Isle of Youth, never any more to know age or weariness.

SEEING and hearing so much of the disagreeables of street-car travel, you are apt to forget the other side unless you stop occasionally and think of the pleasure

**Amenities
of Street-
Car Travel.**

which you really have found in the cars ; and which, found there amid the prevailing monotony and stupidity, assumes unwonted importance, and adds materially to the little amenities of life on which such a deal of everyday cheerfulness and satisfaction depends.

It is a rainy, gloomy day, — wet clothing, dismal faces, a finished paper : you have read the signs till you hate pickles and soap, and you loathe the title, even, of “the most successful book of the year.” Suddenly you catch the man opposite you smiling ; you wonder what he can see. You follow his gaze : there is a woman and a baby. The woman may be frowzy, the baby not clean ; but look again ! A movement of the infant causes the woman to glance down at it, lying on her arm. The tired look vanishes from her face, and there comes the gaze of motherhood, — the one universal loveliness common to all womankind. For be she beautiful or ugly, good or bad, rich or poor, refined or its opposite, no woman is incapable of this holy look. In all it is the same, — the expression of the Divine in humanity, the expression of the one feeling which it is given to humankind to share with the Eternal Creator, — love for that helpless thing which is of *me* and from *me*, which lives only because *I am*. Every one in the car recognizes this look, and reflects it to a faint degree in his own face. Look about you, and you will see that this is so. Think of your own face, and you will feel a change, a slight softening of the muscles' strain.

The effect produced by an older child is not so subtle, but it is none the less modifying to the general boredom. As usual the car was monotonously commonplace. A cherub child and his mother arrived. The child proceeded to kneel the seat, slightly to the discomfort of his neighbor. But he soon began to exclaim at the sights, and, patting his mother's face (whereat wistfulness appeared on many a watching face), to whisper audi-

bly in her ear. Every one keyed up a bit, and the proud mother light shone in the woman's face at the signs of interest in her child. A small cat chanced to run along the street. The child was in ecstasies and rattled on : “Oh, mamma, is n't that a lovely little kitty ? Is n't she sweet ? is n't she dear ? is n't she the *damnedest* little cat you ever saw ?” Thereafter that ride was a delight to all of us. And this is only an example ; children are always potential, though perhaps few would appeal so neatly to a careful of men.

Then, too, look at the faces in a car in which there is a crowd of boys going to the circus, or a picnic, or other good time ; or a lot of girls going to a dance : and who shall say we are not open to the blandishments of youth, and that even a street car may not be “amenitive” ?

Another sign is the almost universal stir at the entrance of a baby-laden woman, of an old person, or of a cripple. We may be selfish and read our papers, but, as a rule, we do keep the tail of our eye out for the helplessness of youth or age or infirmity.

Of the less worthy pleasures, hardly amenities, is the overhearing of gossip, criticisms of the play and of clothes ; the disposition of an awkward bag or the undoing of a bundle. Then, sometimes, there is the sudden brightness and perfume of flowers, and an occasional live animal.

And I confess that it is to me of the amenities to see a conductor with clean hands or a clean collar. Not that he is to be blamed or wondered at if both are extremely dirty ; but if they, either or both, chance to be clean, he is to be wondered at and admired. So you meditate on that inborn cleanliness which neither money nor the street will destroy, — on the why and the wherefore ; you plan epigrams ; and by means of a clean conductor your ride has become the induction to an amenity, and maybe the inspiration of a “contribution.”

THE Penny-Dreadfuls lived in the slums, far away from the Library Shelf, and the literary aristocrats who dwell there.

They were a hardy family, and they multiplied and increased until there was not room enough for them in the slums, and some were perforce crowded into better surroundings. For instance, occasionally one would be found nestling under the pillow of some guileless Future President, or tucked carefully away under Sweet Sixteen's best party gown!

Many of them attained eminence in the great Underworld in which they lived. There was The Hero of the Bloody Butcher Knife, whose supremacy as a curdler of the blood has never been disputed, as well as Bloodthirsty Bill, and that truly charming woman, Teresa, the Terror of the Gulch. The last two were supposed to have the power of freezing the marrow in your bones. This may or may not have been true, but at any rate the Penny-Dreadfuls were a vigorous clan, and went their way hacking and shooting right and left in a manner that would have exterminated any but a fictitious population.

At last, one day, the thing which happens sooner or later in all families, high or low, occurred. An Ambitious Child was born to them. A little later on, it so happened that this particular member of the Penny-Dreadfuls found himself in a musty second-hand bookshop, where many of the family before him had found an asylum. But being a Child of Destiny this one made the discovery that there were books and books. He noticed that the shelves were covered with rows of books in stiff covers, while he and his kind were thrown upon a table, under a card which bore the legend "3 for 5 cts.," and he resented it. He continued to look about him, — or, as he would have said in those days, to "rubber," — with the usual results. He aspired; and with a Penny-Dreadful, to aspire is to attain. He liked the idea of

standing there with other books to hold him up, and his name in gilt letters on his back.

"Help me up there, you fellows!" he bawled, not being restrained by any false delicacy. But the books only shrank more closely within their covers, looked straight ahead and pretended not to hear him.

Penny-Dreadful's wrath boiled and seethed, and he started to pour forth a volley of billingsgate, when a dapper little man appeared before him and lifted a protesting hand.

"If you want to get up there," he said, in the crisp, clear accents of business, "I can help you. But this is not the way to go about it." There was an air of authority about him, and young Penny-Dreadful found himself listening respectfully.

"I am a Publisher," he continued tersely. "You want to gain admission to the Four Hundred, to the Library Shelf. Then listen to me.

"They," with a comprehensive wave of the hand toward the volumes on the shelves, "are only aristocrats by consent of the Gentle Reader. And between you and me, the Gentle Reader is beginning to be a trifle weary of them."

He bestowed a droll wink upon young Penny-Dreadful, who felt a twinge of wicked satisfaction.

"The Gentle Reader of to-day wants something lively and exciting. Your family will please him to death, once you are in the charmed circle. But in order to get there you must tone yourself down a bit," he concluded warningly.

All the undisciplined fury of his kind flared up in Penny-Dreadful at this, and he remarked that he would — etc., etc., etc. — if he did anything of the sort! The Publisher remained cool and undisturbed at his outburst.

"You are only stooping to conquer, you know," he hinted calmly. "You can be thoroughly yourself, but you must cultivate diplomacy. For instance, you

will have to sacrifice your checked suit and diamond studs. But what is that, so long as you reserve the privilege of waging continual battle and meting out sudden death with a lavish hand?" and he folded his arms, threw back his head, and waited defiantly for Penny-Dreadful's reply.

"G'won!"

The Publisher descended from heroics to business, with a dull thud.

"First you must secure a publisher with a reputation for conservatism. For thirty years," he continued rapidly, "I have been editor and owner of the most sedate monthly published in America. Your elemental exuberance needs the restraint of my reputation."

"What you givin' me?" inquired his listener darkly.

The Publisher hesitated for a second; then a light dawned upon him.

"I see, I see," he murmured. "You understand English only 'as she is spoke.' Very well, my boy. I mean that you must put up a good front if you want to reach high places."

"I'm on," replied Penny-Dreadful succinctly.

"What you need is simply form. You may roar and slash, you may wade in gore, but you *must* mind your G's and O's."

"My what?" asked his listener, with anxious interest.

"Your grammar and oaths," retorted the Publisher impatiently. "You must swear by strange gods or by your halidom, or say, 'By gar!' The more weird your oaths, the greater your success will be. Also be careful to say, 'It is I'!" —

"But suppose it ain't?" inquired Penny-Dreadful flippantly.

The Publisher looked scornful, but did not otherwise notice the interruption.

"Then in the matter of names. You Penny-Dreadfuls have always been your own enemies there. Only a publisher knows what's in a name," he added to himself, with a touch of bitterness.

"The Gentle Reader *will not* stand it to have a spade called a spade! Why," he exclaimed vehemently, "you could n't sell six copies of Dutch the Slugger to Gentle Readers; but revise the story a bit, change the dates, and bring it out in cloth as The Iron Hand of the Last Patroon, A Tale of New Amsterdam, and it would sell like hot cakes."

He finished speaking. Young Penny-Dreadful arose, with a shining face. He had caught the idea, and tingled to carry it to his tribe.

"I must away!" he exclaimed, in ringing tones. But first he took off his hat (in which the plume had already sprouted), and bowing to the Publisher said, in agitated tones, "Sire, I kiss your hand!"

A gratified smile lighted up the Publisher's face.

Six months later, under the title *Launcelot of the Shining Shield* the youngest of the Penny-Dreadfuls was elevated to the Library Shelf by acclamation.

But blood will tell!

Not long afterward the Cultivated Person was browsing lovingly about the library, when he was startled by a voice, — the thin, rasping voice of a gamin. It was *Launcelot*, alias Young Penny-Dreadful, addressing one of the old noblesse who had occupied that shelf for a quarter of a century or more.

"Go w-a-a-a-y back, my friend!" it said tauntingly. "Go w-a-a-a-y back and sit down! I'm in my second hundred thousand!"

I HAVE a grievance of long standing.

Nobody cares except myself, — perhaps nobody knows. I

have kept very still about it. For years I have lived in fear that it would be discovered, and that I should then be excommunicated from the society of the truly knowing. I do not want to be excommunicated. I love the society of the knowing. I love to sit at the feet of the inspired, and I love to have my own feet sat at. None the less, the

The Worship of the Phrase.

truth must sometime out; and the Contributors' Club offers a safe cover from which to announce it to an indifferent world. *I have no style.*

I feel more comfortable already by saying this, — almost as if I might attain to one.

But the trouble goes deeper. I not only have no style myself; I do not know style when I meet it in other people. That is my real grievance. The truly knowing apprehend style. They delight in it. They hold up their hands in ecstasy and awe over an innocent phrase that has, so far as I can see, no wonderful merit. It says what it means, — sometimes, not always, — but it is otherwise like any other phrase. The truly knowing do not find it so. They form a band of esoteric joy about it. They take hold of hands and circle around it, chanting slowly and solemnly: —

"Wonder, wonder, wonder!

A perfect phrase, and mighty!"

I have circled with them, and I have chanted as loud as anybody; and all the time I wondered in my guilty heart what it was all about.

A certain Scotchman is perhaps the most concrete form of my grievance. Is it a comfortable position, — I ask it in all humility, — is it comfortable to see other people reveling in something that you cannot see, hear, feel, smell, or taste; to hear them exulting over something intangible; to watch them roll up their eyes, and arrange their mouths, and speak with awed breath of the Scotchman's style as if it were something important and real? "It is not so much what Stevenson says," they explain to me kindly, — "it is not so much what he says as the way he says it." Alas, yes. The way he says it! It is not as if I were a stupid person. The sanctity of the Contributors' Club allows me to say that I believe I am not altogether stupid. Neither am I insensate. I can

respond to the charm of Lamb and Montaigne and Walter Pater, and probably to others whom the truly knowing pronounce proper. But my delight in these gentle writers is, I am miserably aware, a very personal delight. They are men and congenial souls; whereas the genuine, the esoteric delight has to do with "the perfect phrase." I would define it more nearly if I could. Walter Pater talks about it, — over my head: "The one word for the one thing, the one thought, amid the multitude of words, terms, that might just do: the problem of style is there." And there it is likely to remain.

I would gladly sit all day staring at a phrase, mumbling under my breath, changing it, trimming it, clipping it, expanding it, to suit the thought; but, alas, my thoughts do not come that way. They play about my pen, elusive and shy. Sometimes I impale one and fit it in. But it is always stiff and pathetic. If I want to catch one alive, I must turn my back and pretend to be very busy. One may perchance slip in sideways while I am not looking. But they are shy creatures — with me. I should never dream of staring one out of countenance while I fitted its clothes sternly on, after the manner of the truly great.

I have a mentor. He is a wise man. He has style, and he recognizes style in other people — and lack of style. When I read him my works, he is in despair. "Can't you *see* it?" he wails. "Can't you *see* that that preposition spoils the whole thing?" No, I can't see it. I creep away meekly, and change the preposition — sometimes. I have written two or three novels, which the public has not damned with too many editions; and the critics who sit aloft have spoken kindly of them. But my mentor is not kind. He has not written a novel. He will probably never write one. But he knows style, and I walk humbly before him.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXXIX. — MAY, 1902. — No. DXXXV.

SECOND THOUGHTS ON THE TREATMENT OF ANARCHY.

FIFTEEN years ago it was fondly believed that anarchism in this country had received its deathblow by the execution of the "Chicago Anarchists." Instead of that it has become aggressive. The Chicago Anarchists — I speak from knowledge — urged the use of force to repel force, but not the offensive use of it. I suspect that every one of them, save possibly Lingg, would have reprobated the wanton murder of last September; the widow of one — herself as ardent and violent as any in the old days — said, "No one who has the true principles of anarchy in his heart would do such a thing." The anarchist of to-day, however, strikes without waiting to be struck; he assassinates. Abroad a King or an Emperor is his victim; here it is a President; and those who do not commit the deed say, "All honor to the Anarchist assassin!" Instead of dying out, anarchism is reaching an acute stage.

Shocking and repellent as the subject is, instinctive as it is simply to react violently and ask no questions, is it not wiser — particularly after the interval which has elapsed since September — to try to understand the phenomenon, and even to exercise a little patience in the effort to do so?

Unless I am quite mistaken, we have to dismiss from our minds at the outset the popular notion that those who perpetrate these acts are merely common criminals, cut-throats, who, if they were not at this, would be at some

other wild deed of crime; that they are men "whose perverted instincts," as a leading writer puts it, "lead them to prefer confusion and chaos to social order and beneficent institutions." This is too easy and superficial a view. The truth is that they are most uncommon criminals. Though there may be exceptions, they are not usually persons who would be likely to do any private individual a wrong. In ordinary situations, they are not inhumane, unsympathetic, hard, or callous. This fact does not lessen their crime, but it makes it of a different character. Strange as it may seem to those of my readers who have not carefully examined the matter, the violent acts which anarchists occasionally commit spring from a theory and a mistaken sense of justice. I well remember once talking with a Russian, of gentle and affectionate nature, but with a deep and awful sense of the inhuman wrongs inflicted by the Russian government, who argued that, as a matter of high justice and offended right, he could imagine himself the executioner of a Russian Tsar. The assassin of our late President used a strange expression in referring to his murderous deed: he said, "I did my duty." I know of no reason for questioning the man's sincerity. He did what he thought he ought to do, horrible, revolting, — yes, cowardly and treacherous according to all ordinary standards, — as his action was. Yet how, it may be asked, can the sacred word "duty" be

connected with such an atrocious act save by a loathsome pretense? The assassin of a liberty-suppressing Tsar might conceivably use such language, but how could a citizen of free America? The church of the dark ages might think it a "duty" to extirpate heretics occasionally, but such fanaticism we had supposed to be impossible to-day. Saul might honestly think he was doing God service "in laying waste the church of God," but surely no one can think that stoning people, or consenting to such a thing, is doing God or man service now. The inquiry is a forbidding one; yet if we are serious in desiring to understand the strange phenomenon we are considering, we must make it. What should we think of a physician who was so shocked at a disease that he would not examine into it?

The fact is (as already hinted) that these wild acts come from a theory of society. The theory is that there should be no forcible rule in society. This means, not that there should be no order, no association, but that the order or association should arise voluntarily; that force should not be used. "Whoever prescribes a rule of action for another to obey is a tyrant, usurper, and an enemy of liberty," said one of the anarchists of 1886: this is the anarchist's fundamental contention. The rule of one man is generally reprobated in this democratic age; so is the rule of a few, or an aristocracy; but the rule of a majority lingers, — it is a necessary part of the working of democracy. Hence to anarchists there is a stage of society beyond democracy, — anarchy, no rule at all. From liberty they believe that order will come; one of their favorite sayings is that liberty is not the daughter but the mother of order. From liberty, too, they believe that association will come, — such is the inborn social disposition of man, and such are

also the manifest advantages of association. They believe that everybody will be happier and the world will be better when men are thus free, — when command is heard and compulsion used no more. It would not be difficult to show the half truth, the impracticability, of these ideas.¹ I am now simply stating them. They are the bottom meaning of anarchism. There is one thing anarchists will not consent to, one thing they rebel against (at least in thought, and sometimes in act), and that is anybody's assumption to rule another, whether it be Tsar, King, nobility, or a democratic majority. They are disagreed about many things; there are individualist anarchists and socialist (or communist) anarchists, believers in private property and believers in common property, but all alike believe in self-rule, and they are as much opposed to democratic state socialism as to state socialism of any kind. They believe that power intoxicates the best of men, and are not willing to allow it in any form. "No master, high or low," they say, after William Morris. "Let life shape itself," "Mind your own business," "No interference," — such is their demand.

Perhaps some of my readers are incredulous; for do not anarchists, it may well be said, themselves urge the use of force? How then can they be opposed to force? Undoubtedly there is a puzzle here, and possibly some one will say that it is foolish to dignify such incoherent views by discussing them. But let us not lose patience too quickly. The principles I have mentioned are the essential anarchist ideal. They describe the state of society which anarchists believe will sometime be, — a condition without compulsory rule or government of any kind, in which all action and association will be voluntary. But how shall such a "promised land" be reached? Evidently this is another

¹ I have sought to do this in a little book: *Anarchy or Government? An Inquiry in Fundamental Politics.* Boston: T. Y. Crowell &

Co. 1895. I believe government to be necessary for the present and for an indefinite period to come.

question. It is a question of methods rather than of results or ideals. How have political changes been accomplished in the past? Sometimes peacefully, sometimes not. How did republican rule succeed to monarchical rule in this country? By a revolution. How did absolutism yield to democracy in France, over a century ago? Ultimately through the pressure of force. How did slave society pass over into free society in our own South? The Quaker poet gives the answer: —

"We prayed for love to loose the chain;
'Tis shorn by battle's axe in twain!"

The peculiar thing about government and laws is that they are (or may be) supported by force. They are different from trade, art, literature, religion (save in its mediæval forms), in this respect. Hence political, unlike religious or industrial revolutions have often to be accomplished by force; sometimes they are at bottom contests of force. Men may revolutionize industry and even religion amicably, but if they attempt radical changes of government they generally get into trouble. Witness the German revolutionists of 1848, — men like Mr. Carl Schurz, and hundreds of others. Those who prize their own skin are shy of these things. But the political changes that have been made are a bagatelle compared with the last great change to which the anarchist looks forward. To end government itself, even democratic government; to pass to a state of society in which a man shall be no more subject to political rule than to religious rule, in which "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not" shall be obsolete (save as they rest on the individual conscience), — this seems so wild a thought that it is scarcely to be wondered at that wild methods are often contemplated for realizing it. Yet the methods are plainly one thing, and the results are another. Because democracy has sometimes been reached by bloodshed, it does not follow that democracy is a bloody thing; and because

anarchy may be attained only by bloodshed, it does not follow that anarchy is a bloody thing. It is conceivable that the anarchist ideal should be reached peacefully; that gradually present political society should dissolve of itself; that laws should become fewer and fewer (as some wish that the tendency were now), until at last no laws were left. On the other hand, it is possible that there would have to be, as there has so often been in the past, contest and a victory in arms. There are actually peaceful, long-range, what are called "philosophical anarchists;" and there are "force" anarchists. But even the "force" anarchists distinguish such a method from the end they aim at. One of the seven condemned men, fifteen years ago, said before the court: "Violence is one thing, and anarchy is another. In the present state of society violence is used on all sides, and therefore we advocate the use of violence against violence, but against violence only, as a necessary means of defense." Another of the seven, who was shortly hanged, said: "Anarchy is the negation of force;" its use is "justifiable only when employed to repel force;" and, in a book published after his death, "Anarchism will begin only when the revolution ends;" then, if possible, still more clearly, in reference to the prospective revolution, "For the moment we must forget that we are anarchists; when the work is accomplished we may forget we were revolutionists." Even Lingg distinguished, before the court, "the doctrines of anarchy" from the "methods of giving them practical effect." Thus it becomes tolerably clear that the anarchist may at once oppose force and favor it. Indeed, the advocacy or use of force is an accident in anarchism, rather than a part of its essence; it is largely a matter of individual temperament.

For all this, it may be said, is not the anarchist ideal utterly foolish and impracticable, and hence unworthy to

be treated seriously? I think it is foolish and impracticable, but the conclusion that it should not be treated seriously does not necessarily follow. First, it must be remembered that there was a strong anarchistic tendency in much of nineteenth-century political thought. Mr. Herbert Spencer hardly gives government a good pedigree, saying that it was "born of aggression;" he adds, with regard to its future, that "the form of society toward which we are progressing" is one "in which government will be reduced to the smallest amount possible, and freedom increased to the greatest amount possible." So far as the near future is concerned, I believe quite the other way, but his is surely a respectable opinion. Buckle held that the only good laws passed in the last three hundred years were those that repealed other laws. This is also a respectable opinion. Dr. Channing said, in the early part of the century: "Social order is better preserved by liberty than by restraint. . . . Liberty would prove the best peace officer. The social order of New England, without a soldier and almost without a police, bears loud witness to this truth." Emerson was even more specific. "I am glad to see," he said at the Kansas Relief meeting in Cambridge, in 1856, "that the terror at disunion and anarchy is disappearing. Massachusetts, in its heroic day, had no government. — was an anarchy. Every man stood on his own feet, was his own governor; and there was no breach of peace from Cape Cod to Mount Hoosac. . . . California, a few years ago, by the testimony of all people at that time in the country, had the best government that ever existed. Pans of gold lay drying outside of every man's tent, in perfect security. The land was measured into little strips of a few feet wide, all side by side. A bit of ground that your hand could cover was worth one or two hundred dollars, on the edge of your strip; and there was no dispute. Every

man throughout the country was armed with knife and revolver, and it was known that instant justice would be administered to each offender, and perfect peace reigned." These views are essentially anarchistic, and they are cited by anarchist writers and speakers. Vailant, the Paris anarchist, ascribed his conversion to anarchism partly to the reading of Spencer's *Social Statics*.

Second, it cannot be set down as a sheer impossibility that anarchism would work. Improbable, we may say, but not, I think, impossible. Are there not large classes of people who urge now that business and industry work far better when left to themselves than they could if under government control? Hands off! they say. Let us mind our own business. The anarchist spirit is the same; only the anarchist would extend the sway of the precept and make it cover all activities. The anarchist believes that everything — even what government now does — might be done by free consent, bargaining, or association, among the people. "Each branch of industry," said one of those hanged fifteen years ago, "will have its own organization, regulations, leaders," and "will establish equitable relations with all other branches." If there are educated men desirous of spreading education, they will organize schools; if there are doctors and teachers of hygiene, they will organize themselves for the service of health; if there are engineers and mechanics, they will organize railroads, etc.: so argues Count Malatesta, an Italian anarchist. The process might not be so smooth and idyllic as it is described; yet one is astounded to hear how the disagreements that seem almost inevitable, when men are dealing with affairs, are settled among the Russian peasants without any outside interference whatsoever. The particular occasion I have in mind is when the lands of a commune are divided up, as they are periodically in Russia. The scene is worth describ-

ing.¹ The peasants gather, and at first there is utter confusion. There is no chairman, even. The right of speaking belongs to him who can command attention. Sometimes all speak at once, and they shout their arguments at the top of their voices. Moreover, there is no voting. Controversies are not settled by a majority of voices. Debate goes on till some proposal is made that conciliates all. It may continue day after day. The subject is thoroughly thrashed out until all are satisfied, or at least till they consent; for beneath the apparently acrimonious strife a singular spirit of forbearance reigns. At last a decision is reached, and, in the simple faith of the peasants, is accepted as the decree of God himself. In this way thousands of Russian villages have been managing their petty affairs for centuries. It may be utopian to imagine that the vast, complicated affairs of a great modern municipality or a great nation can be managed in this anarchistic fashion, but I do not see how it can be set down as a sheer impossibility. Prince Kropotkin even proposes that the population of London might be redistributed in some such way, — “thinning out the slums, and fully occupying the villas and mansions;” not, he explains, by a board of sixty municipal councilors sitting around a table, but by the people themselves, for each block and each street, proceeding by agreement from the parts to the whole. Who can say that even crime might not be dealt with in an anarchistic society? Mr. John W. Mackay has recently said, “We never had so good a government in San Francisco and Virginia City as those years when the Vigilance Committees were in control.” Vigilance Committees, I need not remark, are an anarchistic arrangement.

If I am not all wrong in what I have been saying, a conclusion follows. It is that to talk of “stamping out” anarchy is rather simple. Anarchist crime

¹ See Stepiak's *Russia under the Tsars*, i. 2.

we must make short work with, but the thought that in certain temperaments, under given conditions, leads to it is not so easy to deal with. We must get at the root to make a radical cure. The trouble with many of those who talk about suppressing anarchy is that they do not take the trouble to understand it. They treat it as if it were ordinary vice and crime. They do not realize that it has any intellectual significance. It is well to execute a man like Czolgosz; but his thought, “I did my duty,” — how shall we execute that? The thief, the highwayman, the common murderer, the ravisher, do not ordinarily act from a sense of duty. It may be well to have severer laws (or severer enforcement of existing laws) against violence, or the incitement to violence, or the approval of violence. It may be well to change the Constitution, and make it treason to kill or attempt to kill the President or any other official of the land (as such). It may be well to require immigrants to declare, on landing, that either they will become citizens, or will obey the laws of the land while they stay here. But all this would deal only with the surface of the subject. Similar precautions have been taken in other countries, without any appreciable effect. We can hardly go farther than Russia, yet what do Russian laws avail? How often, in human history, has force succeeded in suppressing a thought?

My object in this paper is to argue, not about anarchism, — I have sought to do this elsewhere, — but about the way in which it should be treated. I urge the need of more radical treatment than that ordinarily proposed. An intellectual phenomenon needs intellectual handling. I urge that we meet crime with punishment, but thought with thought. The roots of the evil are deeper than loose immigration laws, or yellow journals, or campaign acrimonies, — so much deeper that stress on these things comes near to being fool-

ish. Because of a conviction of this sort, I have tried to set forth in a simple and unprejudiced way what the anarchist thought or theory is.

We can bring reason to bear on the subject in our schools, in our churches (so far as we can get anarchists to come to them), but above all in the common meeting places, where people of all sorts gather together. We should look on anarchists as our fellow men, even when they are unwilling to be called our fellow citizens. We should treat them not merely as "pestilent fellows," but as one man meets another in honest debate; or, if we believe their views to be pestilential, as we well may, we should show them how and why, — not then in a spirit of angry abuse, but putting our finger on the place, saying, "Here, and here." I know one man who used to do this in Chicago, — a strenuous fighter in the good old cause, the late General M. M. Trumbull, — a man who went to all sorts of meetings, who did not care what company he was in so error was abroad that he might combat. I know that he influenced men, that he convinced them, that he won them out of anarchy. I wonder how many of our Union League Clubs and other patriotic associations, with all their well-drawn resolutions and honest denunciations, have done as much? Not by standing aloof from our fellow men and denouncing them, but by coming into touch with them, are we really going to influence them.

Another instrumentality is our settlements. Of all the poverty-stricken ideas abroad in the community, that is one of the worst which looks on settlements as centres of socialism and anarchy. Probably no one visible thing has done more to dissipate socialistic and anarchistic crudities than they. They come near the people, they have the confidence of the people, they are free meeting places for the people; and that is more than can be said of our clubs, of our churches, or even of our schools,

as at present conducted, — though it is among the immediate possibilities that the schools shall serve the adult public more widely than they do.

But at the same time that we argue and teach let us take care not to set a bad example ourselves. Unfortunately, anarchy may be practiced by other than "anarchists." A prominent figure in a meeting to mourn the late President and denounce anarchy was a man who had not long before led in a lynching bout, and had himself "helped fill the victim with deadly holes." The man would probably have been indignant if he had been classed among anarchists, yet there he belonged. The essence of anarchy is distrust of the state, belief that private action is better than public action, and the disposition to take the law into one's own hands. This unconscious and more or less respectable anarchy seems to be growing among us. We of the North are beginning to burn negroes. It has been done in Colorado and in Indiana. Moreover, it is not always for the one unmentionable crime against woman. Of the 1700 Southern lynchings (between January, 1885, and January, 1901), only 602 were for this crime; the balance were for murder, thieving, politics, unpopularity, and generally bad reputation. Nor are negroes alone the victims of this popular anarchy: of the 2516 persons slain throughout the country by mobs during the interval mentioned, 801 were white. This lawless spirit had shocking expression after the assassination, last September. One would think that at that wild act of lawlessness — so wild that we should call it insane but for the theory that lay back of it — a shudder would have gone through the universal heart at lawlessness in every form. It seems as if awe would have fallen on men, and a cry of execration would have gone up against the very spirit of private vengeance. But no; the spirit of private vengeance seems to have been unleashed. "Lynch him!" "Hang

him!" were cries heard at once after the murderous deed. "The rope! The rope!" yelled thousands in the crowd. Two days later Christian ministers rose in their pulpits and said the murderer ought to have been lynched. The minister in the late President's church in Washington said, "I would have blown the scoundrel to atoms." Another clergyman uttered the wish that the policeman who arrested the assassin had, with the butt end of his pistol, "dashed his life out." Still another divine said: "Until a better way is found, lynch him on the spot. When an anarchist makes red-flag speeches, then, and not when he has killed a President, be done with him." Even a United States Senator expressed the opinion that this was "one of the instances where lynch law would be justifiable." A man in Chicago arose in a meeting and called for seventy-five men who were willing to help him extirpate both the anarchists and their doctrines from that city. "Who is there," he called out, "who is willing to go with me and drive those pests out of our city? I, for one, will go with drawn revolvers and help to put down those foes of the nation."

Undoubtedly there was madly inciting provocation to all these cries and wild proposals; there is such provocation to almost all acts of mob violence. Mobs are rarely angry save at what they conceive to be a dastardly wrong. The only question is, Who is to be the judge of the wrong? In our answer to this lies the whole difference between barbarism and civilization. The most convincing argument that could be made against anarchy is that, if a state of anarchy had suddenly been introduced in this country at the time, the assassin of the late President and all his sympathizers and apologists would have been shot, or hanged, or burned, or lynched, instantaneously and without formality. The orderly procedure of the law was never more impressive than in the pro-

tection that was at once given the assassin, and in the calm, judicial trial that followed.

Another way in which we may set a bad example is by allowing ourselves to make the law a tool of our private interests. This is turning the state into a caricature. To what extent it is done I shall not undertake to say. Only those who make and those who seek to influence the laws really know. For obvious reasons neither class likes to speak, so that most of our information (if such it can be called) is hearsay and inference. Who are responsible for the demoralization of the councils of some of our municipalities, and of the legislatures of some of our commonwealths? Who defeated the late President's laudable efforts for reciprocity treaties with France, with Argentina and other states and colonies of South America? Who now are blocking reciprocity, which Mr. McKinley so nobly commended in Buffalo? How was the earlier tariff legislation passed? What is the "true inwardness" of the ship subsidy bill? A stalwart Republican said bitterly, in a congressional committee room, winter before last, "You do not understand the situation: we are in the hands of a syndicate." Even Mr. Olney has spoken of "the great and growing if not overwhelming influence of money in our politics," and of present conditions as transforming the government into "an engine for use in the acquisition of private wealth." Let us hope that both men were mistaken. The point I make is none the less valid. *To whatever extent* special private interests direct the legislation of the country or the administration of the laws, to that extent the anarchist contention about the state tends to be justified. The anarchist says that, however we may theorize about law, law actually is designed, not to protect the weak against the strong, but to give privileges to the strong, and thereby force the weak to submit to them. I was struck by a remark in an

anarchist paper, recently, to the effect that the idea of the state as a protecting and adjusting factor in society "has always been utopian." Notice the word "utopian." Not false, then, but merely a kind of dream. The implication is in favor of rather than against the state, taken on its ideal side. The idea is honored; it only happens, the anarchist argues, that there is nothing corresponding to the idea. Those who seek special privileges of the state, those who make law a short cut to wealth, are perhaps hardly aware that they are doing

what they can to make the anarchist view of the state a true one. They are the real confederates of the anarchist; they give him his powder and ammunition, — a good part of the food by which his theories live. They are really anarchists themselves. For if men set out to capture the state's machinery, and to run it for their private benefit, they violate the very idea of the state.

Let us purify ourselves. As Emerson, preacher of the moralities as he was to the end, said, "Those who are in the wrong cannot cure evils."

William Mackintire Salter.

BYLOW HILL.¹

IN THREE PARTS. PART THREE.

X.

It was most pleasant, being asked by every one, even by General Byington, how it felt to be a grandmother. "Oh! ho, ho!" Mrs. Morris's unutilized dimple kept itself busy to the point of positive fatigue.

Even more delightful was it, when the time came round for the totality of the only sex worth considering to call and see the babe and mother, to hear them all proclaim it the prettiest infant ever seen, and covertly pronounce Isabel more beautiful than on her wedding day. In a way she was; and particularly when they fondly rallied her upon her new accession of motherly practical manner, and she laughed with them, and ended with that merry, mellow sigh which still gave Ruth new pride in her and new hope. But another source of Ruth's new hope was that Arthur, who had written to the bishop and resigned his calling the day after Mrs. Morris's little namesake was born, had at length withdrawn his letter.

"It is to your brother we owe it all," said the bishop, privately, to Ruth, who beamed gratefully, but did not tell him that, after the long, secret conference between her brother and the rector, Leonard had come to her and wept for Arthur the only tears he had ever shed in her presence. Now Leonard had found occasion to go West for a time, though he still held his office, and Arthur was filling the rectorate almost in the old first way. The rustic vestryman with the spectacled daughter came to Arthur's library on some small parish matter, in better spirits than he had shown for months, and by and by asked conjecturally, "I — eh — guess you don't keep any babies here you're ashamed to show, do ye?" and held his mouth very wide open.

The infinitesimal was brought. "Well, I vum! Why, Miz. Winslow, I don't believe th' ever was a pretty baby so puny, nor a puny baby so pretty! Now, if it's a fair question, I hope y' ain't tryin' to push in between this baby and the keaow, be ye?"

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"No," laughed Isabel, "I'm not that conceited. I should only be in the way."

"Well," he said, as they parted, shaking Arthur's hand to the end of his speech, "I like to see a baby resemble its father, and that's what this 'n 's a-tryin' to do jest 's hard 's she can."

So went matters for a time, and then, while the babe began to fill out and lengthen out, Isabel showed herself daily more and more overspent. The physician reappeared, and spoke plainly: "And if your cousin down South is so determined to have you at her wedding, why, go! Leave your baby with your mother; she's older in the business than you are."

But the cousin's wedding was weeks away yet, and Isabel clung to her wee treasure, and temporized with the aunts and cousins in the South and with her mother and Ruth at home, until the doctor spoke again. "Let's see," he said to Arthur. "This is November: baby's five months old. Send your wife away. Put her out. Something's killing her by inches, and I believe it's just care o' the nest. We must drive her off it, as I drove Leonard Byington off, — which, you remember, you, quietly, were the first to suggest to me to do. . . . Coming back, you say, — Byington? Yes, but only for a day or two, — election time." It did not occur to the doctor that Arthur was secretly keeping his wife from going anywhere.

The night Leonard came home the old pond, for the first time in the season, froze over, and through Giles's activities it was arranged next day that Martin Kelly, Sarah Stebbens, Minnie, and he should go down there after supper and skate by the light of fagot fires made out on the ice. Giles piled the fagots; but at a late moment, to the disgust of Giles and Minnie, the older pair pitilessly changed their minds, and decided they were too old to make such nincompoops of themselves. Minnie

would not go without Sarah, for Minnie was up to her pretty eyebrows in love with Giles, as well as immensely correct; and so there, apparently, was the end of that. At tea Arthur told Isabel he was going for a long walk down through the town and across the meadows, and would not be home before bedtime. Isabel approved heartily, and said Sarah would stay near the sleeping babe, and she would spend the evening with her mother. She and Arthur went together as far as the cross-paths in the arbor, and there, in parting, he clasped and kissed her with a sudden frenzy that only added one more distressful misgiving to the many that now haunted her days.

She found her mother alone. They sat down, hand in hand, before an open fire, and had talked in sweet quietness but a short time when a chance word and the knowledge that this time they would not be interrupted made it easy for Isabel to say things she had for weeks been trying to say. Across the street, the father of Leonard and Ruth, already abed, lay thinking of their tribulation, and casting about in his mind for some new move that might help to end it happily. Godfrey had not come. He had not looked for him to appear with a hop, skip, and jump, "a man under authority" as he was; but here were five months gone. "I can't clamor for him," thought he, and feared Ruth had written him that the emergency was past. And so she had, in those days of new hope and new suspense which had followed for a while Arthur's withdrawal of his resignation.

At the fireside below sat Leonard and Ruth, not hand in hand, like Isabel and her mother, yet conversing on the same theme as they. He had spent the day at the polls; his party had won an easy victory; and, though not on the ticket, he was now awaiting a telegraphic summons to the state capital. His fortunes were growing. Yet that was not a thing to be wordy about, and now, when the

murmur of his voice continued so long and steadily that it found even the dulled ear of the aged father in the upper room, that hearer knew what the topic must be. On all other matters the son and brother had become more silent than ever, — was being nicknamed far and near, flatteringly and otherwise, for his reticence; but let Ruth sit down with him alone and barely draw near this theme, this wound, and his speech bled from him, and would not be stanchd.

"I can admit I have made the mistake of my life," he said, "but I cannot and will not, even now, give up and say there is nothing to be saved out of it. It's a mistake that has bound me to her, to you, to Godfrey, to him, to all, and demands of me, pinioned and blindfolded as I am, every effort I can make, every device I can contrive, to compel him to free her and you and all of us from this torture. He shall not go on eating out our lives. I have dawdled with him, weakly, pitifully, but I did it in my hope to save him. I tried to save him for his own sake, Ruth, truly, — as truly as for her sake and ours; and I wanted to save his work with him, — his church, his and hers; so much of it is hers. Oh, Ruth, I love that little bird-box, spite of all its spunky beliefs and twittering complacencies. I wanted to save it and him; and over and over there has seemed such good ground of hope in him. It's been always so unbelievable that he should utterly fail us. Ruth, if you could have seen his contrition the night I tore up that shameful, servile resignation! I don't need to see Isabel to know he is wearing the soul out of her. You need n't have answered one of my questions, — which I honor you for answering so unwillingly; Mrs. Morris gave me their answer in five minutes, though we talked only of investments. And Mrs. Morris need n't have given it; to see Arthur himself is enough. All the genuineness is gone out of the man,

— out of his words, out of his face, out of his voice. I wonder it has n't gone from all of us, driven out by this smirking masquerade into which he has trapped us."

"Have you determined what to do?" asked the sister, gazing into the fire.

"Not yet. But I shan't go back West. Flight does n't avail. And, Ruth" —

"Yes, brother; you've cabled?"

"I have. He'll come at once, this time." A step on the porch drew the speaker to the door. The telegram from the capital had come. But until its bearer had gone again and was out of hearing down the street the young man lingered in the porch. His mind was wholly on that evening when Isabel had passed with the lantern. Would she pass now? From the idle query he turned to go in, when Ruth came out, and they stayed another moment together. Presently their ear caught a stir at the side of the Morris cottage.

"Hmm," murmured Ruth half consciously, and, with a playful shudder at the cold, whispered, "Come in, come in!" But then, quickly, lest this should carry a hint of distrust, she tripped in alone, closed the door, and glided to the bright hearth. There a moment of waiting changed her mind. She ran again to the door, and began to say, as she threw it open, "My brother, you'll catch your" —

But no brother was there.

XI.

Isabel, who had never confessed her trouble to her mother until now, had this evening told all there was to tell.

"No, no, my dear," she said, as she moved to go, "I have no dread of his blows. I don't suppose he will ever strike me again. Ah, there's the worst of it: he's got away, away beyond blows. I wish sometimes he'd brain me, if only that would stop his secretly watching

me. If he'd never gone beyond blows, I would have died before I would have told; not for meekness, dearie, nor even for love, — of you, or my child, or any one, — but just for pride and shame. But to know, every day and hour, that I'm watched, and that every path I tread is full of traps, — there's what's killing me. And I could let it kill me, and never tell, if killing were all. But I tell you because — Oh, my poor little mother dearie, do I wear you out, saying the same things over and over?

"This is all I ask you to remember: that my reason for telling you is to save the honor of my husband himself, and of you, dear heart, and of — of my child, you know. For, mother, every innocent thing I do is being woven into a net of criminating evidence. Sooner or later it's certain to catch me fast and give me over, you and me and — and baby, to public shame."

As they went toward the arbor door Isabel warily hushed, but her mother said: "There's no one to overhear, honey blossom. Minnie's at your house with Sarah."

But neither was there more to be said. The daughter shut herself out, and stood alone on the doorstep pondering what she had done. For she had acted as well as spoken, and, without knowledge of Leonard's move, was calling Godfrey home herself. Her mother was to send the dispatch in the morning. So standing and distressfully musing, she heard the click of the Byingtons' door as Ruth left Leonard on the porch. But her thought went after Arthur. Where was he? That he had honestly gone where he had said he was going she painfully doubted. She stirred to move on, but had not taken a step when a feminine cry of terror set her blood leaping and sent her flying down the arbor; and where the two paths crossed she and Leonard met at such a speed that only by seizing her with both his hands did he avoid trampling her down. The scream was repeated.

"It's Minnie!" cried Isabel, as they sprang down the path to the mill pond; and Leonard, outrunning her, called back: —

"We'll get her out! She's not gone under!"

The next moment he, and then she, were on the scene. Minnie stood on the firmer ice away from the bank, moaning in continued agitation, but already rescued. It was Arthur Winslow who had saved her. Quickly he gained the bank with the dripping girl, where he yielded her to his wife, and without a word from him, from Isabel, or from Leonard to any one but the incessantly talking maid, the four hurried up the path. When they reached the arbor Ruth had joined them, and there the three women turned to the cottage, while Leonard passed on toward his home, and Arthur went into his own house.

In the cottage, while being hurried into dry clothes, Minnie more coherently explained her mishap. Wishing to play a joke on Giles, she had slipped away from the fireside company of him and Sarah to put a match to his fagots on the pond, run back with word that they were burning, and laugh with Sarah while Giles should plunge out to find the incendiaries. But she had forgotten how frail good ice may be against a warm bank, and, leaping down, had promptly broken through. She had had the fortune to hold on by the ice's outer edge until Arthur, whom she felt sure only Providence could have sent there, drew her out. She was tearfully ashamed, yet not so broken in spirit but she fiercely vowed she would get even with Giles for this yet.

Leonard went to his room, Arthur to his, and each in his way shut himself in to darkness, silence, and the fury of his own heart. One of the things most harrowing to Leonard was that, at every turn, the active part fell to Arthur, while fate held him mercilessly to the passive; and his soul writhed in un-

worded prayer for any conceivable turn of events that would give him leave to act, to do! But all he could do was done. Godfrey was sent for: everything must await his coming. Heaven hold Arthur's hand till Godfrey could come!

Ruth went home, and began to lock up the house. When, presently, she tapped at her brother's door and looked in, he had lighted the room and was reading his telegram. "All right over the way," she said, and to hurry on over the grim untruth repeated briefly Minnie's story. "Good-night. You go — to-morrow? Well, you'll make haste back."

She left him, but later returned. "Leonard." At the slightly opened door she thrust in her Bible, with a finger on the line, "My soul, wait thou only upon God."

"Thank you," said the brother. "Good-night. I'm afraid we've kept Him waiting on us."

Over the way, Isabel, holding a lamp, stood in the door between her room and Arthur's, lifted the light above her head, and, shading her brow, called his name. Hidden in the gloom, silent and motionless, he stared for a moment at the beautiful apparition, and then moved without a sound into the beams of the lamp, a picture of misery and desperation.

"Why in the dark?" amiably inquired the wife.

With widening eyes and spectral motions he drew near. "In the dark?" he asked. "Why in the dark? The darkness is in me, and all the lamps that light the world's ships into harbor could not dispel it." All at once he went to his knees. "Oh, my wife, my wife, save me, save me! Hell is in my soul!"

She drew back, and with low vehemence urged him to his feet. "Up! up! My husband shall not kneel to me!" Laying her hand reverently upon his shoulder she pressed him into his room,

set the lamp aside, and let him clasp her wildly in his arms.

"Save me, Isabel!" he moaned again. "Save me!"

"From what, dear heart, — from what can I save you?" She drew him to a seat, and knelt beside him.

"From the green-eyed demon that has gnawed, gnawed, gnawed at my heart till it is rent to shreds, and at my brain — my brain! — till it is almost gone." His brow drooped to hers. "Almost gone, beloved, — my brain is almost gone."

"No, Arthur, dearest, no, no, no; your heart is torn, but your mind, thank God, is whole. This is only a mood. Come, it will pass with one night's sleep."

Still he held her brow beneath his. "Save me, Isabel; my soul is almost gone. Oh, save me from the fiends that come before me and behind me, by night and by day, eyes shut or eyes open."

"My husband, my love, how can I save you? How can I help you? Tell me how."

"Hear me! hear me confess! That will save me, oh, so sweetly, so sweetly! That will save me from the faces, — the white, white faces that float on that black pool down yonder, and move their accusing lips at me, — *his* face, and mine, and thine. Oh, Isabel, until you stood before me in the golden light of your lamp, transfigured into a messenger from heaven, it was in my lost soul to do the deed this night."

The wife laid her palms upon her husband's temples, and putting forth her strength lifted them, and looked tenderly into his eyes. "Dear heart, you do not frighten me. You know how unaccountably fear deserts me in fearful moments. But I know there's nothing for either of us to fear now. This is all in your tortured imagination, and there, though you had not seen me, it would have stayed; you never would have come to the act. Arthur, your soul is

not lost. You who have pointed the way of escape and deliverance so clearly and savingly to so many, you need not miss it now yourself."

"Idle words, Isabel, — idle, idle words. The very words of Christ are idle to me until I give you up."

"Give me up, my husband? Dear love, you cannot! You shall not! I will not be given up! You have n't the cause, and I have n't the cause!"

"Oh, Isabel, I stole you! And the curse of God has gone with the theft, and with every step of the thief, from the first day till now. From the first day until now God has lifted that other man up, and brought me down. And yet, before God who said, Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, he loves you this moment — now! — with the love of a man for a woman."

"Arthur, no. If he did" —

"Isabel, if he did not, — if he did not love you yet as before he lost you, — oh, if he did not love you infinitely more now than then, he would not be Leonard Byington. That is all my evidence, all my argument, all the ground of my hate; and I hate him with a hatred that has finished — finished! — with my heart, and is devouring my brain."

"Oh, my poor husband, listen to" —

"Listen to me. Listen before I lose the blessed impulse to say there is but one cure. I must give you up to him. Oh, let me speak! I took you from him by law; by law I will give you back."

"Do you mean divorce, Arthur?"

"I do."

"On what ground?"

"On the ground of ill treatment. You shall bring suit; I will plead guilty."

She rose, with his temples still in her hands. "Ah, whose words are idle now?" She bent over him with eyes of passionate kindness. "You did not take me from him. You asked me to take you; and for better for worse, till death us do part, I took you, Arthur,

knowing as much of any other man's love for me as I know at this hour. You could not steal me; the shame would be mine, to have let you. You are no thief! I am no stolen thing! You shall be happy with me; you shall not give me up!"

He leaped to his feet and snatched her into his arms. The babe cried sleepily from its mother's room. She tenderly disengaged herself, left him in the door, moved on to the child's crib, and in the dim light of the bedside taper, facing him from beyond it, soothed the little one by her silent touch. To Arthur, wan and frail though she was, the sight was heavenly fair, a vision of ineffable peace to which it seemed a sacrilege to draw nearer; but she beckoned, and he stole to the spot. With the quieted babe in its crib between them, the pair knit arms about each other's neck and kissed.

"My own, — my own at last!" murmured the husband. "I never had you until now!"

"The cure has worked, dear heart," breathed the wife, — "worked without surgery, has it not?"

"The cure has worked," he replied, — "worked without the sacrifice. Oh, the sudden sweet ease of it!"

Whispering good-night in response to hers, he covered her head and brows with caresses; then stole away, with eyes still fastened on her, and at the dividing threshold waved a last parting and closed the door.

XII.

Isabel went to her couch in great heaviness and agitation. Her sad confidings to her mother, Minnie's adventure, Arthur's pitiful if not alarming condition, she strove to reconsider duly and in their order; but perpetually there interfered, with its every smallest detail thrillingly clear and strong, that moment which had thrown her once

more into the company, tossed her into the very clutch, of Leonard Byington. She turned her face into her pillow, and prayed God for other thoughts and visions; and at length, while charging herself to see her mother in time to postpone the sending of her dispatch to Godfrey, she slept.

Sleep, of a sort, came also to Arthur, though not before many an evil imagination had come back to tease and sting his galled mind. What chafed oftenest was the fact that Isabel, had he allowed it, would have sought to argue down his belief that Leonard loved her. Great heaven! what must be her feeling toward him, that she should offer to argue such a question? She might truly deny all knowledge of his passion, but oh, where was her quick word of womanly abhorrence? Where was the word that Leonard Byington was no more to her than any other man,—that word which would have been the first to flash from her if conscience had not stopped it? Twice he sprang up in his bed, whispering: “They love! They love! Each knows it of the other! They love!”

The second time, as he stared, suddenly he saw them! They stood just beyond the foot of his couch, wrapped in each other’s arms. Choking with wrath, freezing with horror, he slid to the floor; but at his first step they floated apart. Isabel glided toward her own door, fading as she went, and dissolved in a broad moonbeam. Leonard, as he receded, grew every instant more real, until, at his pursuer’s second step, he melted through a window and was gone. Arthur sprang to the spot, and stared out and down; but all he saw was the moon, the frosty night, and the silent and motionless garden. With a whisper of fierce purpose he turned and noiselessly threw on his clothes, then clutched his head in his hands in a wild effort to recall what the purpose was, and by and by lay quietly down again on his bed. He could not recollect; but the inner

tumult quieted more and more, and after a time, without putting off any part of his dress, he drew the bed covers over himself, and in a few moments was partially asleep. So for an hour or more he lay in half-waking dreams ghastly with phantoms and breathless with dismay of his own ferocious strivings. Then he rose once more, and, with the noiselessness which habit had perfected, left his room, moved down the upper hall and the stair, and let himself out into the garden. Wadded in his arms he bore one or two of the coverings from his bed. He took his way to the pond. He was walking in his sleep.

At an earlier day Isabel would have been awakened by her husband’s softest movement; but now, used to his stirrings, weary in body and mind, and in some degree reassured, she slept on unstartled until Arthur’s return. He came as silently as he had gone, and was empty-handed. He had tied a great stone in the two bed coverings, and through the thin new ice of the hole where Minnie had broken in had sunk them in the black depth under the shelving rock. He was still asleep. The door between the two chambers gave a faint sound as he opened it, yet neither mother nor child moved. A moment passed, and he had reached the bed. Another went by, and Isabel was awake, wildly but vainly trying to scream, to rise. A knee was on her bosom, two hands grappled her throat, and two outstarting eyes were close to hers. Her husband was strangling her.

Then he too awoke. With a horrified cry he recoiled, and she, for the first time in her life in a transport of terror, hurled him, in the strength of her frenzy, to the farther side of the bed, and, writhing out on the opposite side, crept under it and lay still. In a torture of bewilderment and remorse Arthur buried his face in the bedside. Then, helpless to distinguish what he had done from what he had dreamed, he sprang back to the place where Isa-

bel had lain sleeping, and lo, it was empty.

"Oh, was it thou, was it thou?" he wailed, in a stifled voice. "Was it not he?" Whispering and moaning her name, hearkening and groping, he sought her from corner to corner, first of her room and then of his own, and then went to the hall and to other rooms in the same harrowing quest.

Isabel crept forth and darted to her babe. Yet as she leaned to take it in her arms her better judgment told her the child was safe. The husband too, and every one beside, were safer from his jealous wrath while the babe remained. With one anguished knitting of her hands over it she left it, and fled in her nightdress. Arthur's course was made plain by his moanings, and, easily avoiding him, she glided down a back stair, out into the arbor, and across to her mother's cottage and bed-chamber. As she did so he returned hurriedly to his room, with low cries of less wretched conviction, and looked eagerly under his bed and then under hers. Thereupon the last hope died, and he dropped to his face upon the floor in abject agony.

After a time a new conjecture brought him to his feet. To solve it he would go to the pond. If he had truly been there and done this appalling thing, he would know it by the empty imprint of the boulder he had taken from its resting place of years. If he had not, then Isabel had fled to her mother, and would be found with her in the morning, and the blot of her murder, though it blackened his soul, was yet not on his hands. He went to the water, and soon he came again with the step and face of one called out of his grave. Slowly he counted the disordered coverings of his wife's couch, stood a moment in desolate perplexity, and then went quickly and counted those of his own. A sheet and a blanket were gone. He turned to a closet and supplied the lack, and then paced the floor until dawn.

Before the servants were fairly astir he laid away the clothing Isabel had put off, and contrived to leave the house and pass through the arbor unseen until he reached its farther end; but there Mrs. Morris, in a dressing gown, opened to him before he could knock. She forced her usual laugh, but he saw the white preparedness of her face. "She knows my crime," he thought, and was in agony to guess how she had got the knowledge and what she would do with it.

"Why, Arthur," she sweetly began, "what brings you" — But her throat closed.

"Mother," he interrupted emotionally, as they shut themselves in, "is Isabel here?"

"Isabel — here? Why — why, Arthur, she went home last night before ten o'clock!" The little lady knew her acting was not good, but it was better than she had hoped to make it. "Arthur Winslow, don't tell me my child is not at home! Oh, my heavens!"

"Wait, mother; listen. I beseech you. Do you absolutely know she's not here?"

"I know it! Oh, Arthur, are you only trying to break bad news to me by littles? Has Isabel destroyed herself? Has she fled?" The inquirer played well now; her pallor, that had seemed to accuse him, was gone, and her question offered a cue which he greedily took.

"Fled? Isabel! Destroyed herself, — that spotless soul? Oh no, no, no! But — Omerciful God! I am afraid she has been stolen!" He sank into a seat and dropped his face into his hands. The maid's steps sounded overhead, and he started up. Mrs. Morris laid a hand on his arm. She was pale again, but her words were reassuring.

"It's Minnie," she murmured: "let me go and see her. She'll not be surprised. I'm always the first one up." She went, and was soon back again.

"There is no time to lose" — Arthur began.

"No, you must go. Go search for every clue that will tell us a word of her; but, whatever you do, let no one, not even Sarah, know she is missing, until we know enough ourselves to protect her from every shadow of reproach!"

"True! true! right! right!" said Arthur, while with secret terror he cried to himself: "This woman knows! She knows, she knows, and all this is make-believe, put on to gain time!" But he saw no safer course than to help on the sham. "Right," he said again; "only, mother, dear, how shall we hide her absence?"

"We need n't hide it. You know she got another telegram last night, begging her to come at once to the wedding. We can say she went on this morning's train, before day; it makes such good Southern connections. And now go; make your search with all your might; and after a while I'll come over and pack a trunk full of her things, and express it South, just as if she were there, and had gone so hurriedly that — Don't you see?"

Arthur said he saw it all, but he did not; he saw much that was not, and much that was he saw not. He did not see that the dust of the old street, and of the new town as well, was on Mrs. Morris's shoes; and that Isabel, in a gown which she had left at the cottage when she went to be mistress of his home, was really on the train, bound South. Dropping all pretense of having any search to make, he hurried back to his own room, and by and by told the pleasantly astonished Sarah and Giles the simple truth as Mrs. Morris had put it into his mouth, but told it in the firm belief that he was covering a hideous crime with an all but transparent lie. After a false show of breakfasting he went into his study, — to work on his sermon, he said; yet did nothing there but pace the floor, hold his head, and whisper, "It will not last an hour after *he* has heard it," and, "O God,

have mercy! Oh, my wife, my wife! Oh, my brain, my brain!"

XIII.

Mrs. Morris's task was too large for her. She had always taken such care of her innocence that her cultivation of the virtues had been only incidental. Hence, morally, she had more fat than fibre; and hence, again, though to her mind guilt was horrible, publicity was so much worse that her first and ruling impulse toward any evil doing not her own was to conceal it. That was her form of worldliness, the only fault she felt certain she was free from. And here she was, without a helping hand or a word of counsel, laboring to hide from the servants and from the dear Byingtons, from the church and from a scoffing world, the hideous fact that Isabel was a fugitive from the murderous wrath of a jealous husband, and that the rector of All Angels had crumbled into moral ruin.

"And oh," she cried, "is it the worst of it, or is it the best of it, that in this awful extremity he keeps so sane, so marvelously sane?" She said this the oftener because every few hours some new sign to the contrary forced itself on her notice. Oblivion was her cure-all.

For a while after his conference with Mrs. Morris Arthur made some feeble show — for her eye alone — of looking after clues, and then, as much to her joy as to her amazement, told her it was a part of his detective strategy to return into his study, and seemingly to his ordinary work, until time would allow certain unfoldings for which he looked with confidence.

"Have you found out anything?" she asked, with a glaringly false eagerness that gave him a new panic of suspicion and whetted his cunning.

He said he had, but must beg her not to ask yet what it was. Then he inquired if any neighbor had left town

that morning for Boston, and her heart rose into her throat as she marked the subtlety he could not keep out of his dark face.

"Why, ye— yes — n— no, no one that I know of ex— except Leonard Byington," she replied, and thought, "If he should accuse Leonard, we are undone!" To avoid that risk she would have told him, then and there, all she knew, had she not feared she might draw his rage upon herself for aiding the wife's flight. She must, must, must keep on good terms with him till she and Isabel could somehow get the child. So passed the awful hours, mother and husband each marveling in agony over the ghastly puzzle of the other's apathy.

Later in the day she knocked timidly at his study door. She had come with a silly little proposition that he let her take the infant and go South as if to join Isabel. Thus the trunk would not lie in the express office down there, unclaimed and breeding awkward inquiries, and she from that point, with him at this, could keep up the illusion they had invented until Isabel herself should — eh — return! But when he let her in, he stood before her a silent embodiment of such remorse and foreboding that she could have burst into sobs and cries.

Yet she broached her plan, trembling visibly, while he heard her through with melancholy deference. In reply he commended it, but called to her notice how much better it would be for her to go alone. Then the babe, left behind, would be an unspoken yet most eloquent guarantee that its mother would soon reappear.

"Very true," responded the emboldened lady; "yet, on the other hand" —

He put out an interrupting touch. "The child is as safe with me as if it were in its mother's bosom."

"Oh, it is n't so much a question of safety as" —

The father interrupted again, with a
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gleam in his eyes like the outflashing of a knife. "I hold the child against all comers, and would if I had to slay its mother to do it."

Mrs. Morris stifled an outcry and would have left him, but he would not let her. "Stay! Oh, listen to a soul in torment! The babe is already motherless. Isabel can never return, mother: she is with the dead. I am not waiting idly here for her; I am waiting busily — for her slayer. He has fled; but when he sees he is not pursued he will come back to the spot, — to the black, black hole. He cannot help it. I *know* that. Oh, how well I know it! And the moment he comes he is caught, — caught in the web of proofs I am weaving!" He held her arm and gazed into her gazing eyes in ferocious fear of the web she might be weaving for him; while she, reeling sick with fear of him, tried with all her shaken wits to sham an impassioned accord.

"And you *will* wait?" she exclaimed approvingly. "You will not stir till the thing is sure?"

He would not stir till the thing was sure.

As soon as it was dark enough to slip over to the Byingtons' unseen she went, bearing to Ruth Isabel's apologetic good-bys, trying her small best to play at words with the General, and quickly getting away again, — grateful for a breath of their atmosphere, though distressfully convinced that Ruth had divined the whole trouble, through the joy betrayed by herself on hearing that Leonard would be away for a week. She went home, and slept like a weary child; and neither the next day, nor the next, nor the next, was so awful as this first had been: they lacked the crackle and glare and the crash of the burning and falling temple.

Let us not attempt the picture of Isabel keeping the happy guise of a wedding guest among her kindred and childhood playmates while her heart

burned with perpetual misery, yearning, and alarm. "My baby, my baby!" cried her breast, while the babe slept sweetly under faultless care.

Nor need we draw a close portrait of her husband's mind, if mind it could longer be called. A horror of sleep, a horror of being awake and aware, remorse, phantoms, voices, sudden blazings of wrath as suddenly gone, sweating panics, that craven care of life which springs so rank as the soul decays, and a steady, cunning determination to keep whole the emptied shell of reputation and rank, — these were the things that filled his hours by day, by night; these, and a frightful expectation of one accusing, child-claiming ghost that never came. The air softened to Indian summer; the ice faded off the pool; a million leaves, crimson and bronze, scarlet and gold, dropped tenderly upon its silvering breadth and lay still; and both the joyless master of the larger house and the merry maid of the cottage asked Heaven impatiently if the pond would never freeze over again. It was Saturday afternoon when Giles, asked by Sarah Stebbens where Mr. Arthur was, told her he was again, as he had been so many times the last three days, down by the water, sitting at the edge of the overhanging bank; or, as the Englishman expressed it, "dreamink the 'appy hours aw'y." So the week passed out; a new one came in, and the rector of All Angels went to his sacred office.

He knew, before he appeared in the chancel, that Mrs. Morris was in her accustomed place, and Ruth and her father in theirs, and that Leonard was not yet back nor looked for; but exactly as he began to read, "Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us, in sundry places, to acknowledge and confess our manifold sins and wickedness; and that we should not dissemble nor cloak them before the face of Almighty God our heavenly Father" — a sickness filled Mrs. Morris's frame,

a deathly hue overspread the minister's face, and Leonard came in and sat beside his father and sister. Yet the service went on. The people knelt. "Almighty and most merciful Father; We have erred, and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts" — Thus far the rector's voice had led, but here it sank, and the old General's, in a measure, took its place. Then it rose again, in the confession, "There is no health in us," and in the supplication, "Have mercy upon us, miserable offenders." There once more it failed, while the people, faltering with distress, repeated, "That we may hereafter lead a godly, righteous, and sober life, To the glory of thy holy Name. Amen."

At this the farmer with the spectacled daughter stepped nimbly over the rail and caught Arthur as he rose and staggered. Leonard was hurrying forward, and half the people kneeling, half standing, when Mrs. Morris vacantly stopped his way with a face so aghast and words so confused that he had to give her over to Ruth. Then he hastened on to where Arthur was being led into the vestry by his physician and others. But now he was turned back by the doctor, who requested him to dismiss the congregation; which he did, with the physician's assurance that the trouble was no more than vertigo, and that Arthur was even now quite able to proceed home in the farmer-vestryman's carriage. But the people noticed that the physician went with him. Mrs. Morris followed on foot with the farmer's daughter, and with Ruth and the General. Leonard went into town to telegraph Isabel, in her mother's name, to come home. As he was starting, Mrs. Morris drew Ruth aside and whispered something about Godfrey. To which Ruth softly replied, with an affectionate twist in her smile, "It could n't hurry him; he's already on the way."

In the room next that in which her son-in-law lay asleep under anodynes the little mother's odd laugh was turned all to moan. "Oh! — ho — ho!" she sighed in solitude. "If Arthur could have learned from Godfrey how to wait, or even if Isabel could but have learned from Ruth how to keep one waiting!"

She paused at a window that looked over the garden and into the street. Leonard passed. She turned quickly away, only sighing again, "Oh! — ho — ho!" Her thought might have been kinder had she known he was stabbing himself at every step with blame of all this woe.

"I ought to have foreseen!" was his constant silent cry. "I am the one who ought to have foreseen!"

Lack of Sunday trains and two failures to connect kept Isabel from arriving until nightfall of the third day, Wednesday. Arthur knew Mrs. Morris had telegraphed for her; but to him that was only part of the play under which he thought he and she were hiding the frightful truth. On this day he had so outwitted his village physician as to be given the freedom for which he ravened; liberty to take the air in his garden, as understood by the doctor, but by him liberty to stand guard down at the edge of that dark pool which would not freeze over, — liberty to take an air sweet with the odors of the parting year, but crowded also with distended eyes and strangling groans. He was down there in the early starlight when Ruth drove softly into the garden, bringing Isabel. Warily the mother came out into the pillared porch, and silently received the house's mistress into her arms.

"He does n't know," she said. "I could n't tell him till you should come, for fear of disappointing him."

The argument seemed strained, but no one said so, and with a whispered good-night Ruth drove away, and the two went in. As they stole upstairs they debated how Isabel had best reveal

herself. "I'm terribly afraid that won't work, blessing," said Mrs. Morris; "you'd better let me break it to him, first."

"No, dearie, I don't think so. I have n't the shadow of a fear" —

"Oh, my darling child, you never have!"

"But I know him so well, mother. We have only to come unexpectedly face to face, and — Oh, I've seen the effect so often!" They entered her room whispering. "I'll change this dress for the one he last saw me in, and stand over here by the crib where I stood then, and — Oh, sweet heaven! is this my little flower sleeping just as I left her?" With clasped hands and tearful eyes she bent over the child. Then she began to unrobe, but stopped to throw her arms about her mother's neck. "Now, dearly beloved, you hurry away down the path and persuade him up and send him in. I'm only afraid you'll find him chilled half to death, it's growing cold so fast. And you can follow in after him, dearie, if you wish, — only not too close."

The mother went, and had got only to the cross-paths when she came all at once upon the master of the house. "Oh! ho, ho! here you are! I was just — Arthur, dear, where is your overcoat? Do go right up to your room, my son, till I can get Sarah to have a fire started in the library." She multiplied words in pure affright, so drawn was his face with anguish, and so wild his eyes with aimless consternation. Without reply he passed in and went upstairs. Mrs. Morris remained below.

Isabel's heart beat fast. She had made her change of dress, and in a far corner of her room, with her face toward the open door that let into his, was again leaning with a mother's ecstasy over the sleeping babe, when she heard his step. It came to his outer door, which from her place could not be seen. Did he stop, and stand there? No, he had not stopped; he was only

moving softly, for the child's sake. She stood motionless, listening and looking with her whole soul, and wishing the light were less dim in this shadowy corner, but knowing there was enough to show her to him when he should reach the nearer door. The endless moment wore away, and there on the threshold he stood — if that — O merciful God! — if that was Arthur Winslow!

His eyes fell instantly upon her, yet he made neither motion nor sound, only stayed and stared, while an unearthly terror came into his face. Care of the child kept her silent, but in solemn tenderness she lifted her arms toward him. He uttered a freezing shriek and fled. In an instant his tread was resounding in the hall, then on two or three steps of the stair as she hurried after, and then there came a long, tumbling fall, her mother's wail in the hall below, and a hoarse cry of dismay from Giles as he rushed out of the library.

"He's only stunned, mum," Giles was saying as Isabel reached the spot. "He's no more nor just stunned, mum." He had lifted the fallen man's head and shoulders, and Mrs. Stebbens came, dropping to her knees and sprinkling water into the still, white face.

Isabel threw herself between. "Arthur! Arthur! can't you speak? Oh, let us move him into the library!"

"Yes, mum!" exclaimed Giles. "He'll come to in there; you can see he's only stunned." He tried to raise him, and Isabel and Sarah moved to help; but the wife turned on hearing Ruth's voice at her side, and Leonard Byington lifted the limp man in his arms, unaided, and bore him to the library lounge.

"Arthur," he pleaded, with arms still under him, "can't you speak to us, dear boy? Say at least good-by, can't you, Arthur?" He parted the clothing from neck and breast, and laid an ear to his heart.

"Do you hear it, Leonard?" cried

the wife. "Oh, you do hear it, don't you, Leonard?"

There was no answer. For a moment Leonard's own form relaxed, and he turned his face and buried it in the unresponsive breast. Then he lifted it again, and taking the other face between his hands he sank his brow to the brow upturned and cried: "God rest your soul, Arthur! Oh, Arthur, Arthur, God rest your soul!"

XIV.

Mrs. Morris gave the physician her account of the accident, he gave the reporters his, and no other ever got into the old street or the town it looks down upon.

Said the rustic vestryman to another pallbearer, as they turned toward their homes, "Many's the time All Angels's been craowded, but I never see it craowded as 't was this time."

The new mound was white under January snows when Godfrey and Isabel first stood beside it together; and when summer had come and gone again, and at last the time drew near when, by the regular alternations of the service, the ocean wanderer's three years afloat were to be followed by three ashore, it was beside that mound that Ruth let him ask the long-withheld question. And once more the new year followed the old.

"I cal'late," a certain somebody, on one of its earliest days, began to say to General Byington, "th' never was a happier weddin' so quiet, nor a qui—" But he caught the sheen of his daughter's spectacles and forbore.

And still moved on the heavenly procession of the seasons, and as each new one passed with smile and song, and strewed its flowers or fruits on Bylow Hill, the memory of one who, after life's fitful fever, slept soundly at last was ever a sweet forgetting of all that had once been bitter, and a sweeter and sweeter remembrance of whatsoever

things had been pure, lovely, and of good report. One day the traveling salesman of fruit trees came again. This time he met Minnie, some of whose information puzzled him.

"But I thought you said the young Mrs. Winslow lived in the large house on this side?"

"Yes, but that's the other one; that's the widow. Captain Winslow, he's so much o' the time to the navy yard that him and his wife, they just keep their home along with her father and Mr. Leonard."

"And who is it that, I understand, a Mr. Giles over here is about to marry?"

For reply Minnie covered her mouth and nose with her hand, sputtered, and shut the door in his face.

Another year went by, yet another followed, and still Ruth — daughter, sister, wife, and mother — remained the happy mistress of the house in which she was born, and Leonard remained one of her household. Mrs. Morris turned the cottage over to Mr. and Mrs. Giles, — hem! — and dwelt in the

Winslow house with Isabel, who, even the young said, grew more beautiful and lovable all the time. But there came a day, after all, — year uncertain, — when Leonard, with Mrs. Morris's little namesake on his knee, asked Isabel if she did not think it would be well for him to go away for a while; and Isabel said no.

So by and by the Winslow pair went to live in the Winslow house, and the Byington pair in the Byington house; and if you listen well, you may hear an aged voice, a voice with a brogue, saying: —

"Ay, there's a Linnard Winslow, now, and there's a Godfrey Boyington. And there's still an Isable Winslow and a Ruth Boyington. But the mother of Ruth Boyington is she that wor Isable Winslow, moy graciouz! and the mother of Isable Winslow is she that wor Ruth Boyington. And so there be's an Isable in the wan house, and an Isable in th' other; and there be's a Ruth in the wan house, and a Ruth in th' other, moy graciouz! and there's an Airthur in each, whatsomiver!"

G. W. Cable.

(The end.)

THE MODERN CHIVALRY.

I.

NOTHING could be more remarkable than the extent of the modern indulgence in sport, except perhaps the rapidity with which it has come upon us. Men who still regard themselves as young recall the time when, outside a small circle in two or three Eastern universities, sport was associated with schoolboys in knee trousers and with corner loafers in highly colored linen and cheap jewelry. But nowadays the bench and the bar may be seen to glory in knickerbockers, while pink shirts

have not been unknown to the most exquisite. It is perhaps natural that cautious parents have tried to dissuade their offspring from what seems at the best childish, and at the worst perilous; and that the most scholarly of our magazines, reviews, and daily papers have been divided on the question of intercollegiate contests, while the very faculties of the universities have neglected academic administration and finance in an effort to grapple with it. The satirist is more than justified who described the American university as a place where the students manage the studies, while the

professors manage the sports. Yet many a doubtful pass might have been clear, and many a hard word might have been spared, if we had all realized that the point at issue has been pretty well threshed out in the mother country of modern sport, and that it is, in fact, one of the oldest questions in history.

The animus of the puristic press is precisely that of the modern English Puritan, — Trafalgar-Squaring, as Mr. Pinero would say, on the Curse of Sports; and this, in turn, is milk and honey beside the invective of rare old Stubbs in his sixteenth-century *Anatomie of Abuses*. And long before Stubbs the spirit of sport was mighty in the land. While yet the "friendlie fights" of "base foot ball players" were unknown, chivalry flourished like the green bay tree, transcending the glory of modern football; Rome made a political centre of the chariot races, and the calendar of Hellas was regulated by Olympiads. More than this, the Assyrians of the date of 600 B. C. made a royal virtue of braving the perils of the chase, as any one may see in the exquisitely spirited sculptures, now in the British Museum, which once graced the banquetting hall of Asurbanipal. And one need not rest with the evidences of even the most ancient history. The instinct for play is native in all animal life, and has lately been made the subject of a shrewd psychological research by Professor Karl Groos, of the University of Basel, in two works on *The Play of Animals* and *The Play of Man*. It need not surprise us if it is one day discovered that the original protozoan prepared its offspring for the struggle of life by holding oozing matches in the depths of ocean. The only question which tyrannous nature has left open to us is, not whether there shall be sport, but how we shall derive the most benefit from it.

That the national games of Greece bore an important part in the cultivation of Hellenic manhood does not admit of argument; and the jousts of the Middle

Agas had an even clearer relationship to the military system. The importance of modern athletics as an element of national defense should be equally clear, and indeed was made so some years ago in English discussions of the relation of school sports to the national army. The signal aspect of our athletic system is an aspect in which it differs from that of all other ages. The new factors are those which have made a *tabula rasa* in so many phases of modern life, — steam and electricity; in a word, machinery. To the gentleman of Washington's day — and for that matter, of very much later — the walks of life were literal walks, or else journeys, no less athletic, in the saddle. To the modern the so-called walks of life have become mad rushes by railway, trolley, or motor car. The mechanic of our fathers worked a loom by hand, wielded the cobbler's hammer or the carpenter's saw and chisel. To-day the mechanic feeds a machine or directs pneumatic tools, while his muscles fall into a stupor. The husbandman of old ploughed, harrowed, and hoed by hand; the modern farmer is a master machinist. In short, that struggle for existence, which we now know to be the origin and rough foster father of progress, is no longer waged by muscle and sinew; it is a matter of intelligence and of nervous energy.

This fact, I take it, has been, consciously or unconsciously, the major premise of those who reprobate athletic sports. We are no longer doomed, they say, to live as mere animals. What need of lithe muscles and sinews trained to endurance, when applied knowledge is the only power? Warfare itself — since so much of the brute is still honored among us — is soon to be a mere matter of railroading, marine engineering, and machine guns. Some such fact must be granted, but is the deduction sound? More sound than sense, one is tempted to say.

The logic of the position outlined can lead to only one conclusion, and that is

that in the man of the present the sinews and the muscles are disappearing, together with tonsils, vermiform appendixes, and sundry other survivals of an earlier stage of brute life; the sooner we are rid of them, the better. If this really were the case, however, we should expect the man of the present to be a creature of sounder nerves and a more tireless brain than the man of history. The patent fact is that he is rather a victim of neurosis and mental derangement. His medicine is to rest long weeks in bed and to feed hugely on the most nourishing foods. The severest exercise his shattered nerves can endure is a massage. When by these means his muscles and viscera have been resuscitated, his medicine is golf or a constitutional horseback ride. Many of us have not forgotten an eloquent paper in which Professor William James showed that not only the nervous and intellectual forces, but even the natural human emotions flourish most in a sound body. The conditions of modern life, in fact, far from enabling us to dispense with athletic culture, make it all the more necessary. The intellectual vigor of the race, to say nothing of its physical prowess, can be maintained only by availing ourselves of the instinct of play. If in maturity and old age we wish to work on, snapping our fingers at the admirable rest cure of Dr. Weir Mitchell, we must in youth and manhood take enough physical recreation to make sure that all our animal functions are sound.

II.

In any sporting contest the element of physique is of primary value. The man who has the stronger digestion and assimilation, a heart of greater pumping power, muscles of finer fibre, and more vigorous nerves to drive them has the game half won.

The other half, however, is the better part. It is technically known as training, and no one who has not tried

it knows the difference it makes. A man who, untrained, can run a quarter of a mile in a minute, can in a few weeks reduce his time by five or six seconds, and in a season by six to eight seconds; and a fifth of a second in a race may be as decisive as the proverbial inch on a man's nose. In all contests, from football to golf, the difference between the trained and the untrained is as great, though perhaps less calculable to the uninitiated. A young fellow whose main hope of distinction in his college lies in athletic prowess soon learns that much indulgence in tobacco and malt liquors, in some mysterious but painfully evident manner, clogs his lungs, and that the fonder he is of spirits and wine, the more treacherously they sap his energies; while the most cheerful night owl learns the blessing of early sleep. A man may be gifted with twice the natural powers of his self-disciplined rival, but unless he masters himself there is an end of all hope of excelling. Let us not cry down faculty resolutions, the college sermon, or the Young Men's Christian Association, — they are a source of much comfort to all well-disposed young men; but let us frankly recognize that the undergraduate who stands most in need of a jog to conscience is most easily reached by the lesson of experience on the athletic field.

This physical training is not all. No type of athlete is more familiar than the man who has a superlative physique, superlatively trained, and yet somehow, in the final test, fails to excel. In practice he is capable of the most brilliant fielding, the most marvelous running and tackling, breaks all records on the track; but in the important contest he is a cipher. Because of some defect of mind or of temperament a crisis undoes him. Every earnest athlete knows how he feels, — the sinking in the vitals at the thought of a contest, the haunting dread, the nights of wakefulness and worry: it may almost be said that unless a man has felt all this his fibre is

too coarse to respond to the demand of the final struggle. If these swarming suggestions of the nerves are not mastered, they become tyrants; if they are, they raise a man above himself. The difference is a question of self-conquest, which is a purely moral question, and quite as important now as in the days when it was thought desirable to take a city. The rough material of success in life is a good physique; but this is quite useless without discipline and self-command.

III.

It is perhaps possible to claim a further virtue for sport. Sir Philip Sidney has related of his riding master how he discoursed so eloquently the praises of horses and horsemen that in hearing him you would think there were no such great virtue in the world as horsemanship; "and such more, that if I had not been a piece of a logician before I came to him I think he would have persuaded me to have wished myself a horse." Sir Philip archly begs indulgence for speaking in a similarly exalted strain in defense of poësie. The conceit is a pleasant one, for what was chivalry but the poetry of horsemanship?

It may not make us think the worse of the riding master if we try to interpret his saying in modern terms. All praise to the discipline and self-command of the athlete; but at best these are mere moral qualities, the products of enlightened self-seeking. There are higher manifestations of sport, known as sportsmanship. In America, it is to be feared, the word is still discolored by the Puritan abhorrence of all delight; one cannot be sure that it does not suggest hoarse voices and the tobaccoated air of the poolroom. But in England it stands for a spiritual attitude that ennobles both winning and losing, the preparation and the fight.

Of what use is it to be strong and steadfast unless the spirit, like the flesh, rises superior to the conflict? How

ignoble to desire success unless we can be serene in defeat! A football team, let us say, has worked hard all through the autumn, and in the end is beaten by professionalism or illegal roughness on the part of its opponent. How easy to make a public protest — and how undesirable! How hard to smile and play honestly through another year, with the prospect of being beaten again in the same way! A baseball team is playing on the grounds of its rivals, and at the crisis of the game is purposely "rattled" by the organized shouting and cheering of its hosts, and loses the game. How difficult and how infinitely worthwhile to master rage and disappointment, and, when the return game is played, to meet discourtesy and unfairness with a courteous desire that the better team win! And yet the remedy is such a simple matter, consisting only in a will to prefer the sport to a championship, the amenities of life to any factitious success. It is the will to do this that denotes the sportsman. May not Sir Philip's riding master have been thinking of some such virtues when he was so eloquent in the praises of chivalry? The bare struggle for existence exacts strength and masterhood, but to live in the fair name of a sportsman it is necessary to rise to spiritual heights.

A few young men have a natural love of things of the mind, but even in a university the greater number find their really deep interests only in actual life. To these, athletic sports, while they are more indispensable nowadays than ever for the preservation of health and strength, have this further advantage: that, like the chivalry of old, they afford the most generally available school for the humanities of living.

IV.

It is in England that the spirit and the practice of sport are oldest and most thoroughly developed; and it is from England that we have taken and are

taking our outdoor recreations. Perhaps nothing is so enlightening with regard to the potentialities of sportsmanship as to understand fully its place and its functions in English life. To trace its many manifestations to their source is hardly possible, but we shall not be far wrong if we begin with the climate.

Of all known climates the English is at once the worst and the best. From year's end to year's end the whole island and the heavens above are steeped in the soft damp of the four surrounding seas. A long and drenching rain is almost unknown; if a man can forego the vanity of being quite dry, and is not above an occasional retreat into a cab, an umbrella or a rain coat is scarcely necessary. Yet the sky is never crystal-clear, as it so often is with us; the sun seldom dazzles; the stars never flicker and blaze. Month in and month out the landscape is blurred in all-pervading damp: thin, almost imperceptible in summer, yet changing the verdure to an olive green; azure and opalescent in spring; purple in autumn; golden gray or lurid dun color in winter. And frost and snow are as rare as the heat of pure sunlight. The defects of this climate are at one with the virtues in that they drive men into the open; indeed, it would not be easy to say what are defects and what virtues. The temperance of the summer heat makes out of doors a paradise. In the winter one is chilled to the bone in English houses, — not only American residents, but the natives themselves, if they stay long indoors. The coal consumed seems enough to heat the entire island to incandescence; yet such is the efficiency of the open fireplace of the country that the man who crouches before it goes blue in the lips and white to the roots of his nose, while the particles of half-consumed carbon gather minute globules of mist above the chimneys, shroud the city in a black natural fog and the citizens in a fog of the spirit. At least I can think of no other explanation of

these concurrent phenomena, unless indeed we assume with the satirist that it is the people who give rise to the fogs.

In many countries commonly reckoned temperate much exercise is dangerous during the greater part of the year. The heat of summer threatens sunstroke, and the cold of winter pneumonia; only in the spring and autumn is it pleasant and profitable to be long in the open, and even then drenching rains are not infrequent. The climate of England is temperate to the point of intemperance. When the green fields and mild skies of summer beckon, small wonder if the white flannels of the cricketer enliven every common, and the red blazer of the golfer blooms among the poppies of heath and down. In winter the weight of the low-hanging skies cannot be sustained without the stimulant of constant recreation, — rowing, rackets, field hockey, cross-country running, Association and Rugby football, — while the fields are even softer and greener than in summer. Under the brisk American climate, a man may, without knowing it, go into nervous prostration for the lack of exercise; but in England it is necessary to exercise daily, or else to fall daily into a blue fit on the fender. So all England goes sporting, each according to his lights. In the short days of winter the Saturday half holiday is celebrated by countless paper chases, games of field hockey, and football matches. In summer daylight lingers until almost ten o'clock, and the drudging city clerk and the factory laborer can have his outing between supper and bedtime. Even in the dingy alleys of Whitechapel the coster hunts rats with his terrier, or races whippets.

It is not unlikely that the very character of English and American athletes and the genius of the national sports has been determined by the difference of climate. If our summer evenings were as long as those in England, it is not improbable that baseball, like the kindred game of cricket, would require three long

days for a match to reach a conclusion, instead of taking scarcely longer than the far more strenuous football. The sparkle and brilliancy of American skies and the sharp alternations of heat and cold must have not a little to do with giving our athletes a keen, nervous, and resourceful temperament. Certain it is that the American, by virtue of his energy and skill, can outspurt and out-jump the English athlete, and *per contra* falls behind in contests of endurance. Baseball is not only a shorter game than cricket, but gives more scope to ingenuity and skill in team play, with a concomitant of artifice and perhaps of fraud; and by means of the rapid alternations of innings it is infinitely more dramatic. American Rugby differs from English Rugby as a complex modern military campaign differs from a mediæval mêlée; and it must be added, owing to the severity of the preparation required and the keenness of existing rivalries, it offers temptations to roughness and foul play that are as yet imperfectly resisted.

v.

As exercise is peculiarly needful in England, it is fortunate that English life is everywhere peculiarly well organized for its enjoyment. This is especially the case in the public schools and universities which are the ancient homes of sport and the great modern training grounds of sportsmanship. The first requisite is a community organized into separate units on which to base genuine rivalries; and nowhere is the life more thoroughly developed in small communities than in the public schools and universities. The public schools, in spite of the name they are known by, are in point of fact private and select, being quite like what we call preparatory schools, with these important exceptions: that instead of being few they are legion, and instead of being mainly subsidiary to the universities they are the characteristic and all-important educa-

tional institution. They are, in fact, responsible for the bulk of the education of the middle and upper classes, and the lad of fourteen to nineteen years of age who does not go to one of them is in much the same position as the young American who does not go to college. Not only do they afford the inevitable matches between rival schools, but each institution is so organized as to give scope to an infinity of civil contests. In order to insure home life and individual care, the schools are generally divided into separate "houses," each containing a score or two of boys under a master. Every house maintains a football team and a cricket eleven, and a boating crew if the school is near water, each of which enters competitions with teams of other houses for the school championship. There may be house matches also in golf, tennis, rackets, and fives.

The national respect for sport may be seen in the fact that the schoolboy is virtually compelled, not only by public opinion but by the authority of his superiors, to take regular exercise. It does not much matter what his sport is, but some sport he must have, and he must do honest work at it. If a lad who elects to play cricket is slack at his fielding or batting, one of the sixth-form boys in authority remonstrates with him; and if this is not enough, canes him soundly, with the full approval of the masters. If a youthful football player does not fairly bear out his part in the scrimmage, the game is stopped while he is taken to the side lines and smacked. Such means are not often necessary. In fact, the shoe is on quite the other foot, — at least from the point of view of the Puritan parent, who keeps up a pretty constant outcry against the waste of time and energy in sports.

At Oxford and Cambridge there is no actual compulsion, but the rivalry among the score of colleges is quite as keen as house rivalry in the schools. And when a college of a hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty undergraduates main-

tains a team in each of the half dozen chief pastimes, there is need of the services of every able-bodied man. To have a sport is as much a matter of course as to bathe. The fellow who can play and won't play is made to play; and the force of a public opinion now and then expresses itself even by means of personal assaults, known as "ragging," or as we should say, by hazing. The very studies seem to be planned as secondary to sport. The system of instruction makes attendance at lectures optional, and the tutor is rare who has the courage to hold forth between luncheon and tea, — the time which custom gives over to recreation. Furthermore, in order to take the degree, it is necessary not only to pass certain examinations, but to complete a minimum of residence, — three years. This is ample for the studies required; but if a man is dull or negligent, he may, by a special dispensation, stay on four years, or even more. As for the studious part of the university life, a man may have done with it, if he is clever or diligent, a full term before the appointed time; but he is allowed no such liberty with the social and athletic part. He is required to keep on residing, studies or no studies, until the minimum is completed. To a sportsman brought up under American faculty regulations this is the most delightful of paradoxes; but it is very characteristic of the Englishman, who rivals the Chinaman in standing fixed ideas upon their heads. The "solid-reading man" who goes in for honors differs from the passman only in degree. His whole duty is supposed to be fulfilled if, as the phrase goes, he reads his five good hours a day. Oarsmen and cricketers often stand high in the schools, and he who runs may read.

There is reason in all this, — at least British reason. The passman is the historical undergraduate, and little short of a convulsion could disestablish him, — that is the best of British reasons. And then, the authorities argue amiably,

if it were not for the pass schools the majority of the passmen would not come to Oxford at all, and would spend their impressionable period in some place of much less amenity. Clearly they learn all that it is needful for a gentleman to know, especially in the way of sportsmanship; and they are perhaps kept from a great deal that is dangerous to young fellows with money and leisure. It means much to the aristocracy and nobility of England that, whatever their ambitions and capacities, they are encouraged by the pursuit of a not too elusive A. B. to experience four years of the sport and good-comradeship of the university. Even the ambitious student profits by the arrangement. Wherever his future may be passed, in the public service, in law, medicine, or even theology, it is of advantage to know men of birth and position, and to have met them in the contests of field and river, — of far greater advantage, from the common sensible English point of view, than to have been educated in an atmosphere of exact scholarship.

Still more than in America athletic success is the great distinction of school life. The leading athletes constitute an aristocracy as well recognized and as well organized as the house of peers. At Eton the captain of the boats wields an authority in his little kingdom as well established as that of the sovereign across the river at Windsor, and far more absolute. At the universities a great athlete is awarded the privilege of wearing the colors, which makes him a "blue," much as a successful general is awarded a peerage; and there are half blues as there are baronets and knights. The instinct of play is not only cultivated in England; it has been organized into one of the unrecorded institutions of the realm.

VI.

The man who has spent his boyhood and youth in school or university athletics falls beneath a tyranny of the

flesh as rigorous as that of the climate. When a mind that has been highly cultivated is doomed to mere workaday life, it falls prey to a malady of unrest which is too well known; and the body that has once felt the high tide of physical well-being is as loath to revert to an ignoble estate. Like the other muscles, the heart develops with exercise. The lungs expand and build up new air cells; the blood vessels increase in size and in number. On a sudden change to a sedentary life, the increase of tissue, now superfluous, degenerates, and brings a physical stupor greater than that of the man who has never trained. Not infrequently the degenerate tissues offer lodgment to diseases which a normal physique would shake off. When, as sometimes happens, a famous oarsman or football player is carried away in middle life, the fault usually lies with the inactivity of his postgraduate days. The worst results can be avoided by making the transition from activity to inactivity gradual, — by tapering off, as the Yankee says; but the best rule is, Once an athlete, always an athlete. The full development of national sport requires sports for all ages as for all seasons.

Hunting has been followed in England ever since there were vermin in the fields and men of some leisure with horses in their stables; shooting since there were stone arrows, beasts and birds. The primitive form of football (if not, as some maintain, its spiritual prototype) is said to be a prehistoric festival in which the Saxon inhabitants of the midlands made a pastime of kicking about the heads of vanquished Danes; and cricket traces back through dimly shadowed centuries of stoolball to the unrecorded annals of rounders, — the parent also of our own baseball. But the nineteenth century, which witnessed the sudden flowering of school and university sport, brought a new era in the sports of the nation at large. The old boy and the graduate have clubbed together for the cultivation of their fa-

vorite games in every possible walk of life and with sportsmen of all feathers. The Thames, the Clyde, and other boating rivers are crowded with rowing clubs, in most of which school and university oarsmen have been leading spirits; and there are many regattas on each of them, of which Henley is only the most famous. Every town has its football field, and the sport is so universal and so much a part of the life that club-houses for its cultivation are rare. Every village green has its cricket creases, and many a common its golf course. In the cities, each of the large business houses is likely to maintain teams in all the most popular sports. One of the many functions of the houses of Parliament is that of a golf club. The Hon. A. J. Balfour is not unknown as a cabinet minister and as the author of a philosophic disquisition on the Foundations of Belief; but it is said to be his particular pride that he is a winner of the parliamentary handicap. It is the same in all professions. Mr. Dan Leno, after an arduous year of acting in the Drury Lane pantomime and on the music-hall stage, lately ended his season by captaining a cricket eleven of fellow actors; and in a charity match against a rival team of professionals of the boards, he enacted cricket with such histrionic distinction that the conscientious scorer felt obliged to credit him personally with 9999 runs. "After the game," said a newspaper reporter, "an impression prevailed that Mr. Leno's team had won." Dr. Conan Doyle achieved equal success in captaining an eleven of authors against an eleven of artists. As opponent after opponent fell before his bowling, the secret of his prowess became known. No man of sensibility, the artists explained, could keep his eye in while that hulking figure in a pink shirt stood against an olive-green background.

So indigenous are country life and sport that what we call country clubs are all but unknown. Each household estate outside the large towns is a coun-

try club in itself. When clubs and club-houses exist, they are for those who live in town, and are located in the suburbs. The most fashionable London clubs, Ranelagh and Hurlingham, are on the Thames, at Chelsea and at Fulham, and can be reached by the underground. They provide pigeon-shooting, golf, tennis, cricket, fives, rackets, football, and polo. They are luxurious in their way, and their membership is closely guarded; but they are not very expensive, according to American standards. The Queen's Club, Kensington, where the inter-university athletic and football meetings are held, as well as international athletic contests, has accommodations also for fives, rackets, and tennis. The famous Lord's, the historic guardian of cricket and its very citadel, is in St. John's Wood. Both are accessible from the city by the Tuppenny Tube and an omnibus. The initiation fee and dues of the purely sporting clubs seldom exceed five guineas each. Within an hour after leaving his office, and at the expense of a few pennies, the merchant or the clerk may be playing his favorite game.

This teeming athletic life of England has been organized, according to preëxisting boundaries, into rival communities which bear something the same relationship to the nation as a whole that the "houses" bear to the school, and the colleges to the university. Long ago Norman rule trod out the warring Saxon kingdoms, and now railway and telegraph are banding Scotch, Irish, and Welsh into a common nation with the English. But sport has preserved many of the rivalries which statesmanship has destroyed. As long as "Willow the King, that monarch grand," rules the summer (and his reign is known to be everlasting) Sussex will meet Middlesex in the cricket field, as South Saxon of old met Middle Saxon; and the strife will be as serious, if not as sanguinary. And as long as football reigns in winter there will be fierce warfare among English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish.

For some years to come, it would seem, England, by the help of its climate and in spite of it, will be able to bear up against the increasing tension of modern life, and to make the best of its instinct for play. The national heart will beat strong and true, and the national limbs will be lithe. Countless keen contests by field and river will teach thousands and hundreds of thousands of young men the stern virtues that make for success in more trying and more enduring struggles of life. Best of all, this love of sport will foster the spiritual ideal of sportsmanship, — candor, good sense, and generosity, that rise higher as the contest grows hot.

VII.

Yet the prophet of despair is abroad in the land: the commercial economist has joined the Puritan in crusading against the curse of sports. And there are abuses enough to anatomize. Let a fox hunt sweep by a factory, and every hand is outdoors gaping at the men in pink until they are out of view; when a race meeting comes to the neighborhood, work is virtually suspended until the races are over. The factory hand and the dock laborer taste the pleasures of hope by placing a shilling or a half crown on the Ascot or the Derby. The Saturday half holiday and the numerous bank holidays are as sacredly observed as the Sabbath of old, which itself has yielded to the passion of the sportsman. All this tends to increase greatly the cost of production. Labor, it is true, is cheaper by the day in England than with us; but the holidays of the sportsman combined with the inertia of life in an aristocracy have apparently reversed the balance as regards relative results. If an American business house is pressed with orders, it works overtime, nights and holidays, until the rush is past. An English firm is more apt to refuse the orders, keeping on with its holidays, while the neglected orders fatten its

rivals. The capitalist is more lavish than the improvident laborer in taking holidays for sport. On Derby day, the same highway that takes the coster to Epsom Downs behind his pattering moke bears the prime minister or the king in a drag and four or in a motor car. Throughout London the day is *dies non*. The cricket match at Lord's, between Eton and Harrow or the two universities, must not be neglected though the weightiest affairs go by the board. And throughout the year all business except matters of clerky routine is apt to be suspended from Friday noon until Monday noon. Is it necessary that a board of directors shall meet and take action on August 12, or thereafter? Quite out of the question, for that is the opening of the grouse season, and the members of the board will be scattered to the moors of the four kingdoms. As for Parliament, nothing short of a foreign invasion could keep it from adjourning before that magic day. An American going to London on business will do well to allow two weeks for what he could do in one week in New York or Chicago; and if his business is of a kind to demand judgment and decision from his Englishman, he will be lucky if he gets through it in four weeks. Unless the American is a philosopher, he chafes while his heels are cooling, and bursts out in sarcasm, invective, and rude profanity. But he may comfort himself by the thought that in the long run these leisurely ways enable him to do the business the islander is neglecting. Like all the great functions of life, sport may be a curse as well as a blessing. The problem is the old one of the golden mean.

During the past decade the United States has caught the mother country napping, and has made deep inroads into her sources of national wealth; but the fate of a great nation is seldom determined in a decade or in a century. We have made a brilliant foray: can we maintain our position? The question

is largely one of solidity and endurance; and it is just here that the American physique and temperament, keen and active as it is, is likely to prove lacking. The country that is the home of the rest cure has the greatest need of rest; and of all forms of recuperation sport is the most powerful. Interesting testimony on this point may be gathered from Americans who are living and doing business in London. It is to this effect: the American is keener and more rapid; the Englishman lives his life slowly and more fully. As a business man, the American is said to be better up to forty-five or fifty; after that he is seldom as capable as the easy-going Englishman, who keeps his faculties steady and alert to a green old age. It is a sign of the times that no small part of the plentiful earnings of the American pioneer in English trade has gone into country houses and shooting boxes, and even the younger men are finding the "week-end outing" of commercial value. In the long run American industry can probably profit by more holidays and less worry.

In the larger business of empire-building the importance of athletic sports is even more evident. There is a saying that the English colonist plays cricket, drinks Scotch whiskey, and flourishes in numbers, while the French colonist drinks absinthe and dies — of the climate. And the humanities of sport are no less important than the discipline. Natives of India and New Zealand have learned the delights of polo, football, and cricket while playing with English colonists; the Egyptian cadets of Abasayah have been made sportsmen by means of contests with teams from the regiments of occupation. In a few short years a fellow feeling and a mutual confidence have arisen that would otherwise be impossible in generations. Nowadays, Ghoorka meets Ghoorka in contests of sportsmanship, Maori meets Maori, Egyptian meets Egyptian, and all are three parts Englishmen. Quite

lately the Boer prisoners in Ceylon got up a team to play a British cricket eleven, and ended the day by singing a song, composed by one of their number, invoking peace in South Africa. Before the general balance in favor of British sports is wiped away there must be many decades of commercial and colonial reverses; if America is to enter into a lasting competition with the mother country, it will be necessary not only to avoid the faults of British sportsmanship, but to emulate its virtues.

In determining these virtues the national phlegm is a not unimportant fac-

tor. The Englishman has few of the temptations to exceed the limits of sportsmanly good feeling which beset the more strenuous American. Yet, whatever the cause, the result is one which Americans have good reason to emulate. The time will come when football and baseball may be made a powerful ally in exerting our influence on the jealous Cuban and in conciliating the reluctant Filipino. Against such a time, is it not worth while to make sure that the courtesies of the games are such that we need not blush in disclosing them to our intelligent pupils?

John Corbin.

THE THRUSH.

THE briers and leaves and the underbrush
Are in league with the Thrush.
They are full of subtle and quick suspicion;
And when I am trying to find admission
Into the thicket, they reach to stay me,
And all the vines and the thorns delay me;
And when I am creeping along, along,
Softly, lest I should break the song,
The vines will flutter
With words of fear,
And the leaves will utter,
"Anear — anear!"
And the Thrush will stop,
And suddenly drop
Into the dusk of the underbrush.
Then I will listen, and in the hush
The ear perceives
A step in the leaves;
And I look below
In the shady room,
And his brown's aglow
In the leafy gloom;
And I catch his eye,
So warily shy,
And then — we are almost friends — and then
There are the chattering leaves again,
Foolish, timorous leaves that cry,
"Have a care for the folk that pry!"

Mary Burt Messer.

THE STUDY OF THE INFINITELY SMALL.

SOME years ago, a club of specialists in Cambridge, stirred by a remark of one of its members, that when we look deeply into any scientific subject we are dismayed at the lack of exactness in most of our cherished scientific beliefs, fell to discussing, "What is surely known?"

The biologist confessed that in his subject there is no fundamental theory which is established beyond question. How fertilization really takes place, the beginning of life, is a much-mooted point; there may be double fertilization where there is apparently only single fertilization. The theory of heredity has great exceptions and contradictions. Protoplasm is the veil which hides life from us. The chemist does not know the shape of his atoms, and is not sure that the so-called elements are truly elements. Gold, for instance, may consist of many elements; there are scores of mysterious lines in the spectrum of its vapor. The very unit of measure of the chemist, the hydrogen atom, formerly supposed to be one and indivisible, is now, as we shall show in this paper with a good array of reason, a composite structure and not indivisible. It also has a complicated spectrum in the region which is veiled to our eyes, but is now revealed in the invisible violet by the labors of the physicist. The geologist has no definite period of years by which he can estimate with accuracy the age of the earth. The centre of the earth may be solid or it may be liquid. When the physicist's turn came to take part in the discussion, he claimed for his science the possession of the one absolute and incontrovertible basis of all future theories, — the fact of the to-and-fro or periodic motion of radiant energy.

The fact that light and all radiant energy consists of a to-and-fro motion, with perfectly measurable wave lengths, is the one fact which we know

beyond question; the wave length of hydrogen is the same in the light which comes to us from a star five hundred million miles away as in the light of the gas contained in glass tubes in our laboratories. This light comes through space with a vibrating motion which was given to it where and when it was generated. The to-and-fro motion changes instantly at points in space infinitely near each other, so that we can think of this motion in all directions about a point, successively taking place in all possible angles or azimuths. This to-and-fro motion holds throughout the universe; it is measured in the light of stars which are so distant that they cannot be seen. We have reason for thinking that the law of gravitation may not hold in the regions from which this light comes in its unalterable fashion. It was confessed at the club, after some argument, that the physicist had indeed a bit of absolute truth, — something which was the same through the universe as we see it, and something which could be measured with a marvelous degree of accuracy.

The great Maxwellian theory of the electro-magnetic nature of this to-and-fro motion has been considered, until lately, in what may be termed its large aspect; that is, the motions of the ether were calculated without reference to the motions of extremely small particles of matter, — much as if we should fix our minds on the motion of ocean waves, and disregard the ripples produced in the water by rapidly moving fishes. There were inconsistencies in the theory which could not be reconciled until we took into account the motions of the smallest particles of matter. The study of the infinitely small has therefore become of the first consideration, and has received its greatest impetus from the subject of electrical discharges. Maxwell, indeed,

seems to have had a suspicion that much would be revealed in the subject of electricity by an investigation of such discharges; for he speaks of the desirability of it, in his great work. While the patient study of this most puzzling subject was being prosecuted, — a study which was derided by many as being of little importance, — Hertz succeeded in showing, experimentally, the wave motions of electricity, and thus in substantiating Maxwell's hypothesis. He showed that the electric waves could be reflected, refracted, and polarized, and in short were identical in their nature with light waves. He produced the waves by means of electric sparks. These Hertz waves are used in wireless telegraphy. Such waves are in general at least two or three feet long. They have been produced one eighth of an inch long. The many puzzling manifestations of light produced by electric discharges in rarefied gases were undoubtedly to - and - fro motions in the ether, and had wave lengths; but some of these wave lengths were too small to be estimated. There were, for instance, beams of light which were shot forth at a large angle with the general direction of the electric discharge. Professor Crookes attributed this light — which was called, from its place of origin, the kathode light — to small particles which were shot off from the kathode, or negative terminal of the electric circuit. Many physicists did not agree with him in this conjecture. The passage of electricity through conducting liquids exhibited phenomena analogous to the discharges through gases; they could best be explained by the hypothesis that there were in all liquids wandering ions or small particles of matter which carried electric charges. When this idea seized the minds of investigators, the progress in building up the new hypothesis upon which the entire scientific world is now working became rapid. The solution of every substance is conceived to consist of free and bound ions. Even a solution

of sugar resembles a gas in consisting of molecules which by their movement exert a pressure on the walls of the tumbler containing the solution. The passage of electricity through such a solution results in the separation of the molecules into active and passive. The active ions carry the electricity. Every solution, therefore, under the effect of an electric current, is like a beehive filled with drones and workers.

It was soon realized that such discharges through gases resembled the phenomena of the passage of electricity through solutions; there were active and passive ions. Maxwell's hypothesis was reinvestigated from the point of view of the possible magnetic effect of rapidly moving extremely small particles of matter carrying electric charges; and it was seen that where Maxwell's large hypothesis failed to be upheld by facts, the theory of the magnetic effect of small particles carrying electric charges led to a more consistent view of the action of electricity. It was necessary to study the small undulations in the ether produced by the rapid motion and the impact of these particles; in other words, the motion of the small fishes in the large waves became all-important. It seemed as if we were returning to a corpuscular theory of light, or rather, to a combination of this hypothesis with the undulatory theory; we were coming also to the conception of a motion from particle to particle, and were strengthening our conviction that there was no such thing as action at a distance. We were forming a picture of waves started in the ether by the blows of very small charged bodies, called electrons, which moved with a velocity of many thousand miles a second, and which, by their impact against solid bodies, sent out waves which we can picture to ourselves as similar to the waves excited in the air by the impact of a projectile against a plate or the fall of a stone into water. I have said that Professor Crookes early entertained the belief that the peculiar kath-

ode light which was the precursor of the X rays was due to the impact of rapidly moving particles; and Weber, a German physicist, had elaborated a mathematical theory of electricity on the basis of the movement of small particles of charged matter. In this theory it was supposed that the positive and negative particles had the same velocity. This theory, however, could not be upheld without serious doubts. The modern theory, which is now the prevailing one, supposes that the negatively charged particle has the greatest motion, and that there are not equal quantities of positive and negative electricity passing in opposite directions when an electric current flows. By this hypothesis, it was predicted that the light of sodium vapor, the light which is produced when common salt is burned in a flame, when generated between the poles of a powerful electro-magnet would manifest certain optical peculiarities. The observer would see a doubling or a tripling of the yellow lines characteristic of the vapor of this salt. This theoretical conclusion was soon confirmed by observation, and it became possible to measure the size of the vibrating negative atom. It was found that it was only one thousandth of the chemist's atom.

Then came the discovery of the X rays, and by means of the phenomena exhibited by them Professor Thomson arrived at another estimate of the size of the negative atom, which agreed fairly well with the estimate formed from the preceding method. We have now a conception of a particle of matter called an electron, which is the one thousandth part of the chemist's atom, and which moves with a velocity approximating to that of light; its impact upon solid bodies generates waves in the ether which are called electro-magnetic and which constitute light and heat. The positive atom is apparently inert electrically until the negative ion which we now call the electron has become detached from it. The posi-

tive atom can be called the drone in the electrical hive, and the electron the worker.

Since we have arrived at the conception of activity and passivity, cannot we suppose that the mass of bodies is not real, and is merely apparent; moreover, that the attraction of gravitation is an electrical phenomenon?

How large, then, is this electron? We have estimated it as the one thousandth part of the chemist's atom. It has been computed that in a cubic inch of air — the volume represented by a small bird's egg — the number of molecules is one followed by twenty-four ciphers. It conveys little idea to express this number in words. The hydrogen molecule is supposed by the chemist to consist of two atoms; and the physicist believes that each of these atoms has attached to it an electron which is one thousandth of the hydrogen atom. The most powerful microscope of to-day can barely separate lines which are one hundred thousandth of an inch apart; yet a molecule of hydrogen (not an atom or an electron, — a fairly immense body in comparison with either) has a diameter of about one two hundred and fifty thousand millionths of an inch. The electron stands in relation to the bacilli, which have been revealed by the improvements in the modern microscope, much as the bacilli stand in relation to the size of the earth. This conception of the wandering ion has grown up from a study of the phenomena observed in the passage of electricity through liquids; the phenomena presented are called electrolytic. Water, for instance, breaks up, under the effect of the passage of electricity, into its gaseous components, oxygen and hydrogen; the hydrogen appears at the point where the electricity leaves the liquid, — that is, the negative terminal. There is an important question now agitating the municipal authorities of Cambridge in regard to the electrolytic action of the current of the trolley roads on the iron

mains of the water supply. It has just been discovered that the pipes of one of the chief mains — that leading through Boylston Street and by the Soldier's Field — are being badly eaten by this electrolytic action. The oxygen which is set free at the point where the current passes through the ground to the iron pipes oxidizes the metal by an action similar to that which we observe in our tinned water cans. This corroding action can be reduced by making the current leave the earth by the iron pipes at certain suitable points, instead of entering the pipes from the ground; in other words, generating at such points hydrogen instead of oxygen.

One sees, in traveling in Germany and in Switzerland, immense manufactories, or *Fabriken*, where electricity generated by water power is used to produce electrolytic action to form soda and potash and to reduce metals. Provided thus with many important facts drawn from a study of electrolysis in liquids, the physicist turned to a critical study of the perplexing phenomena presented by the passage of electricity through rarefied gases. One type of such phenomena is presented to us in the northern lights, and another type in lightning discharges. It was soon surmised that there was something analogous to electrolysis in these discharges. My late investigation of the effect of powerful discharges of electricity through gases has led me to many exemplifications of this electrolytic action. When, for instance, a strong current is passed between two large copper terminals in rarefied aqueous vapor, a brilliant copper mirror is formed on the glass containing vessel at the negative terminal, — that is, where the current leaves the copper, — and an oxide of copper is deposited at the point where it enters the copper. Thus oxygen is generated at this latter point, and hydrogen at the negative terminal, just as in the case of the Cambridge water pipes to which I have referred.

My experiments also lead me to the

belief that all discharges of electricity through gases depend upon the existence of a certain amount of aqueous vapor in the gas; in other words, upon the possibility of an electrolytic action. In fact, a study of this electrolytic action of electricity has laid the foundations of a new branch of science, that of physical chemistry, which promises to be one of the most important sciences in the world. It brings the chemist and the physicist, the physiologist and the leader in sanitary science, closely together.

One of the most striking results of the theory of the electron is the discovery of the relationship of obscure phenomena which apparently stood far apart. We are familiar with the light emitted by phosphorus and by decaying matter. Almost all substances can be made to exhibit phosphorescent light by exposure to the sun. After this exposure, many of the sulphides of lime, and particularly the salts of barium, glow brilliantly in the dark. One can photograph by this phosphorescent light; but the light is entirely cut off or shielded from the photographic plate by a sheet of cardboard or a sheet of aluminium. It has been discovered that certain salts of barium, and other obscure salts obtained principally from pitchblende, emit a light which is related to ordinary phosphorescence. This new light has the remarkable property of being able to pass through thick cardboard and thin sheets of aluminium. One can obtain a photograph of the hand on a dry plate which is shielded from the hand by an opaque covering of paper or wood. The light resembles in every way the X-ray light, since we conceive the X-ray light to be excited by the impact of minute particles charged with electricity. We conclude that this new cousinship to phosphorescence is also a manifestation of the impact of electrons which are released from these new substances. The impact causes ripples or waves in the ether.

I remember that in the year 1860 a

man who occupied himself with a microscope was smiled at, as a bleary-eyed, narrow specialist, who had little interest in the large affairs of humanity, — in the important questions of the time, such as the anti-slavery cause, the question of the Turk, the problems of free trade and the tariff. It was supposed that the microscope was a perfected instrument, and that little more could be done with it than to study the lower forms of life, which were interesting to the naturalist, but had remote relations with humanity. At that time the death rate in diphtheria was over sixty per cent, and more than five per cent of women died in childbirth. To-day, owing to improvements in the microscope, the death rate in diphtheria has been reduced to less than ten per cent, and the mortality in lying-in cases to one twentieth of one per cent.

By means of an appropriation from the German government, Zeiss has perfected microscope lenses which have made possible the study of bacilli, and have led to most important results in the treatment of disease. Modern aseptic surgery is also the result of investigations with this new instrument of research. Thus the improvements in the microscope have led to the germ theory of disease, the discovery of antitoxin, and to that greatest boon to mankind, the realization of the importance of aseptic surgery. In aseptic surgery the endeavor of the surgeon is to exclude the small germs which vitiate the blood, and the result of the study of electric discharges is now leading to methods of communicating electrons to the tissues or of setting them free. Violet light can set free electrons from metals; X rays can do the same. Moreover, the latter can burn the tissues, setting up some yet obscure form of electrolytic action. It is claimed strenuously by good authorities that there is a healing action in malignant skin diseases, due to this new electrical radiation. It is also claimed that the new radiation can

aid, or in certain cases retard, the germination of seeds.

The science of physical chemistry has received its greatest impulse from the study of the dissociation effects resulting from the application of electricity on what may be termed a large scale; that is, by the employment of strong currents, such as are used in metallurgical operations and in the electrical furnace. A new branch of physical chemistry has lately been developed from the study of the infinitely little, which promises to be the most important science of the future; for it deals most intimately with the problems of life. This subject is called electro-chemistry. It is based upon the effect of electricity in revealing the important reactions and motions of the smallest particles of matter. The literature on this subject in current periodicals already exceeds that of any other department of physical science. Until a comparatively late day, heat and light were considered the principal agents which chemists employed to study the reactions of matter. In the new subject of electro-chemistry, electricity occupies the first place, as a destroyer and a readjuster; and heat and light are merely subordinate parts of its manifestations, differing from it only in length of waves in the ether. The to-and-fro motion, which is our incontestable fact, is an electrical vibration. When we consider the investigations in electro-chemistry, we perceive that the most important actions of electricity are not those we are conscious of in their great practical applications; it is rather in subtle and silent effects that it works its greatest changes on life and matter.

For the purpose of illustrating the manner in which electricity can reveal to the eye the motions of the infinitely small, I will speak again of the manifestation of lightning. Before a lightning flash occurs the air is colorless and invisible. We cannot distinguish its components, — oxygen, hydrogen, ar-

gon, neon, and possibly many other gases which it contains. When, however, the flash occurs, that which was without color becomes blinding white with suggestions of red, yellow, and blue. If we look through a prism of glass at the flash, we see a multitude of bright lines of many colors. These colors indicate the rate of movement of infinitely small particles or ions, which reveal themselves only under the stimulus of electricity. When the flash dies out they become again invisible, having recorded their wave lengths by the aid of electricity in agitating the small particles of silver on a photographic plate.

It seems to be evident that there is a path of human inquiry which leads somewhere into the open: that path is one into the world of the infinitely little. The hope of the world lies, I am convinced, in the labors of the physicist along this path. In 1860 the physicists were trying to comprehend and to measure large things. They were weighing the earth, estimating the distance of the heavenly bodies, or speculating on the limits of the stellar universe. There were measurements, too, of what was considered the velocity of electricity, which, however, was not this velocity. It was a large thing, and was therefore considered of importance in comparison with observations with a microscope. Men were thinking of large

relations in the universe. Tyndall expressed the growing conviction of his time that light and heat differed from each other only in the length of ether waves, and struck a popular note in his treatise entitled *Heat as a Mode of Motion*. This book dealt with what seemed vast problems in the conservation of energy. Electricity was referred to only as a powerful means of producing light and heat; there was no intimation that light might be an electro-magnetic phenomenon. The world was impressed with thoughts of the equivalence between heat and work, but it was not yet ready for the theory that heat is an electric phenomenon. It had reason to feel proud of the generalization that heat and light are due to a to-and-fro motion in some medium pervading all space, which is provisionally called the ether, and that heat differs from light only in the length of wave. In 1873 Maxwell enunciated his celebrated hypothesis that light and heat are electro-magnetic in their nature. This theory is the leading one to-day in the physical world: it connects in close relationship phenomena which had never before been joined. However this hypothesis may be modified, we have in it a bit of knowledge of which I think we have reason to be proud. It is a kernel of absolute truth, — perhaps the only such kernel in the material world.

John Trowbridge.

NEITHER DO MEN PUT NEW WINE INTO OLD BOTTLES.

E'EN so, but who shall stay
The impartial Hand that fills,
From out Time's treasury,
New souls with world-old ills?
Old loves, old hates, old fears,
A subtly practiced horde,
Old smiles and following tears,
Out of Time's vials poured.

Grace Richardson.

IN MY LADY'S GARDEN.

PAGES FROM THE DIARY OF SIR JOHN ELWYNNE.

May 10, 1900. The Lady Mary is the most aggravating, perplexing, distracting paradox that ever drew a breath of spring; she keeps a man's heart on the high tension. The game of fire-snap is a mild parable. She sits under the beech tree in her garden, her hands crossed demurely (they are whiter than the muslin they rest upon, and that is as spotless as cleanliness); modestly her long black lashes sweep her cheek: she looks for all the world like one of the tranquil violets at her feet. She is a creature to guard, to cherish, to protect. In this mood one approaches her. The lashes lift, and there are flashing eyes which know no yielding; and the hand that grants a welcome has the air of wielding an invisible sceptre. A creature to cherish, to protect, to guard! O all ye heavenly powers, it is as much as any man can do to hold his own!

I love her, and of course she knows it. I have loved her since she was five and I was six, and we played together in this very garden. I have loved her since we watched the planting of the avenue of stripling oaks which enlarges the garden on the north side, — by her respected father, now in glory. Did we not play at housekeeping down in the dell that runs along the south end? Did we not hide where the winding brook babbles, where the wild flowers grow? Did we not spread nuptial feasts of violets and cowslips, of primroses and buttercups, and pledge each other in sparkling water drunk from emerald goblets made of folded leaves?

Does she love me? It would puzzle the combined lawyers of the United Kingdom to discover. All the mind readers, the sages, and the witches together would be shaken by the task of divining. Even that nocturnal friend of

the good King Saul, who seemed to know what was what in the world, and who was who, would have given up the conundrum, and asked for an easier. Sometimes my heart is glad as this sun-bright spring day, for Mary smiles, — turns to me with that ineffable sweetness which can mean naught but love. I am caught up into a heaven of delight. And then she says some scornful word, or laughs that rippling laughter, which is charming as a bit of nature, but not encouraging to a lover's heart. The few favors she grants me are questionable, open to doubt, debatable points. Take her garden, for example, — her dear, fragrant, incomparable garden, — to me the most delicious place in all the world. Is it a hopeful sign or is it a hopeless one that she says to me, with sweet graciousness, "Jack, don't come to afternoon tea in the house, when every one is bothering around; come to see me in the garden, in the morning. I am always there from ten to twelve"?

Now I know perfectly well that a crowd of fashionables comes down from London every afternoon. The times I have been there, Mary has been resplendent in French gowns and London airs. Is it because she feels me worthy of better things that she pays me the compliment of receiving me in nature's own vast corridors, beneath the royal vault of heaven; or is it because she thinks me just a country recluse, and out of place in drawing-rooms? Is it because she loves her garden better than any place in all the world, and knows how well I love it, too, and remembers one of the mathematical axioms we learned together over there in the schoolhouse; or is it that she catalogues me with pinafores and lollipops, and I fit into remembrance, and give the gar-

den a sense of home? For my lady has a very homey side, with all her frills. Well, anyway, I like the garden best — but I wish I knew.

May 16. She really was more beautiful to-day than I have ever seen her; it is enough to turn a man's brain. I like to run over every day, if only to say good-morning: this seems but proper and neighborly, for the few months she is down here, as our families have been friends since childhood. This morning I was late. I became so interested in my work I lost count of time, and it was nearly twelve when I reached the garden; but I felt that would make small difference to my lady, as she seemed to be especially oblivious of my presence yesterday.

Mary always comes into the garden by the small upper gate that opens from the lawn; but I of course enter by the lower one, nearer to the carriage drive; so if she is there before me, and has taken her favorite seat on the green knoll under the beech tree, I can see her before I reach her, as a picture through a vista, — the long yew walk.

This morning she was seated when I came. The hawthorn hedge is out, and made a background for her. It was not fairer than she. I stood a moment at the end of the walk and looked at her. She sat there like a queen upon her throne. She was all in white. Around her bloomed the flowers of spring in riotous abandonment of splendor, — lilacs and columbines and larkspur and daffodils, the first wild roses and the tall May lilies. Crimson and purple, yellow and blue, scarlet and violet, — every color seemed to have burst into blossom, to fling its homage at her feet. She did not raise her eyes, though I know she knew I was there. The garden was unusually still. The birds, even, for a wonder, were silent; only the splash of the fountain. Surely she must have heard my footsteps, but she did not look up until I stood beside her and said, "Good-morning." Then she lifted her

long lashes; her eyes flashed dark under her plumed garden hat.

"Good-evening," she responded. "I was just about going in; it is time to go to bed."

"Ah, now I understand it," I retorted. I saw she did not want to ask me what, but curiosity got the better of her.

"Oh," I answered, looking at my watch, "I understand what makes you such a raving beauty. They say the beauty sleep is that which one takes before midnight, and of course if one takes twelve hours and a half" —

"Don't be a goose, Jack," she interrupted petulantly.

"I might be something worse," I argued. "Don't you know it was a goose that saved Rome?"

"Not at all," she replied. (You can't catch Mary.) "*Geese* saved Rome. Things change their relative value and potentiality when they are collective: that is the reason why I don't mind geese in society. I see them *en masse*, and perhaps they have a mission, — like saving Rome, for example; but if I am reduced to a tête-à-tête with one man alone — why! — horrors! He must be wisdom itself, or he could not save anything. You know as well as I do that one goose could never have saved Rome."

Whereupon, because I am a coward and have n't the courage of my convictions, — which are that Mary ought not to be humored at every tack and turn, — I began to talk with her in the most pedantic way about my work of the morning. I told her how intensely interested I was in a passage I had discovered in Herodotus which seemed to confirm my dearly held theory about the Greeks.

"Dear me, Jack, how dull you are!" she exclaimed, after I had talked awhile. She stifled a yawn, rose, and stretched out her beautiful arms. To the sun she stretched them, be it understood, not to me! Oh, not to me, alas! There is certainly no pleasing Mary.

May 24. To-day I was a fool, worse luck to me, — imbecile! I wanted to teach Mary a lesson. Surely she deserves it. Now I notice that she is always more apt to listen when I appeal to some remembrance of childhood; so I thought up what I felt was a very clever scheme to tell her a plain truth in a taking way, — a way that would recall the days when we used to sit over there on the old stone seat by the hollyhocks, my brown curls touching her golden ones (oh, why are n't we five now?), my arm around her waist (oh, why did we ever grow up?), poring over nursery rhymes and nursery lays.

Yesterday afternoon I ran into town and made a tour of the toyshops. I bought some little silver bells and some shells that looked like my idea of cockleshells, — though for the life of me I don't know what cockleshells are, and neither did the benighted toyman. Then I gathered a big handful of marigolds, and went over early to the garden. At the foot of the knoll where Mary's seat is, a little to one side, I stuck them into the grass, — the silver bells, the cockleshells, and the "marigolds all in a row." Then I sat down and waited.

By and by she came tripping over the lawn, her garden basket on her arm. I could see her through the iron gate. Her step is as light as the spring, and it seems to me that, like the spring, it must leave flowers wherever she treads. I know the poets say this of their lady-loves, and with them it is utter nonsense; but with Mary it is different; there is a consciousness that it really will happen, — a practical fact in horticulture. I was at the gate to open it for her, and my lady was all graciousness.

"Good-morning. Is n't it a glorious day?" She threw back her head as though she would breathe in the universe. "Oh, Jack, I am so happy! Look at the sky!

'Summer redundant,
Blueness abundant.'

I began to wish I had not arranged my little scenic effect on the knoll. Mother Goose brought into quick juxtaposition with Robert Browning was rather a grotesque dramatic absurdity. However, the die was cast; I must abide the issue. She stood still a moment, like a bird poised for flight; then, "Let's go down to the fountain," she said.

I drew a breath of relief; she had postponed the evil day. We always loved the fountain, she and I. How we used to lean over the stone circle and dabble our hands in the clear water, to the peril of our pinafores! And what unspeakable fascination the old Triton with his horn used to have for our childish imagination!

By a sudden impulse, — perhaps it was the day, for who dares say that nature is less intoxicating than wine? — we both leaned forward and splashed our hands in the cool, clear water. I looked at the white, blue-veined hand near mine; it took all my courage to refrain from gathering it in my own. But there is this fortunate difference between being drunk with wine and being drunk with May elixir: the latter makes you strong to resist as well as strong to desire.

"Your hand is n't so brown as it used to be, Mary."

"Nor yours so little," she said, looking at mine.

"Would you like to go back to those days, Mary?"

"Oh, I don't know; that depends. Would you?"

"That depends," I reiterated.

"On what?" she asked.

"On you," I said.

She knew perfectly well what I meant. She has always known that I love her, and she knows also, perfectly well, that I will not make any claim of her nor ask her any question until she has shown me that it will not trouble her. My reverence is too great to bring to her the grief of saying "No." My reverence,

—and is it perhaps my fear as well? Better to be merely a guard in the court of my queen than to be a banished exile. But she knows. I have no fear that she does not know. I have told her by every way love can be told except by direct question and appeal.

"Yes, it depends on you," I said again.

"On me? Oh, see that darling yellow butterfly!" she cried. "He looks like a piece of sunshine broken off." She drew out her hands, dashed off the crystal drops, and started to chase the butterfly, — even the butterflies cannot escape Mary. In a few minutes she had it under her garden hat, — a great white straw flat, with long, white plumes.

"Poor butterfly," I said. "What are you going to do now?"

"Why, let it go, *of course*. You don't think I would *keep* it, do you? You cruel thing!"

"Then why did you catch it?" I asked.

"Just to see that I could," she answered.

"That is the way you do, is it?" I ventured, significance in my tone.

"Yes, that is the way I do, — always," she answered, inconsequence in hers.

The unavoidable time drew near. We turned toward the knoll. I thought of my *coup d'état*; all of a sudden it seemed such a stupid thing to have done, so supremely silly. Mary was busy readjusting her hat, and did not see it. She had been seated a few moments, when she turned her head to watch the flight of a bird. I saw her eyes suddenly caught; I saw them open wide. I saw laughter brim from their depths and ripple around the corners of her desirable mouth; for she had marked the silver bells, the cockleshells, and the "marigolds all in a row." But by the time she had turned her head back to me she had banished every trace of laughter.

"I am not," she said, with a most

adorable pout and a stamp of her foot upon the soft earth.

"Not what?" I inquired.

"I am not 'contrary.'"

"Oh, then you understood?" I asked.

"I am not a dunce!" stamping her foot a second time, and pouting even more adorably.

"You are not contrary, and you are not a dunce," I said. "Two negatives make an affirmative; so what are you?"

She deigned me no answer, but jumped up and ran quickly down to the flower beds. I was about to follow her, when she returned with a bit of flaming snapdragon in her hands. She held it out and made a low curtsy; her white muslin swept the green grass like an angel's wing.

"That is what *you* are," she said, and turned and went into the house.

Oh, miserere! miserere! What a change there was in the day! How ugly and empty the world looked! I beat down with my foot and trod my foolish pleasantry into the ground. How amusing and funny it had seemed in the morning! How stupid and foolish and idiotic it seems now!

Later. Just before getting into bed. I wonder if I ought to have followed Mary to the house? When she was half-way up the lawn, she turned and looked back; she did not know I saw her. I wish now I had; but I hate presuming on old friendships.

May 25. One can never tell about Mary. I went over in fear and trembling to-day, and my lady was graciousness embodied. I had no sooner taken my seat than she said peremptorily, "Stay there." She ran down to the carnation bed and picked a white May pink, which she brought to me. Now she knows very well that of all flowers I love the carnation; it is so firm and strong and delicate, and yet has such a spicy fragrance. She held it out and said: "Take that old snapdragon out of your buttonhole and throw it away. I

will give you this pure, white, fragrant flower instead," and she put her hand ruthlessly upon the snapdragon. Then a spirit of contrariness possessed me.

"No, indeed," I said. "Thank you for the guerdon of the white flower, — I kiss the hand that grants it, — but leave me my snapdragon; it is well for me to ponder my lessons and keep the parable before me. Perhaps I am snappy and dragonish. I hope I am above taking suggestions with a pout."

I was frightened at my temerity; but she was not displeased, for a wonder.

"Am I contráry, Jack?" Her eyes were tender, her lips appealing. "Am I?"

"Not now," I assured her.

"Well, I fear I am sometimes; it is a great fault of mine. Help me to overcome it, won't you, my friend?" She held out her hand; and then and there I should have put my fortune to the test, but she clipped the wings of my heart, which had spread for a daring flight, by saying hurriedly: "I cannot stay; I only ran out for a second. Good-by. Some men are coming down to luncheon," she called back over her shoulder.

Men coming to luncheon! Why did she not ask me? She ought to; I am her neighbor. It is quite evident she does not care at all. I am well enough for the garden and the old-time memory, but the line is drawn there.

Later. I have just thought it may possibly be because, the last time I lunched there with some London men, I told her I didn't see how she could stand such driveling twaddle as they talked. She was very angry.

May 30. There is nothing to record to-day. I had been to the village, and came in through the west gate, walking up by the lavender walk. I thought it would have its own pleasure to surprise Mary from the lilac bushes at the back of the knoll. When I got to the open space where the sundial is, I waited before going through the lilacs.

I let myself wonder if there might be a divine possibility that Mary would be looking expectantly down the yew walk, but in a moment I was shocked out of any hope that was prescient within me. I heard Mary's treble laugh in duet with a man's heavier one. A man — here! In the morning! In our garden! He must have come down from London on the early train; for I knew there are no guests staying in the house, and the rector of Thornycroft could never laugh so freely and blithely, on his small stipend, with five buxom lasses and four stalwart boys to provide for. I should have come home at once, — the garden had less of interest for me; but I could not spy upon her doings and remain unannounced, so I stepped out from the lilac bushes. Mary seemed startled for a moment; perhaps she did n't like being interrupted; then she graciously took me into the circle, and sparkled away like a bit of sunshine. The man had come down from London, and he was not bad-looking. No, he was not bad-looking, but I didn't fancy him; he was an obsequious, unnecessary excrescence in the garden.

When Mary presented him, he looked at me with frank curiosity. "Sir John Elwynne of Elwynne?" he said. "Pleased to meet you, Sir John. Why do we never see you at the clubs in town?"

I presume a man who has a town house which is usually vacant seems a crank to him.

"I prefer Thornycroft," I answered stupidly. I knew perfectly well that this was an unmannerly answer, dull, altogether banal, which was the more irritating because I had a curious sense that Mary expected me to be brilliant.

She threw back her head and laughed. "Oh, Sir John is buried in his musty, dusty, fusty books all the time. He does n't care for our frivolities."

"Just fancy!" said the man, looking at Mary with a frank air of free-masonry. It struck me with a pang

that they have a bond in common of which I know nothing.

"Why leave London such a day as this?" I said dryly. "Pall Mall must be inspiring to-day." This was nasty; but if a man has predilections, I do like him to live up to them.

"Ah, when the best of London comes to Thornycroft it is a different matter," he said, waving his hand toward Mary.

"Pardon me," I remarked, "but I put it the other way: Thornycroft keeps its own best when the Lady Mary does not go to London."

"Well, upon my word, you know," he answered good-naturedly, "I could not fancy her down here; but the more I look at her," and he focused Mary with his eyes, which irritated me beyond expression, "the more I see it suits her. She looks for all the world like one of those marquises in a Watteau picture."

"A Watteau picture?" cried Mary. "Merci, monsieur! Why not say a Dolly Varden on a field of chintz?" She raised her arch eyes to mine, and for a moment I knew that *we* had a bond in common.

I stayed only a few minutes, notwithstanding Mary's "Don't go." Two are company; three a hopeless crowd. As the man from London did n't seem to grasp that fact, I was obliged to. No, there is nothing new to record.

I feel strangely alone in the universe to-night, — as though I were on some frozen planet, where no human life abides. This is quite imbecile, for England alone has twenty-seven million inhabitants; and even if the Lady Mary —

May 31. If I were iron, I should soon become steel. Mary employs a process of plunging me from hot to cold, and from cold to hot. When I awoke this morning, there was the man from London, omnipresent, in my room, in my dressing room, even in my bath. I certainly could not defy him to his face and go over to-day to the garden, so I ordered Restless for a long ride. Just

as I was starting off, by good luck, Mary's messenger caught me, with this note. I have so few letters from Mary, in spite of our long friendship, I will copy it here, in case she should ever bid me destroy the original. You never can tell what Mary will do. Here it is:

DEAR JACK, — Jebbs is an idiot. If he had n't so many qualities besides that were n't idiotic, I should ask mamma to dismiss him. I was so angry at his stupidity yesterday. The idea of his sending that man down into the garden! I have told him a thousand times that when I am there I do not exist, — for the world, that is. I have given strict orders that even if the Pope of Rome or the Czar of Russia should come, I am *non est*. No one is to be sent into the garden save only the persons I invite. Come to-day.

MARY.

Of course I went.

"Well," I greeted her, "women puzzle me. I thought that man's visit was of all things your heart's desire, yesterday; I am sure you acted so. No one would have imagined for a moment that he was not a dear and much-desired friend."

"Why, Jack, I had to be polite," she said, opening her eyes demurely. "Don't you approve of manners?"

"I lived face to face, through all the years of my university course, with the maxim, 'Manners maketh man,' " I answered her. "And it has been borne in upon me since that they do not spoil women," I added, under my breath.

"I know what you are thinking, Jack." She leaned forward, her head on her hand, and looked into my face. (She is perfectly irresistible in that position.) "You are thinking that my manners might be better to you sometimes."

My thought had not shaped itself, but it was along those lines; she shaped it for me. I did n't tell her this, how-

ever; I said instead: "Manners have no need to make the Lady Mary. The Lady Mary makes manners."

"I know I am not as nice to you as I am to other men," she reflected, a little ruefully; "but then, with you it is different, you know."

How is it different, I wonder? Why is it different? When Carlyle talks of man's wrestle with the Everlasting Why, he is thinking along other lines, I presume, but God knows there is no greater wrestle in the universe than the wrestle with the feminine Why.

June 1. I went over to-day armed with a message to my lady's heart, and much good it did me! I carried my Herrick and a great fragrant rose. I handed her the rose.

"What a gorgeous creature!" she said. "My poor garden cannot vie with the splendid gardens of Elwynne Court."

"What folly!" I replied. "You know there is nothing lovelier on earth than this tangle of fragrance and beauty, nature's own expression, which man has not impudently meddled with; simply guided and curbed by a loving hand. The stiff gardens of Elwynne are detestable to me, with their topiary horrors and their ugly formal beds. It is nothing but respect for my ancestors that prevents my leveling them to the ground. A garden that is stiff is a monstrosity, like an affected woman."

"What heresy! Level the gardens of Elwynne Court! Jack, you are a vandal. Think of your famous hedge, planted by Charles the Second!"

"I don't like to think of it," I argued. "I believe it was the only thing that Charles the Second ever did that lived; and why it should belong to me, to remind me of him, I don't know."

"Don't you like Charles the Second?" She opened her great eyes with as much surprise as though I had claimed disapprobation of the Magna Charta.

"Do you?" I asked, to hear what she would say.

"Why, certainly," she replied, with her most earnest air; "he wore such good clothes. The clothes a man wears show what he is!"

She was too well bred to glance at mine, but I know I stand a poor showing beside those London swells who come down to luncheon. I dress well enough, and my clothes fit well enough, for the most part, but I do not give much thought to them; life seems too full of more important matters. I should have been in despair if I had not a good memory; but I recalled just then what she had said to me when I saw her last winter in London: "Just think, Jack, mamma wants me to marry Lord Exeter. I might as well marry Redfern. I should live in precisely the same atmosphere. Even as far as my quarterings are concerned, I should not lose," she had added, laughing; "for if I married Redfern, I could have the royal arms on my doorplate." But if she does n't care, why does she bother to take her time with these dandies, these fops? All the while I had been thinking these thoughts she had been burying her face in the rose and breathing its very heart out. She looked up.

"What is that?" pointing to my book.

I told her it was Herrick, and that there was a verse in it that went with the rose.

"Herrick is a fraud," she announced emphatically.

"A fraud?" I reiterated.

"Yes," she went on, "a perfect fraud. He passed for a love poet, and cheated posterity into the belief he was one, and he did n't know one thing about love."

This was startling. I asked her why.

"Oh, how can a man know anything about love, when he writes a poem to Julia to-day, to Cloris yesterday, and to Clorinda to-morrow?" She tossed her head scornfully.

I suddenly remembered, as by thought transference, that I had had a most

agreeable afternoon with the Lady Alice Longworth yesterday, and had passed Mary at the entrance gate just as I was riding out. I opened my Herrick and read:—

“Goe, happy rose, and enterwove
With other flowers, bind my love.
Tell her too, she must not be
Longer flowing, longer free,
That so oft has fetter'd me.”

I closed the book; I only wanted to give her the first verse. I read it in a way she could not mistake.

“Did you hear the message?” I asked, leaning toward her, my eyes on hers.

She sat perfectly motionless; so did I. It has been borne in upon me, as I sit here alone to-night, that I ought to have besieged her then and there, taken her in my arms, and stormed the heart to which I had sent the courier rose. I know the old tradition that women like to be conquered, that you must take them by storm; but it has always seemed to me grossly irreverent to look upon woman as though she were a fortress, and man a conqueror. Why not stand like a guest at the door, and wait for her to open? If her maiden modesty precludes her coming forth to bid you enter, at least should a true knight, chivalrous and reverent, wait at the door until she comes with welcome on her lips. So it has always seemed to me; but, as I say, it is borne in upon me to-night, as I sit here all alone, that perhaps a woman waits for something more; perhaps something of the old traditional idea of mastery, which the chivalrous man tries to get away from, lingers with her as the thing desirable. Why does this thought come to me now? Why did it come to me there at that crucial moment? Was it born of a psychic consciousness of some need, some demand upon me in Mary's heart? Never was I so tempted to contradict my own principles, to woo her, and woo her with masterful persistence that would leave no echo of her own heart's voice. I

looked at her, sitting there before me, the sunlight flickering through the beech-tree branches on her bowed head. I felt for one rapturous moment that surrender and sweet yielding were in every line of her beautiful form, on her lips, in her eyes; but—I did not even take her hand. No; it surely must be hers to grant, not mine to seize.

“Did you hear the message?” I asked again, after a while, without moving.

A sudden anger fell upon her; why, the Lord only knows. “No, I did n't hear it,” she said. “Read the last verse. No, not the next, but the last.”

I did n't care for Herrick any longer, — he had fulfilled his mission; but I obeyed. I opened the book and read:

“Take thou my blessing thus, and goe,
And tell her this: but do not so,
Lest a handsome anger flye,
Like a lightning, from her eye,
And burn thee up as well as I.”

My heart sank. The universe spins round to me now as I think of it. Was that her answer? I should not have taken it so but for one fact. As I read she tore the rose to pieces, petal by petal. It was as though she tore the fibres of my heartstrings, one by one. The leaves of the rose floated around her, a red shower, lying on her immaculate muslin like bright drops of blood. This was more than I could bear. I had come to bind my love with a rose, and there were left but fallen petals and the blight of anger. I spoke her name, “Mary!” I know not what my voice betrayed; she hesitated a moment, took a step toward me, then turned and walked away. I did not walk to the gate with her, as is my habit. I walked instead down the dark path between the solemn yews. I heard the click of the gate; I knew she had left the garden — and me! A moment later I heard her voice calling back from the lawn: “Jack, Herrick was a coward! It is only old women and children who are afraid of lightning.” With that she hastened her steps. I could not have overtaken her

if I had tried, but I did not try. Something — is it my strength or my weakness? — withheld me. But neither did I leave the garden. I walked back to where she had sat, and gathered the petals one by one, poor relic of my lovely rose. Then I looked for the calyx and the little green hip. I searched the grass, I followed the path; it was not to be found. Ah, rose, she despoiled you of your beauty, but your heart she carried away; and it is in your heart that you bear the promise of new roses for the summers still to come. Perhaps there is hope for me.

After all, I think I will go to the garden to-morrow.

June 2. Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift! How strange it is that, no matter how far away we get from God or how we doubt him, in hours like these it is the words our mothers taught us which are the first to spring to our lips. Is it I, John Elwynne, sitting here to-night? No longer alone, for, though she is not here, she is here, my Lady Mary, and will be here for evermore; for she is mine now, — she has been mine so long! Since morning!

How could I doubt, when I awoke to-day, if it were best to go to the garden? It seems impossible for me to recall the state of mind which could harbor a question of the only thing to do. "The Ewigweibliche leads us upward and on," but it also guides us to the clear light of our immediate horizon. We men are so dull in the simplest matters. Since Mary told me, I see I should have been a dolt of the deepest dye not to have gone over to-day; and yet, actually, I pondered this morning on the pros and cons, and thought myself judicial.

When I opened the lower gate, I saw Mary through a vista made by the yews. Like a goddess she sat at the end of the long, shadowed way. Something moved me not to walk up the straight path, but to take a turn by the nearer

path down by the brook, and come out through the hawthorn hedge by her side. I wanted to surprise her mood. When I had done so, I had no strength to approach her. I trembled in every limb at what I saw. The sky and masses of many-colored bloom of early summer spun about in a kaleidoscopic whirl; for a moment my heart almost ceased to beat. It was only a little thing I saw, — a little spray of myrtle. She held it in her hand, and was twisting it into a knot; but ah, my heart well knew what that spray of myrtle might mean!

When I was ten and she was nine, she had brought out into the garden a new book that had been given her, and for days it was our vade mecum. Of all the lays, our favorite was that one so well known in nursery lore: —

"A horseman rode across the lea;

He said 'Fair Maid, will you marry me?'

The maiden answered 'No, no, no.'

He sighed, and mounted his horse, to go.

Quick she plucked from the myrtle tree

A branch and wove a love knot true;

And this she gave him; then he knew

That he need not go, he need not go,

For the maid meant Yes though her lips said
'No.'

I remembered how I had scoffed at the maid who had said no when she meant yes. I remembered Mary's avowal, "Girls always do," and my indignant protest, "Then I don't think much of girls." "Oh yes, you do," she had said, with calm assurance. And I did.

I have heard that the bravest soldier trembles for a moment before he storms the breach. I trembled my moment, standing there at the hawthorn hedge. Then I took firm hold of my hope, and went to meet my fate. I stood before her and outreached my hand; I said only four words, — "I love you, Mary." The garden was very still; the fountain plashed, and two thrushes sang a gay antiphonal above us in the branches of the beech tree. Suddenly a soft, rosy loveliness suffused Mary. She laid the myrtle love knot in my hand; and then

—and then — Not even in this book, where no mortal eye but mine will ever look, can I write what happened then. The sheltered knoll became to us a beacon hill. We went down swiftly to the dell, and there, beside the winding brook, in our childhood's hidden place, "Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might." Speech was of small account.

After an hour, or an eternity, or a moment, — I don't know which, — Mary said: "Jack, why did you keep me waiting? Why didn't you tell me long ago that you loved me?"

"Why did you keep me waiting, Mary? You knew I loved you."

"I was n't sure," she said.

"Mary," — I made her look into my eyes, — "was there anything on earth you were more really sure of than my love for you?"

"Yes," she answered, very low.

"What?" I asked.

"My love for you," and she hid her face. "You know that is not the way it ought to be, Jack," she added, after a pause.

No, I told her, it was not the way it ought to be. I had made a mistake, but it had grown out of my great reverence, and my dread of forcing the question upon her before she was ready.

"But Alice?" she murmured.

I did not know what she meant. The Lady Alice Longworth's existence had passed out of my mind. She explained.

"Alice is your intimate friend," I said.

"But you stayed there two hours day before yesterday. Alice told me so, Jack."

"Did she tell you what we talked of?" I demanded.

"No."

"Well, ask her the next time you see her," I advised.

In a few moments she spoke again: "Oh, Jack, why did you let us waste so much time? Why didn't you take me and claim me, and brush aside all my caprices? Bend down your ear, and I will tell you a great secret."

I did as she bade me, and she whispered, "Women *never* want to have their own way; they *always* want to be mastered." Her sweet breath seemed to reach into my very brain. Her bewitching lips were near; I proceeded to follow her suggestion. "Jack," she cried, "stop! Let me alone! Listen: I want to talk to you. We have n't talked for hours."

"You have told me a secret, and I am remembering it," I said.

"Well, I will tell you another *just* as important to remember, if you will only let me go, and bend down your other ear."

I released her. It is sweet to hear secrets from Mary.

"Jack," she whispered again, — "Jack, women *love* to have their own way; they *always* want to be obeyed."

Katrina Trask.

JOHN FISKE: AN APPRECIATION.

ONE of the many sources of regret for the untimely death of John Fiske is that the world is without the autobiography which he meant to write and for which he had begun to make preparation. Curiously enough, although one wearies of a man who talks about

himself, the man who takes a pen in his hand and writes about himself is sure to be interesting; and if this autobiography had been written it would have been exceptionally so, as a record of Fiske's solid work and of his ever growing intellectual interests. More-

over, it would have had a charm not always found in a man's account of his own life; it would have been the work of a writer wholly devoid of self-consciousness. Fiske would have described his career precisely as he described historical events, without personal feeling. The book would have been frank, not glozing over his mistakes, and displaying here and there a most fascinating naïveté. The incidents of his life would have been recounted with an honesty which men generally exhibit only when discussing their friends. We should have enjoyed reading his correspondence with some of his distinguished contemporaries, — this may yet be given to the world, — but we should have liked to hear his full account of their talks with him. Some of his sketches, notably the one on Huxley, may serve to show how well he would have performed this task. We should have had the uneventful but instructive story of a studious life and a picture of the man set before us not only in what it said, but in what it betrayed unconsciously of the writer's character: that is what makes an autobiography the most delightful reading in the world.

At present the best record of John Fiske is to be found in the solid volumes with which his untiring industry has enriched the world. In them the reader sees the man as he lived, with his many interests and sympathies, his wide and searching vision, his learning and wisdom. One readily perceives his inspiring optimism and his crystalline honesty. These qualities are manifested by a most pellucid style. Philosophy, history, literature, music, of the things of this world, attracted him, while at the same time he wrote with due reverence of the future life of man and of the race. These are large subjects, and his readers know well with what breadth of mind he treated them. His own nature was large and generous; he was a robust genius; his sturdy vigor

carried him over great tracts of thought. His boyish aim was omniscience, and if he stopped this side of it, he went far in search of his ideal before the miserable shortness of human life put an end to his studies.

There are different ways of looking at the world, and there is something to be said in favor of the large way; at least it has the charm of rarity. There is no one final form of expression, and every generation demands that its opinions and yearnings shall be expressed in its own way; yet always the man with a broad vision, with abundant knowledge and wide sympathy, holds a place among the benefactors of his kind. The simplicity of Fiske's nature shows itself in his style, which is clear, uniform yet without monotony, serving as the least opaque veil between the writer and the reader. There are no signs of a struggle for expression, no indications of painful toil; the hasty reader might imagine that such writing flowed from the pen as easily as one's own signature. To a certain extent one so thinking would be right, for nothing could exaggerate Fiske's facility of composition. His manuscript grew beneath his pen exactly as it was printed; there are very few erasures, no signs of wrestling with a reluctant thought, no additions. This accuracy was of course partly the result of constant practice, but its main cause was the clearness of his thought. His method was the outward sign of the way that his mind worked. It moved as a vast machine moves, with a great, simple uniformity, and without fatigue. He did not perceive by flashes of illumination but by steady observation, and his style expresses both the ease and the massiveness of his mental processes.

He possessed a wonderful memory, which retained a distinct impression of even the New England weather of many years, of trivial as well as of important incidents, of pages of his favorite authors, of the names, faces, and charac-

ters of long-departed servants. Not even Macaulay's schoolboy had a greater command of those facts for which the rest of us have to turn to a cyclopædia. His vast stores of reading were thus always at hand; and what he read was not merely stored, it was understood. When he sat at his desk to write, he never wrapped up his message in what is called fine language; his work did not smell of the lamp, nor did it have the air of being handed down by a superior being who lived on an inaccessible height. It was like the talk of a well-informed, intelligent man conversing with his friends; it was like his own talk, without affectation and without pedantry. This simplicity won for him readers who would have been repelled by a more pompous and less sympathetic style.

It was at the home of his grandparents, on the bank of the Connecticut, at Middletown, that his boyhood was passed. There he studied as few boys study, and laid the foundations of his future learning. His intellectual acquisitiveness began early, and he speedily became known to his elders as a most promising boy. They aided and encouraged him with the caution which elders are prone to exhibit in their relations with the young. When he sorely wanted a Greek lexicon, they reasoned with him and counseled him to make no rash decision; but in time, persuaded by his arguments and assiduities, they consented, and he was happy. Where he received steadier guidance was in matters not profane. He was constant in attendance at church; he sang in the choir; he listened to many long sermons, and early encountered all that is least attractive in New England piety. He was still young when he began to react against the severity of the tenets that he was taught, much to the distress of his elders, who lamented what they supposed was the result of indiscriminate reading. Undoubtedly his appetite for books had led him into acquaint-

ance with ways of thought that could not commend themselves to the community in which his boyhood was passed. The reading habit he had formed early, as his yearning for a Greek lexicon shows; he studied with precocious vigor. He used to tell a story of the alarm that filled him when he read the memorials of the early New England colonists. At last he ventured to communicate to his grandmother the terror he felt from reading the accounts of Indian attacks upon outlying villages, and his dread lest a similar bloody fate should be overhanging Middletown. She tried to cheer him, and assured him that there was really no danger from that quarter. "But," he replied, "that is what they used to say before the massacre at Deerfield," and he refused to be comforted. His grandmother was right, however, and he was spared to study further. There still survives the memory of a projected universal history, built upon the conservative authorities current in small New England towns. He devoured every book on which he could lay his hands, reading not for amusement, but to build up a mighty structure of knowledge.

To Harvard College, which he entered as a sophomore in 1860, he brought not only the required preparation, but also an amount of information which was unusual among applicants for admission. From college, too, he carried away stores of learning which had not been acquired in the classroom alone; for the curriculum of that time was better adapted to giving young men a slight notion of the supposed essentials of a gentleman's education than to supplying the wants of an eager student. The required work he performed with commendable industry, but the real advantage of the place was that it gave him an opportunity to follow his own devices. He was free to grapple with a large library, and this he did not unsuccessfully. He was an omnivorous reader, and at that time filled with

a youthful desire to acquire all knowledge. He studied philosophy, history, science, the languages, as if he were himself a university; it would perhaps be irreverent to say that possibly some of his instructors possessed a slenderer equipment of learning. I remember seeing him when he was a student at Cambridge, and how I gazed upon his gaunt frame and pallid face with awe; for he was said to read and study fifteen hours a day, and to be far advanced in atheism, — a sort of Cambridge, Massachusetts, Faust. In the eyes of some, Herbert Spencer was his Mephistopheles.

It was by an excess of zeal in his studies that he acquired this evil fame as an atheist, — a reputation that long stood in his path, though at last he succeeded in living it down. It happened in this way. It will be remembered that until recently all the students of Harvard College were required, under severe penalties, to attend church twice every Sunday, — a rule which, in their opinions, sadly embittered the day. Fiske, who was averse to losing so much time, though he necessarily complied with the law, carried a book with him to church, and was detected in reading it. When charged with this crime, he readily acknowledged his guilt, but at once complicated the question by a misplaced appeal to the liberality which he supposed to underlie an austere mien. He imagined that since Harvard College, as a fountain of Unitarianism, was regarded throughout the country as lamentably unorthodox, his offense would be readily pardoned by fellow freethinkers. Greatly to his surprise, nothing of the sort happened; the authorities refused to wink at this bit of sacrilege. They displayed the utmost orthodoxy, and indignantly disowned any sympathy with Sabbath-breakers. He barely escaped rustication, and all he got from his appeal was his evil reputation as an atheist.

While in college and the Law School

he wrote a few papers for the Harvard Magazine, but his most important work was done for the National Quarterly Review, now extinct, the North American Review, and the Atlantic Monthly. These articles already manifested his wide learning and his power of grasping large subjects. He was at the Harvard Law School from October, 1863, till January, 1865, and was admitted to the Suffolk Bar in July, 1864. He was for six months in an office in Boston, and for four months in 1865 he had there an office of his own; but his legal work was slight: he had one excellent case, which was settled out of court, and he drew one deed, for which he was never paid. On the 1st of October, 1865, he abandoned jurisprudence, having decided to devote himself to literature.

In 1867 he established himself in Cambridge, which remained his home for the rest of his life, and there he worked faithfully. The Darwinian theory, as it was then called, had attracted him from the first; it found him young, eager for truth, and exceptionally well supplied with information by which to test that fascinating hypothesis, and the spreading of its method and lessons seemed to him a noble task.

In June, 1869, he was appointed a university lecturer at Harvard, and for about two years he gave to small audiences courses of lectures that formed the foundation of his *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy*. He read them, too, in Boston, to a small but faithful band of listeners, and in New York and Milwaukee. The editor of the *New York World* at that time was an admirer of Fiske, and published his lectures in that paper. The book itself, after much revision, was published in 1874, in two stout volumes.

Already there had appeared, in the autumn of 1872, a small volume, *Myths and Myth-Makers*, which indicated the line of thought that inspired Fiske, and displayed his value as an interpreter of

intricate investigations to simpler readers. It was not a mere evisceration of ponderous tomes that he gave to the public, not a bare translation of difficult lore into plainer language, but rather an exposition of severe work with an abundance of intelligent comment. His style was admirably suited for the task he had undertaken, with its simplicity and unflickering steadiness. No difficulties were avoided; they were calmly, patiently explained; the reader was, as it were, taken by the hand and led at an easy pace, sharing Fiske's comprehension of erudite subjects as well as his intelligent contributions to the subjects under discussion. It would be unfair, however, to speak of this book and the succeeding volumes of collected essays as mere guides to the inexperienced reader; they have, indeed, a distinct value for experts. An intelligent man even trying simply to state another's hypothesis must inevitably enrich it with some novel suggestion from his own ingenuity or knowledge. The mere restatement will put some points in a new light, and especially would this be the case when the subject had passed through Fiske's powerful and well-informed mind. He not only clarified what had been obscure; he brought new illustrations from the storehouse of his own learning and kindly criticism.

Of the usefulness of such work it would be hard to say too much. A writer who treats high subjects without pedantry and in a style intelligible to all, never arousing hostility or causing fatigue, does excellent work. He creates a public eager to know, anxious at least to contemplate vast truths. Scholars, if they do not hate the crowd, often despise it, and the influence of their lessons suffers in consequence. Fiske's whole life was spent in spreading learning,—a task which was most congenial to his cheery optimism, his thorough democracy, and his abounding good nature. Frequently a learned man respects only

learning and those who possess it, and among those he does not forget to count himself. Fiske adored learning and respected learned men, but he loved those who wanted to learn, and he never thought of himself.

The essays on Myths are not the last word on that intricate subject which has aroused the imagination of investigators, because in science as elsewhere there is no last word. They offer a good statement of the various questions treated as they were understood by advanced students some thirty years ago, with enough illustrations from Fiske's own study to make the volume a valuable original contribution to a fascinating subject. But obviously it was scarcely from the publication of good books on matters of erudition that Fiske could support his family, and all this time he was casting about for some fixed position. In 1870 he had been appointed instructor in history at Harvard College for a few months; but when his nomination to a permanent position came up, a little later, it was rejected, if the rumors of the time were true, on account of his alleged atheism; of his competence there was of course no question. The odium was all the greater because he had become the champion of the novel and dangerous school of evolution, then in disrepute. Nor was this the only door shut to him. It was not until he had become famous in other cities, mainly in the West, that he was a welcome lecturer in Boston. The courses of lectures that he gave there, before his merits were overwhelmingly acknowledged, were but meagrely attended. He was thought by many to be a mere iconoclast, an utterer of novel and irreverent doctrines. It having been decided by those in authority that this born teacher should not teach, it was further decided, with that intelligence which is not rare in this world, that, though unfitted by his shocking principles to give instruction from books, he might at least cata-

logue them, and in 1872 he was appointed assistant librarian of Harvard College, a position which he held until 1879.

This ingenious method of encouraging learning did not wholly break up his more important work. He was able at times to get away to expound the doctrines now sufficiently familiar, and to his zeal in publishing and expounding them their familiarity is in great measure due.' He was asked to deliver courses of lectures in a number of Western cities where there prevailed a wholesome intellectual curiosity, and at last he felt free to abandon the librarianship. Then began his arduous career as a lecturer. Every winter he set forth with a bag full of manuscript, which he read to eager audiences. Friends in Boston enabled him to give lectures there, but his severest work was elsewhere. One consequence of this enforced travel was that no man of letters in America has ever been so well known as Fiske; or, one might add, has so well known his own country. First and last, he journeyed over almost all of it, arousing great intellectual interest, disseminating much information, while also learning much about the great public. He kept in touch with the people in a way impossible to a student in his library. This was of course a clear advantage, and accounts for a good part of Fiske's sympathy with his readers, for his clear comprehension of the best way in which to address them. Still, like every other good thing it had its disadvantages. No strength but his could have endured the perverse diet, the more than tropical heat of American trains and houses in winter, the tawdry discomforts of the hotels. These campaigns told even upon him. Yet for years the *res angusta* drove him forth at the beginning of the winter, to be gone till the following spring. Much of his work was thus read before publication to a great number of hearers.

In this way a public was trained to

take an interest in important subjects. Much was done in preparing the American people to accept new modes of thought, and it is not unlikely that to his work in American history is due some of the new interest in that subject. This cumbersome method of reaching the public was then not without results, but it is sad to think how much time was lost in attaining them. One bit of statistics will show how busily he worked. Between 1888 and 1893 he lectured five hundred and seventy-seven times on American history, fourteen times on philosophy, six times on musical subjects, and preached ten times — the atheist! — in Unitarian pulpits. This list shows his diverse interests, which may be gathered, too, from the variety of the essays in their collected form. Not all concerned themselves with science. Especially good was whatever he wrote about music, a theme he was most capable of treating; for his knowledge was far beyond that of the amateur and was respected by professional musicians. He really understood the art and loved it. It was not merely a favorite relaxation: he composed songs and a mass which interested competent authorities. So long as he had time for anything but work he was a listener at concerts, and always there was nothing that could give him greater delight than an evening of music. It is only to be regretted that he had no opportunity to write more about this subject.

The essays are mainly concerned with severer topics, and show what lines his investigations had been following. Thus in the *Excursions of an Evolutionist* we find more than traces of the philological studies that had for a long time occupied him. For many years he had been studying Sanskrit and the various problems that the new science of language was presenting. In *The Unseen World*, again, we find his preliminary studies for a life of Christ, a subject that long haunted him. He had long looked forward to a period of rest, which

would have been one of happy toil in the preparation of this book. As he puts it himself, in a footnote to the article on the Jesus of History: "These defects I hope to remedy in a future work on Jesus of Nazareth and the Founding of Christianity. . . . This work has been for several years on my mind, but it may still be long before I can find the leisure needful for writing it out. . . . The projected work . . . will have a much wider scope [than the articles], dealing on the one hand with the natural genesis of the complex aggregate of beliefs and aspirations known as Christianity, and on the other hand with the metamorphoses which are being wrought in this aggregate by modern knowledge and modern theories of the world." From his other work we may judge how well he would have treated this subject, — with what carefully accumulated knowledge, and with what abundant illustrations from his wide reading, and with what an excellent method he would have presented his material. But it was not to be; the book was only planned. It is but an illustration of the fullness of Fiske's preparation for work. In a way it was a disadvantage to him, for there are always people to charge with superficiality the man who knows several things well, while they are contented with the one who knows but one thing, and that ill. It was hard for him, too, to know exactly in what direction he should turn to utter his message. In his magazine articles he had covered a good deal of ground, but they were a comparatively broken and incoherent means of expression. He wanted to speak at some length. The outlet that he found for himself was in writing history, for which his whole life had been a preparation.

In 1879 he gave a course of lectures on American history in the Old South Meeting House in Boston, dealing with the discovery and colonization of America. At that time, the influence of the

centennial exhibition in Philadelphia and the sudden prominence of the country as a source of food supply for the world gave Americans a new consciousness of their importance, and they turned with great interest to the study of their past. There was a demand for a coherent exposition of American history such as John Fiske was especially able to give; for nothing could equal the clearness of his statement of facts or of his explanation of their underlying causes. At once he made his mark.

At the request of Mr. Huxley he repeated the course at University College, London, and with such success that he was invited to give another, the next year, before the Royal Institution. These lectures, three in number, afterwards appeared in print in a small volume entitled *American Political Ideals, viewed from the Standpoint of Universal History*. The theory there expounded of the origin of the town meeting has been modified by later investigations, as he himself states in the preface of 1885, when the book was published, but it is impossible not to be impressed by the massiveness of the second lecture, which sets forth the difference between the Federal Union and the similar efforts of Greece and Rome. The treatment was well suited to the subject, with a great reach of vision and an admirable coherence of reasoning. For too long a time American history had been a chronicle of wars. Here its relation to the great movements of mankind was briefly but clearly shown; it ceased to be a somewhat provincial record, and became part of a greater and wider sequence. Many of his qualities are to be seen in this little book. In the last lecture one sees his cheeriness, his unflinching optimism, his good-natured treatment of his audience, — all traits that fitted him for a popular lecturer. That he was popular there can be no doubt. From the moment that he began his lectures on historical sub-

jects there was a steady call for them from all parts of the country outside of Boston, where there is sometimes a surfeit of instruction. In 1881 he delivered a series of lectures at Washington University, St. Louis. In 1884 he was appointed non-resident professor of American history, and on his way thither and back he lectured at many intervening towns. Often he went farther, to the Pacific Coast. Into an hour's talk he would pack a mass of compressed information in orderly arrangement, with a careful and most lucid explanation of the relation of the events recounted to history at large. This was his especial gift, that he always, however minute the subject, treated it as part of universal history. In this way he not only popularized American history: he dignified what had appeared to be matters of only local interest, not by an unseemly oratorical assertion of their importance, but by showing that in a scientific exposition nothing was petty; that all the threads of a tangled skein could be unwound, and were all of importance.

He was never obscure and was never tedious. Doubtless the habit of reading his lectures aloud to so many hearers confirmed him in his skill in avoiding these two perils; for an intelligent speaker always feels the lack of a responsive echo from his audience, and is on his guard against it. A writer sometimes perceives his own shortcomings only too late. In Fiske's lectures there were no moments when one failed to understand, and depended on the familiar feeling that one would catch the thread a moment later, but all was clear from the first moment to the last. One might differ from Fiske in the interpretation of facts, but one never failed to understand him. It was not merely his habit of reading his books first as lectures that explains this lucidity, however much it may have helped it, because he was never obscure. His own clearness of mind made all that

he wrote intelligible. His marvelous power of simplification enabled him to arrest the attention of his hearers or readers, and to lead them through the centuries, seeing with Fiske's eyes unsuspected analogies and hidden causes. No more delightful expounder ever lived. One may praise a man in this way, it is to be hoped, for the possession of certain qualities without being suspected of making an occult attack on other men for possessing different qualities; there is always room in the world for the simultaneous existence of many kinds of merit. The excellence that Fiske attained was aided by the unusual amount of collateral information that he brought to the treatment of the subject that he was discussing, and by the powerful intellect that saw things large. It is the breadth rather than the intensity of his view that we admire, though perhaps the ease of his style and the largeness of his vision incline us to overlook the solid ground on which his work rests. The rough justice of the world always makes us ready to mistake smoothness for weakness, and ease for superficiality.

Gradually Fiske's historical work shaped itself into a definite plan to write a complete history of America that should be something like J. R. Green's *Short History of the English People*; but this fell through, and he determined to write a series of separate volumes which should form a coherent record of the whole subject, very much as Parkman's monographs present a complete chronicle of the struggle between Great Britain and France for supremacy in America. The first to appear was *The Critical Period of American History, 1783-1789*, which was published in 1888. Like its successors it was built upon a series of lectures which had been read before different audiences. As Fiske explained in the preface, the book "makes no pretensions to completeness, either as a summary of the events of that period or as

a discussion of the political questions involved in them. I have aimed especially at grasping facts in such a way as to bring out and emphasize their causal sequence, and it is accordingly hoped that the book may prove useful to the student of American history." That it has proved useful cannot be denied: a book that amasses considerable information, that abridges many volumes full of confusing facts, and presents a complicated period in broad and clearly perceptible outlines, so that the real significance of the events is clear, may justly be called a useful book. Readers need a guide to point out what is of true importance; it is essential that the guide should be the right one, and Fiske never failed to grasp many facts and to explain them intelligently.

The next volume to appear was *The Beginnings of New England*, a subject that had not escaped the attention of historians and others. It retold, with characteristic fullness of explanation, the story of the planting of the New England colonies. What distinguishes this from other excellent histories treating the same subject is the first chapter, in which Fiske developed at some length a few pages of his *Destiny of Man*, dealing with the difference between the Roman and the English methods of nation-making. The facts of the early history of New England were tolerably familiar, especially to New Englanders and their descendants, but one is safe in saying that he set these facts in their relation to universal history as no writer before him had done. As an ornithologist will pick up a feather and describe the bird and the family of birds, so Fiske could pick up a stray and unprepossessing fact, and starting from this he would wind into a subject, explaining and illustrating in a thousand ways to the delight of his reader, who was filled with new information and new sympathies.

In *The War of Independence*, a slender

volume of less than two hundred pages, he made not so much a sketch of the Revolution as an explanatory comment upon the well-known events of that period, and a comment especially intended for the young. The book was of the nature of an experiment and was to be followed, if successful, by others. Possibly, however, the young person takes more interest in knowing what happened than in seeking the reasons for what happened. Studying the causes of things seems, when acquired at all, to be the last result of education, and it may be that this volume is of more use to teachers than to pupils. What he here told very briefly was set forth at greater length in the two volumes of *The American Revolution*, published in 1891. In the preface he states the principle on which the whole series rested, namely, that his "design was not so much to contribute new facts as to shape the narrative in such a way as to emphasize relations of cause and effect that are often buried in the mass of details." He says further, in speaking of the success which certain parts of the book had met when read as lectures, "I was greatly surprised at the interest thus shown in a plain narrative of events already well known, and have never to this day understood the secret of it." Yet it is not so mysterious to others, who perceive that the familiar facts, which lay raw and incoherent in every one's mind, were illuminated and set in order by Fiske's learning and intelligent arrangement.

To a rigid adherent of the noble school of historical work which worships Ranke, this intrusion of the popular element seems possibly a lamentable thing. That this strain in Fiske's work won it popularity is undeniable; but in itself popularity is not a bad thing; it is mischievous only when bad things are popular. While Fiske's interpretation of history, philosophy, and science interested the multitude unaccustomed to intellectual work, it also fascinated stu-

dents; and it is a worthy aim to please all without a sacrifice of dignity. At times Fiske indulged in little outbursts of petulant remonstrance at what he regarded as dangerous and superfluous absurdity, but he never wrote down to an audience; he rather moved with his readers, making himself plain by the clearness of his thought and of his style. Every grown man retains the sensitiveness of a child to any attempt to allure him by a willful descent to his supposed level, and resents it. When Fiske avowedly wrote for children, as in *The War of Independence*, his mind moved in its customary grooves; the difference of treatment lay in the omission of many events, not in any sacrifice of his method.

It is not necessary to speak of each of his histories in turn, — they are practically separate chapters of one large history; yet it is impossible not to call attention to the massive dignity of *The Discovery of America*, the solidest of the whole series. Here we have Fiske at his best, full of learning, with the wise text rippling over a bed of suggestive notes. The subject is itself a greater one in the world's history, and is treated with ample fullness and a constant intelligence. What an excellent thing intelligence in a book is too often forgotten by both writers and readers.

While he was starting the historical series, he was also beginning what proved to be another series of monographs on theological and philosophic subjects. The first of these, published in 1884, was *The Destiny of Man*, viewed in the Light of his Origin, — a singular book for an alleged atheist to write. Still we must remember what Fiske says in this significant little book: "Though the freethinker is no longer chained to a stake and burned, people still tell lies about him, and do their best to starve him by hurting his reputation." Fiske had long been the victim of this form of malignant persecution, with what justice is obvious. This

little cluster of volumes, thrown off in the intervals of almost unceasing work, shed light not merely on his learning, but on the fundamental seriousness and earnestness of his nature. The problems, the most difficult and the most important of those that face us, he approaches with due reverence, and discusses with the sincerity that was the foundation of his character. Possibly, had he lived longer, he might have returned to a fuller exposition of the principles here briefly stated; but his message of hopefulness was at least clearly given to the world, and perhaps its brevity makes it only the more impressive. Certainly no one can read these essays and their interesting prefaces without renewed respect for their author as a student and as a thinker.

The doctrine of evolution found in him one of its most ardent defenders and most thorough expounders. It came into force just when Fiske was growing up, and enabled him to coördinate what were already very considerable acquirements. All that he wrote was permeated with its spirit. To its influence we may ascribe a good part of his never failing optimism. He was able to look forward with enviable confidence to the exclusion of evil from the scheme of things, with the apparent support of an irrefutable hypothesis and all the cheerfulness of an exceptionally happy temperament. His physical health, his exceptional strength, his great powers of endurance, his untiring capacity for work, his lack of irritability, enabled him to look at things largely; but it was the joyousness of the new philosophy that especially animated him, and he conveyed to his readers his own delight in his work.

Untiring he certainly was; with every one of the last twenty years of his life shortened by his enforced journeyings, he was compelled to work incessantly while at home. In his house at Cambridge he had formed a delightful library, and there he sat in a little al-

cove, working till late in the night, his only exercise being to cross the room for a book or a pipe. Outdoor exercise he almost entirely abandoned under stress of work and increase of size which made movement difficult. Near his library was a small conservatory which was under his special care, and there he liked to pass a few moments in the intervals of his work. In another room was the piano, on which he would at times play a little to rest his mind, to change the current of his thoughts. On Sundays he would see his friends, who retain the tenderest memory of talks with him, when he would wind deep into a subject, illuminate it with solid learning easily borne and with merry humor;

he was the most charming of companions, frank, honest, sympathetic, absolutely devoid of vanity, always cheerful. When things went ill with him, as they did for many years before his merit was recognized, and he was looked down upon as a somewhat dangerous person, he never lost heart. When Tyndall came to this country to lecture, he and Fiske could laugh together at the accusation of atheism which was brought with some success against the American. They both knew how full of fine irony life is. When Fiske became famous and honors were crowding upon him, he enjoyed them without undue elation. He thought of what he hoped to do, not of what he had done.

Thomas Sergeant Perry.

THE MORNING SUMMONS.

WHEN the mist is on the river, and the haze is on the hills,
And the promise of the springtime all the ample heaven fills;
When the shy things in the wood-haunts, and the hardy on the plains,
Catch up heart and feel a leaping life through winter-sluggish veins:

Then the summons of the morning like a bugle moves the blood,
Then the soul of man grows larger like a flower from the bud;
For the hope of high Endeavor is a cordial half divine,
And the banner cry of Onward! calls the laggards into line.

There is glamour of the moonlight when the stars rain peace below,
But the stir and smell of morning is a better thing to know;
While the night is hushed and holden and transpierced by dreamy song,
Lo, the dawn brings dew and fire and the rapture of the strong!

Richard Burton.

A HIDDEN WEAKNESS IN OUR DEMOCRACY.

FAITH in democracy has always required a great deal of idealism; some of the noblest minds of the nineteenth century — Carlyle, for instance, and Ruskin — were quite unable to meet the strenuous demands of the new creed. Nor do these demands grow less as the years advance. In our country, the stupendous social experiment initiated over a century ago has had a freer field than elsewhere; and assuredly it remains an experiment still. If we look abroad, we perceive that our republic is on the point of becoming an empire; whether it can achieve that feat and remain a democracy, history impels us to doubt. If we face homeward, remembering the radiant ideal entertained by our forefathers, of a country that should offer to all its sons one heritage of spiritual opportunity, we are forced to confess that the spectacle disappoints.

No true American, however, will accept the disappointment as final. When all is said, our air is buoyant and good to breathe. It is a shock, indeed, that democratic forms prove incompetent to protect their chief representative from the lawless hate that dogs the steps of tyrants. We grieve, finding among ourselves extremes of poverty and luxury. It is both surprising and baffling to discover that a distinctive feature of our civilization so far appears to be the production of Napoleons of finance, who exercise a tyranny as stern as that of a Napoleon of battles. These things are portentous enough, but the end is not yet, and our nation is still in the making. The prophetic soul perceives altitude rather than mass. A child or an early Italian painter, with a mountain in his mind, draws a simple needle-like object that darts upward to the sky with naïve directness. God's mountain is an uplifted world, which ascends not only by steep inclines, but by many level

spaces, and includes deep valleys on its mighty upward-striving flanks. All this it behooves us to remember as we contemplate our vast America, — its civilization seething with forces half understood, and constantly generating new forces undreamed of. Our country transcends our powers of observation; the wisest rail not at events, however undesired, but wait on them with reverence, seeking rather to understand than to arraign.

But this waiting on events degenerates all too easily into the social fatalism which, as has often been pointed out, besets a democracy. It was supposed, when people speculated about democracy instead of experiencing it, that a democratic society would set free, as had never been done before, the forces of personal initiative. This it certainly does in the practical sphere; from whatever point in our social strata the possessor of the qualities that make for business success may start, his progress upward is rapid and unimpeded. But the immense average tends to absorb the higher faculties or hold them passive. And this is a misfortune; for if democracy means anything more than mob rule, it means a moral responsibility on the part of its every member consciously to coöperate in the creation of a noble national life. Despite the obscuring throng, despite the absorbing claims of private duty or ambition, no American has a right to remain, as he might have done under feudalism, a mere spectator in society and politics. Dimly this is felt: in all of us the social conscience struggles with fatalism masked as humility and with indolence parading as impartiality; and our spirits are full of unrest.

One walk through a tenement-house district, when the people are coming home from work, is enough to make

anybody hesitate to assert that the vision of freedom and brotherhood which the nineteenth century so persistently contemplated is getting itself into fact. Suppose a man does more than walk through such a district. Suppose he takes up his abode in it, being anxious to look certain phases of our American society squarely in the face, and shares its life for a season. The adventure is not difficult nor uncommon; it costs less than a trip to Europe, and is a far better corrective to provincialism.

Our social explorer is likely to have rather a mournful time at first. The pleasing assumptions concerning our "sweet land of liberty" wherein his childhood was swathed will slip one by one from his trembling consciousness, leaving him naked and a-cold. He will grieve that the very aspect of our great cities reveals the mind of the nation as unbeautiful and vulgar. His heart will be gripped by a pain never on earth to leave him, as he meets the material distress rife in the great strata at the social bottom. A moment may come when, in bitterness of spirit, watching the pitiful struggle for existence reduced to its lowest terms, he will cry aloud to his own soul that the democracy which men hailed as the liberator of love has in truth liberated, not love, but greed.

If he is a thoughtful person, however, he will soon pass beyond this first stage of facile discouragement, and a reverence for America will grow upon him even as grows his discontent. But his very sense of the greatness of our opportunity will quicken his perception of the dangers we run and the failures of which we are guilty. And the longer he lives among working people, the more intimately he shares their life, the more serious will become his conviction of a secret danger at the heart of our democracy, — a danger graver than poverty, more ominous even than the bondage to physical labor in which the workers are held. This danger is the intellectual and moral disunion that prevails among

us. A nation, to be in any real sense a democratic organism, must possess spiritual unity; its sons must share, in invisible ways, a common life. Grant such a common life, in which thought, desire, emotion, circulate freely, and material inequalities and disasters will matter little; deny it, and the nation falls to pieces, — no world but a chaos, — the forms of political democracy that seem to bind it in one, chains woven of shadow. We have denied it. The American people to-day is united only in outward seeming. Look closer, and you shall see that it is made up of groups mutually incomprehensible; he who would pass from group to group meets traditions and assumptions so different from his own that he halts, like one using a foreign tongue. We breathe the same air, we are governed by the same institutions, but to the eye of truth we move in different worlds.

Probably never did the lusty forces that make for disintegration have things so completely their own way as with us. Even in the Middle Ages, the Catholic faith and the feudal instinct bound together the sharply articulated social order into one living whole. What has taken the place of these vanished powers? On the other hand, all the elements of disunion that human history has evolved are at play among the peoples gathered on our shores. Racial hostility blends with religious antipathy; both enhance that class antagonism present in every civilization, but for obvious reasons more conscious and aggressive in a democracy than elsewhere. The dramatic fact, which at once stimulates and appalls, is that these dark-winged spirits of discord seek to hold their mighty sway in a country dedicated as no other land has ever been to the creation of a universal fellowship.

Even among educated Americans the tendency to split into groups mutually indifferent or exclusive is painfully evident, as was signaled in an article in this

magazine, for August, 1901, on The New Provincialism. Sectional differences, again, present their unceasing and grievous problems. But at no time is the lack of a common atmosphere so startling, and to the thinker so menacing, as when we pass from the society of the privileged to that of the working people.

At first, our social explorer probably finds the intellectual difference the most baffling. What shall he talk about to his neighbor at an evening party? He passes in review the topics natural to such an occasion. The latest play? His companion has barely heard the name of the uptown theatre where it draws its nightly thousands. A picture exhibition, then, a popular lecturer, — any one of the casual pleasures enjoyed by his own group, made up of people residing perhaps half an hour away by trolley? All are as blank to his interlocutor as if the conversation were held in Cairo. A trivial fact, perhaps, but not without its suggestions. When our explorer, having groped about according to the social gifts that are in him, till, if fortunate, he penetrates at last to the region where all life is one, retires, the evening over, to shadows and solitude, he is likely to reflect.

Suppose we reflect with him. Let any one of us watch his own consciousness for a day — ignoring the currents that eddy constantly about individual duties and affections, concentrating his vision on that social self which he shares with his fellow men. He will notice first the dim but potent reactions of his material environment; and he will discover a succession of fine pleasures in all that ministers to the body, — æsthetic elements, adding to what pertains to food, raiment, and the means of preserving physical purity a subtle something that redeems us, in our own estimation, from the brutes. It is hard for most of us to imagine what life would be were we confronted by physical needs in their harsh

crudity. But, in our fortunate consciousness, how much lies beyond these first fine delights! What images of beauty and significance, drawn from nature, literature, music, art, not to speak of the larger intellectual conceptions that shape our lives! All these interests form a common world, inhabited by fair and vivid forms, wherein the sons of privilege abide together.

It is a world from which those throngs of our fellow citizens who create our material civilization are of course wholly excluded. The present and visible presses upon them, its cruel weight unrelieved. Factory and shop, in their blank utilitarianism, are too often the exact outward counterpart of the inward vision of the wage-earner. To devout Catholics, indeed, and to orthodox Hebrews, religion, that supreme world poem whereof the entire race is author, comes as a liberating force, with its august and undying assurance that the poetic is the true, and the invisible the only enduring reality. But to vast sections this assurance has become a mockery, and the material aspects of a civilization in which these aspects are perhaps emphasized more exclusively than ever before shut out all else. Is this a light matter? Or is it easy to achieve true fellowship and vital intercourse with men and women who have never entered the inner world wherein our spirits have moved from childhood?

Let us beware, however, of assuming that all intellectual advantage rests with the privileged. To do this is to fall headlong into the vicious pit of the aristocratic theory. The workers have an intellectual life of their own, apart from ours, determined by race as well as by class and condition. Much sound, healthy, and vigorous thinking goes on among them. I have met keener speculative ardor and more force in argument among the young Hebrews of the East Side in New York than among the young athletes of our universities. The type of thought, the influences at work,

are often strange to us. No one, for instance, denies the searching power of Karl Marx in modern thought; for one American who has dipped into him up-town, three, in a different part of the city, will have "capital" at their finger tips. Many writers and thinkers who are forming the life and determining the inner landscape of those who, after all, hold the balance of power in our country are not even names to most of us. But who busies himself with these things, or considers the intellectual life of the masses a matter worth study? Who, before our late national calamity, had ever heard of Emma Goldman? Yet in her way the woman was a power. And when the revelation came of the fierce forces seething in darkness, how many received it as a solemn call, not to engage in horrified invective nor to utter threats of suppression, but — a far more difficult matter — to account for the existence of these forces in our country of supposed freedom, and to put forth all our love and wisdom in seeking to shed light among the shadows and to draw the alienated into fellowship?

The hideous and foolish teachings of such a woman are far from being the dominant type of thought among the workers. Moreover, let us avoid the cant which identifies intellectual life with a knowledge of books. One meets at times, in the most book-ignorant toilers, a life-wisdom that, with its direct comprehension of the primal realities, puts our subtle, second-hand theories to shame. We need not go all the way with Tolstoi to feel, as old Langland said, that truth rests often with the ploughman, and that return to fellowship with the people is necessary to the full completion of our living. Whether we approach the question from the side of our poverty or of our wealth, the lack of a common intellectual consciousness between the manual workers and the privileged classes is equally evident.

But the absence of a common ethical

consciousness comes in time to appear to our social explorer more serious still. Nothing is more suggestive to the student of our civilization than the strange and interesting variations in ethical type among differing social groups. Already moral science deals less with theory than it did in old days, more with observation; as time goes on, it must pass beyond the study of the ethical individual, and consider also the subtle and significant differences in moral type developed by differing conditions of race and class. Such an investigation, it may be said in passing, will not start out with the assumption that the atmosphere of wealth, privilege, and the wisdom of this world is best for the development of the moral nature; indeed, if the ethics of the New Testament continue to be accepted as the high-water mark of ethical idealism, the assumptions may well be the other way. Assumptions aside, however, we may expect rich and perhaps startling results from this hitherto undeveloped and hardly conceived science of distinctly social ethics. Such results cannot be anticipated by the amateur observer; yet our explorer will become more and more keenly aware, the longer he lives among working people, of certain significant characteristics in their moral outlook.

All ethical conceptions rest largely on the golden rule; that is to say, we instinctively feel that our duty to others consists in that attitude or course of action which we should choose to have observed toward ourselves.

Now, the privileged classes are those which have established certain liens on civilization as it is. It follows that their ideal virtue is justice; that is to say, a strict regard for existing rights. They are wholly honest in their allegiance to this virtue, and most of them are ready to practice it strictly, even in cases unfavorable to themselves. Their regard, however, extends only to rights already actualized, — conquered, as it were, in the material sphere.

The poorer classes, on the other hand, are made up of people who have conquered no such rights. Generosity, not justice, is the virtue they therefore admire and practice. The working man generally needs, to make him the man he might be, more than the miserable pittance which is all he justly deserves, in return for the services which he renders society; and he knows that his own need is his brother's. It is truism to say that charity and hospitality blossom far more freely in the soil of poverty than in that of wealth; those who have watched the life of the poor can cap anecdotes all day. I recall a charity agent, exasperated beyond endurance because the blankets given to a woman who had only a ragged shawl with which to cover her large family at night had been promptly passed on to another woman with no shawl at all, on the Sidneian principle, "Thy necessity is greater than mine." Here justice was certainly violated; was something higher than justice perhaps observed? We are slowly beginning to realize — to allude to a more pregnant instance — how different is the aspect presented by the heart of the ward boss, from above and from below: from above, a seething source of corruption; from below an unfailing fountain of generous deeds. It can hardly be doubted that in many cases the boss is to his own consciousness, not the dishonorable politician known to those alien beings his political enemies, but the generous benefactor known to his neighbors and friends.

How may we secure unity of moral trend in a nation where differences are so fundamental? The rich man sees the poor man improvident, shiftless, dishonest; the poor man sees the rich man hard-hearted beyond belief. Each judges the other bitterly; both, according to the ancient manner,

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,

By damning those they have no mind to."

Yet if one is sinner, the other cannot cast a stone; and if one follows, often

at a sacrifice, the high white light of an ideal, a like quest is not denied to the other, though one guiding star differeth from its fellow in glory. And perhaps both stars are planets, revolving round the central sun, unseen by mortal eyes, of the perfect right.

Back of this unconscious, instinctive generosity of the poor, there is, let us not forget, a dim groping after what seems to them the higher justice also. We can never sufficiently realize that those who think, among the working people, live rightly or wrongly in the atmosphere of a passionately sincere conviction that the world has not treated its poor fairly. The question whether this conviction be in any degree justified does not here concern us; it exists, and exists, inevitably, with especial keenness in a state which purports to be democratic. America claims to offer equal opportunities for full self-realization to all men; the sharp contrast between claim and fact is a moral misfortune. Faint and inoperative in the mass, — a mere "blindfold sense of wrong," stifling the instinct to initiative, — this conviction of injustice is an actuating passion with the leaders. Nor can any attitude be more cheap and dangerous than that which views this passion as the egotistic and restless greed of the incompetent. It is a passion as free from egotism as the sun ever witnessed. The discontented and embittered are of course to be found among us, — inflammatory elements, fostered in every society since the world began. The problem of dealing with them is distinct, if not simple. But the basis of the social discontent that exists in America is in countless cases no impulse of personal greed; it is rather the grief and disappointment generated in sensitive minds by the contrast between our national pretensions and our national achievement.

Enter in imagination the mind of the ordinary workman; look out with him upon the world. It is a world dark-

ened by a cloud of unrelieved anxiety, gloomy as that which blurs and obscures the sunshine above and around a manufacturing town. Through this gray and shadow-beset atmosphere the sunlight of the universal human joys gleams pale. Not only his own immediate family, not only those personally dear to him, pass before his eyes thus shrouded in shadows, but all the members of his social group. We do not begin to realize the constant disasters and terrors, dismal, commonplace, unnoticed, that make up the drama of life of which the poor are spectators. Sorrows enough we all have to witness, Heaven knows, in whatever social group we happen to be born, but how the tone of the spectacle darkens if we live, for instance, in a city tenement house, where the children of our neighbors die of contagious disease or lingering starvation, where young girls known to us take to the bad as much from the dreariness as from the difficulty of sustaining an honest existence, and where the high light of life among our neighbors is the possession of a "steady job" at some dull trade! Such an environment generates just what we should expect: listless opportunism or dangerous rage among those of inferior moral fibre; an attitude of loving helpfulness among the more sensitive; and among all a sense, recognized or not, of strange and bewildering injustice in the social order.

Would you have an illustration? Apply what we have said concerning the difference in the moral viewpoint among rich and poor to the case of a strike. At no time does the tragic lack of mutual understanding come out in so dramatic a way. Read both capitalist and labor press while any industrial war is waging: you will see that each side honestly believes the other to be actuated by pure greed, hatred, unfairness. Is this ever so? Assuredly not often. In a large proportion of cases — may we guess three out of five? — justice, as the world counts justice, is on the side

of the employer. Contracts have perhaps been made; wages are as high as is consistent with reasonable profit, or even, it may be, with industrial existence; he has, as he conceives, perfect right to secure the most advantageous labor he can get, whether or no it bear the union stamp. The public, when it understands the situation, seconds the approval of his conscience. Very well; but is the union workman, then, an irrational fanatic, a would-be tyrant toward employer and fellow workman alike? Step forth, cross the barriers of class, and stand in imagination beside him. Breathe first his general atmosphere, — that large disappointment in the presence of a conceived injustice in which his spirit moves. Realize that his union is to him a sacred thing, — at once strong enough to claim his reverence and weak enough to evoke his impassioned chivalry; realize that the extension of unionism is to his mind essential to the welfare of the whole laboring world, the only protection of the workers against a slavery more and more helpless as organized capital presents an ever sterner front. Once share these feelings in imagination, and while you may or may not approve of the given strike, — for concerning strikes one can of course not generalize, — you will at least comprehend the striker. His stubborn fight for the union principle, even when no melodramatic grievances exist, will no longer evoke your disgust. Even that brutal tyranny of organized over unorganized labor which most outrages the conscience of the public will be, not indeed justified, but interpreted; for you will realize that it is next to impossible for the union man to consider the "scab" as other than a traitor, — false to the cause which can alone bring him salvation, meanly gratifying immediate needs at the cost of the future of the class. We may condemn this attitude: we may even question the fundamental position that only by unionism can the

cause of labor be furthered. But no one who has escaped his own horizon, and stood within the mental landscape of the workers, can fail to see how natural is the outlook. Nor will he fail to thrill responsive to a disinterested passion that is in itself contagious; for whatever one may think of the wisdom of the labor men, and whatever defects their private life may hold, the modern world shows no persons more actuated by a love of humanity rising to religious ardor, more heroic in unflinching idealism, than certain in their ranks.

But alas, what employer will realize these things? As we brood over the strength with which capitalists and laborers are intrenched in their respective positions, we perceive that the difference in their moral outlook is a graver menace by far than the clash of interests. The conflict between capital and labor can never be settled by armed truce nor by nicely balanced adjustments and concessions, but only by a miracle indeed, — the transference of each moral ideal to the mind inhabited by the other.

When may we look for this? For the opposition of the employing and the working class is only a sharp phase of that profound inward disunion which separates our society into "two nations," and tends to make of our title as a democracy a mockery and a delusion. Were it not for this title and for all it implies, we might perhaps not murmur: we might accept the existence, on a common soil and under common political forms, of groups possessing no common consciousness, as part of the natural order of things. As it is, only two possibilities present themselves to the thoughtful mind: to abandon our assertions, retreating upon the aristocratic theory which in that case will ultimately mould our institutions, or to consecrate ourselves, collectively and individually, to the development of a common life. Unless this can be

achieved, it is useless to seek or to gain universal well-being, or even, were the thing thinkable, universal contentment. Our democratic forms remain but shadows; the substance will elude us still.

Surely this shall not be. Nor need we face the situation with despair. Democracy is a living power. Side by side with the forces of disruption other forces, largely unconscious, are at work, making for vital fellowship and shaping the nation into one harmonious whole. To throw what energy he is free to control into coöperation with these forces is the privilege and duty, not of the reformer, not of the government, not of the man round the corner, but of you, and you, and me. For the success or failure of the spiritual democracy depends, in ultimate analysis, wholly upon the attitude in private life of the average man. It is the purpose of these papers¹ to inquire how we Americans, without abandoning home, profession, or personal interests, may further the cause of social unity, and help to draw all our citizens into one invisible common weal.

Not that our quest can stop here. The study at close range of our social and industrial situation kindles in many minds a burning discontent. Hot protest against the entire industrial order is at large among us, and many not extremists hold that the very structure of our society must be modified before the new world of brotherhood shall appear. This may or may not be; but the discussion of these themes will outlast more than one generation. While it goes on, what beside sharing in it can a man impassioned for the American ideal of fellowship and equal opportunity do? Let us, with this question in our minds, look very simply at the intellectual, social, and religious relations which members of the alienated classes may bear to one another in the would-be democratic state.

Vida D. Scudder.

¹ The author's second paper, *Democracy and Education*, will appear in the June Atlantic.

RHODODENDRON CULTURE IN AMERICA.

ROSES, like the never ending subject of female charms, have had more than their share of the poets' attentions; the lilies and violets and slender harebells, even the whitethorn and the elder-brake, have not lacked their prophets; the daisies must always be loved for Chaucer's sake as well as for their own; but to the praise of the rhododendron, sonnet and lyric are alike unwritten. Doubtless a feeling of chivalry on the part of the poets has led them to immortalize the flower which has certain feminine characteristics

"And shuns to have her beauty spied,"

while the masculine assertiveness of the rhododendron makes any championship quite unnecessary.

It would be hard to find among shrubs a more striking personality. The great blossoms are held boldly erect, as if challenging the passer-by, each perfect flower head surrounded by its circlet of heavy dark leaves, stiffly horizontal or bent slightly back from the blossom, that nothing be lost. Even in November, when its relative, the deciduous azalea, goes into enforced retirement and begins the winter of its discontent, the rhododendron abdicates nothing of its supremacy; not only do the leaves maintain their tropical luxuriance, but the hard green buds, which appeared as soon as possible after the blossoms had passed, are there, one in the centre of each leaf circlet, to serve as an evidence of things not seen until the blossoms themselves can again assert their claim to attention.

Through the labors of the Dutch and English horticulturists the cultivated rhododendron came early into prominence. With their magnificent blooms, colors ranging from cardinal to white, from white again to royal purple, scores of varieties made conquests in the English

gardens. In the meantime, in America, until 1855 practically nothing had been done in rhododendron culture. The native varieties, *R. Catawbiense* and *R. maximum*, throve no better in the gilded captivity of civilization than the Indian Pocahontas in English society: that which was wild beauty among the forest brotherhood became as a straggling, unkempt growth against the polished setting of turf and garden perfection. Plants were imported from England and Holland, but instead of flourishing like the green bay tree and the wicked, they proved as capricious as a spoiled beauty, as unstable as April sunshine.

The reason is not far to seek. Any one who has seen rhododendrons just out of the crates in which they come from abroad, or even on the bargain counter of a department store, — a situation which ought to be the death of any self-respecting plant, — remembers the "ball" of roots, about as large as the grape fruit, protected with damp moss and secured with twine or raffia. Now in the accustomed soil and moist climate the plant had heretofore found these roots amply sufficient, but in this country the conditions are altogether different. Instead of "England's watery sky," which an eighteenth-century poet praises for its horticultural value, our climate has at times the distracting manner of a lightning-change artist: therefore, with the extremes of heat and cold and droughts in autumn — one of the hardest tests of plant endurance — life to the foreign rhododendron becomes often a struggle for existence; for, however the Psalmist applied the words in other matters, among plants which have to face a severe winter the battle is to the strong. Sometimes, after apparently dying, a rhododendron will come back to a kind of half-hearted life. A few of the hardier sorts, plants

which have the rugged Catawbiense in their composition, adapt themselves with what grace they can to the new conditions, especially if the Norway spruce, or some other sturdy tree, lends its kind offices as a wind-break until they can obtain a firm footing; but at best their life is uncertain. I have known an English specimen, after thriving for fifteen years, to succumb to the test of an unusually severe winter; instead of unbending in April to the spring sunshine, the leaves were still curled tightly from cold, hanging lifeless as oak leaves in December.

To those who had at heart a brilliant American success for the foreign rhododendron, this result was naturally discouraging. Instead of strong plants, crowned in June with richly colored blossoms, here were shrubs, needing to be humored and cosseted like nervous invalids! Knowing the vigor of the native rhododendron and its near relative the mountain laurel, horticulturists began to say with the Apostle, "Brethren, these things ought not so to be." Therefore, work began toward the obvious solution of the problem; now, instead of importing, we grow all the finer varieties which give the climate the slightest tolerance; making "Scotch babies" of the plants; accustoming them from their infancy to the soil and climate, that they may make the roots they needed.

Rhododendrons are usually propagated by grafting. The seedlings of the cultivated varieties are uncertain as to kind, and possibly the nurserymen credit the rarer sorts with something of the gentleman distaste for the problem of wresting their own living from the soil. But when grafted on the common seedlings, the sordid question of livelihood troubles them no longer; to the "stock," as the gardeners call it, belongs the matter of maintenance; while as for the "scions," "all their powers find sweet employ" in making ready the gorgeous finery for the June carnival, — an occupation much more to their liking.

The rhododendron chiefly used as a stock for grafting, both here and in Europe, is not, as might be supposed, our native Catawbiense, rather the Ponticum, of Asiatic origin, — a rhododendron which, while as hardy, gives a more luxuriant growth, adapts itself more easily to the trammels of civilization, than the American variety. The Ponticum, it is to be hoped, has become reconciled to that state of life to which it has pleased Providence and the horticulturists to call it; in the rhododendron world it occupies the position of the "other half." The Catawbiense and maximum can take possession of the mountain sides from New York and Pennsylvania to the Carolinas, but the Ponticum, though it may blossom in its native Asia Minor, has never a chance of blossoming here, and in Europe it fares no better; three or four inches of stem below the graft is all that can be seen of it above ground; it appears not in nursery catalogues nor in horticultural exhibits; its identity is sunk in the graft; its energy is spent in making the abundant roots necessary to sustain the magnificence of the more aristocratic scion, while its only reward is the consciousness of virtue which, according to the old-fashioned primers, should be all-sufficient.

The grafting of rhododendrons is by no means the simple, offhand operation which answers the purpose with an apple tree, — a cleft in a branch, a twig of another sort inserted, and there an end of the matter, — not at all! They have the long period of helpless infancy so potent in human evolution. The Ponticum seedling must be three years old before it can be grafted, and not until five years after is it considered safe to trust a plant away from the fostering care of its nursery.

For all the coddling received, there is a large infant mortality during the first year after grafting. The stock, of course, does not die, but the scion does; and on lifting a sash from the greenhouse

benches and looking down on the little round heads of leaves, each one a plant, buried almost up to its neck in damp moss as with a blanket, one sees often a large proportion hopelessly brown and withered, especially among the rarer sorts, the finer colors. "These," said a Swiss horticulturist, who has passed his life among rhododendrons, "these are the aristocracy. They will not have great families of children, like the peasants. No, no! That is 'Charles Dickens,'" he added. "Ah, he is a fine one, but you will not get many grafts from him!" He moved a little farther down the greenhouse and again raised a sash that I might see more of the green-leaved "babies" in their blankets of moss. "And that is 'Mrs. Milner,'" he said, beaming through his spectacles in mother love as he bent over the infant rhododendrons; seeing in his mind the crimson blossoms with which some future June would crown each little head, as a fond mother sees a future President in the cradle. "Oh, the *dear* lady, the *dear* lady!" he breathed, with adoring emphasis.

Another day we sat grafting, or rather, he was grafting, making the clean, straight cuts of the practiced craftsman, and fitting the scions to the stocks with beautiful exactness, and I, ignominiously going through the form, inserting in aimless bits of wood scions too weak for the waste of a good stock. Very brown and unpromising are the seedling Ponticums as they stand on the bench, the green tops cut off, looking like so many dead sticks, each thrust in its ball of earth; but, however they may seem alike to the novice, it is a matter of vast importance to the scion that it be grafted on a strong stock. "If you will grow rhododendrons," said my friend, "it is necessary to trust in the Lord and have good stocks. That one is no good, — you can graft it," he added rather uncomplimentarily, handing me a ball of earth with a spindling, twisted stock protruding. We had been clearing the air — or clouding it —

with his usual quota of Kant and Schopenhauer. "The azalea is a lady," he remarked finally (having fixed Mr. Herbert Spencer to his satisfaction in undisputed possession of the philosophical field, and come back to matters nearer at hand). He paused, and deliberated over the selection of a stock which would best suit the scion of "Henry Probasco" he held in his hand, and then repeated, "The azalea is a lady. She has the prettiness, the gayety, the charm," he continued, emphasizing each attribute with the necessary cuts in the stock of his choice. "But the rhododendron is a gentleman; he is a fine fellow, and he knows it!" he finished, with a little grunt of satisfaction, for young "Henry Probasco" fitted exactly into the place made for him.

In grafting, as in surgical operations, aside from the strength of the patient, success depends upon the clean, quick cuts, the nice joining of the parts. The scion should fit perfectly into the place cut for it in the side of the stock, the bark touching, and the tying should be as accurate as the bandaging of a limb, — "just right," as the Herr Propagator says. "You must not strangle the little fellow, and you must not let the air come in; it should be just right." But the result — "art and nature thus allied" — is eminently satisfactory, and in later years it gives one a pleasant feeling of importance to see a fine plant and reflect that one has had a finger in its making.

Aside from the reproduction of fine varieties by grafting, new and valuable sorts are obtained, here as among other plants, by hybridizing, — a process which always requires patience, and with the rhododendrons an especial amount of that virtue. After transferring the pollen from one plant to the pistil of another, securing the seed and planting it, there is the tedious interval of three or four years, until the seedlings blossom, before it is possible to know if a new kind has been obtained. Then, when the desirable plant

has been selected, it will be another four years before it yields wood enough to graft a dozen plants.

Some valuable kinds owe their existence to the results of chance seedlings. The bees, by the way, who should do something in the matter of cross-fertilization, have a clever method of avoiding their duties. Instead of diving into the heart of each flower cup, dusting themselves with pollen, carrying away a load to be left on another blossom, and so earning the taste of sweet, the rascally fellows, in spite of their boasted industry, will have none of such a laborious process: they simply make from the outside a neat puncture at the base of each flower, which enables them to reach the nectar without the slightest inconvenience. At the end of June it is hard to find a white rhododendron bloom which has not some flowers bearing the tiny brown marks of the bees.

It is in June that the rhododendrons attain their preëminence. Just before them, heralding their approach, come the flaming Ghent azaleas, gay in the richest of oranges and yellows; even some of the pink varieties must needs have one orange petal, true Hollanders that they are! Then come the rhododendrons, claiming, challenging, demanding, absorbing attention in their imperious beauty, royal in scarlet and purple, delicate in mauve and lilac and crimson softening to pale rose tints. The plants crowded with blossoms, not one of the perfect flower heads has the slightest intention of being overlooked; its stiff dark leaves, set spike-wise, seem elbowing it into prominence. The rhododendron does not hide its light under a bushel.

In the nurseries, the fields are a riot of color. One could almost make rainbows among the rhododendrons and azaleas, lacking but blue and indigo to give the "seven proper colors chorded." The colors can be blended as well as "chorded;" thirty or forty varieties could be planted whose tints shade from one to the

other, until the vivid *atrosanguineum*, red as the oxheart cherry, blends imperceptibly into the white of *album elegans* with its faint blush on the half-opened petals, which, in its turn, when fully opened, the novice might easily mistake for *candidissimum*, unless he looked for the yellow centre which keeps it from attaining the white perfection.

It needs a practiced eye to distinguish the different varieties. The crimson magnificence of "*Henry Probasco*" is easily recognized by the crimped petals; *Kissena*, a pretty little dwarf, also adds these to the charms of its pale lavender blossoms. But the other varieties are not so conveniently marked: sometimes two kinds, almost alike in color, will differ in the time of opening; the tint of *giganteum*, for instance, one of the earliest of the red rhododendrons is nearly identical with that of the later beauty, *kettledrum*, which despite its brazen name comes in at the end of the procession. There are also differences in habit and character, unimportant perhaps to the casual observer, but lovingly noted by the horticulturist, to whom, as to a mother, each child has his individual perfections. My friend, the Herr Propagator, is aghast at the ignorance which confuses the English "*Mrs. Milner*," — whose flat leaves should enable any one to recognize it in the dark, — "*Mrs. Milner*," the comfortably inclined to breadth and *embonpoint*, with "*H. W. Sargent*," undeniably thin, and calls them both indifferently "red rhododendrons."

Very often the brilliant coloring is balanced by a slighter growth, with foliage not so abundant as in less striking varieties.

"Take care, nor wake the envy of the Gods,"

may be a warning for plants as it was for *Admetus*; but, however that may be, the opportunity is still open for some horticulturist to send his name down to posterity on a rhododendron which unites the color of "*Charles Bagley*" or

"Charles Dickens," vivid as the scarlet salvias, with the tall, luxuriant growth of *grandiflorum*.

Another sphere for the exercise of horticultural ambition is afforded by the *Rhododendron Dauricum*. This is an almost unknown deciduous variety, a curious half-breed, evidently a cross between a *rhododendron* and an *azalea*. The blossoms, of a pinkish lilac, are about as large as those of the *Azalea mollis*, and are borne before the leaves have even dreamed of coming out, appearing sometimes at the end of February, with a serene indifference to the thermometer, the calendar, and other niceties of plant usage. The *Dauricum* was sent over from England many years ago, where it now seems to be unobtainable. I know of but one plant in this country, and that has evidently a rooted objection to leaving that copy of itself which, as George Eliot says, the sonneteers of the sixteenth century deemed so necessary. Stock after stock has offered to sustain the scions in luxury, but the *Dauricum* still ignores the blandishments of horticulturists like a marble-hearted novel heroine.

The sturdy Americans, "General Grant" with its rose-colored blooms, and "Lincoln" of deeper tint, belong naturally to that group of most valiant *rhododendrons* which defy even Bar Harbor winters. The tall-growing *roseum superbum* and *candidissimum*; *grandiflorum*, one of the best varieties for American planting, tough as a New England pine, and in color on the border land between magenta and crimson, like the buds of the red French lilacs; *album grandiflorum*, white save for the touch of lavender on the buds; *purpureum crispum*, with its crimped petal elegance; the dwarf *Everestianum*, one of the strongest despite its fragile-looking blossoms, pale lilac with a hint of pink, are others of this goodly company. "Mrs. Milner" behaves like a heroine, bearing the severest winters with unruffled complacency; the holly-red *bicolor*, "Charles

Dickens," and "Sargent," all of English descent, acquit themselves nobly, and the Americans "Probasco" and "Dr. Torrey" are not behind them in courage. Wherever the mountain laurel, the *Catawbiense* or *maximum* has established itself, this group of cultivated *rhododendrons* can enter into the land and possess it, not the least disadvantaged by their higher education.

But here as elsewhere in nature it is impossible to draw a hard-and-fast line. There are dozens of varieties which merely suffer a little in an unusually severe winter, easily recovering themselves in the milder weather, perfectly hardy in any ordinary degree of cold, simply manifesting a distaste for the forefront of the battle. Among these are *Caractacus*, rather dwarf, but with vivid cerise blossoms, which capture the attention its low stature might miss; the taller *roseum luteum*, unique with its yellow centre; while the English variety, Lee's Dark Purple, always suffers severely; although luxuriant in foliage and richest of the *rhododendrons* in purple, —

"That color of popes,"

the American *purpureum elegans* and *purpureum splendidum*, though coming after it, are preferred before it; at the other extreme, straining horticultural tolerance to the utmost, are a few varieties which ought never to have tried the climate unless they could have adequate winter protection. Poor "Lady Cathcart" emerges in the spring in an exhausted, bedraggled condition, but manages to show a few of the pale pink blossoms with chocolate blotches which were intended to make quite a sensation.

When hardy varieties are planted, the *rhododendron* requires no unusual care. The peat, in which it flourishes in Holland and in some English nurseries, does not suit it at all under American skies; but otherwise it is no epicurean, being quite satisfied with ordinarily good garden soil (of course the richer, the better),

limestone being the only diet the roots positively refuse, and they will not tolerate the slightest admixture of it: therefore, whoever has the wicked thing in his midst must either remove the soil to the depth of two or three feet, and fill in with other, or else forego all hope of growing the rhododendron.

The wise gardeners try to discourage the reckless profusion with which the rhododendron brings out its blossoms by removing some of the buds, so that the plant, its duties thus lightened, can make better provision for the remaining buds, have larger, more beautiful flower heads, and improve its general health at the same time.

An enduring comfort to the grower of the rhododendron is its comparative freedom from insect pests; even the San José scale, the destruction of the gardens, the *bête noire* of tree and shrub, has no terror for it. Those insects which have courage enough to attack the stiff heavy leaves can inflict only a temporary disfigurement, not affecting the life of the plant in the least.

Through its very positiveness and luxuriance of color the rhododendron suffers as few shrubs do from inharmonious arrangement. I have the greatest respect for an excellent lady who not only planted with a proper regard for the various colorings, but had her house painted solely with the idea of setting off to best advantage a large "General Grant" which grew near it. Would that plants always received as much consideration! Landscape gardeners are often unfamiliar with the different sorts or careless about color schemes; men and women of culture and artistic sense, who would be sorely troubled by a lack of color harmony in their drawing-rooms, will yet maintain a serene indifference to the conflict on their lawns, where rhododendrons of clashing tints struggle for the supremacy. I have in mind a lawn which for ten successive Junes has been the dueling ground of two beautiful rhododen-

drons, — grandiflorum with its hint of magenta, and the clear wild-rose pink of roseum elegans. To enjoy is impossible. One can only complain with the old poet, —

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t' other dear charmer away!"

But, unfortunately, the suggestion is rarely effected. In many persons there exists a strange reluctance to move a plant once safe in Mother Earth, — very much the same feeling a schoolboy exhibits when asked to hold a baby; although there is nothing occult in either operation, and for the rhododendron there is only necessary an ordinary observance of times and seasons and a decent regard for the roots.

To be placed in an isolated group, stranded, as it were, in a green expanse of lawn, is a trying and unnatural situation for any shrub. The rhododendron endures this glaring publicity better than most of its fellow sufferers, aided, no doubt, by its natural lack of timidity; yet to be seen to best advantage it should be planted in masses against the green background of the forest trees, the brilliant colors craving the quiet shadow of the woods. Within the woods the blossoms lose their luxuriance, but at the edge, with the dark trees as a setting, they are at peace with themselves and all the world in their chosen environment.

It is not given to all the evergreens to grow old gracefully. Although the forest trees, the little Japanese conifers, the yew trees, and the box attain a picturesque old age, many of the "ornamentals" at twenty-five or thirty, instead of becoming patriarchal, simply begin to look rusty and unkempt; but a rhododendron of forty winters may have the graceful outline of a magnolia conspicua, and vie with the youngest of its brothers in the profusion of June splendor.

For many years the rhododendron made its way slowly. Hardiness is a virtue which must be above suspicion,

and the frailty of so many of the foreign sorts sadly injured the reputation of the stoutest English and American worthies. But the permanent and ever increasing beauty of the plant, the union of the rare coloring of the exotic with the hardihood of the wild species, the dominant char-

acter, the effectiveness, have had their reward, and in America the cultivated rhododendron has now come into its own, and is first in the garden aristocracy even as the wild rhododendron holds itself first among the shrubs in its mountain fastnesses.

Frances Duncan.

THE REBUILDING OF OLD COMMONWEALTHS.

I HAVE lately been to a neighborhood in one of the old Southern states that I knew twenty-five years ago. The railway station was then a flimsy shanty that the country merchant had himself built, in payment for the railroad's stopping its one daily passenger train if it were signaled. It stopped twice or thrice a week, and the passenger that got off or on felt himself a person with privileges. The one daily freight train stopped as seldom; and, when it stopped, it put off a box or a barrel for the merchant, but I think it never took anything on. Three families of importance lived near the railway station, and the little settlement dwindled down the muddy road to a dozen Negro shanties. All round about was a country population on small farms, and further away there were the wrecks of two old plantations.

In the neighborhood were a Methodist church and a Baptist church. "Mother," said a pious Methodist girl of eighteen, "is it impossible for an Episcopalian to be saved?" For still the circuit-riding preacher at "revival" times insisted that the grace of God fell short of saving them that danced and played cards. The young people and occasionally a hoary sinner went to the mourners' bench and were duly "converted." Then the community rested from disturbing questions of faith till the Baptist "revival" came and the Elder insisted on the necessity of immersion.

A bare shanty down the road was used for a schoolhouse. A young woman taught a dozen children for a dollar a month apiece till she was married. Then there was no school for two years. For a generation or two it had an intermittent life. A public school was kept for the very poor in a hut a mile away in the woods, for about six weeks a year. Life ran easy and life ran slow. Politics and religion, the crops and the promise of peaches, fox-hunting stories, and sometimes reminiscences of the war were the staples of conversation.

Two railways now run through the town, and you may take a sleeping-car on either and go to New York in twenty hours, whereas twenty years ago it was a journey, with several stops, of fifty or sixty hours, and there was no sleeping-car. The town has mills and shops, paved streets and electric lights, a well-maintained private school, and two public schools, one for whites and one for blacks. Society yet divides itself somewhat along theological lines; but the violence of religious controversy is abated, especially among the men, for they now discuss the price of certain stocks in New York. Even whist parties are held at the home of a woman of Baptist antecedents. The men have a wider range of activities, and the women have more clothes. The spread of well-being has been general. The intellectual life has been somewhat quickened, though it yet

shows its structural peculiarities. The people are becoming very like prosperous village-folk wherever they have been lifted, but not yet radically changed, by material prosperity. The well-trained reader of the *Atlantic Monthly* who is looking for a problem would now go to this town too late; for twenty or thirty years hence it will be (except for the presence of two races) very like half a thousand towns in the Middle West. It is true the people talk slowly and cut off their words; they read the worst newspapers in the world because they are "Democratic;" but they have not reached that degree of self-conscious cultivation at which society affects intellectual qualities that it has not attained. The people have a vast store of common sense. If they had better cooks, you would be content to live with them the rest of your life, for they give you good fellowship and they bestow the inestimable boon of leisure.

These good qualities of fellowship and leisure mark them off from the people of corresponding fortune and social gradation in other parts of the Union. These qualities are not an affectation nor a mere tradition. The villagers are not only demonstrative; they really care for one another in most affectionate ways. Helpfulness is not an act of conscience: it is an impulse. Hospitality is not a mere habit: it is a necessity of their natures. It was in a town like this that a plan was made to build a hotel; and when the leading citizen was asked to subscribe to stock in the hotel company, he replied, with a touch of indignation: "A hotel? What do you want with a hotel? Whenever a gentleman comes to town I entertain him; and if a man comes here who is n't a gentleman, let him go on." If you are a gentleman and go there, any man in the town will stop work for a day (or seem to stop it) to entertain you. His household will seem to move wholly with reference to your comfort and convenience; and every

man and woman you meet will be delighted to see you. They will frankly tell you so and show you that they mean it. You will come away with the feeling that, though you had before known hospitable individuals and families, you now know a town that had nothing to do but to entertain you.

I can never forget, or recall without a thrill of gratitude, the distinction that was paid me years ago when I went, almost as a stranger, on a professional errand, to a Southern city. I had been at the hotel less than an hour, when a gentleman whom I had not seen for twenty years called and took me to his home willy nilly. His beautiful children did their share in entertaining me, as if I had gone only to see them. I had a letter of introduction to a feeble old gentleman who lived nearly two miles away. I presented it, and he seemed overwhelmed with regret that he could not return my call, nor show me especial attention. During my visit, the venerable colored servant of this fine old man rode to the house of my host every morning at eight o'clock, and delivered this speech: "De Col'nel sent me to ax consarnin' Mr. Page's helf. He hopes he slep' well, an' feels refreshed dis mawnin'; and he 'spresses de hope dat you is all well." (God rest his soul, he disliked most ideas that I think sound, but he loved all men and women that are strong and lovely; and he was a gentleman.)

If you are determined to find a problem, you may reflect on this: how in the march of industrialism these qualities of hospitality and leisure may be retained in the habits of these people; and how they may be transplanted to corresponding towns in other parts of the Union. For the practice of kindness and of restfulness is not a trick, not a mere fashion or tradition: it is a quality of the blood, a touch of nature that would redeem the unlovely wastes of much more prosperous and better informed society.

A few months ago I rode for a hundred miles or more on the first railway that ran by the village that I have described, in the company of a man who has gradually amassed a fortune by the good management of a cotton mill. As we passed a dozen such towns, he said that he had always believed in the success of "our people." "They are as capable as any people under the sun, and are better neighbors than most; and I had no idea that I should ever live to see such a degree of financial prosperity as they have already reached." Then, after a long talk about the growth of these communities, he remarked, "Schools, schools, schools of the right sort — that is what we need."

But in the country, only a few miles from almost any of these towns, men and women live and think as men and women did fifty years ago, or eighty years, or even a hundred. The farmers have more money than their grandfathers had, but the general structure of their life is the same, — a dull succession of the seasons where agriculture is practiced in old-fashioned ways, where weary housewives show resignation rather than contentment, and where ignorance has become satisfied with itself. The country is somewhat more densely populated than it was twenty years ago, but the growth of population suggests only a denser stagnation.

These men and women are not poor, that is, they do not feel poor. They have a civilization of their own of which they are proud. They have for a hundred years been told to be proud of it. The politicians have told them that they are the best people on earth, that the state they live in is the most important in the Union, that the ideas they stand for are the bulwarks of our liberties. Do they not own land? Are they not independent? What more could men ask? One in five is illiterate. But what matter? Some of the illiterate are more successful than some others that can read.

What does it profit a man, then, to read? They have a self-satisfied personal dignity that prevents near approach. If you propose to change a law or a custom, or are suspected of such a wish, or if you come with a new idea, the burden of proving its value rests on you. What they are they regard as the normal state of human society. If you would change it or them, you are under suspicion as a disorganizer of social life. There was talk in one household, I recall, about the possibility that the son of one of the more prosperous men in the neighborhood might go away to study medicine. "I don't see the use," said the father. "We've got two doctors nigh enough, and there ain't no room for a third." The preacher, too, has hardened their self-contentment, especially the self-contentment of the women. A profession of faith after "conversion" prepares them for the life to come, and breeds an indifference to the transitory inconveniences of the life that is.

A country schoolmaster in this region told me last year (truly enough) that the ability to read was not a good test even of a man's intelligence, to say nothing of his character. "Why, do you know," said he, "how many of the Confederate soldiers were illiterate? Yet they were the best soldiers that ever went to war."

"Suppose they had all been trained, — trained to some useful occupation, — some as geologists, some as miners, some as machinists, some as shipwrights, some as gun-makers. The iron in Alabama, the wood and coal near by, would these not have been utilized in war?"

"Utilized? We'd 'ave whipped the Yankees — shore!"

"What would you think of schools where men should now be trained to occupations, schools here in this neighborhood, to make ploughs, wagons, furniture, everything useful?"

"That'd be a mighty good thing; but it ain't education."

There is a considerable variety of social conditions in these rural communities, as everywhere else. Near one home, where both children and grandchildren are illegitimate, is the residence of a man who holds his land by direct descent in his family from a colonial grant, and whose sons are successful lawyers and preachers and physicians in four states. A good many youth go to the towns and find wider opportunities. From this same neighborhood a youth went to New York, and he is now a rich merchant; another went to college by his own exertions, and he is an electrical engineer in a great manufacturing city; another is a partner in a factory in New England; another is a judge in Oregon. The most ambitious are those who go away; and the general level of life seems as low as it was generations ago. The emigration from the older Southern states has been enormous.

Three influences have held the social structure stationary: first slavery, which pickled all Southern life and left it just as it found it; then the politician, and the preacher. One has for a hundred years proclaimed the present social state as the ideal condition; and, if any has doubted this declaration, the other has told him that this life counts for little at best. Thus gagged and bound, Southern rural society has remained stationary longer than English-speaking people have remained stationary anywhere else in the world. It is a state of life that keeps permanently the qualities of the frontier civilization long after the frontier has receded and been forgotten. The feeling that you bring away with you is a feeling that something has intervened to hold these people back from their natural development. They have a capacity that far outruns their achievement. They are citizens of an earlier time and of a narrower world, who have not had the development that a democracy implies. The cue to a proper understanding of them is the historic fact that they are a capable people whose

growth, when democracy began to develop men, was interrupted.

The familiar classification of the Southern people as "gentlemen" and "poor whites" is misleading. The number of the large landed proprietors and of large slaveholders has been greatly exaggerated by tradition. Smaller, too, than is thought is the class that may properly be called "white trash" or "buckra." The great mass of these country people came of sturdy English and Scotch-Irish stock, and they are very like the country population that settled the other states eighty years ago. They are not poorer nor "trashier" than the rural population of New Jersey, or Pennsylvania, or New York, or New England were several generations ago, or than they now are in certain remote regions.

If the rural parts of New York, or of New Jersey, or of Pennsylvania were to-day depopulated, and all the machinery of the present civilization were removed, and if to-morrow the population of eighty years ago were to reappear just as it was, this would be a community very like these Southern communities. What an interesting field for sociological experiment such a reappearance of a part of the past would present! Peddlers and missionaries and reorganizers of social life would overwhelm their "contemporary ancestors." It would be a pleasure to help them forward in a decade or two as far as their descendants traveled in eighty years, but it would not be an easy task. After many impatient efforts we should learn the wisdom of trying to find out their point of view, and of contenting ourselves with gently helping them to advance in their own way, even if they came slowly and seemed stupid. Teaching one's ancestors is at best a difficult undertaking; for it is not the same task as teaching one's descendants. What a lot of disappointing effort this generation might have saved if it had known this simple truth somewhat sooner!

Although the new Southern towns are coming to be very like towns elsewhere, there are others where nothing changes. I described such a community in the *Atlantic Monthly* twenty-one years ago. It is now as it was then, except that the old lord of the community is dead, his plantation has been divided, and his "mansion" has gone to decay. Nothing has happened there these twenty years, and the old town has reached that mellow stage of neglect wherein an historical novelist has lately found it a fit scene for a colonial romance. I know another such town where it would be a privilege to die, so quiet is its mild and contented life, so dignified the houses and the trees, and so peaceful the half-neglected gardens. You are aware only of an invitation to repose. When a route for a railway was run through a college town very like this, half a century or more ago, there was great excitement. A railway? Never! It would jar the dignity of the community and corrupt the morals of youth. It was deflected, therefore; and, after thirty years of jolting hacks over bad roads, the people had to build a branch railway. But even then they would not permit a locomotive nearer than a mile. The railway, therefore, ended in an old field, and the same hacks yet have their share of work to do.

I recently visited a college town contemporary with this. There amid the queer architecture of the old buildings, under elms and oaks that give acres of shade, — trees some of which were planted by great men with proper ceremonies, — generation after generation of youth has absorbed a little learning and much patriotism. The young men you meet are serious and mature in manner, earnest fellows who have already dedicated themselves to the state; for the state is greater than the nation. It was in this academic circle, more than a decade ago, that I asked a member of the faculty why he attended a particular church, for I knew that he had for many

years been an "adherent" of another sect and a believer in none. "I throw beef to the lion," said he. "The sectarian representation in this faculty must be evenly balanced; and by this adjustment I belong to the church that I attend." He unlocked a door in his library and took out a handful of books, Matthew Arnold's *Literature and Dogma*, a volume of Renan, and two or three others. "These I keep under lock and key."

It was in this college town that I went to rest last winter. My memory will suffer palsy before I forget the unchanging charm of that academic circle of eighteenth-century life; for it is as it was before anything was that now is. The succession of generations is an incident; the coming of men from other states and other lands, — it is they that soon change, not this circle into which they come. Tradition is king here, and there is no other. You would wear his livery yourself, within an hour after you entered his kingdom; and you would feel at home, as you would feel at home if you could visit your ancestors from whom you so reprehensibly strayed away into your own generation.

When the play of general conversation had ended, one evening, and the talk had settled down to a specific topic, this was the topic, — the lack of freedom of speech in the community. Of course there was in that company absolute freedom of speech. We had been talking about "radical" opinions, especially on theological subjects, or on the race relation. "I should not dare," said one professor, "to say in public, in my lecture-room, or in print, a single thing that I have said here."

"Why?"

"I should be dismissed."

"Do the men who hold the power of dismissal *all* count your opinions a crime?"

"Why, not one of them. They all agree with me. There is no difference

of private opinion. I can discuss anything with them in private. But they could not withstand the public indignation of the press."

"This is the more remarkable," another said, with a laugh, "because the editor of the most important newspaper in this quarter of the world holds more 'radical' opinions than any other man I know. But he has to serve the public."

"Who is the public?"

"The Democratic platform, the Daughters of the Confederacy, old General So-and-So, and the Presbyterian creed," said one.

"And the farmers who vote, whether they can read or not," added another.

As for the editor of the powerful newspaper, I knew that a year before he had sought an engagement in New York in order "to get out of the realm that is ruled by the dead."

It is in the rural regions and in such a circle of the old academic society that you come upon the Southern problem — that unyielding stability of opinion which gives a feeling of despair, the very antithesis of social growth and of social mobility. "Everything lies here where it fell," said a village philosopher in speaking of this temper. "There are the same rocks in the road that were there before the war."

To illustrate: one morning I went, in just such a town, to a school for Negroes where I heard a very black boy translate and construe a passage of Xenophon. His teacher also was a full-blooded Negro. It happened that I went straight from the school to a club where I encountered a group of gentlemen discussing the limitations of the African mind. "Teach 'em Greek!" said old Judge So-and-So. "Now a nigger could learn the Greek alphabet by rote, but he could never intelligently construe a passage from any Greek writer — impossible!" I told him what I had just heard. "Read it? understood

it? was black? a black man teaching him? I beg your pardon, but do you read Greek yourself?"

"Sir," said he at last, "I do not for a moment doubt your word. I know you think the nigger read Greek; but, even if you knew your Xenophon by heart, I should say that you were deceived. I should n't believe it if I saw it with my own eyes and heard it with my own ears."

Such are the baffling facts of a sparse population and of a self-satisfied life that lingers past its day. Do they give reason for despair? The problem is the most important that has been presented in our national history. It is not the education of a few millions of neglected persons, it is not the modernizing of a few picturesque institutions, least of all is it the task of imposing on these people a civilization that has been developed elsewhere (for this would be a fool's errand indeed, and in no way desirable if it were possible); but the larger problem is this: Since democracy means constant social growth and social mobility, is Southern life becoming democratic, or is it remaining stable, or going back to an essentially aristocratic structure? Are forces inside it asserting themselves that give promise of shaping this life in line with democratic growth? Or are the native forces reactionary? Is democracy there at last to be a failure? Is it equal to the task of assimilating the master and the freed race? There are thoughtful men who frankly deny the possibility of such a complete conquest by the democratic idea. I quote one such — a man of learning if not of wisdom — who wrote this memorandum for me while we sat last winter under the Christmas mistletoe in a venerable South Carolina "mansion":

"The dominant elements of society in the two sections of the country were different from the beginning. Slavery did not make the difference, it only em-

phasized it. The unconscious aims and ideals of the two peoples diverged. The abolition of slavery was a matter of force. So also was the suppression of secession. But these events did not change the essential character of the people. Superficially they are now one. But forty years are as nothing in the life of a people, nor fifty years, nor a hundred. The South is to-day further from a willing acceptance of really democratic ideals than it was twenty years ago. The growth of such an organization as the Daughters of the Confederacy, the increasing celebration of the heroism of the Confederate soldier, the silent unwillingness of white men to tax themselves to educate the Negro, the instinctive denial to the Negro of any real standing in the most important matters of life,—these things seem to me to point to a different genius, a different tendency, a different ideal, even a different necessity. How the divergence will work itself out, I do not know; but a century hence the South will be, in the essence of its civilization, further from the North than it now is. No outward forms of government can make two different peoples the same."

In another old home in Cambridge, Mass., four years ago, another man of much learning, but also of little wisdom, told me that he had always regarded Southerners as foreigners. "There's a difference that I think is radical," said he. "The South will never look at life from a democratic point of view." In recent years I have heard this opinion from thoughtful men only in South Carolina and in Massachusetts, and only in academic circles.

Such statements strip the question of all side issues and of all temporary aspects. It is true that the same laws may not mean the same thing to North and South (as the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution does not); it is true that forty years of missionary effort among the Negroes is but an exte-

rior force. With all that it has done, it has not radically changed the Negro's place in the community. It is true that no exterior or temporary influence counts for much; and the hereditary "essence of a civilization" is everything. No man of thought has ever regarded laws enacted at Washington against the consent of the Southern people as a primary force in shaping their life, nor outside aid to education or to anything else as revolutionary if it ran counter to the native "genius;" preaching is of no avail; almsgiving is an estranging force; in a word, if Southern life have not in it the seed and the necessity of a true democratic development, then a democratic order of life cannot be thrust upon it, and it were useless to try.

But if I have interpreted our national development aright, and if I know the history of the people of the Southern commonwealths (which to the obscuring of the whole large matter remains unwritten), my friends from whom I have quoted have made a radical misinterpretation of all the large facts and of the dominant tendencies of the Southern masses. It is a question of what are the incidental forces and what are the dominant, inherent forces of the people's life and character. The large truth is (and for one I see it more clearly every year in the South) that there is no undemocratic fact in the history of the Southern people that is not directly accounted for by slavery and by the results of slavery. The most conspicuous institutional results were the political machines that were built, first by one political party and then by the other, on the race difference, and the ecclesiastical machines that are the direct result of popular ignorance and isolation. The country people that I have described are passionate democrats, men of the ideal temperament to make free commonwealths. The very strongest impulse of Southern character is patriotic and democratic. The apparently contrary tendencies are clearly

the results of an arrested development. So strongly have I been impressed with the democratic quality of Southern character that I believe, if a democracy existed nowhere in the world, Southern life would now soon evolve a democratic order of society, perhaps even of a radical type. The adaptation of the whites to the Negro as a freedman and as a citizen (in spite of the restrictions of Negro suffrage) and the gradual acceptance of him as a member of the state are stronger proofs of an inherent democratic tendency than English-speaking men have elsewhere shown.

These old commonwealths were stopped in their development by slavery, and by war, and by the double burden of a sparse population and an ignorant alien race. When the weight of these burdens is considered, the progress made these thirty years in democratic development is without parallel in our history. The present backwardness of rural communities and of old academic and aristocratic circles is but a picturesque reminder of the distance we have traveled. Descriptions of these may entertain us, as the charm of the obsolete appeals to all cultivated minds, but they give no hint, except by contrast, of the real forces of the period in which we live. The work that is going on now in the upland South in particular is a process of conscious and natural state-building, constructive at every important step. Reactionary influences have been respectable, but they are now spent impulses.

There are two great constructive forces: the first is industry, which has already put the essential power in the hands of a class of men that give mobility to social life and opportunity to them that can take it. This industrial development would finally work out the inherent democratic tendency of the people, if no other force were brought into play. The danger is that industrial activity may deal too rudely with the gentleness and dignity of the old-time life,

and do violence to its genius for leisure and its imaginative quality.

The other native force that frankly recognizes the arrested development of the people and is taking hold of the problem of their natural growth is the new impulse in public education. It is this that I wish to emphasize. This is native; this is instinctive; this is nothing different from Jefferson's creed and plan. It has been long in gathering force, but it is now so strong that its recent manifestation may fairly be called a new chapter in our national history. In the presence of this revolutionary force, doubt about the democratic "essence" of Southern civilization falls away. Beside this, all other influences except the forward push of industrial life count for nothing. The response that the people make to their own leaders proves their "democratic genius" and their instinctive recognition of institutions that fit their needs.

Formal education has been going on in the South these thirty years, with increasing efficiency in the cities and the large towns and at the colleges. There are communities in which the whole attitude toward contemporary problems has been changed by the influence of the schools. But it is not of town life, nor of higher education, that I now write. I write rather of that new impulse toward the right training of the neglected masses that is a larger matter than schoolroom work, or academic or professional training, — of the subject as it affects the direction of the whole people's development. From this point of view a dozen or two colleges count for little, however excellent they may be; and life in the cities is, in a sense, of secondary importance, because the cities are few and the wide stretches of rural life are almost immeasurable.

The situation is discouraging enough, Heaven knows. In the ten *cis-Mississippi* Southern states, the proportion of illiterate white voters is as large as it

was in 1850; and the public schools in these states now give "five cents' worth of education per child per day for only eighty-seven days a year." This is to say, the total expenditure on the public schools is five cents a school-day per pupil, and they are kept open an average of only eighty-seven days a year. But it is precisely because the situation is so bad that it is becoming so hopeful. Schools of this sort are little better than none. The people do not care for them. The stolidity of ignorance cannot be overcome by any such perfunctory attack. The leaders of the best Southern opinion have come to recognize this truth, and they have begun work in a new way. They have discovered that the schools must do something more than teach the three R's, for a people without diversified occupations and without training do not care for the three R's, nor do the three R's profit them greatly. An idle and unproductive man is no less useless because he can read and write.

It was this fundamental fact that General Armstrong saw when he worked out the system of training toward occupations at Hampton Institute for the Negroes; and it is this fundamental fact that the present leaders of popular education in the Southern states now understand. They are training hand and mind together. The experience in every rural community where a school of this kind has been established is that the people who cared nothing for what they once called "education" are so eager for this training that they will make any sacrifice to obtain it. Herein is the beginning of a complete change in the neglected wastes of Southern village and rural life. Here, too, is proof that the people are not "in the essence of their civilization" different from the people of the other parts of the country. The "way out" has been found. The problem that the South now presents has at last become so plain that thoughtful men no longer differ about it. It is no

longer obscured by race differences nor by political differences. It is simply the training of the untrained masses. As slavery and war and an isolated life arrested their development and held them in a fixed social condition, so the proper training of them to helpful occupations will release them to usefulness in a democracy.

The new movement is revolutionary for another reason. The old notion of education was that it meant the training of a few. It is now understood that a few cannot be profitably educated unless all are trained. The failure to educate the masses has sometimes brought tragic results to the educated. There was a man, for instance, in an old Southern town who became a famous scholar in the law, and I suppose that he was a man of very unusual learning. He became a judge, and he was regarded as the foremost jurist in his state. But his income hardly kept his library replenished. He lived in respectable want, and died without making provision for his family. His son also was trained to the law; and, since the family felt it a sort of sacred duty that he should remain where he was born, his practice, too, was so small that he became discouraged, and his career was a failure. The daughter sold the family mansion to pay the family debts. "But," as one of her neighbors said, "she is the first happy and independent member of that family." She teaches woodwork in the public school, and is training her nephews to scientific agriculture.

The men and the women of both races who are leading this great popular movement work with an inspiration that puts conventional teachers to shame. For example, a young agricultural chemist several years ago began with enthusiasm a campaign of education among the farmers. He put much faith in bulletins and leaflets, which were sent broadcast. "I soon found out," said he, "that sending out literature did little good so long as many farmers could not read and many

more would not." He left his laboratory and became an educational statesman (that is the right word), and there are few men in America whose influence in building up the people is now greater than his. Out of a comparatively small acquaintance, I know many similar experiences. A well-trained preacher, for instance, who has had much to do with the administration of the churches of his sect in rural regions, lately gave up his work and became a superintendent of schools. "Till the country people are educated," said he, "church work will not stick. It has to be done over every few years."

Any one who knows the work that such men are doing could fill these pages with a bare catalogue of heroic deeds — deeds like these for examples: The principal of a school for training white teachers proposed to his faculty that they give a part of their salaries, which were meagre to the edge of poverty, to erect a new building for the school. Not one demurred. The building was put up, but there is yet not room enough for the self-supporting students that apply for admission; and twelve teachers have only four recitation rooms. They are occupied almost every hour of the day. Yet no sooner had the winter vacation come than the principal himself hurried to Hampton Institute to study its method of teaching handicrafts, and half the faculty went to New York to hear lectures at the Teachers' College. A vacation does not suggest rest to them, but opportunity to equip themselves better. From the same institution a man went, as soon as his vacation began, to organize a model school in a village of two hundred people. They had collected \$1000. He secured \$500 from some other source. The building was opened, and every white parent in the neighborhood went to the dedication of it. The children are now taught in garden, in kitchen, and in workshop as well as in the school-room.

Educational work in these states is, therefore, something more than the teaching of youth: it is the building of a new social order. The far-reaching quality of the work that these energetic men are doing lifts them out of the ranks of mere schoolmasters and puts them on the level of constructive statesmen. They are the servants of democracy in a sense that no other public servants now are, for they are the rebuilders of old commonwealths.

I have purposely written nothing about the race relation; for, as fast as this kind of training takes hold of the people, race friction has a tendency to disappear. The Negro, himself at once the beneficiary and the victim of slavery, yet holds the rural white man, who was its victim and not its beneficiary, in economic bondage; and he is himself also in economic bondage, and in bondage likewise to the ignorant white man's race feeling. The white man has held the Negro back, the Negro has held the white man back, and dead men have ruled them both, only because they were both untrained or mistrained.

Any man who has the privilege to contribute even so small a thing as applause to this great movement feels the thrill of this state-building work so strongly that he is likely to care little for such tame exercise as historical speculation. Yet it would be interesting to speculate on the effects of Jefferson's plan for public education if it had been carried out. Would the public schools not have prevented the growth of slavery? True, public schools and slavery, as well as most other human institutions, are the results of economic forces; but, if the masses of the Southern population had been educated, or trained to work, a stronger economic impetus might have been given to diversified pursuits than cotton culture gave to slavery, and the whole course of our history might thus have been changed. But, whatever might

have been the results of Jefferson's educational policy if it had been worked out in Virginia, the development of Southern life in the next hundred years will be determined by the success with which it shall now be worked out. The nature of the problem is clear. The work will be slow, and the recovery from these last effects of slavery may require as long a time as it required to get rid of slavery itself; but of the ultimate result no man who can distinguish dominant forces from incidental forces can have a doubt.

The Southern people were deflected

from their natural development. They are the purest American stock we have. They are as capable as any part of our population. They are now slowly but surely working out their own destiny; and that destiny is a democratic order of society which will be a rich contribution to the republic that their ancestors took so large a part in establishing. Undeveloped resources of American life lie in these great rural stretches of neglected humanity as yet almost unknown. The foremost patriotic duty of our time is to hasten its development.

Walter H. Page.

THREE CHANCES.

I.

PATIENCE JOY was hanging out the clothes in the side yard and singing, "*Guide me, O, Thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land.*" The scent of the lilacs by the fence came to her, fresh and sweet, and fallen cherry blossoms flecked the grass under her feet. Overhead masses of white clouds drifted by.

"*I am weak, but Thou art mighty. Hold me with Thy powerful hand.*" She lifted a big sheet from the basket and tossed it across the line, straightening it on each side with swift, decisive touch. "*Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven*" — The song came thoughtfully. She was examining the hem of the sheet, rubbing it between her big hands to remove the suggestion of a shadow along the edge. "*Feed me t-i-i-l I wa-a-n-t no more.*" She finished triumphantly, dropping the sheet and bending again to the basket.

The words floated in at the window of the little house across the yard. Old Mrs. Joy, sitting bolt upright against the pillows, looked out with a half smile on

her pinched-up, querulous face. Her sloping shoulders bent a little forward, and her thin fingers, knotted at the joints, rested impatiently on the patchwork quilt. She had been the village tailoress. It was ten years since she had given up tailoring and taken to her bed to die of consumption.

Patience did the village tailoring now. On Mondays she washed. Tuesdays she went out tailoring. Wednesdays she ironed. Thursdays and Fridays she went out tailoring again. And Saturdays she baked. To-day was Monday. "*Open Thou the crystal fountain*" —

A young man, passing along outside the fence, stopped and hesitated. "*Whence the healing streams do flow* — Good-morning, Ethan." The fresh, joyous face emerged from behind the clothes.

The young man smiled. He pushed his hat farther back on his head. "Morning, Patience."

"How's your mother?" She was coming toward the fence with long, easy steps.

"Tolabul. How's yourn?"

"Pretty good. She did n't rest very well last night."

They waited in silence.

"Getting your wash out?" He nodded affably toward the flapping lines.

"I'm 'most done." A shyness had settled on the big figure. "Can't you stop, Ethan?" She glanced toward the gate.

His glance followed indifferently. "Guess not. I'm goin' an erran' for mother. The old gray hen's a-settin'. I'm goin' down to Pride's for eggs."

"Oh!" The girl's face had shadowed a little.

The young man regarded the white clouds. He had clear, pink cheeks, and his hair curled closely. His big mouth had something of the look of conceit, touched with a kind of boyish sweetness.

"Say — Patience" —

She glanced at him slowly.

He had looked down from the clouds. "I've been thinking about something quite awhile."

Her face lighted. "Have you?"

He nodded. His eyes followed an oriole in its flaming, dipping flight across the yard to the elm tree over the front door. "I'm kind o' 'fraid mother won't like it," he said slowly.

She was looking at him thoughtfully. "Maybe not." She gave a little sigh. Her eyes rested on the oriole swinging on the long branch of the elm. Its half-built nest was close by.

"She'd ought to be willing," he said more stoutly. "I'm twenty-four."

"Yes." The word was scarcely breathed. She had raised her eyes to his face and was regarding him.

He returned the look absently, the smile on his full lips deepening. "I'm thinkin' about sayin' it to-day," he said tentatively.

She flushed and looked away. Her big face had a softened touch. It was not unlike that of a finely bred horse, with its long lines and the look of gentle intelligence. The gray eyes were clear wells of light. They turned toward him steadily. "I would," she said.

"I reckon I will," he responded. He half turned away. "Well, I must be goin'."

She stared at him. Her lips had parted, incredulous. "Can't you stop?" she faltered.

He smiled amiably. "Guess not. Esther'll be washin' too. I might lose my chance if I stopped." He spoke with boyish condescension. His hands grasped the top of two pickets and pulled at them in half embarrassment.

She was looking intently at the swaying clothes, a baffled question in her face.

"She's a nice girl," remarked Ethan, loath to drop the subject.

She nodded sharply. The color had left her face.

"If mother don't like Esther Pride, there ain't anybody she *will* like," he continued, with a swift pull at the pickets.

She was looking away.

"Don't you think so, Patience?"

"Yes — I — think — so." The words came slowly.

He smiled complacently. "I knew you would. You know mother's well as I do. She won't like anybody comin' in and upsettin' her so — and upsettin' her ways." He scowled at the pickets.

"No."

"An' Esther's got ways of her own." He lifted his face. It wore a proud, boyish smile. "Say, Patience, could n't you kind o' talk to mother?"

"About what?" She was not looking at him.

"'Bout Esther — you know" —

"Yes?"

"How handsome she is and" — He broke off sharply, looking at the half smile on her lips. "No, that won't do," he said hastily. He paused, a perplexed look in his face. It gave way to light. "Tell her something yourself, Patience. You always say good things to her." He spoke with relief.

"Very well," she said gently. She was turning back to the clothes.

"Good-by, Patience."

"Good-by, Ethan."

He walked down the road, his head erect, whistling with careless ease.

She lifted the empty basket and turned toward the house. In the soft gloom of the woodshed she paused, looking about her vaguely. The gray wells were filled to the brim. They stared at the side of the shed. The sob that rose to her lips was changed, with a shake of the big figure, to a quick, harsh breath. She bent over the tub, swirling the water swiftly under her hand and dipping it into the pail by the bench.

A querulous voice reached the shed: "Patience! Patience!"

She lifted her head, a fine light glowing in her eyes. "Yes, mother! Coming, mother!" she called cheerily.

She hastened across the sitting room to the big bedroom. The old face was turned impatiently to the door. "Wa'n't that Ethan?" she demanded sharply.

The girl came across and changed the pillows. "Yes, mother." The flushed face was hidden.

"I thought so." The shrunken chest breathed complacently. "What'd he hev to say?"

"Nothing."

Her mother peered at her sharply. "What'd he come for?"

"He was just going by." The voice was careless.

"Umph!" She drew the little three-cornered shawl more closely about her shoulders. "Ain't you 'most done?" she asked, with a tired look.

"I was just emptying the tubs when you called," replied the girl. "I'll finish 'em, and then I'll bring the potatoes in here to peel."

"It's turrible lonesome," said her mother rigidly. "'Taint 's if I could sew or do anything to take up my mind." She glanced down at the knotted fingers.

"No, mother. It's real hard. Everybody knows it's hard," responded Patience soothingly. "I'll be right back."

She went swiftly from the room. Pre-

sently her voice ascended from the cool cellar, as she bent over the potato barrel, "*Let the fiery, cloudy pillar lead me all my journey through.*"

The mother's sharp eyes softened. They looked up as Patience stood in the door, the pan of potatoes in her hand.

"Take your chair and set right there by the window where you can see what's going on and tell me 'bout it," she said.

II.

"That you, Patience?" The voice had a note of hopeful fretfulness.

The girl crossed the sitting room and hung her hat on the nail behind the door before she turned toward the bedroom. Her face had a tired look, but the eyes were serene. They smiled at the twisted old face turned toward her.

"How you feeling, mother?" she asked gently, coming to the bed.

The old eyes brushed the question aside. "What'd you talk about?" she demanded.

The girl stood, with an absent look, rearranging the things on the little stand at the head of the bed. "I don't know," she said slowly.

Her mother, who had sunk back on the pillows with an air of expectancy, bristled anew.

"You must 'a' talked about something!" she said sharply. "You could n't 'a' set dumb all day."

Patience smiled vaguely. "No," she admitted, "there was a good deal o' talk, — one kind and another. You lie still, mother, I'll think of it, — a little at a time."

The old lady was leaning forward, as if to extract some scrap of news by sheer intensity. She clicked in her throat, softly and inarticulately. "What'd you sew?" she asked suggestively.

"I begun a coat for Deacon Toll."

"New?" The question was flung in swiftly.

Patience nodded. "Kind of a mo-hair, for summer. Gray," she added.

Her mother waited and simmered.

"And I cut a pair of pants for Johnnie, out of an old pair of the deacon's."

"Black?"

"No-o, — sort of slate-blue."

The old face gleamed with recognition. "Ain't them pants wore out yet? He must 'a' had 'em ten — twelve — fifteen years" — She nodded triumphantly. "It 'll be fifteen, come next fall, he got that cloth. He got it down to Taunton, and I made 'em up along in the winter, — the winter you was five. You was wearing that red plaid of mine made over. You use' to go out with me some then. You went to Deacon Tolles' two-three days along that time. Don't you remember, Patience?"

"I don't seem to remember," replied Patience slowly. She had gathered up the cup and plates with the remnants of dinner on them, and stood ready to go. "I 'll get supper right off, mother. You must be hungry," she said.

The old eyes followed her from the room. They did not leave the doorway until she reappeared in it, bearing the old-fashioned tray, with its teapot and cups and plates for two, and a dish of steaming hash in the middle. She placed the tray on the stand and drew up her chair beside it, looking over the tray a little absently and anxiously, as if she might have forgotten something.

"It's all there, Patience," said the old lady. "Now you can tell 'bout things." She sipped swiftly at the hot tea.

Patience smiled. "The deacon's got a new horse," she said.

Her mother grasped the morsel and chewed it eagerly. When it was disposed of, down to the last shred of buying and selling and keep, Patience produced another bit of news, and the supper flowed placidly on. When it was finished, she carried away the tray and washed the dishes, and sprinkled the clothes for the

next day's ironing, moving deftly about the kitchen. But the old woman, listening from the bedroom, her mind browsing happily on the scraps of news, caught no snatches of song.

She looked up, a little curiously, when the quiet face reappeared. "You sure you told me all the news the' was, Patience?"

The girl crossed to the window and sat down in the low chair. Her face was turned away from the light. The scent of wet lilacs by the fence came to her. "I did n't tell you 'bout Esther Pride, did I?" she asked slowly, as if in doubt.

Her mother sat upright. "You did n't say a word," she said quickly.

"They say she's going to be married."

"Who to?" The words flew at her.

"To Ethan Judson."

The old lady sank back, with a little pant. "Well!" she said sharply.

Patience made no response.

"I don't believe it," said her mother. She was sitting upright again.

"I guess it's so," said Patience. She spoke wearily, but without interest. "Esther's mother told Mis' Stebbins yesterday, and her husband told the deacon when he was coming by last night, and he told Mis' Toll, and she told me." She dwelt slowly on each detail before she added the next one.

Her mother eyed her sharply. "His mother 'll cut up dretful," she said, with decision.

Patience shook her head, smiling. "She don't seem to mind it," she said.

"How do you know?"

"I stopped there a minute, coming by."

"You never told me!" ejaculated her mother.

"I had n't got to it," responded Patience. "I'd been telling you about the deacon's. She seemed to think she'd like her pretty well," added Patience tentatively.

"Well," sniffed her mother, "she won't. What'd she say about it?" she asked curiously.

Patience hesitated. "We talked about what a good housekeeper Esther is, and about her new bonnet, and about what a good hand she is in sickness. I guess she's going to like her first rate," she reiterated slowly.

Her mother looked at her. "Was Ethan there?" she asked.

A faint flush came into the girl's face; but it remained a serene blur against the twilight. "He was down to Esther's," she said.

Old Mrs. Joy sniffed again. "Well, I can tell 'em one thing. When Mis' Judson and Esther Pride pull together, they'll both be a good deal older than they be now, or one of 'em'll be dead." She drew the three-cornered shawl virtuously around her shoulders. "Git a light, Patience: we'll read a chapter and have prayers and go to bed," she said gently. "It's time you was restin'."

III.

"I do' know *what* to call him," said Ethan lugubriously. He sat on the lower step, chewing a bit of woodbine in his front teeth. "Mother wanted him called 'Lisha,' after father, and Esther was possessed to have him called 'John,' after *her* father, and I do' know what to call him." He spit out the bit of woodbine and straightened himself, looking appealingly at Patience.

She sat just inside the porch, rocking back and forth in her low chair. She was crocheting a piece of edging. She counted the stitches in a new scallop before she looked up.

Old Mrs. Joy had proved a true prophet. Esther Pride and Mis' Judson had not got on well together. When, after a year of futile bickering and jealousy, a son was born to the young people, old Mis' Judson had seized the

opportunity to clean the house from garret to cellar and rearrange things in their old places without let or hindrance. It was the middle of March. The wind wailed fiercely at open windows and doors. But she worked in feverish haste, and chuckled grimly as each carpet and chest of drawers and bedstead was reinstalled in its wonted spot. Not till every chair was in place did she succumb to the pain that gripped at her chest and go to bed.

The attack was swift and sure. The fever ran high. In less than a week old Mis' Judson had passed where bureaus and chairs and bedquilts rack no more. The fever crept across the hall. The young mother, with the baby at her breast, fought defiantly and bravely till the last fluttering breath; and her spirit too slipped over the border into the unknown.

"I do' know *what* to call him," repeated Ethan helplessly. He leaned over and broke off a new bit of woodbine from the latticework above them.

Patience looked up from the scallop, smiling gently. "What do you want to call him?" she asked.

"I do' know," responded Ethan, without light. "I like 'Lisha' and I like 'John.' But I can't call him both on 'em." He sighed heavily.

"Why not?"

He paused, with open mouth, and pushed his hat farther back on a troubled brow. "They don' do it, ever," he said dubiously.

"You could."

"Ye-s-s." He chewed meditatively on the woodbine. "It's terrible hard to say, — John 'Lisha!" His thick tongue coiled laboriously at the word.

"Lisha John," said Patience smoothly.

He stared at her admiringly. "'Lisha John, — 'Lisha John, — 'Lisha John," he repeated fondly and proudly. "I'll do it! It's a nice name. 'Lisha was father's name. You don't suppose

Esther 'd mind having her father second, do you?" he asked, with a sudden return of anxiety.

"She would n't mind," said Patience kindly. "It's just because it sounds better. She would want him to have a nice-sounding name."

"Yes. She always wanted things nice-sounding," admitted Ethan. He gave a sigh of relief. "'Lisha John," he said softly.

They sat silent.

"He's terrible cunning," said Ethan, with a proud smile.

She looked up with quick, responsive eyes. "He's getting to be a big boy."

He nodded. "Six months last Tuesday."

"He ought to be put into short dresses," said Patience thoughtfully.

He looked at her helplessly. "Mis' Fearing did n't say so."

"No. She's too busy. I don't suppose she's thought about it. She's old, too," she added gently. "They always used to keep 'em in long dresses through the first winter, but they don't do it any more." The gray eyes looking down at him were wells of wisdom and of light.

He gazed into them trustfully.

"She'll have to do it," she said decisively.

He sat chewing in silence. "I don't suppose he'll have pants for quite a spell," he said wistfully.

She smiled faintly over her work. "No, not for quite a spell," she responded. "Tell Mis' Fearing I've got some patterns I'll bring over in the morning." She began to roll the length of edging smoothly about the spool in her hand.

He stood up, one hand against the lattice, and looked down at her gratefully. "You're real good, Patience. I do' know how we'd get along without you," he said slowly. The full lips wore a softened look.

She glanced up swiftly and down again at the edging in her hand. "It's no

more 'n I'd do for any of the neighbors, Ethan," she answered gently.

IV.

Two weeks later Ethan appeared at the kitchen door with 'Lisha John balanced proudly on his arm. It was Saturday, and Patience was baking. She stood at the table rolling out pie crust. As the shadow fell in the doorway she looked up quickly. A light came into her eyes. She dropped the rolling-pin and came toward them, brushing the flour from her hands. "Ain't he sweet!" she said, holding out the hands swiftly.

'Lisha John responded by a fat gurgle and a jumping of tiny hands and feet toward her.

Patience took him on her arm, smoothing down the little dress from its pink gathers and looking at him fondly. "Come and show him to mother," she said swiftly.

Ethan nodded. "I thought you'd want to," he said complacently. He followed with heavier, lumbering tread across the sitting room.

Old Mrs. Joy looked up inquiringly. She reached out to the stand for her glasses, and put them on her thin nose. She barely nodded to Ethan, standing elated in the doorway. Her glance was on the crowing, pink child.

"Sakes alive!" she laughed tremulously. "Has he got to that?"

Patience had placed him on the foot of the bed, where he stood cooing and balancing, with swift, cautious lurches toward the footboard. Ethan, from the doorway, grinned proudly, and Patience, at the side of the bed, reached out a careful hand.

The old lady leaned forward, chirruping and smiling. She held out knotted, coaxing hands.

'Lisha John regarded them gravely. He began the perilous journey, tilting from side to side, and emitting ponder-

ous, gurgling coos as the fat legs swayed and wobbled beneath him. His blue eyes were fixed on the gleaming, nodding glasses that lured him on. With a final gurgle and rush, he grasped them in one flying hand and plumped on the pillow in blissful content.

Three admiring faces were bent upon him. Then old Mrs. Joy fell to coughing at his cleverness, and Ethan and 'Lisha John were banished from the room.

'Lisha John came the next day and the next.

Ethan fell into the habit of running in with him for a few minutes, and while 'Lisha John and old Mrs. Joy played in the adjoining room, Ethan and Patience, in the sitting room or kitchen, discussed the crops and the sermon and the neighbors and new dresses for 'Lisha John.

When spring came, 'Lisha John came alone. The fat, pink legs were often seen scurrying along the pickets by the garden fence, and the round face, in its little pink sunbonnet, appeared, triumphant, at a crack in the gate, left conveniently open. Ethan was busy, ploughing, sowing, and weeding, and 'Lisha John was in safe hands. The spring swelled and put forth and grew and burst into full summer.

It was a soft, fragrant June evening when Patience, with the sleepy child on her arm, started to carry him home. He had been with them all day, and at supper time had refused to be dismissed. She had given him his supper in the high chair, by her mother's bed; and now that supper was over and the dishes washed, she was carrying him home in the twilight.

Halfway down the road Ethan met them, coming for the child. His boyish face grinned reproachfully. "Been running away again, hev ye?" he said, trying to speak sternly.

'Lisha John smiled sleepily and nestled against Patience's neck.

"Give him to me," said Ethan, holding out his hands.

The child twittered fretfully and pushed him off.

"I'll carry him a little ways," said Patience.

"He's too heavy."

"I'm not tired," she responded softly.

They walked on in the fragrant darkness.

"He thinks a good deal of you folks."

Ethan glanced at the sleeping child.

She nodded. "I don't know what mother 'd do without him. He amuses her."

Ethan looked up swiftly. "Say — Patience — how 'd you like to keep him all the time?"

"What?" she faltered.

He hesitated a moment. "I was thinking maybe you and your mother might keep him for me. I don't suppose you 'd want to," he added hastily. "But I thought I 'd just mention it."

The color had flamed up in the darkness. "What do you mean?" she asked. Her voice was very low.

He cleared his throat. "'Tishy don't want him," he said apologetically.

"'Tishy!" The white lips remained half open.

He nodded. "Letitia Day. She 'd have me to-morrow if it wa'n't for 'Lisha John. She says she can't be bothered with him underfoot."

Patience made no reply. Her eyes were looking forward into the darkness. She stopped abruptly and held out the child to him. "You take him, Ethan," she said gently. "I must go back to mother."

He took the child on his arm, looking at her inquiringly. "You would n't want to, would you, Patience?" he asked humbly.

"I don't know" — The white lips moved slowly. "I'll ask mother."

He lingered a little. "I don't suppose 'Tishy 'd take very good care of him, anyway?" he suggested.

"No." The voice was serene. "She's 'most too young and flighty to know about children." Her eyes rested on the nimbus of hair, on the sleeping face.

He stirred uneasily. "I know it, — 'Tishy's terrible good company," he added helplessly, "and she don't have ways."

Her eyes softened. "I'll ask mother," she said. "If she agrees to it, we'll take him for you." She had turned away.

He reached out a swift hand toward her. "You're real good, Patience," he said gratefully.

"Good-night, Ethan." She was walking away from him in the darkness.

V.

'Lisha John was ten years old. He had a snub nose and freckles, and warts on his hands. His feet were several sizes too large, and his shoes were a size too large for his feet. His Sunday shoes were two sizes too large. They dangled from thin legs in the pew beside Patience, and knocked against the board behind when the legs wriggled. 'Lisha John held a hymn book in his hands, behind which he made faces at Willie Norton, in the opposite pew, when Patience was not looking. When she turned her gentle eyes toward him, he sat up straight and looked piously at the minister.

The only trouble with this arrangement was that Patience could see 'Lisha John when she was not looking at him as well as when she was, and that she saw the face for Willie as plainly as the minister's and her own besides. Patience was much troubled in her conscience because she was n't shocked enough at 'Lisha John's conduct. She knew that Deacon Meekins, across the aisle, fixed a severe eye on him, and that old Mr. and Mrs. Day, in the pew behind, were looking askance at her slackness in bringing up Ethan's boy. But her heart sang softly in spite of its conscience. She loved 'Lisha John. She had watched him live through a great deal of wickedness.

When he came to her, nine years ago, she had started out with the intention of breaking him of all his faults and making him a model child. 'Lisha John started out at the same time with the firm intention of having his own way. The paths converged. Their first contest had been waged over his thumb, which was round and plump and succulent. 'Lisha John doted on it. He would sit by the hour, lolling it in his mouth, gurgling and cooing and bubbling. Patience regarded the habit as unseemly in a big boy, two years old. 'Lisha John was sternly admonished. He listened gravely, looked at the half-dried thumb, at Patience, at the thumb again, and returned it placidly to his mouth. Spankings produced wails, but no manifest reform. Pepper applied to the small thumb, and aloes, and ipecac, only added to its delicacy. Through protest and chastisement and scorn 'Lisha John sucked calmly on. Patience, at last, worn out, gave up the contest. 'Lisha John sat before her, unrebuked, his thumb in mouth and bliss on his round face. He enjoyed his supremacy for two days. On the third he removed the thumb, looked at it deliberately, wiped it dry on the pink dress, and abandoned it forever.

Patience had pondered helplessly on this phenomenon. How much had the spankings to do with it, and how much, secret prayer? How much the aloes and ipecac, and how much 'Lisha John? She gradually arrived at the conviction that Providence and 'Lisha John, between them, were bringing him up. All that she could do was to love him; and she loved him very hard. 'Lisha John in return worshiped her. He told her whenever he did wrong — after it was done; and — on the sly — he did the things he thought she would like. There was a compact between them that he might sit on her lap until he was so big that his feet touched the floor. The feet grew so fast that the evil day drew very near;

but by holding them up cautiously he still claimed his right. Every night, before he went to bed, they had a conference, in which he initiated her into the wickedness of the neighborhood, and related, with gusto, his own share in it. There were many fathers and mothers in the congregation who knew less of the doings of their children than Patience Joy.

The wickedness of the neighborhood had not clouded her face. On the contrary, it had grown young and fresh. A little dimple played at the left corner of the serene mouth, and a swift pink flush came and went under the clear skin. The wisps of hair that escaped from prim braids curled in her neck, and two shining stars were reflected in the gray wells.

Patience Joy was getting good looks, the neighbors said.

No one thought of giving 'Lisha John the credit. The general opinion was that "Patience would be all wore out taking care of him."

It had been a matter for gossip that 'Lisha John had not been returned to his father when Letitia died. She had lived two years as Mrs. Ethan Judson, and had then quietly joined Esther and his mother in the churchyard. Whether Ethan had found her as good company as he had anticipated no one knew. There was a general sense in the neighborhood that she led him a life of it. But when she died this was ignored. People only remembered what good company she was, and drew down their mouths a little, and said that "Ethan Judson was dretful unfortunate with his wives." Then they forgot all about it, and fell to wondering why 'Lisha John was not sent back home, now that old Mis' Fearing was there.

They did not know that 'Lisha John was not sent back for the simple reason that he refused to be sent, — or, rather, that he refused to stay sent. Bolts and bars and ropes and spankings were of no

avail when opposed to 'Lisha John's determination to live with Patience.

No one would have guessed, to see him, this Sunday morning, sitting meekly in the pew beside her, swinging his feet, that he was a remarkable child. He looked like any other snub-nosed, freckled boy of ten. Only Patience knew how remarkable he was. Perhaps Ethan was vaguely aware of it, as he looked over from the singers' seat. But Ethan knew 'Lisha John only from the outside.

After a few futile attempts to govern him at a distance, he too had given over the care of the child to Providence. He had fallen into the habit of dropping in to Patience's every day or two to talk over the bringing up of his son. On these occasions 'Lisha John had other business, and Ethan visited with Patience alone.

The neighbors had predicted that "Ethan Judson would be married again in less'n a year," and at least three marriageable women had retrimmed their bonnets. But Ethan had shown no eye for ribbons. He had plodded along under old Mis' Fearing's cooking, eating tough pie crust and munching heavy doughnuts with apparent relish. The fare seemed to agree with him. The lines of his face had grown strong, and the full lips had settled firmly together. A little of the sweetness had been lost, perhaps, and some of the conceit. The big frame had filled out and the sinews had hardened. He was a big man. At the last town meeting he had been elected town clerk.

He looked over from the singers' seat to the place where Patience and 'Lisha John sat together. There was a thoughtful look on his face.

When the service was over and the benediction had been pronounced, he joined her in the porch, and they walked on together in silence. 'Lisha John and Willie Norton squeaked stiffly ahead of them, with side looks at the horse sheds.

Ethan stole a glance at her. She was

looking at 'Lisha John. There was a sweet smile on her lips. When he spoke, it was to ask her where she wanted the butter beans planted this year; and when he left her at her gate, he said that he was coming over in the morning to plant the garden. She nodded brightly and passed in, waiting a moment for 'Lisha John and Willie. They had loitered behind.

VI.

"I don't know, Ethan." Patience looked reflectively at the pan of seeds in her hand. "We might plant the peas along here, and set the beans a little further back by the fence there. Mother could see them better that way." She glanced toward the window.

Ethan's glance followed hers. "All right," he said cheerfully. He struck his hoe into the soft earth.

Patience bent over to place the pan on the ground. He straightened himself quickly. "Where you going?" he asked. "I've got to get 'Lisha John ready for school."

He looked at her doubtfully; then across the black soil of the garden. "You better come back when you get him off. I don't believe I understand just exactly where you want the tomatoes and cucumbers."

"Yes, I'll come." She disappeared into the house, and Ethan resumed his hoe. Now and then he stopped and pushed back his hat and leaned on his hoe, staring at nothing.

When she returned, he had planted the two rows of beans by the fence.

She looked at them contentedly. "They'll grow real nice there," she said.

"Seems kind of a waste to plant 'em," said Ethan hesitatingly.

She stared at him.

"I've got enough planted up to my house for both of us."

"Ye-e-s-s. It's a good ways to go," she replied.

"I did n't mean you to go for 'em," he said hastily.

She looked at him in slow inquiry.

"I could bring 'em down to you. I'm down 'most every day."

"It's easier to have our own," she responded quietly.

His face clouded a little. He hoed in silence. "I did n't mean just that, either," he said at last, resting his hoe on the ground and looking at her.

"Did n't you?" She was smiling.

"'Lisha John's getting to be a big boy."

Her face lighted. "Is n't he!" she exclaimed delightedly.

"I do' know but I ought to have him to home." He glanced at her casually.

The color had left her face. "He won't go," she said laughingly. The color had come back.

He smiled. "That's so. He don't like Mis' Fearing's cooking," he added.

"I should n't think he would," said Patience.

"I don't like it, either," said Ethan.

She glanced at him swiftly.

"If 'Lisha John don't come home, I do' know but I'll have to come down here." His eyes twinkled. They were on her face.

"I don't b'lieve there's room enough," she responded softly. She was looking at the lilac bush by the fence.

"There's plenty of room up to my house." He had dropped his hoe and stepped close to her. "I've been a fool, Patience," he said humbly. He was trying to see her face.

An oriole flashed across to the elm tree. There had been a nest built in the elm tree every spring for twelve years.

"I don't know as you have, Ethan," she said slowly.

"Yes, I have. Always was a fool! Look at me, Patience."

She turned her eyes slowly toward him. They were full of tears.

"Will you come over to my house, Patience? I'll be real good to you."

She glanced toward the open window.
 "I could n't leave her."

"You don't need to. She'll like it better up to my house. There's more passing." He was watching her face.

"If you don't come, I shall take 'Lisha John anyway," he said sternly.

Her lips smiled. "I guess I'll have to," she said softly. "I could n't bear to give up 'Lisha John."

Jennette Lee.

A NIGHT WITH THE MOUSE'S BROTHER.

"And houseless men, who have lain down with the fowls, open their dim eyes, and behold the beauty of the night."

HANS KRISTOFFER had stacked the last piece of peat in the *grot-hus*. I had caught trout enough for breakfast, and we were resting from our labors, seated on the banks of Sorvags-vatn. It was eleven o'clock at night; but that matters little in sixty-three degrees north latitude. The sun disappears for a few hours behind the northern mountains, and there is a clear, silvery twilight, just the right light for fishing. Hans Kristoffer glanced at my string of trout. "They are good fish," he said, "but you could get larger ones at Fjalla-vatn, seven miles to the north. But it is a lonely place, there is no shelter, and you could not go and return the same day." And Hans Kristoffer shook his head doubtfully; for I was convalescing after a long illness in Italy, and so far a three-mile tramp had been the extent of my powers.

"But we can go two of the seven miles by boat on this lake," I pleaded, "and if the weather is good, we need not return the same day. I can curl up in a sheltered hollow, with plenty of wraps, and rest most of the night, and then it would not be too hard." I added craftily, "Heine too would enjoy the fishing." (Heine is our youngest, and a born fisherman.) So before we started homewards it was decided that we would go the first sure day.

"A sure day"! That was the diffi-

culty; for this group of mountain islands, the Faroes, moored in mid-ocean between Iceland and Norway, draw to their rugged summits the wandering mists, and there are influences, not yet well understood, which make them the land of sudden changes and fierce storms.

But only three mornings afterwards I was awakened by a voice saying in Faroese, "*Kona-folka veður*." (Real women-folk weather.) In a twinkling I was at the window. Hans Kristoffer and his brother Jegvan were examining sea, sky, and fjord with a critical eye, and the above phrase was their verdict. "Can we go, Herr Hans?" I called.

"Yes," answered Hans Kristoffer. "It is a clear day, dry and warm; the glass is high and rising. One seldom sees such a day in Faroes."

"I can be ready in an hour!" I exclaimed. "Please ask Heine to dig some worms."

"He's digging them now," replied Hans Kristoffer as he disappeared around the corner.

We made quite a procession as we started, two hours later, — Hans Kristoffer, Jegvan, Heine and his friend Sigmund, Fru Hans and Fru Jegvan, who, according to the Faroe custom, were to go "a piece of way" with us, knitting long gray stockings as they walked. Provisions and wraps were packed in two *loyper*, or oblong wooden crates, borne on the shoulders, and supported by a broad woolen band around

the brow. Heine carried all the fishing rods, and I was in light marching order with fjeld-staff in hand. So we filed out through the Bó and passed into the Hage.

The Bó and the Hage — the infield and the outfield — these are the two divisions of land in the Faroes, seen best when looking from the sea. The Bó shows as a patch of lively green surrounding a cluster of turf-covered cottages. Here grow hay grass, potatoes, and a little barley. All the rest is the Hage, a confusion of rocks, short grasses, peat bogs, and marshy pools up to the bare summits of basaltic rock. On the nearer slopes live the cows six months of the year. Beyond are the half-wild sheep, never watched, never fed, living or dying as the storms determine. Desolate as death in the winter, the Hage on a fine summer day is joy enough for sinful human nature.

Perhaps some weak souls amongst us know that peculiar lightness of spirit that comes when a rather bad-tempered loved one is pleased, for the hour, to be in jocund mood. So one feels on a fine day in the Faroes. One knows it will storm to-morrow, but now how good to feel the warm hand of the sun, to see the fog drawn back across the sea levels, and the fjelds clear-cut against the sky! Below my window a northern wren is pouring out his soul in thanksgiving. The "mouse's brother" the Faroe folk call him, and indeed, except as to tail, he is much like a mouse in size and color; the same bright eyes and darting motions; the same fashion, too, of whisking in and out between the slats of the *kjoeld*, or outside store, and stealing the dried meat. He is seen on the moors and fjelds and bird crags as well as near the houses, and more than any other Faroe bird is associated in my mind with the free outdoor life of the light summer nights.

When we reached Sorvags-vatn, a mile from the house, Fru Hans and Fru

Jegvan said *farvel*, and we started northward for the two-mile row.

"I am glad that Jegvan and I could go with you," remarked Hans Kristoffer, as he dipped his oar leisurely in the water, "for you ought to see where the *huldre-koner* (mountain witches) live, at Fjalla-vatn, and the young folks of to-day seem to have little interest in such things."

"Did you ever really believe in huldre folk, Herr Hans?" I asked.

Hans Kristoffer smiled as he thought of past years. "Never since I was a boy," he replied, "but there are many who do still. I've heard that across the lake there once lived a large family of huldre folk who made much trouble for the people, until the bishop came and rolled a stone in front of their cave, and marked it with the sign of the cross, and that they could not pass."

"I wonder if they are there now?" I mused.

"Of that," said Hans Kristoffer, "naturally no one dares to make sure. They say that all the other huldre folk have moved away to Fjalla-vatn."

On reaching the head of the lake, we left the boat, and began our four-mile tramp — not an easy one — over stones, marshes, matted grass, and little water-courses running deeply in the peaty soil. At last we came to a hill above the lake.

"It is an ancient custom to rest here awhile," said Jegvan, and most gladly I observed that ancient custom.

We could see the lake from end to end, stretching sombre and quiet for a mile between the fjelds, whose gray and purple cliffs rose in bold heights, six hundred to fifteen hundred feet. The water lapped on rocky shores and coarse black gravel. There was not the smallest bush or rush or water plant to rustle in the wind. One felt a hush, an emptiness in the air, though innumerable wild fowl wheeled and hovered with shrill clamor. At the north the fjelds sank lower, and there the sky gleamed cold and green.

"On the other side," said Jegvan, "are the cliffs where young Jegvan is bird-catching to-day."

He spoke softly, lest Heine hear; for Heine's soul was bitter within him because his big brother was allowed to go, and he was thought too young.

"Jegvan loves to go to the bird crags as much as I did at his age. The boys' uncle, their mother's brother, was killed at the same place, and she is unhappy when Jegvan goes. But it is part of his life-work, and he is eighteen, and one should not forbid it. They are difficult crags. When I was a little boy, I knew two men, a young and an elderly one, who went egg-hunting there. We often make the line fast above, go down by it to some good place, fasten the line to a stone, and creep along the edges, gathering eggs. This time, by some accident, the line got loose, and swung out so far that it could not be reached from the ledge on which they stood. There was no way of ascending without it. Five hundred feet below them the sea broke over jagged rocks. Their only chance was for one of them to jump out over the sea and catch the swinging rope.

"'I will try it,' said the older man. 'You have your life yet to live. My children are grown, and will not need me.'

"'No,' said the other, 'I have no wife at home to grieve for me, and I am young and strong, and my chance of success is greater than yours would be. If I miss it, you can still try. Now, with God's help, I go.' He sprang out from the ledge, caught the rope, and they were saved."

Half an hour later we stood on the shores of Fjalla-vatn. In three minutes Heine was fishing. Heine is sixteen, tall and slim, with strong and active legs. His nose turns up a little, and a lint-white lock curls upwards from the borders of his *hugva*, or long, drooping cap. He walks with head high in air, like a fine young colt, always wears wet mooccasins,

and is indifferent to such trifles as cold, damp, and fatigue. A fat mitten full of worms hung from his neck, and reposed gracefully on his breast like a choice locket. It shows how fair-minded I am, for a woman, that I recognize and appreciate Heine's charms, even though he scorns me (and all women), and has never, of his own free will, spoken to me.

I noticed that Heine, after he had arranged a worm on his hook, spit upon it. Now I have fished with various small boys in eight countries, and every one did the same. This subject has never, to my knowledge, been discussed by the Folk-Lore Societies, but it surely is deserving of consideration.

"Do you always spit upon your worms, Heine?" I asked.

"*Naturligvis!*" (Of course) replied Heine, with crushing brevity.

Close to the lake was a *rat*, or open inclosure of short stones, where the sheep are driven at the wool-gathering, and on the lee side of the wall we made our camp. As the only woman of the party I had domestic duties to perform, and found that a *loyp* turned on its side serves admirably as a sheltered kitchen, and the top as a dining table.

After our late dinner, Hans Kristoffer and Jegvan strolled along the shore, smoking, and I rested, seated on a low mossy hillock, with my head propped up comfortably on a higher one. During dinner I had noticed a low twittering sound, and now it came again, and looking up I saw close by, on one of the stones of the *rat*, six fluffy baby mouse's brothers. All in a row they sat, eyeing me with shining eyes, in the friendliest fashion. Harmless sheep they knew; also their enemies, the hooded crows and ravens; but this queer animal? Perhaps it was a new kind of sheep, and they edged closer and closer with confiding peepings, while the parent birds cried and called piteously at a little distance. I rose cautiously and drew nearer. The father bird, seeing me move, flew away;

but the mother came and placed herself between me and the nearest baby. Brave little mother! Her form quivered and shrank, her dark eyes dilated, but she kept her post. I could have caught her in my hand, but it would have been too cruel, and I withdrew softly. And then the father, evidently feeling that he had cut but a poor figure in the affair, came bustling up, and proceeded to feed the babies with great show and demonstration, as though their present safety was due entirely to him.

I had come to Fjalla-vatn to catch a big fish, and was just getting out my tackle when Hans Kristoffer returned.

"Do you feel like walking a little way to see the huldre-koner's homes? The evening sun rests on them now, and you can see them well."

So along the lake shore we walked until we came in sight of two great clefts, one on each side of the lake, running deeply into the solid rock. Dark and grim, with water dripping from their depths, they seemed especially suitable as homes for huldre folk. Seated on the slope below, Hans Kristoffer told me a story of their inmates:—

"There was once a shepherd of Sandevaag (the next hamlet to ours) who was cleverer than any other in the Faroes. He knew every sheep in the Hage, and he had a fine red horse that was very swift. One beautiful morning the shepherd thought he would go north to Fjalla-vatn to look after the sheep. Now at that time there lived here two huldre-koner sisters, one in Husa-gjov, just above us, and the other in Tormens-gjov, across the water. Both these huldre-koner had dresses of scarlet cloth, and it happened that the very morning the shepherd left home the huldre-kona in Husa-gjov put out her dress to sun. A long way off the shepherd saw the bright dress with its trimming of golden buttons shining in the sun. He turned his horse to where the dress lay, took it up, and, placing it behind him on the saddle, rode

away. The huldre-kona sat by her fire, and it occurred to her to go out and turn her dress. But when she came out, she gnashed her teeth with rage, for it was gone. She looked around the hills, and there, near her sister's house, was the shepherd riding at full speed with her dress. 'Sister! Sister! Help me!' she cried. 'Make long strides after him!' But her sister called back, 'I cannot! Both my legs are lame!' And so the huldre-kona herself started in pursuit. When the shepherd came to a little stream, Vatn-soyrar, which flows in Sorvags-vatn, his horse was exhausted and could hardly go. He stopped to drink at the stream, and by that time the huldre-kona was close at hand. But then the horse was so refreshed that he flew on again and up the hill. 'That stream was my salvation,' said the shepherd, and it is called the Stream of Salvation to this day. On they went, until the horse was trembling and the sweat poured down his sides. Nearer and nearer came the huldre-kona, and reached him just as he came to the church wall. He threw himself from the saddle and over the wall; but the dress caught on the stones, and the huldre-kona seized one end. 'Now I hold it!' she cried. 'Hold it as you will,' he answered, 'here is God and the Church!' They struggled for the dress, and then it tore, and all the shepherd got was one of the sleeves; but so large was it that it made a stole for the priest, and in the Sandevaag church it is to this day.

"And here I am," added Hans Kristoffer, "taking up your time with huldre-folk stories, and it's almost nine o'clock and you have n't caught a fish. Heine has a good string already."

"Herr Hans," I replied, "I am really too tired to fish now. That was a long walk here, you know. I think I'll light the spirit lamp, heat water for my hot-water bag, and sleep for a few hours. Two o'clock is the best time for fishing, anyhow, and I'll be rested by that time."

"Yes," approved Hans Kristoffer, "that's a good idea; for you will have all that way to go back again to-morrow."

A few steps above the rat I found a cosy little hollow, soft with moss; very damp, indeed (a Faroe fjeld side is generally like a soaked sponge), but first I put down a rubber camp-sheet, then rolled myself in a pair of Jaeger blankets, pulled a soft wool hood over my head, hugged tight my hot-water bottle, and surveyed my surroundings with much satisfaction. "This is much better than a stuffy house," I said to myself, "and I never did like a puffin-feather bed. It's cold, to be sure, but the air is so sweet and fresh, — and I wonder how many kinds of flowers there are right around me. Ragged robins, white bedstraw, tormentillas, wild geraniums, St. John's-wort, two kinds of heather, lady's-smock, and eye-brights close to my head; on that hillock to the right sibbaldia, lady's-mantle, butterwort, crowberry, meadow-rue, and a marsh violet; on the shore silver-weed, starry saxifrage, creeping buttercups, sea-thrift, and stonecrop — but all low-growing, as if they were afraid of blowing away if they grew tall. Then up on the rocky slopes I know there are nice little sub-alpines, at least a dozen, and possibly an Icelandic poppy. I'll climb up in the morning and see. But now it's almost ten o'clock, and I must sleep." A drowsy twittering among the stones of the rat told me that the baby mouse's brothers were settling for the night; but on the crags across the lake the black-backed gulls laughed and screamed, and Arctic terns flashed like swallows to and fro across the quiet water. The last thing I saw, as I closed my eyes, was Heine fishing.

I awoke with a start. A large drop had plashed down on my nose. Heine was still fishing, and Hans Kristoffer stood by me with a troubled face. "I am sorry to disturb you," he said, "but we must start for home. We shall have

bad weather, — cold wind, rain and fog. We are used to it, but it won't do for you to stay here in the wet. In walking it will not be so bad; you can go as slowly as you choose, — it is only eleven o'clock now, — and then by morning we shall have shelter and warm food."

I sat up, and looked about me in dismay. The fjelds opposite were half lost in dense clouds which sank lower every moment. It was bitterly chill. Alas for our "sure day"!

We packed up the loyper again and started. Hans Kristoffer and Jegvan had half a dozen good trout, and Heine all he could well carry. They ranged from one pound and a quarter to two pounds and a half. And I had not caught one.

The rain fell heavily as we left the lake, but ceased as we passed over the hills at the south. Though the dense clouds darkened the air, I could still see the golden tormentillas shining in the moss at my feet, and the heather bells heavy with rain. We were *in* the clouds. They swept around us, shutting out all landmarks from view. The men walked on ahead, talking in cheerful hushed tones and keeping a watchful eye on me, — holding out a helping hand at treacherous places, putting something under my head when I lay down to rest, and saying, "Now the worst is over," or "Now it will soon be day;" and once I heard a voice — was it Heine's? — saying, "We shall get to Sorvags-vatn at just the right time for fishing."

I was well knocked up by this time, and could go but a little way without stopping. Then I lay, stretched out at full length in the wet moss, while the mists drifted over my face, and scores of birds hovered and cried around me. They had shown little alarm as we passed in the morning, but they now thought that this nocturnal expedition boded no good for them. The curlews first gave the alarm; the oyster catchers and golden plover took up the cry; ravens and crows, gulls and terns, hurried from the cliffs;

wrens, stonechats, titlarks, and wheat-ears hopped nearer and nearer, and remonstrated with me for this intrusion. Then there was a strange sound, half a whir, half a tremulous cry, like that of a lost lamb or a young child. It seemed to have a ventriloquistic quality, also: now it sounded close to my face, now at the side, now quavered downward through the air.

"Herr Jegvan," I called to him as he sat at a little distance, "I hear a cry like that of a little child. Perhaps it is a *huldre-kona*?"

"No," replied Jegvan gravely, "it is a *myra-snipa*" (marsh snipe).

"But I heard many *myra-snipas* when I was on *Myggenoes*, and they all said 'a-*chik*! a-*chik*! a-*chik*!'"

"That," said Jegvan, "is their good-weather cry. They always cry like this when it is stormy or foggy."

There were large dusky birds, — a dozen or more, — much bolder than any others, that swooped down at me so fiercely that instinctively I put up my hands to guard my eyes.

"Herr Jegvan," I called again, "what is this dark bird that is so bold?"

"That is a *kjogvi*; an Englishman, who was here once, called it an 'Arctic skua.' This is the smaller kind: the larger ones kill lambs, and can be dangerous to a man on the bird crags by beating his head with their strong wings. But they are rare now. I doubt if there are a dozen pairs in all the islands. The last ones here were killed a few years ago, by an Englishman, at *Fjalla-vatn*. (That was before the law protecting them was passed.) It was a fine pair, male and female, and the Englishman was very glad and proud; they were to be stuffed and sent to his home in England. Coming home he was tired and went slowly, and he told his guide to go on ahead with the skuas and take good care of them. The guide did n't understand English, but he was a faithful

man, and he hurried off home. The Englishman arrived about an hour and a half afterwards. His dinner was being put on the table: his two skuas, brown and shining, served with new potatoes, and cranberry sauce."

We reached the lake at two o'clock, and I fished from the boat, using a light coachman fly, and catching fifteen good trout as the men rowed slowly homeward. A dense silvery fog was milling up from the sea. Like hoarfrost it rested everywhere, making the men's rough clothes, their hair, beards, and eyebrows, white as snow. The ends of the long oars dipped in the drifting clouds; we glided on in a still whiteness, guided only by the hushed booming of the surf against the *Sorvag* sea cliffs.

At the landing I left the men to house the boat, and started on alone for the mile home stretch. The cows were sleeping by the trail. They woke, as I passed, and looked at me with wondering eyes, and a big calf arose, and followed me with blandishments, apparently thinking that the early hour might have softened my heart, and I would let him through the village gate to the longed-for infields, where he had spent the days of his infancy.

We had been gone only twenty hours, but so long seemed the time that, as the silent village came in sight around a sudden turn, it was with a vague surprise that I saw unchanged the familiar grassy roofs, the quaint weather-vane on the church, the same old white whale moored out in the bay and awaiting the coming of the whaler. I stole into the house softly (we seldom lock the doors in *Faroes*), lest I awake *Fru Hans* and *Fru Jegvan*. My own particular mouse's brother was on my window sill. "Oh, mouse's brother," I exclaimed, as I gave him his morning crumbs, "this little room is better than a wet *fjeld* side, and how good, how very good, looks that bed of puffin feathers!"

Elizabeth Taylor.

HIGHER COMMERCIAL EDUCATION.

IN the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society in 1798, Sir George Shuckburgh-Evelyn, in a scientific discussion of weights and standards, ventured to introduce a table of prices. He felt obliged to apologize for this fall to a lower level, by saying, "However I may appear to descend below the dignity of philosophy in such commercial researches, I trust I shall find favor with the historian, at least, and the antiquary." This is but a hint as to the way in which the study of the practical affairs of life, even down to our own generation, has been regarded by the managers of the old-fashioned and stereotyped education; nor can it be said that we have fully escaped from this attitude of mind, even at the present day.

The traditional college education of the past was intended only for certain of the learned professions, particularly the ministry. It is unnecessary to recall how universally, until our own generation, the backbone of a college training was made up of the non-resilient Latin, Greek, philosophy, and mathematics. These subjects remained the vertebræ of college education during the whole period down to the introduction of the elective system. When liberty of choice and an extension of the courses of study were introduced, they were regarded somewhat in the nature of a veritable surgical operation, of so serious a kind that the doctors wagged their heads and wondered whether the patient would survive. Even Mr. Lowell, after his return from the Court of St. James, was skeptical of the new banquet spread for unappreciative guests. I heard him telling, jocosely, in an after-dinner speech in Cambridge, how he met an acquaintance (of dubious standing), whose cheerful face and happy demeanor led him to ask the cause of such exuberant felicity. "Why," said

the genial smiler, "I've discovered a way to make my fortune. We all know that the reason for the fine flavor of the wild duck is the wild celery on which it feeds. Now I propose to feed it to the domestic duck, and supply the market." Some weeks later, on meeting his acquaintance again, Mr. Lowell found him quite depressed and inconsolable. "Why are you looking so unhappy? I thought, the last time I saw you, that you were on the point of making your fortune with ducks. Would n't it work?" "No," was the reply, "the d——d things won't eat it."

But the elective system, which is now generally adopted by every institution having means to supply the expensive menu, was, after all, but the beginning of a recognition granted to what one might call the new learning. There had come into existence a growing body of new knowledge, especially in the fields of science and, in addition, new problems were projecting themselves on the economic and political horizons. Insensibly, during the last twenty-five years, one new subject after another has crept into the university curriculum; and, with general acquiescence, each has demonstrated by trial its right to live as an accepted means of academic discipline. Indeed, the time has long gone by when any one would be inclined to question the value of modern science, economics, political science, and the like, as effective instruments for training the mind and creating the intellectual grip called for in efficient public service. They have been in the past placed on an equal footing with the subjects of the old curriculum, and have proved themselves in no respect inferior. Admittedly, economics would not give the same training, for example, as the classics; but it slowly dawned on the academic consciousness

that the classics alone, even when added to philosophy and mathematics, were not a complete nor the only means of education. There are many sides to the mind, there are many persons with very different mental preferences and characteristics, and these variations bid for various studies to suit their several needs. Candid observers felt it to be but reasonable to admit that the old learning had been narrow and quite too limited to fit all sorts of students.

Naturally, the conservative elements intrenched in our institutions of learning saw through a glass darkly, and regarded the influx of the Piets and Scots of commercial life as a menace to culture; it was felt that the new learning had only revenue as its immediate purpose, instead of culture; that, as the old learning had been the means of bringing to successful fruition the great scholars of the past, to give up the old scheme of studies was to give up the accepted standards of scholarship. The other side contended that as no scholar had ever had any but the old form of training, it was illogical to argue that it was the one safe system; no comparisons could be made with any other process of development. Moreover, appeal was made to the fact that, if the aim of education was to cultivate intellectual grip and power, the subjects of the new learning had proved to be as good instruments of education as the old. In struggles with difficulties encountered in the new studies, the student could be taught — in fact, is being taught — the judicial spirit, the love of truth, the passion for learning, accuracy, and a sense of form, quite as effectively in the pursuit of any other studies. It was practically a question of applying the same good teaching to the new as to the old to obtain much the same admirable results. Hence, if the old and the new learning stood on an equal basis as regards cultural and disciplinary efficiency, it might with reason and justice be claimed that the new learning had in addition the great

and preponderant advantage for the student of preparing him directly for the real problems in the practical life which he must live after leaving the university.

Yet the natural development of these new forces in our educational system have been impeded by a state of things in our institutions which is little short of startling. The discrepancy between the amount of force exerted and the limited amount of achievement may well give us pause. What is this situation which is of a nature so surprising? Why is the outcome so far short of what it ought to be?

By way of taking our bearings, let us try to get an objective view of our general educational attitude and of the direction in which we are moving. Much has been said, and justly said, of the splendid advances made in graduate study, and of the accompanying higher standards of scholarship, which have been shown within the last few decades in our American universities. But what of this movement as touching upon the relations of the university to the public, especially as regards the professional work of the community? Great as is the improvement in scholarship, great as are the new foundations and endowments, it would be false to the facts not to be willing to admit that this enlarged machinery of the academic departments has, in its relation to the professions, practically been confined to the preparation of men and women for the single profession of teaching; that is, much the larger part of the enormous foundations, of the extensive and splendid educational plants in the departments of liberal arts, in this country, are mainly given over to the formation of an advanced normal school for teachers in schools and colleges. Do not understand me as decrying the admirable results of general culture obtained (by such as find it) from these studies that have no professional object. Not all bachelors of arts teach, we admit; but for those who do not, and who enter a busi-

ness life, it is by no means clear that the curriculum, beyond its cultural quality, gives them the training needed for their future careers. As a *pis aller*, any new graduate of moderate scholarship can enter teaching as a profession; but how many would have an equal efficiency in banking, or railway management, or trade and industry? Perhaps I may be thought to have confused non-professional with professional study; that I am really concerned with the work of professional schools. But the advanced work of the graduate schools, in the general field of literature, arts, and science, has become without question practically a training course for professional teachers; and the undergraduate work has been very largely influenced thereby. Almost never does a man go on to the degree of Master of Arts or of Doctor of Philosophy who has any other aim than teaching. This is, undoubtedly, the situation of today. Consequently, the obvious question is raised whether, apart from training investigators, the present endowments of our universities are not applied, out of all proportion, to one traditional profession to the neglect of others as much or more important to the life of the nation.

Why not ask ourselves frankly this question: Cannot even the undergraduate work of the university be so ordered and taught that the youth of this land (who now pass from the high school to the counting house) may obtain from the new courses, which they can be persuaded to take primarily as a means to fit themselves for active business life, the same general cultural gains as have been secured from the old courses? No one believes that the courses in law and medicine (that is, the scientific and biological subjects), simply because they have a professional aim, have no cultural effects. Indeed, if we could introduce the earnestness of the professional student into the undergraduate work, it would be a signal gain. Moreover, as previously shown, the subjects of the new learning have

proved to be equal to those of the old in their disciplinary and cultural efficiency. Certainly the work done for the arts degree ought not to be monopolized for one special and limited constituency; since, without derogation of the needs and value of that constituency, the college course should be assumed to have aims touching many more constituencies.

But when we pass from the college curriculum to that of the professional schools, the limitations of our educational system are even more apparent. Considering the actual work of the world, the means of preparation for it are sadly out of joint. It will be found, on a little reflection, that certain professions have in the past obtained recognition and munificent endowments quite as a matter of tradition and precedence, and not after a careful weighing of their importance relatively to other constituencies. The country now has well-supported schools for the training of men in war, medicine, law, and technology; but it is quite within the truth to maintain that no one of these interests has as much influence upon the actual work and welfare of the people as those connected with railways alone, to say nothing of the wider field of trade and industry. More than three quarters of all the persons engaged in gainful occupations in the United States are occupied in agriculture, fisheries, mining, manufacturing, mechanics, trade, and transportation. The problems involved in the management, adjustment, development, and well-being of this preponderant mass of the active population of this country present altogether the greatest and most important tasks to be dealt with in the new century. Leaders and the public must be given instruction until they can think clearly on these subjects of every-day concern.

It goes without saying that, as the world moves on, new constituencies and new demands arise; but it is not the less our duty to readjust our educational forces to the new needs. Indeed, the

relationship of the university to the new learning is at once the most obvious and the most pressing educational question of the day. On general grounds it is self-evident that the university must be regarded as a trustee, holding its vast educational funds not for one part, but for the whole of the great public. This ceases to be a glittering generality, and assumes a new phase, when we recall that the greater institutions of the country have, in nearly every case, obtained their munificent foundations from those who have been successful in the walks of trade and industry; and yet, strange to say, these very institutions have, in the past, done little or nothing to prepare men for the very occupations from which they have obtained the actual means of existence. It is startling to think how little influence the universities of to-day have had in training the great men in the constituencies of banking, railways, insurance, trade and industry, diplomacy, journalism, and politics.

The nature of the new education which this wide-awake century demands of us might be illustrated, without going too much into detail, by referring again to only one of the constituencies above mentioned. It should be possible to distinguish between that which is purely technical and that which is mainly managerial. While a school of mechanical engineering is required to fit a man for the practical parts of railroading, there exists in that profession a far more important career for the man who is competent to direct the traffic, classify goods, fix rates, watch the coming financial depression, know the signs of coming prosperity, have insight into as well as experience with the questions of labor and the relations of employers to employees, understand the duties as well as the privileges of corporations, and who has the masterly mind to devise and carry out great financial operations involved in the management of securities on a scale hitherto unprecedented. It

may be said that such men are made, not educated; but, similarly, we admit that even a born lawyer must study the principles and precepts of jurisprudence in order to do his work. The duties of a railway manager could not be met by a man of purely technical or engineering training; he must be schooled mainly in the courses of legal, political, and economic science. In these departments there is as distinct a body of disciplinary material for the railway manager as there is in the courses of the law school for the lawyer. And just as in the best law schools the primary object is, not to give technical skill in drawing up papers or to furnish the detailed pleadings of the courts, but to train men to think, to apply precedents to particular cases, — in short, to get legal grasp and power, — so, also, in the preparation for these practical professions, emphasis is to be put not upon the technical details of subordinate and auxiliary processes, but upon the capacity to bring a seasoned and practical intellect to the management and conduct of great practical problems.

To take another illustration, a preparation for banking should not be a drill in technical bookkeeping, or teaching a messenger how to carry a bag of gold in safety from one institution to another. The essential purpose of education leading up to such a profession would be a training in the principles affecting the problems which necessarily arise in local, national, and international banking. There are principles of money and credit underlying these phenomena often not understood even by many bank officials. The man who has been taught how to approach such problems, to work out solutions, to apply power and grasp of large and important subjects, must, in the end, prove an infinitely better head of a bank than he who has come slowly forward from the window of an accountant or teller, and whose professional education has consisted of the chance events brought to his attention in the round of daily

business. Men of this latter description will become accurate, steady, and useful to the institution in minor positions; but if promoted to high posts they will be found to know really nothing beyond the dry husks of their professional experience or a personal acquaintance with their constituency. The recruiting of high officials in this fashion accounts for the prevalence of so much lagging conservatism and ignorant timidity in regard to burning monetary questions of the day.

If these great divisions of our practical life have been slightly regarded by the universities, it must be charged up to the account of inertia and a failure to keep in touch with the intellectual demands of a changing world. Such a situation, once it has been called to the attention of a people who pride themselves on being shrewd and enterprising, must certainly appear amazing. But has this situation anything to do with our other question? Why has there not been more product from our educational tilling?

Doubtless many instructors in all the higher institutions of learning would be able to bear regretful testimony to a falling off in the high level of ability of those students who present themselves for graduate work. The explanation is not far to seek. If the fact be granted, the rut in which our university education has been traveling goes far to explain it. To the virile and enterprising spirits who are tempted by the great rewards of banking, railways, insurance, trade and industry, the universities have—at least not until very recently—offered no inducements. If their purpose, apart from general culture, be not to enter law, divinity, or medicine, where can they go for training except to schools of technology? And yet the engineering, chemical, mining, electrical, and similar courses are solely and properly

technical. They cannot attempt to provide the managerial education demanded; nor has it been provided as yet. Therefore the result was to have been expected. If the college and graduate departments have used their advanced courses mainly to create professional teachers; if the endowed professional schools are only for clergymen, lawyers, doctors, or technologists, it follows as a matter of course that the powerful and ambitious youth of the land, who are drawn to the exploitation of our new resources, have little inducement to come to the university. It is a matter of common remark that never before in our history have the undeveloped resources of the United States bidden higher for power, skill, and intelligence than now. Never in our history have the industries of our country yielded more enormous returns from the introduction of new methods, better organization, and high executive ability than now. To the men who can officer these enterprises large material rewards are offered, and they are not likely to be less tempting in the future.

If, then, apart from affording general means of culture, the college and graduate work continue to be confined largely to preparing advanced teachers, it is evident that our universities will become more and more detached from the real world around them. Teaching,¹ and even the so-called learned professions, do not begin to hold out the inducements to capable young men which are offered by the new fields of active life. That this class of persons do not come up to the university for college work, because that work *per se* will not train them for their future careers, is a trite statement. But why should not the colleges and the graduate school offer them courses as useful to their purposes as are now offered to the professional teacher? This is the

¹ Professor Münsterberg, in his remarkable article on Productive Scholarship in America, in the Atlantic for May, 1901, has already shown why better men are not drawn toward

teaching in the United States; but he has not gone into the reasons why the American universities do not attract the ablest youth as students.

true way to bridge the chasm between gown and desk. It is to be hoped that in the end this process will help to remove from the minds of business men the old distrust of academic training, as well as from the minds of the academic class the condescending attitude toward men of affairs.

Provided it be convinced of its shortcomings, can the penitent university turn over a new leaf? Can it undertake to furnish the practical means of training men for the neglected professions? There is no question that it is worth doing; but is it practicable? Or should we fall back on the assumption that a course of so-called "cultural," non-commercial work is all in all the best foundation for active business life?

As to its practicability no new demonstrations are necessary. To the leaders of university policy — supposedly educational experts — is given the duty of deciding in detail upon the subjects, the methods of instruction, and the fitness of instructors. The task is partly a new one; but it is certainly no more difficult of execution than that which has already been met in working out the most efficient training for law or medicine. Many of the needed subjects have already found a place in the university classroom. Time and experience will bring changes and improvements in any original scheme of study.

Doubtless there is, or may be, a suspicion attached to the curricula of such a system, on the ground that "commercial" studies will lower the standard of scholarship, and bring in an era of courses "for revenue only;" or that the classical and scholarly activities of the university will be submerged by an avalanche of students having only a material point of view. All these objections are more imaginary than real. As has been mentioned before, such subjects of the new learning, as economic and political science, have been for a quarter of a century gladly welcomed alongside

the traditional classics, philosophy and mathematics; nor in all these years has it ever been suggested that these new subjects were not equally effective with those of the old learning in giving discipline and mental grip. They have established their right to live, not merely because they bear on the problems of the neglected professions above mentioned, but because they are admirable instruments of culture; because they force men to think on the subjects with which they must deal in their professions; because (under good instructors) they cultivate accuracy of statement, precision, logic, the judicial spirit, the love of truth, and a sense of form. What more can be said of any other part of the accepted university work? Certainly these new courses will not have changed their disciplinary quality because they may be grouped and arranged as parts of an orderly system leading up to the industrial professions of our country.

Nor is there any ground, in my judgment, for supposing that the university would be submerged by a swarm of men having, not cultural, but commercial aims. If the class who do not now come up to the university should be offered the advantages of the new education, of course, the cultural gains for them must come out of the work which they must take primarily as a preparation for business. This new constituency will come to the university — if it comes at all — only because they can there get a genuine advantage over the untrained throughout their subsequent careers in trade and industry. Here in itself is a principle of selection which will act as a safeguard. Furthermore, if there is a present tendency for the most powerful elements of the community to go into business, then it stands to reason that, if such men are induced to come to the university for their training, the university will be the gainer rather than the loser. Any one who has ever been in business knows that the mental force and power shown by men in that

walk of life is in general superior to that in academic life. In all justice, this class has as much — if not more — right to be considered as that engaged in teaching or any similar profession. This is the body of persons who would introduce new and vitalizing blood into the student community, much to the advantage of all. If there is any health in the old studies, they will hold their own in contact with the new; if the new constituencies are mainly recruited from origins characterized by force, while the old come from those of culture, students who come primarily for professional gains will carry away cultural results as well. The university will draw to itself new constituencies without losing the old ones; it will fit for all instead of for a few professions; it will bring force to the cultural elements, and culture to the forceful elements. In a true sense, then, will an institution become a university, not merely because it teaches many things, but because it successfully fits its students to solve their respective problems in all parts of the life which they must live after leaving the university.

It may not be amiss at this point to give some typical courses of study already adopted in some of our universities.¹ Once admitted to the School of Commerce of the University of Wisconsin, the student is required to study, together with some general elementary courses, the Industrial History of England, History of Commerce, Business Forms and Accounts, Transportation, Banking and the Mechanism of Exchange, Business Organization and Management, Commercial Law, Economics, German, French, Spanish, and English, and the Generation and Transmission of Force. Then he may choose between the two fields of Banking and the Consular Service. For the former, he elects Money and

Banking, History of Currencies in Modern Nations, Corporation Finance and Securities, and Crises; for the latter, he elects International Law, Commercial Geography of Europe, Diplomacy, the Consular Service of the United States and Foreign Countries. At the end of the course the degree of Bachelor of Commercial Science is given.

Passing the two years' course in Business Practice and Banking, at the University of Pennsylvania, to the four years' course in Commerce and Industry, it appears to be a scheme of work having a general object, rather than a separation into groups leading to special professions. The required subjects of the first two years include: English, French, German, Accounting, Economic Geography, Constitutional Law, Practical Finance, Business Law, Political Economy, Geography of Commerce, and Legislative Procedure. In the last two years twelve of the necessary sixteen hours a week may be elected from the following: Economics, American Commerce, Banking, Commercial Treaties, Corporation Law, Commercial Products, Industrial History, Economic Resources of Europe and the United States, Recent Changes in Industry, Legislative Problems, Finance, European Commerce, Colonial Government, Economic Resources of Tropical Countries, Causes of Industrial Supremacy, English Civilization, International Law, Race Traits, International Trade, Transportation, and Credits. The degree of Bachelor of Science in Economics is given.

At the University of Chicago, the entrance requirements to the regular college work, including Latin, are demanded of the candidates for the College of Commerce and Administration. The work of the first two years is mainly that pursued in the general work of the college, including English, modern lan-

¹ In addition to the three institutions here mentioned courses similar to those above described have been introduced at the universities of Michigan and California. At Harvard

"courses for business" are offered. In Germany, the University of Leipsic has gone in the same direction, although the more technical courses are given in the *Handelslehranstalt*.

guages, mathematics, and science, with introductory courses in Civil Government, History, Sociology, Economics, and Commercial Geography. In the last two years the direct preparation for business begins, based on the general training of the past years in college and in the schools. Of the necessary eighteen units exacted in these last two years, seven are required, and eleven are elective. The requirements include Principles of Political Economy, Jurisprudence, Constitutional Law, Europe in the Nineteenth Century, Recent American History, Psychology. The remaining eleven are chosen, under advice, as leading directly to Banking, Railways, General Industries, Foreign Commerce, Consular Service, and Journalism; and they are taken from the following list: (a) Theory of Value, Unsettled Problems of Distribution, History of Political Economy, Scope and Method of Political Economy, Statistics, Economic Factors in Civilization, American Agriculture, Tariffs, Industrial Development of Europe, Modern Industries, Economics of Workingmen, Socialism, Technique of Trade and Commerce, Colonial Economics, History of Commerce, Trusts, Transportation, Comparative Railway Legislation, Accounting, Money, Banking, Financial History of the United States, and Finance; (b) History of Political Theory, Comparative Government, Federal Government, Government of Great Britain, France, and Germany, Government of Colonies, Federal and State Constitutional Law of the United States, Law of Municipal Corporations, Municipal Government, International Law, Diplomatic History of Europe and the United States, Roman Law, Law of Property, and Law of Persons; (c) American History (1789-1860), American Political Parties, the Renaissance, Europe in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, the French Revolution and Era of Napoleon, and the Rise of Prussia; (d) Contemporary Society in the United States, American Cities, Develop-

ment and Organization of the Press, the Family, Rural Communities, Contemporary Charities, Social Treatment of Crime, Structure of English Society, Philanthropy, Elements and Structure of Society, Municipal Sociology, the Sociological Conception of the State, and of the Problems of Modern Democracy; and (e) eleven courses of science, including Electricity, Physiography, Economic Geology, Mineralogy, Chemistry of Ore Deposits, Geographic Botany, etc. The degree of Bachelor of Philosophy is given.

The criticism raised in academic circles by the word "commercial" seems to imply a suspicion of unworthiness in the work of a school which is intended to prepare men for business. That all depends upon the kind and purposes of the new education. The essential aim of a college of commerce and administration should be not technical, but disciplinary; it is not intended, according to an obsolete theory of education, only to give useful information, but to give the knowledge of underlying principles and that mental grip which will provide the possessor with the capacity to meet comprehendingly a new problem, however suddenly it may arise; its function is not merely to impart technique, or a rule of thumb, which may at any time become obsolete, but to teach men to think in the affairs of their profession.

This educational attitude may be illustrated by reference to the profession of journalism. Much well-deserved sarcasm has been directed against the plan of establishing schools of practical journalism. If the plan meant solely teaching a student how to condense paragraphs, how to expand a sentence into a lurid column of description, how to interview an obdurate public character, or how to paint the page with the most striking headlines, then there is no better means of teaching journalists than the actual routine of the newspaper office. But this method is a receipt only for making

hacks, not journalists. On the other hand, what is the right way? It is seen at once that the policy and influence of a newspaper depend upon whether or not it shows a masterly grasp of the political, economic, legal, and literary subjects which the public are thinking about. How can a man be prepared to deal adequately and powerfully with these matters? Certainly not by mistaking the shadow for the substance; not by caring for the envelope at the expense of the content. Good English form is essential, — we assume that; but to be a journalist, and not a hack, a man must be trained to think logically and clearly on all the subjects treated by the press. Otherwise he is as much out of place in an important position on a newspaper as a paralytic in an athletic contest.

The purpose of commercial education will not be met simply by knowing much about commerce; its success can be obtained only by realizing that piled-up knowledge is an unsteady monument unless braced and held true by an informing body of logical principles which have been understood and used by the builder. The distinction is an important one. Permit me to illustrate it. There may be two ways of teaching a mechanic how to build a steam engine: In one way, he might be given the measurements and plans for a specified engine, and by memory and imitation this one body of facts might be imprinted on his mind. The workman could build this engine, but no other kind. In another way, one might teach him thoroughly the laws of thermodynamics, the strength of materials, the principles of applying forces, etc., and the workman, understanding the theory of the particular engine when expressed in one form for a given purpose, could readily adapt the same principles to another adjustment of materials, and make a different engine for a different purpose. The former system is the repetition of parrot-teaching; the latter is education.

If, then, one finds a system of com-

mmercial education which leaves out the fundamental requirements of training common to all proper schemes of developing the human mind; if it proposes to throw away the training instruments of admitted quality, and to carry commercial courses of a merely informational character down into the high school, then we have reason for criticism.

Commercial high schools carry the professional purpose down into the period usually given to the general disciplinary work of the secondary schools. So far as the courses for such schools are informational, and not disciplinary, they defeat the true aims of education. If the man of affairs should never get literary and cultural training even in the high schools, he would be worse off than he is now; and there would tend to arise more and more a class of narrow business men who would have little or no understanding of any other life than the pursuit of wealth. The establishment of such high schools, therefore, seems to be a response to the commercial ideals of the age, — a means for the better technical equipment of our youth at the expense of that general knowledge which should be regarded as the necessary foundation for subsequent professional work. Money-getting should be accepted as a means to an end, not the end itself; training for money-getting should be thought of as secondary to the creation of superior tastes, qualities, and intelligence by which the higher things of life — things not to be bought by money — could be discovered and enjoyed.

In Germany, the overproduction of scholars has revealed the same existing tendencies as in our universities to emphasize the function of the university as a training school for teachers, even though many pass into the public service as well as into the learned professions. Means for the preparation of men for what I have called the neglected professions has not been provided by the universities (with the recent exception of Leipsic),

but only by the technical schools. When the educated German gets over his dread of the dehumanizing effects of subjects which are *praktische*, and his tendency to exalt that which has no commercial end (wholly apart from his splendid reverence for scholarship and research which has given imperishable renown to German learning, and which nothing should touch), we may expect to see the German university accepting the duty of preparing men for all the professions instead of for a few, — and this without derogation of the highest standards of academic achievement.

When Bismarck attributed the success of his soldiers in the Franco-Prussian War to the fact that "each musket thought," he was merely expressing in one form the general principle which holds in the more peaceful contests of domestic and international competition of industry with industry. If we are ever to succeed in taking a commanding position in international commerce, it will be because our industrial and commercial education is based on the correct principle of educating men to *think*, and to work out and understand the principles which underlie all the active work of their professions. The ability to undersell foreigners in the international market is not a question of the bravery of our soldiers and sailors; it is not a ques-

tion of the size of our army or the number of our battleships; it is not a question of physical force or blind Chauvinism: but it is a question whether the practical managers of our mills and workshops are capable of devising better methods than foreigners for hoisting our raw materials in a less expensive way from the mines; for transporting them with greater dispatch and cheapness; and for transforming them into finished products with better machinery, with greater adaptability, and with greater skill than our competitors. Stereotyped methods will not avail; it will not do to tell a man how to perform a task to-day without at the same time teaching him, by a training in fundamental principles, how to think out a new and better method if a new adjustment shall be needed to-morrow. No rule of thumb can do the work. The object of education is to develop power and grip, not to give dogmatic precepts. The best training for practical life, therefore, is not to be found in that which is technical, but in that which is disciplinary. In industry, as in manners, we Americans have lived too much under the reign of "slouch;" in the future, under the stern demands of large industrial movements, the exact, the powerful, well-trained, and far-seeing man will inevitably displace the man of routine, narrowness, and mediocrity.

J. Laurence Laughlin.

HAMLET.

"Hamlet has been the darling of every country in which the literature of England has been fostered." — COLERIDGE.

"No one of mortal mould (save Him 'whose blessed feet were nailed for our advantage to the bitter cross,') ever trod this earth commanding such absorbing interest as this Hamlet, this mere creation of a poet's brain."

FURNESS.

To account for an interest so absorbing and a fascination so unique as Cole-

ridge and Dr. Furness unite in claiming for Hamlet, it is fair to assume the existence of some reason stronger than mere wit and wisdom, truth and beauty of thought, witchery of style, or than all of these combined. It is the aim of this paper to show that there is such a reason, and to indicate its nature.

We believe that in the Prince of Denmark Shakespeare has uncovered

the spiritual process which lifted our race out of savagery into civilization; has described a conflict, perhaps the only one, in which every human being must take part; has described it so accurately that in the struggles of Hamlet every reader discerns a reflection of his own experience; and that this is the adequate cause of the universal interest excited by the play.

For the tragedy of Hamlet is the inner history of the conflict still in progress between the spirit of paganism and the spirit of Christianity. We do not mean to claim that Shakespeare deliberately intended it to be that. He may not have been aware of all that he was doing for, as Emerson has said, he may have written "his Hamlet as birds weave their nests." But he wrought in perfect if unconscious harmony with the ethical forces of the universe; and therefore, when the soil and the seed had been chosen, only one result could follow. He may have understood the full significance of his work as little as the sun comprehends its mission when the Creator uses it to make the earth bring forth trees bearing fruit each after its kind; yet none the less, whether consciously or not, the poet has described in Hamlet the experience of every man who struggles out of darkness toward the light, and the drama is a tragedy only because death hides from view the final issue of the conflict.

Gibbon and Uhland have told us what things men did during that period when the pagan was slowly changing into the Christian conscience. Shakespeare has shown us why they did them. Hamlet is a microcosm. In him the process is apparent by which humility and forgiveness, despised as vices by the old world, came to be counted coronal virtues by the new. Gibbon shows the puppets on the stage; Shakespeare the springs that move them. The sufferings of Hamlet are the birth pangs by which so much of faith in the Sermon on the Mount as exists on earth was born into

the world. At Elsinore Shakespeare compels Thor with his hammer to face Christ with his cross; describes the duel between the flesh and the spirit so far as it had proceeded in his day, — it has gone but little farther in our own, — and then, refusing to predict the changes by which the tragedy shall in due time become a comedy, closes with the pregnant words, "The rest is silence."

With entire disregard of chronology, the seer takes his hero out of a Norse saga, lifts him over a chasm of twelve centuries, places him in the centre of Christian influences, and shows us the iceberg melting in the tropics, but freezing many a creature as it melts.

The hero has inherited the conscience of Odin. He has been trained in the ways of Christ. He is placed in circumstances which excite to intense activity both the pagan and the Christian within him, and compel them to fight each other. At times the Norse blood triumphs, and he becomes a splendid savage: witness the slaughter of Polonius, and the Modoc indifference to the crime. At times the Christian conquers: witness the humble prayer: —

"Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd."

At times he is tortured — as the best men often are — by doubt whether to clutch the hammer or cling to the cross. When he hears of his father's murder, the Norse blood boils: —

"Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift

As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge."

A moment's reflection puts out that fire, or, as he himself afterward, when his mood has changed, describes the mental process, sicklies "o'er the native hue of" that "resolution, with the pale cast of thought;" and, standing on the ashes of his fury, he says calmly to his friends: —

"I hold it fit, that we shake hands and part;
You as your business and desire shall point you;

... and for my own poor part
Look you, I'll go pray."

Those last words, which seem to me the most pathetic in the play, appear to be the key to its interpretation. The Norseman drops the hammer because he sees the cross of Him who said, "Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation." All of Hamlet's indecision is caused by the conflict between these two forces. The door of temptation to pagan vengeance continually opens before him. He never enters in, but always pauses at the threshold to "watch and pray," until at last duty seems clear, and he does the deed he has long debated, in the spirit not of a pagan but of a Christian.

Hamlet first appears as a mature man. He is a Dane. What that meant to Shakespeare is not doubtful. The fierce customs of the warrior race color all that is shown us of the court at Elsinore. They are customs which Hamlet thinks more honored in "the breach than the observance." For he has been educated at Wittenberg. There he feels most at home, and thither he desires to return.

Why did Shakespeare send Hamlet to Wittenberg? Two replies have been given: First, it was necessary to send him to a northern university. Second, of northern universities Wittenberg was the most important and the best known.

Of these two statements, the first is questionable, and the second is untrue.

1. Why was it necessary for a king's son to go to a university in the north when there were better ones in the south? And why was not the road which Laertes took for one purpose open to Hamlet for another?

2. But of northern universities Wittenberg was neither the most important nor the most conspicuous. It was the youngest, and but for a single reason the least important of them all. In Shakespeare's day its influence had greatly waned. To him as to his contemporaries it signified one thing only:

Luther with the Bible. It stood for that new light which from the time of Henry VIII. had dawned so fast, especially in England.

Our play contains not less than fifty utterances drawn from the Scriptures. Forty-three of them are spoken by Hamlet; two by Horatio, who also had been at Wittenberg; three by the Ghost, who presumably had learned to see many things as the Scriptures represent them. This can scarcely be an accident. Against that explanation the chances are more than forty to two.

Hamlet is shown to be by nature noble and profoundly religious. Had he never left Elsinore he would have been a pagan of the grandest sort. But he returns to the court filled with Christian sentiment. There the conditions are April to both the weeds and the flowers within him. Affection for his father, his mother, and Ophelia strengthens his conviction that God is love. Unspeakable humiliation combines with the discovery of outrageous treachery to rouse in him a Berserker rage. The temptation to turn from Christ to Thor approaches him in garments of light. Loving his mother with a devotion that is almost a religion, he finds her married to his father's brother. That he considers incest. Where he learned to regard it so is immaterial. It was his belief, and the belief was fire in his bones. The Norse blood unchecked would have forced him to slay at sight the author of this shame. But the Christian in him is regnant; he does not even think of revenge.

When the interview with his degraded mother and the partner of her degradation has driven the iron still deeper into his heart, his spirit is shown as through an opened window, in the first soliloquy. The figure with which that soliloquy begins is perplexing until the unspoken thoughts which inspired it are perceived:—

"O that this too-too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!"

How can flesh melt? It can burn, shrivel, change into gases; but melt it cannot. Commentators have wrestled vainly with this figure. "How beautiful," they say, "is this conception of a human body softly fading, as a mist rolls upward on the mountain, revealing an apocalypse of foliage!"

That is pretty, but it is not Shakespeare's figure. When a mist melts, it does not roll up: it drops down; it becomes rain and makes mud. But "too too solid flesh" is far from resembling a mist. The only way in which it can even seem to melt is by excessive perspiration, and no jugglery of words can make Falstaff in a Turkish bath, sweating to the point of deliquescence, appear a poetic figure. Yet that is the only process known to the human mind by which "too too solid flesh" can be conceived as melting.

To distract attention as far as possible from the grossness of the figure he had to employ Shakespeare introduced the word "dew." But the figure he was compelled to use. He repeated it three times, to show that it, and no other, was in Hamlet's mind: "melt," "thaw," "resolve itself into a dew." Whence came that figure? What unspoken thought does it reveal?

If we remember that Hamlet had been educated at Wittenberg; that there he had fed upon the Scriptures, since Wittenberg was celebrated for its study of the Scriptures, and was celebrated for nothing else; also that Hamlet was in precisely the condition described by St. Paul in the fifth chapter of Second Corinthians, we shall see that chapter shining through the first two lines of this soliloquy (and through the whole of the more famous one, later on) as light shines through latticed shutters. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan . . . being burdened."

In Elizabethan English the words

"resolve" and "dissolve" were interchangeable. To express St. Paul's figure of striking a tent, both Wycliff, with whose translation Shakespeare may have been acquainted, and the Vulgate, with which he was familiar, use, as our authorized version does, the word "dissolve," the exact equivalent of "resolve."

Hamlet is in like case with St. Paul. His suffering seems greater than he can bear. He "groans, being burdened." He remembers how the apostle found comfort. He seeks help from the apostle's utterance. He is pondering that fifth chapter. At the word "dissolved" he breaks into speech:—

"O that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!¹
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O
God!

How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!"

But to Paul, as that chapter shows, the uses of "this world" seemed restful, fresh, pointed, and profitable.

"Fie on 't! O fie! 't is an unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in
nature

Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead! Nay, not so much, not
two:

So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my mother,
That he might not betwixt the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? Why, she would hang on him
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on. And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on 't,"—

The Norse blood begins to boil, but cools at thought of Him who said, "Neither do I condemn thee," and he continues

"Frailty, thy name is woman!"

Tender, Christlike words. Thinking of the sin, he will brand it as worse than beastly. Thinking of the sinner, he will use no harsher term than "frailty."

¹ Paul's figure misunderstood.

"A little month! or ere those shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's
body,

Like Niobe, all tears; — why she, even she, —
O God! A beast, that wants discourse of
reason,

Would have mourned longer, — married with
my uncle,

My father's brother, but no more like my
father

Than I to Hercules. Within a month? —

Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears

Had left the flushing of her galled eyes, —

She married. Oh most wicked speed, to post

With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!

It is not, nor it cannot come to good;

But break, my heart, for I must hold my
tongue!"

Here the Christian triumphs. Outrageous though his provocations are, he will not bring even "a railing accusation."

In this soliloquy Hamlet fancies he has sounded the depths of anguish. In fact he has only touched its marge. A sterner trial is at hand. A noble nature can turn the other cheek when it is his own that has been smitten. Thus far Hamlet's thoughts have been fixed on wrongs done to himself. He has yet to learn that the author of his shame is also the assassin of his father. The discovery of that fact spurs him to revenge not his own but his father's wrongs.

Ink makes the paper appear whiter. For that reason, the noble interview between the majestic spirit and his son is preceded by the conversation of Polonius, the false and shifty courtier, with his two children: Ophelia, a trivial creature, whom Hamlet loves, and Laertes, who is a Polonius in the tadpole state.

As Polonius is foil to the august Ghost, and Ophelia to the usurping Claudius, Laertes is the antipodal contrast to Hamlet. For Laertes does, and by doing shows the wickedness and folly, of precisely those deeds which the Norse blood urges Hamlet to do, but which conscience prevents him from doing.

The pith of the interview between Polonius and his children is that the

advice of Laertes to his sister (to care for no one but herself; to distrust her noble lover, and take for her pole-star suspicion in place of faith) is essentially the same as the counsel he receives from his father.

It is interesting to compare the instructions of Polonius to his son with those given by Cardinal Wolsey to Cromwell when the experience of a life ruined by following the maxims of Polonius had taught the cardinal their futility, and to note how at every point the two contradict each other. It is still more interesting to contrast the precepts of Polonius with the Sermon on the Mount, and then to observe the fall of the house built upon the sand.

This is the substance of the courtier's charge: —

"Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act."

That is, Never say what you think, and do nothing till you are sure it will prove expedient.

"Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy
judgment."

Worm their opinions from others, but conceal your own.

"Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy."
The outward appearance is the thing worth minding; the inward substance is not even thought of.

"To thine ownself be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

A statement which, like Franklin's "Honesty is the best policy," is true, but which no one ever made the rudder of his conduct without becoming false to those with whom he had to do. That fact is delicately hinted in the phrasing, "It must follow as the *night* the *day*," which suggests to every intelligence higher than the garrulous chatterer who utters it that, however bright the dawn of a life fed on such precepts, it must end in darkness. And so Polonius who preaches and Laertes who adopts them, both prove in due time

false to the king, false to the queen, false to Ophelia, false to Hamlet, and, more conspicuously still, each false to himself; while Ophelia, who hears without understanding, and tries to obey, loses her wits in the attempt.

In relief against this black background is placed the interview between Hamlet and his father's spirit. It takes us out of the reek of selfishness into the clean air of self-sacrifice. The moment Hamlet learns the ghastly secret, he decides that his business is to be true, not to himself, but to the parent who, he thinks, needs to be avenged, to the mother who needs to be redeemed, to the uncle who needs to be punished. His only perplexity is how best to perform these fidelities. In their presence self vanishes. His ardent love for Ophelia he resigns, but not until he has convinced himself that he can do so without wounding her heart. To the end he remains true to her. Believing that she has played with *his* affections, that she has deceived and betrayed them, he still strives, by means which wring his own heart, to make her what he thinks she is not, a good woman. Ambition does not touch him, for he believes that doing his duty will give him, not a throne, but a grave.

His father charges him to avenge the murder. The Norse blood surges. He vows revenge. But how to accomplish it is not clear. Whatever may prove wisest in the future, secrecy seems needful for the present. Therefore he swears his friends to silence. While they hesitate to duplicate their oath, the voice of his father's spirit urging them to do so is heard from beneath.¹

In Hamlet's high-wrought state the voice produces a moment of hysteria. He laughs; he jokes about the mystery

that is crushing him; he calls the awe-filling spirit "old mole." The effect of such strange conduct on his companions gives him the hint, and with lightning swiftness he determines to feign madness for a cloak of concealment. But soon he begins to question whether revenge is right. The spirit of Wittenberg has cooled the Norse blood when he murmurs:—

"Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! So, gentlemen, With all my love I do commend me to you; And what so poor a man as Hamlet is May do, to express his love and friending to you, God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together; And still your fingers on your lips, I pray. The time is out of joint;—O cursed spite, That ever I was born to set it right! Nay, come, let's go together."²

The second act shows Hamlet living a double life. While observed he feigns insanity, and, as George MacDonald has said, feigns well enough to deceive not only the whole court except King Claudius, but most of the commentators ever since. His object is to throw his uncle off guard. But feigning and all methods of indirection are repugnant to his nature. To his mother in the first act he described his character as the play reveals it:—

"Seems, madam? Nay, it is; I know not 'seems.'"

His singleness of heart is emphasized by contrast with Polonius, who naïvely uncovers his own soul and shows that falsehood is its home, in the speech to Reynaldo, in which, after telling his hearer how to lie dexterously for the benefit of Laertes, he concludes with,

"See you now; Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth," and bids him

"By indirections find directions out."

¹ Observe the subtle implication. The voice is heard from *beneath*. The Ghost had not appeared to go in that direction. Were not Hamlet's doubts here inaugurated by some echo of the words heard at Wittenberg from *above*, "Swear not at all"?

² Whether he fears to trust himself alone with his vengeful thoughts, or to trust his friends with their temptation to break silence, is uncertain. Perhaps both fears distract him.

The episode of the players inspires the second soliloquy and makes it intelligible. Hamlet's reflections upon the interview with his father's spirit have excited doubts whether he ought to fulfill his vow of vengeance, or leave retribution to the unseen powers. "Vengeance is mine. I will repay," says Wittenberg. Meditation brings distracting thoughts.

1. My father has sworn me to revenge. He was my ideal of manhood:

"He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again."

He appeared as I knew him in life, a warrior impelled by pagan passion, as

"when in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice."

Such a man the Norse blood in Prince Hamlet tells him he ought to be. Because he is, not such he reviles himself, calls himself "coward," and says all manner of evil against himself.

2. But this vengeance-seeking spirit has confessed that he is

"confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature¹
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am
forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison house,²
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young
blood,

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres,

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine."

If that is what comes of doing as my father did, and as I have sworn to do in his behalf, perhaps the things taught at Wittenberg are true.

"... the spirit that I have seen
May be the devil."

It has tempted to what Wittenberg counts devil's work. It may have slandered Claudius. Obedience to it may mean damnation.

¹ Note the technical distinction, pointing directly to Wittenberg, between "nature" and "grace."

² 1 Peter iii. 15.

This, and no other, is the question we shall hear Hamlet trying to decide in his most famous soliloquy. Reflection compels a pause, for though Thor cries, "Revenge!" Christ whispers, "Take heed."

Forced by these conflicting thoughts to wait, when the Norse blood boils, he despises himself for waiting; calls his caution cowardice, and in the third soliloquy condemns himself in language extreme as that in which St. Paul declares himself the chief of sinners.

The players have been wrought into energetic action by a sham crime, while he is torpid before a real one.

"O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
That from her working all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for
nothing!

For Hecuba?

What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would
he do

Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have?"

By this we are prepared to understand the fourth soliloquy, "To be or not to be." This soliloquy has been generally considered a disquisition on suicide. In it Hamlet is supposed to explain why he does not end his troubles by taking his life.

It was suggested to George MacDonald that this conception might be erroneous. He accepted the suggestion. That fact gives it great weight. The following considerations are added to his words as reasons for believing that the idea of suicide was not in Hamlet's mind:—

1. It seems unnatural that a man absorbed in the effort to decide whether he should kill Claudius should suddenly pause to explain why he does not kill himself, especially when there is no hint in any other part of the play that he ever contemplated doing so. As if

to guard us from the common interpretation, we are shown in the first act that the idea of suicide, when it occurred, was once and forever banished from Hamlet's mind by his knowledge of the canon fixed by the Eternal "gainst self-slaughter." The same fact is again made prominent when, though he tells Polonius there is nothing he would part with more willingly than his life, he does not even think of suicide.

2. He begins by saying that the thought in his mind is "the question;" that is, the question he deems most important, the question to which he has given most consideration, the question that is pressing him. There can be no doubt what that question is. For only one question occupies his mind during the entire play. From it he never escapes, and beside it every other question seems to him trivial. We know what it is, and that it has nothing to do with suicide.

3. The conclusion Hamlet arrives at in the soliloquy is that he is a coward. He often at other times brings this charge against himself, and always for the same reason. That reason never is that he is afraid to kill himself, but always that he shrinks from killing Claudius.

4. If Hamlet were thinking of suicide, he used the word "be" as a synonym for "exist," and "To be or not to be" is synonymous with "To continue or to cease existing." Could a man whose mind was controlled by the conviction that one who had died existed still and had visited him speak of suicide or of any kind of death as "ceasing to exist"? Imagine Paul speaking of death as the beginning of non-existence! Every line of the soliloquy indicates that the speaker sees in death the continuance of life. His recognition of his father's spirit; his refusal to kill Claudius while praying, because that might send the criminal to heaven, whither he ought not to go, rather than to hell, where he belongs,

imply that Hamlet never thought of death as annihilation. The alternative, therefore, between "To be" and "not to be" is not between "existence" and "non-existence." "To be or not to be" cannot mean "To live or to die."

5. "To be or not to be," that is "the question." What question? Obviously the question in his mind when "his silent sea of thought broke into surf of speech;" the question he is trying to decide, has been trying to decide, will die without being able to decide. That question certainly had nothing to do with suicide, for suicide had not occurred to him as a "question;" but when it did occur, it came as a matter settled beyond question by the canon of the Eternal. The only question which has perplexed him is whether to act as a pagan or a Christian; whether to kill his uncle, as in a moment of Berserker rage he has sworn to do.

To make this evident the thought of the first line is repeated immediately in different language. "To be or not to be," or in other words:—

"Whether 't is nobler in the mind to *suffer*
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to *take arms* against a sea of troubles,
And by *opposing* end them?"

Suicide is not taking arms against troubles. It is accurately the reverse of opposing them. It is dropping arms and flying from them.

6. The "question," whatever it may be, "puzzles" the will. We have seen that suicide did not puzzle Hamlet's will; no, not for an instant.

7. It is "conscience" (if the word means "consciousness," the argument is not modified in the least) which makes "the question" hard to decide, because conscience makes cowards of us all, and sicklies o'er the native hue of resolution with the pale cast of thought. The reference is to the self-accusations to which he has so often given voice. Thinking upon "the question" has sapped the blood of the strong resolve formed in the presence of his father's

spirit, and made him seem to himself, when the Norse nerves were strung, a coward. Thus an enterprise of great pith and moment has turned its current awry, and lost the name of action.

But surely no stretch of imagination can count suicide an enterprise of "great pith and moment." Here as elsewhere Hamlet calls himself a coward because he has allowed the native hue of his resolution to kill Claudius to be sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought. These facts show clearly what "the question" is. It is the question at issue between Christ and Thor, love and hate, forgiveness and revenge.

If the first line of the soliloquy stood alone, there might be room for doubt about its meaning; but restated as it is immediately in different words, it seems sufficiently plain. "To be," — that is, to be a man; or "not to be," — that is, to remain a cipher. So the Norse blood puts it. If he acts as he has sworn to do, if on his own responsibility he wreaks vengeance upon his uncle, that may serve for the present world. But how about that other world, in which, St. Paul declares, he must give an account of the deeds done in the body? Yet is it not better to be a man than to remain a cipher? "That is the question!" In other words: "Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer" (that is, to endure) "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" (as did He who bade us turn the other cheek), "or to take arms" "and by opposing (that is, with the sword) end them." Which obviously would mean for Hamlet death, though not by suicide. For if he succeeds in killing the king, it will be against forces sufficient to make his own death certain.

¹ "A mixed metaphor," the critics say. But it is not a metaphor. It is a figure so exact and so apt that it has been generally adopted. Hamlet sees his troubles, each like an armed and white-plumed soldier, advancing so swiftly and in ranks so close and countless that they resemble lines of foam-flakes on the surf. Shall he take arms against these congregated warriors and fight till they kill him?

But when, after taking the sword, as Wittenberg tells him not to do, he shall have perished, as Wittenberg tells him he will, what then?

Yet if he does not kill he will remain what to the Norse blood seems a cipher, a coward, a man of broken oath, a niding.

"To be or not to be — that is the question, Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune Or to take arms against a sea of troubles¹ And by opposing end them."

He knows that if he strikes it will insure his own death, and that *then* he will have to give an account. Therefore: —

"To die, — to sleep, — No more; [Foolish fancy! since after death the judgment] and by a sleep to say we end The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks That flesh is heir to, — 't is a consummation Devoutly to be wish'd. [If only it were true!]

To die; to sleep; — To sleep! Perchance to dream! ay, there's the rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil [these earthly perplexities]

Must give us pause [he is justifying his hesitancy]; there's the respect

That makes calamity of so long life; For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,"

(here follows an exhaustive catalogue of his own burdens)

"The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,

The pangs of disprized love, the law's delay, The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy takes, When he himself might his quietus make With a bare bodkin?"

This last expression has cradled the belief that Hamlet contemplated sui-

We use the same figure when we say, "The mob surged around him before he drew his pistol;" that is, "The mob came upon him as the ocean comes, and then he took arms against the sea of troubles." Scott, by expanding, weakens the figure: —

"Like wave with crest of sparkling foam Right onward did Clan-Alpine come."

cide. Readers have been misled by what Max Müller named "the Mythology of language." They have been influenced by the sound of unfamiliar words without considering their meaning. "Quietus" sounds as if it signified "made quiet," and "bodkin" has sounded to Englishmen since 1750, when Shakespeare began to be seriously studied, as if it meant a large needle. If such were the meanings of the words, they might signify, "When one could give himself peace by thrusting a needle into his heart." But "quietus" is a law term, and means the settling of one's accounts *with other people*. "Bodkin" was the name of a weapon for defense of one's life, a stiletto. The natural meaning of the sentence therefore is, "Why do I patiently endure, when I might settle accounts with my uncle by a thrust of my dagger into his heart?"

That is precisely the kind of settlement which he started to make, and was by "the pale cast of thought" restrained from making, when he found Claudius praying:—

"Who would fardels bear
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death" —

(We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad, says that fifth chapter of Corinthians upon which he appeared in the first act to be brooding.)

"The undiscover'd [not yet uncovered] country, from whose bourn

No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?"

He has in mind the flight, not of a suicide's, but of a warrior's spirit.

"Thus conscience [or consciousness, if it means that] does make cowards of us all [Norse blood again];

And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought
[his own experience],

And enterprises of great pith and moment

With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action [as his resolve has]."

Through the fourth act Hamlet remains spellbound by conscience between the two alternative answers to "the question." Whenever he has been sure a thing is right, he has done it instantly and thoroughly, with lightning speed. Whenever he is completely mastered by either the Norse blood or the New Light, his decision is prompt and his action swift. But he continues to suffer agonies of self-accusation; counts himself a beast because he does not execute his vow, yet cannot execute it for fear that if he does he shall have to count himself a devil.

When he learns that Fortinbras has promptly taken arms, he sees in that another condemnation of himself:—

"How all occasions do inform against me
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast: no more."

The fifth act shows Laertes in Hamlet's circumstances. His father has been murdered, and he has a suspicion that Claudius is the murderer. Laertes yields instantly to the savage impulse which Hamlet has continuously resisted. Without proof of Claudius' guilt, without a thread of principle to restrain his impulse, he rushes like a beast to glut his passion; falls instantly into the snare of the king, who has tried long and vainly to entrap Hamlet, and dies by his own treason to truth and manhood, though not until he has been forced to see that he has been the fool, and Hamlet the wise man.

- Then, not to revenge an injury, but to prevent more crimes; not to wreak vengeance, but to protect his country; not in the spirit of Thor, but in the spirit of the Christ who said, "Woe unto him who causes one of these little ones to offend," Hamlet slays his uncle. Was it right or wrong? Even yet he cannot answer "the question," for "the rest is silence."

William Burnet Wright.

FOUR SONNETS.

LIGHT AND WIND.

WHERE, through the leaves of myriad forest trees,
 The daylight falls, beryl and chrysoprase,
 The glamour and the glimmer of its rays
 Seem visible music, tangible melodies :
 Light that is music ; music that one sees, —
 Wagnerian music, — where forever sways
 The spirit of romance, and gods and fays
 Take form, clad on with dreams and mysteries.
 And now the wind's transmuting necromance
 Touches the light and makes it fall and rise,
 Vocal, a harp of multitudinous waves,
 That speaks as ocean speaks, — an utterance
 Of far-off whispers, mermaid-murmuring sighs, —
 Pelagian, vast, deep down in coral caves.

Madison Carvein.

EVENING.

PALE cameo-colored fires across the west ;
 Dun pastures, hushed ; a rim of darkling trees ;
 One star that flickering hangs, as if the breeze
 Swung it, a white-lit censer ; and deep rest
 Muffled across Day's struggling, teeming breast.
 The very brook that sang its bubbly glees
 Now draws its sleek length, quiet, and like black seas
 The twilight floods sweep down with star-foamed crest.

Hark ! I have heard the brown owl softly hoot :
 Whom calls he through the dimness ? — and again ! —
 Surely I hear a crystal-dripping flute
 Answer his cry, as from dark dale and plain
 Mist shapes unloose. Beat low, my heart, beat low,
 Lest thy red drummings bid the wood gods go !

Julie Closson Kenly.

TO POVERTY.

PALE priestess of a fane discredited,
 Whose votaries to-day are few or none;
 Goddess austere, whose touch the vulgar shun,
 As they would shrink from a Procrustes bed,
 Hieing to temples where the feast is spread,
 And life laughs loudly, and the smooth wines run;
 Wise mother!—least desired 'neath the sun,
 At thy chill breasts the noblest have been fed.
 Great are thy counsels for the brave and strong;
 Yet do we fear thy brooding mystery,
 The griefs, the hardships, which about thee throng,
 The scanty garner where thy harvests be;
 But seeing what unto the rich belong,
 We know our debt, O Poverty, to thee!

Florence Earle Coates.

THE GODS.

ARE these the glad young deities we knew
 Long, long ago in the world's dawning day,—
 These pallid shapes that wander here astray
 In the gray vapors and the glimmering dew?
 Where are the forms of satyr, nymph, and fay,
 The flash of wings in the descending blue,
 The wild enchantments that about us grew
 When first we heard the pipes of Pan aplay?
 Sullied with time, its mildew and its moil,
 O gods immortal, crouching here so cold,
 Age hath around you drawn her tightening coil,
 But we are young; the far quest finds us bold
 For fresh endeavor and more glorious spoil.
 Alas! alas! how grew the gods so old?

Ada Foster Murray.

SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER.

It is my purpose to say a word of Samuel Rawson Gardiner, the English historian, who died February 23, 1902, and who in his research and manner of statement represents fitly the scientific school of historical writers. He was thorough in his investigation, sparing neither labor nor pains to get at the truth. It may well enough be true that the designedly untruthful historian, like the undevout astronomer, is an anomaly, for inaccuracy comes not from purpose but from neglect. Now Gardiner went to the bottom of things, and was not satisfied until he had compassed all the material within his reach. As a matter of course he read many languages. Whether his facts were in Spanish, Italian, French, German, Dutch, Swedish, or English, made apparently no difference. Nor did he stop at what was in plain language. He read a diary written chiefly in symbols, and many letters in cipher. A large part of his material was in manuscript, which entailed greater labor than if it had been in print. As one reads the prefaces to his various volumes and his footnotes, amazement is the word to express the feeling that a man could have accomplished so much in forty-seven years. One feels that there is no one-sided use of any material. The Spanish, the Venetian, the French, the Dutch, nowhere displaces the English. In Froude's Elizabeth one gets the impression that the Simancas manuscripts furnish a disproportionate basis of the narrative; in Ranke's England that the story is made up too much from the Venetian archives. Gardiner himself copied many Simancas manuscripts in Spain, and he studied the archives in Venice, Paris, Brussels, and Rome, but these, and all the other great mass of foreign material, are kept adjunctive to that

found in his own land. My impression from a study of his volumes is that more than half of his material is in manuscript, but because he has matter which no one else had ever used, he does not neglect the printed pages open to every one. To form "a judgment on the character and aims of Cromwell," he writes, "it is absolutely necessary to take Carlyle's monumental work as a starting point;"¹ yet distrusting Carlyle's printed transcripts he goes back to the original speeches and letters themselves. Carlyle, he says, "amends the text without warning" in many places; these emendations Gardiner corrects, and out of the abundance of his learning he stops a moment to show how Carlyle has misled the learned Dr. Murray in attributing to Cromwell the use of the word "communicative" in its modern meaning, when it was on the contrary employed in what is now an obsolete sense.²

Gardiner's great work is the History of England from 1603 to 1656. In the revised editions there are ten volumes called the History of England, from the Accession of James I. to the Outbreak of the Great Civil War, and four volumes on the Great Civil War. Since this revision he has published three volumes on the History of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate. He was also the author of a number of smaller volumes, a contributor to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and the *Dictionary of National Biography*, and for ten years editor-in-chief of the *English Historical Review*.

I know not which is the more remarkable, the learning, accuracy, and diligence of the man, or withal his modesty. With his great store of knowledge, the very truthfulness of his soul impels him to be forward in admitting his own mis-

¹ History of the Great Civil War, vol. i. page viii.

² History of the Commonwealth and the Protectorate, vol. iii. page 27.

takes. Lowell said in 1878 that Darwin was "almost the only perfectly disinterested lover of truth" he had ever encountered. Had Lowell known the historian as we know him, he would have placed Gardiner upon the same elevation. In the preface to the revised ten-volume edition he alludes to the "defects" of his work. "Much material," he wrote, "has accumulated since the early volumes were published, and my own point of view is not quite the same as it was when I started with the first years of James I."¹ The most important contribution to this portion of his period had been Spedding's edition of Bacon's *Letters and Life*. In a note to page 208 of his second volume he tells how Spedding's arguments have caused him to modify some of his statements, although the two regard the history of the seventeenth century differently. Writing this soon after the death of Spedding, to which he refers as "the loss of one whose mind was so acute and whose nature was so patient and kindly," he adds, "It was a true pleasure to have one's statements and arguments exposed to the testing fire of his hostile criticism." Having pointed out later some inaccuracies in the work of Professor Masson he accuses himself. "I have little doubt," he writes, "that if my work were subjected to as careful a revision, it would yield a far greater crop of errors."²

Gardiner was born in 1829. Soon after he was twenty-six years old he conceived the idea of writing the history of England from the accession of James I. to the restoration of Charles II. It was a noble conception, but his means were small. Having married, as his first wife, the youngest daughter of Edward Irving, the enthusiastic founder of the Catholic Apostolic Church, he became an Irvingite. Because he was an Irvingite his university, — he was a son of Oxford, — so it is commonly said, would give him no position whereby he might

gain his living. Nevertheless, Gardiner studied and toiled, and in 1863 published two volumes entitled *A History of England from the Accession of James I. to the Disgrace of Chief Justice Coke*. Of this work only one hundred and forty copies were sold. Still he struggled on. In 1869 two volumes called *Prince Charles and the Spanish Marriage* were published and sold five hundred copies. Six years later appeared two volumes entitled *A History of England under the Duke of Buckingham and Charles I.* This installment paid expenses, but no profit. One is reminded of what Carlyle said about the pecuniary rewards of literary men in England: "Homer's *Iliad* would have brought the author, had he offered it to Mr. Murray on the half-profit system, say five-and-twenty guineas. The *Prophecies of Isaiah* would have made a small article in a review which . . . could cheerfully enough have remunerated him with a five-pound note." The first book from which Gardiner received any money was a little volume for the *Epochs of Modern History Series* on the *Thirty Years' War*, published in 1874. Two more installments of the history appearing in 1877 and 1881 made up the first edition of what is now our ten-volume history, but in the meantime some of the volumes went out of print. It was not until 1883, the year of the publication of the revised edition, that the value of his labors was generally recognized. During this twenty-eight years, from the age of twenty-six to fifty-four, Gardiner had his living to earn. He might have recalled the remark made, I think, by either Goldsmith or Lamb, that the books which will live are not those by which we ourselves can live. Therefore Gardiner got his bread by teaching. He became a professor in King's College, London, and he lectured on history for the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, having large audiences all over London, and

¹ *History*, vol. i. page v.

² *Ibid.* vol. ix. page viii.

being well appreciated in the East End. He wrote schoolbooks on history. Finally success came twenty-eight years after his glorious conception, twenty years after the publication of his first volume. He had had a hard struggle for a living with money coming in by dribbets. Bread won in such a way is come by hard, yet he remained true to his ideal. His potboilers were good and honest books; his brief history on the Thirty Years' War has received the praise of scholars. Recognition brought him money rewards. In 1882 Mr. Gladstone bestowed upon him a civil list pension of £150 a year. Two years later All Souls College, Oxford, elected him to a research fellowship; when this expired Merton made him a fellow. Academic honors came late. Not until 1884, when he was fifty-five, did he take his degree of M. A. Edinburgh conferred upon him an LL. D., and Göttingen a Ph. D., but he was sixty-six when he received the coveted D. C. L. from his own university. The year previous Lord Rosebery offered him the Regius Professorship of History at Oxford, but he declined it because the prosecution of his great work required him to be near the British Museum. It is worthy of mention that in 1874, nine years before he was generally appreciated in England, the Massachusetts Historical Society elected him a corresponding member.

During the latter part of his life Gardiner resided in the country near London, whence it took him about an hour to reach the British Museum, where he did his work. He labored on his history from eleven o'clock to half past four, with an intermission of half an hour for luncheon. He did not dictate to a stenographer, but wrote everything out. Totally unaccustomed to collaboration, he never employed a secretary or assistant of any kind. In his evenings he did no serious labor; he spent them with his family, attended to his correspondence,

or read a novel. Thus he wrought five hours daily. What a brain, and what a splendid training he had given himself to accomplish such results in so short a working day!

In the preface to his first volume of the History of the Commonwealth, published in 1894, Gardiner said that he was "entering upon the third and last stage of a task the accomplishment of which seemed to me many years ago to be within the bounds of possibility." One more volume bringing the history down to the death of Cromwell would have completed the work, and then Mr. Charles H. Firth, a fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, was to take up the story. Firth now purposes to begin his narrative with the year 1656. Gardiner's mantle has fallen on worthy shoulders.

Where historical scholars congregate in England and America, Gardiner is highly esteemed. But the critics must have their day. They cannot attack him for lack of diligence and accuracy, which according to Gibbon, the master of us all, are the prime requisites of a historian, so they assert that he was deficient in literary style, he had no dramatic power, his work is not interesting and will not live. Gardiner is the product solely of the university and the library. You may visualize him at Oxford, in the British Museum, or at work in the archives on the Continent, but of affairs and of society by personal contact he knew nothing. In short, he was not a man of the world, and the histories must be written, so these critics aver, by those who have an actual knowledge by experience of their fellow men. It is profitable to examine these dicta by the light of concrete examples. Froude saw much of society, and was a man of the world. He wrote six volumes on the reign of Elizabeth, from which we get the distinct impression that the dominant characteristics of Elizabeth were meanness, vacillation, selfishness, and cruelty. Gardiner in an introductory chapter of forty-three pages

restores to us the great queen of Shakespeare, who brought upon her land "a thousand, thousand blessings." She loved her people well, he writes, and ruled them wisely. She "cleared the way for liberty, though she understood it not."¹ Elsewhere he speaks of "her high spirit and enlightened judgment."² The writer who has spent his life in the library among dusty archives estimates the great ruler more correctly than the man of the world. We all know Macaulay, — a member of Parliament, a member of the Supreme Council of India, a cabinet minister, a historian of great merit, a brilliant man of letters. In such an one, according to the principles laid down by these critics, we should expect to find a supreme judge of men. Macaulay in his essays and the first chapter of the *History* painted Wentworth and Laud in the very blackest of colors, which "had burned themselves into the heart of the people of England." Gardiner came. Wentworth and Laud, he wrote, were controlled by a "noble ambition," which was "not stained with personal selfishness or greed."³ "England may well be proud of possessing in Wentworth a nobler if a less practical statesman than Richelieu, of the type to which the great cardinal belonged."⁴ Again Wentworth was "the high-minded, masterful statesman, erring gravely through defects of temper and knowledge."⁵ From Ma-

caulay we carry away the impression that Wentworth was very wicked and that Cromwell was very good. Gardiner loved Cromwell not less than did Macaulay, but thus he speaks of his government: "Step by step the government of the Commonwealth was compelled . . . to rule by means which every one of its members would have condemned if they had been employed by Charles or Wentworth." Is it not a triumph for the bookish man that in his estimate of Wentworth and Laud he has with him the consensus of the historical scholars of England!

What a change there has been in English opinion of Cromwell in the last half century! Unquestionably that is due to Carlyle more than to any other one man, but there might have been a reaction from the conception of the hero worshiper had it not been supported and somewhat modified by so careful and impartial a student as Gardiner.

The alteration of sentiment toward Wentworth and Laud is principally due to Gardiner, that toward Cromwell is due to him in part. These are two of the striking results, but they are only two of many things we see differently because of the single-minded devotion of this great historian. We know the history of England from 1603 to 1656 better than we do that of any other period of the world; and for this we are indebted mainly to Samuel Rawson Gardiner.

James Ford Rhodes.

¹ *History*, vol. i. page 43.

² *Ibid.* vol. viii. page 36.

³ *Ibid.* page 67.

⁴ *Ibid.* page 215.

⁵ *Ibid.* vol. ix. page 229.

THE DISARMAMENT TRUST.

It all grew out of a chance remark of Mr. Morgan's to Baron de Staal at Homburg, in July, 1903. That was the year in which all the European watering places had been consolidated, and the American had run over to see how economy of management was working in the *Badenkartell und Syndicat des Eaux*, which he had so successfully financed and promoted. It was, accordingly, between sips in the *Kursaal* that he said to the Russian ambassador, "It was a pity that you did not have at the Hague Congress a modern man of business."

"Why so?"

"He could have done what all your diplomats and military experts made a botch of."

"I do not understand you."

"Why, he could have brought about disarmament on correct business principles. You were too much under the influence of a vague philanthropy; you talked of the horrors of war; you dwelt upon national jealousies and ambition—and you got nowhere. At best, you emitted only a pious aspiration for peace. Now an up-to-date financier would have put the matter in its true light. He would have shown you that war is waste, — the most baleful form of competition. He would have driven home the community-of-interest idea in international relations, and could have worked out such a plan for division of territory and of profits, for allotment of influence and of stock, that European armies would have been resolved into productive laborers like magic, and swords would have been beaten into shares without the plough."

This little joke of Mr. Morgan's was too much for the Russian nobleman. The study of the English Bible is deplorably neglected in the Court of St. Petersburg. But the baron knew an idea

when he saw it. This was the very thing to report to his royal master. The Czar Disarmer would jump at it. And so it was that from this casual conversation at Homburg there resulted the second appeal to the civilized world, by Nicholas II., to grapple with the problem of swollen and burdensome national armaments. This time, however, he frankly put himself in Mr. Morgan's hands, and went straight to the heart of the matter by giving notice that what the nations were to do was to consider the formation of a great International Disarmament Trust. That at once made the solid men of the world perceive that he meant business.

Nor was there a second dawdling Congress at the Hague. Mr. Morgan could not waste time in that way. He bought the *Deutschland* (which, to avoid wounding national susceptibilities, he rechristened the *Allgemeinesland*, and then promptly applied for an American register and a subsidy), steamed after the necessary monarchs and plenipotentiaries and generals and admirals, sped with them to the neutral and quiet waters of the Sargasso Sea, dined them handsomely, and then collected them about the big table in the main saloon, just as if they were so many heads of corporations prepared to abandon cut-throat competition for merged interests, and commissions and profits not too deeply submerged. He himself, of course, took the chair, jauntily remarking that wherever a Morgan sat was the head of the table.

"Now, in order to get right down to business, Majesties and Excellencies and Honorables," he said, "I will ask you to state briefly the objections to my plan which may have occurred to you, as we have been discussing it on the way hither. I have always found it wisest, in arranging gentlemen's agreements of

this kind, to invite the frankest criticism. I then refute it, either by more arguments or more stock. So speak your minds without embarrassment."

"The financial difficulty most deters me," said M. de Witte, "such vast sums are involved. I fairly told my royal master, before leaving St. Petersburg, that if it involved another of my miraculous budgets, in which borrowed money was to appear again as ordinary revenue, I really could not undertake it. There are limits even to my skill in financial legerdemain."

"Ja wohl," broke in the German Emperor, "I was saying the same thing to Von Bülow. In the absence of Herr Bleichröder, with his expert advice, I should like to know who is going to finance this enterprise."

"I think I may say without *Majestätsbeleidigung*," observed Mr. Morgan gracefully, "that the various governments may safely leave all these mere details about money to me."

"Ah, if we only could in all cases!" sighed Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. "Still I feel bound to ask, in order to be able to make a proper reply as chancellor of the exchequer, when questioned in the Commons, — I feel it my duty to inquire just what resources may be counted upon."

The chairman's brow grew black. This was flat *lèse-Morgan*. But Mr. Balfour intervened, with his customary urbanity.

"I am only a child in these matters," he remarked, in his gentle and detached way, "but if we could be assured that the other great American lover of peace with money, Mr. Carnegie" —

"He and his purse are at one with me," broke in Mr. Morgan emphatically. "I think I need say no more?"

"Not a word, as far as I am concerned," said M. de Witte. "I know something about mere government revenues, but if you propose to join two such private fortunes, why, of course we poor public finance ministers are not

in it, as our Cossacks who were with your American troops in China learned to say."

"Then we may consider the financial obstacle already surmounted!" cried Mr. Morgan gayly. "What is the next?"

"There is, Monsieur le Président," said M. Delcassé solemnly, "the French passion for *gloire* to be reckoned with. How shall we satisfy that, if our army is disbanded?"

"Precisely," added General André, scowling horribly at the Germans across the table; "and our national thirst for *revanche*, — what of that?"

"Gloire?" said Mr. Morgan musingly. "I suppose it would be vain to quote to a Frenchman the noble words of our English poet, —

'Oh, take the cash, and let the glory go!'

As for *revanche*, I only know that, like sons-in-law, it is very costly. But I presume that what you want is not simply to kill somebody, but to get your lost provinces back?"

"France," asserted M. Delcassé, "will never be satisfied short of that."

"Then," broke in the Kaiser, "we may as well stop talking. That can be under no circumstances. Rather than give up the Reichsland, I will smash everything to pieces (*Ich will alles kurz und klein machen*)."

"It is evident," observed Mr. Morgan judicially, "that we have simply a case of two railroads competing for the same territory. We must adjust the controversy by a pooling arrangement. Your Majesty admits that the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine have strong French sympathies?"

"Unluckily, yes. The phrase oftenest in their mouths is, '*Nous sommes plus Français que les Français*.'"

"And you, Mr. Minister, concede that thirty years of occupation entitle Germany to some consideration, some equivalent, some balancing concession?"

"Indubitably," replied M. Delcassé.

"Then we have all the basis we need for a businesslike adjustment. The details will be mere matter of give-and-take, — give stock and take profits. But," went on Mr. Morgan, "there are other difficulties of the same kind. It will be best to cover them by one comprehensive plan. You, for example," he said, suddenly turning to General Dragomiroff, "have what you call *espérances ultérieures* in Persia and China and India?"

"A Russian cannot tell a lie," replied the general, with charming archness, winking at Secretary Hay. "We admit it."

"Exactly, and Great Britain and Germany compete with you for that territory. Africa is nearly all sliced up, and on sound business principles. There the various countries have adopted my precise theory of an equitable division of traffic — that is, territory. Of course, the mere native, like the consumer, is a negligible quality. There remains, therefore, only South America as a continent likely to give us trouble."

"Beg pardon," interrupted Secretary Hay, "but you do not seem to have read my speech explaining how all that would fall beautifully and peacefully under the Monroe Doctrine, hand in hand with the golden rule."

"Which version?" asked Mr. Morgan, with a merry air. "Do others as they wish to do you? Let us not, in any case, forget that this is a business meeting. We are not drawing up a political platform, or making a speech, or writing an editorial, or even addressing the Chamber of Commerce; therefore we may safely leave out these little hypocrisies. The thing to do is to arrive at a fair *pro rata* division of territory which is unoccupied, or which is occupied by those who do not make as good use of it as we think we could. That once done, costly armies and navies would be as easily dispensed with as are soliciting agents after two competing

railroads have combined. I'll just have my chief clerk draw up a memorandum for an equitable and binding redistribution of islands and provinces and protectorates and hinterlands and spheres of influence, and then the greatest single obstacle to disarmament will have been overcome."

"But," asked Emperor William, "what is to become of the fixed property of war, — for example, the forts at Strassburg and Belfort?"

"They will be preserved as historical curiosities, — a sort of public museum of archæology. The entrance fee will be applied toward paying interest on war debts."

"And the guns of the fortresses?"

"Well, many of those mounted are wooden. Oh, do not start up! General André told me confidentially, on the way here, that such is the case on the French side, and I have my own reasons for believing that the Germans have their share of the same sort of Quaker artillery. Well, the wooden guns may remain. They will do perfectly to set the gullible agape. The rifles of real metal will of course be melted and used for ship's plates."

"But there are the barracks," objected M. Delcassé. "We have erected them at great expense; what shall we do with them when there are no soldiers to occupy them?"

"They would make splendid factories and storehouses. The Steel Trust would be glad to take most of them off your hands."

"You surely forget, however," interposed General Wood, "the moral side of war. I am here at the especial request and as the personal representative of President Roosevelt, and you can imagine what he will say if the discipline and manly development of the fighter are overlooked or thrown away. How are we going to prevent the fibre of our youth from growing flabby, how are we" —

"I have taken all that into consider-

ation," said Mr. Morgan, with an impatient gesture. "We shall let the children have military toys. They can lay about them valiantly with wooden swords in the nursery. The kindergarten will be just the place for drum and trumpet. In the schools there will be military organizations, each vying with the other in plumes and feathers and padded coats and precision of drill and terrible front. I am not so foolish as to think at once to exorcise the spirit of martial vanity from boys. In them it will doubtless persist for a long time. But we are looking at the subject as full-grown men, who have put away those childish things, who know what life is and what the modern world really demands, and who want to capitalize the wicked waste of war."

There was a pause. Then Admiral von Tirpitz and Captain Mahan spoke up as one man: "You say nothing about sea power."

"But I have thought of it. Knock off the turrets and military masts, and your battleships would make admirable grain carriers. I have for some time had my eye on the cruisers as a coal fleet. In fact, all this matter of the navy you may safely leave to me. When certain plans of mine are matured, I shall be in a position to take over all the war fleets in the world, for the Shipping Trust, at a handsome profit to the various nations."

"I have still an objection," remarked Secretary Hay. "How are you going to bring over public opinion?"

"Ah," replied Mr. Morgan, "I count upon the power of the press. You know something about that, Mr. Hay?"

"Yes, as an ex-journalist I suppose I am entitled to say, *et ego militavi*."

"Very good. Then you are aware of the moral influence of a full-page advertisement. I shall arrange to place the prospectus of our proposed Disarmament Trust in all the leading newspapers of all the countries concerned, and I assure you that there will follow

most able and eloquent advocacy of our plan. I do not say that it will be *propter hoc*, — to cap your Latin, Mr. Hay, — but it will surely be *post hoc*. That prospectus, in fact, seems to me the only detail now left to arrange. But I shall have it ready by the time we reach New York."

Here it is, in a reduced facsimile of the full-page advertisement which appeared in all the New York papers simultaneously: —

FINANCIAL.

INTERNATIONAL DISARMAMENT TRUST.

OFFICE OF J. P. MORGAN & Co.,
23 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

TO THE CITIZENS OF
GREAT BRITAIN,
FRANCE,
GERMANY,
RUSSIA,
SPAIN,
ITALY, AND
THE UNITED STATES.

THE INTERNATIONAL DISARMAMENT TRUST has been organized under the laws of the state of New Jersey, with power, among other things, to acquire the armies and navies of the countries above named.

A SYNDICATE, comprising leading financial interests throughout the world, of which the undersigned are managers, has been formed by subscribers to the amount of \$2,000,000,000 to carry out the arrangement.

For every \$100 of its military budget each of the several countries will be entitled to \$125, Preferred Stock, and \$107.50, Common Stock of the Trust. On this basis may be exchanged the annual military expenditures of Great Britain, placed by our expert accountants at \$460,000,000, France at \$213,000,000, Germany \$126,000,000, Russia \$203,000,000, Spain \$35,000,000, Italy \$76,000,000, and the United States \$204,000,000. This would

leave the Trust a balance of working capital of nearly \$700,000,000.

In addition to the immediate extinction of over \$1,000,000,000 in yearly taxation for the purposes of national defense, — all to be cared for by the Trust, — there would be the return to productive industry of at least 2,500,000 men. The Trust will arrange for the allotment of additional preferred shares for each 100,000 men disbanded. Useless flags will be taken over at the rate fixed by the management for

such "commercial assets." With all these obvious advantages, and others that will appear as the work of disarming goes on, we have no hesitation in recommending the stock of the Trust at par and accrued interest. It is proper to state that J. P. Morgan & Co. are to receive no compensation for their services beyond a share in any sum which ultimately may be realized by the Syndicate.

J. P. MORGAN & Co.,
SYNDICATE MANAGERS.
Rollo Ogden.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

LITERATURE AND FICTION.

THE present commercial prominence of fiction cannot help affecting the ungentle reader's judgment of its value; and even the gentle reader needs to guard pretty carefully against the elaborate machinery of approbation which is now brought to bear upon him. Even when he has declined the predigested capsule of opinion offered by the preliminary announcement, and has weathered the brief enthusiasm of the press on the story's first appearance, he must still live down the subsequent bulletins summing its praises received and copies sold. Yet, though everything is now to be praised, it remains his duty at least to distinguish between different sorts of praiseworthiness. Making the best of the fact that fiction now leads the market, he must still consider that only in exceptional hands is it a high literary form, and that the difference between good and bad is often a subtle and difficult matter to determine. The novel-reading public (if it can be spoken of as a whole) does not care for subtle distinctions. At the same time it has a general intention of doing the right thing,

and likes to feel that its amusement is a literary amusement. When it is given to understand that Richard Carvel is the successful rival of *The Virginians*, or that *D'ri and I* is the greatest literary achievement of the year, it is delighted to feel that it is getting a peep into the mysterious heaven of literature without the least craning of the neck.

The marvelous record recently established by the advance sale of Miss Johnston's *Audrey*¹ is not, in itself, a proof of the book's literary merit. But it happens, fortunately, to be literature as well as an absorbing story. Its merit is, to be sure, capable of reduction to pretty simple terms. The narrative is adorned with carefully studied local color, and is conscientiously dated as to language and personage. But it is not to be approached as historical fiction: it is pure romance. Considering it from this point of view, we shall be content to find no striking departure from romantic tradition in its plot or in the general conception of its char-

¹ *Audrey*. By MARY JOHNSTON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

acters. Many of the happenings are, viewed in the light of experience, improbable; but Experience is a creature of unamiable limitations, and in the nature of things hardly subsist to the Muse of romance. Of the characters, Darden and MacLean, rather than Haward and Audrey, are differentiated from the accepted romantic types. We are familiar with this figure of the man of the world whose experience of fashionable follies and vices assumes, when tinged with an elegant regret, the air of a philosophy: "To the eye, at least, the figure was not shrunken. It was that of a man still young, and of a handsome face and much distinction of bearing. The dress was perfect in its quiet elegance; the air of the man composed, — a trifle sad, a trifle mocking. Haward snapped his fingers at the reflection. 'The portrait of a gentleman,' he said, and passed on."

Long ago, too, we met certain near relatives of the engaging wood-nymph Audrey. They also could be converted into fine ladies at a moment's notice; they also could win first the inclination and finally the worship of weary, mocking, chivalrous gentlemen like Mr. Marmaduke Haward. But it is altogether unlikely that Miss Johnston would claim novelty in these particulars, or even attach great importance to it. In much less conventionalized fields of art than romance mere inventiveness counts for little; a real proof of creative power is to do supremely well what everybody else is doing fairly well. However surfeited one may fancy himself with the property, persons, and situations of romance, he will hardly gainsay that in Audrey they have once more been given the breath of life. Plenty of people are turning out romances just now because there is a market for them. Miss Johnston is plainly under her own spell, and speaking in her natural voice. The only world of which

she has to tell us is all a glamour and a dream, an enchanting world, and, for the moment at least, a true one.

It should be said that the volume is unusually attractive to the eye and to the hand. Mr. Yohn's illustrations in color are strong, delicate, and consistent. Familiar as the frontispiece figure of Audrey has become, it is not yet cloying. The paper is extremely good, and the cloth used in binding was especially manufactured for the book.

In the meantime the breath of life is not essential to one sort of success in the field of romance. Here, for example, is *The Colonials*,¹ advertised to have "gone into the fourth printing after the fourth week of publication." The persons could not imaginably present certificates of birth either in the world of fact or in the world of dreams, and the action is of the flimsiest. But the pseudo-historical microbe is present, against which no form of inoculation has yet been discovered; and, a less sentimental but really more drawing consideration, more things happen to the square chapter than in any other story now going, unless indeed in that miracle of ingenuity and commonplace, *D'ri and I*. Inventiveness, whatever it may not be, is certainly a marketable article.

Simple-minded persons who take refuge from the fancied clash of realism and romanticism in the truth, obvious to their experience, that the world of dream and the world of fact are altogether inseparable except in fiction, will take pleasure in *The Second Generation*.² Its element of purpose will not disturb them. Whatever part the thesis involved, "the sins of the fathers," may play in the mind of the author, they will hardly think it a paramount reason for the existence of the story. The scene is laid mainly in Chicago. The central figure is a young Hoosier who has come

¹ *The Colonials*. By ALLEN FRENCH. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1902.

² *The Second Generation*. By JAMES WEBER LINN. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1902.

to Chicago with two objects, — to make his way into literature by way of journalism, and to bring about the downfall of an ex-demagogue, now a corrupt financier. This second object has been enjoined upon him by his dying father, whose desire for personal revenge has been unfortunately mingled with the desire to disarm an enemy of society. The son feels the dubiousness of his mission, but is unable to shirk it. The complications which follow are painful enough, but in spite of one serious slip, the hero remains a hero, and his problem is worked out to a wholesome end.

One of the characters is a cheerful young reporter, who has some interesting things to say about his work: "I remember that Professor Edwards, at the University, used to laugh when the men under him abused the newspapers. All the young fellows who teach English think the tip is to abuse the papers. They hunt out all those icy constructions that the best of us will slip on now and then, and say, 'Look at the horrible writing!' Of course lots of it is horrible. But Edwards was square. One day, when I was talking with him, I told him I was going into the newspaper business, and he laughed. 'How about that *style* we've been nursing along?' he said. 'Are n't you afraid the shock will kill it?' I told him I thought I'd have to stand it, anyway. 'Well,' he said, 'may-be the heroic treatment will do it good. You remember how the Spartans used to leave their babies out over-night on the mountain sides naked? Some of them died, but the best lived, and so the Spartans were a sturdy set, on the whole. Perhaps,' he said, 'the newspapers are the mountains of literature.'"

It is pretty evident that the author himself has profited by this heroic treatment. The story is compact and simple, not a doctored morsel to roll under the tongue, but a frank-flavored bit of the life which, it happens, this writer best knows and relishes.

Mr. Norris's latest story¹ is a more pretentious sort of work. It boasts a good deal of preliminary apparatus, — a note explaining that this is the first of a trilogy, duly billed as *The Epic of the Wheat*, a list of personæ, and a map of the region in which the action takes place. Photographs of a California wheat-field and a patent reaper and a tintype or two of the leading persons would have left still less for the imagination to do. But the author is a confessed realist, and his style, as well as his method, bears the Gallic hall-mark: "His smooth-shaven jowl stood out big and tremulous on either side of his face; the roll of fat on the nape of his neck, sprinkled with sparse, stiff hairs, bulged out with greater prominence. His great stomach, covered with a light brown linen vest, stamped with innumerable interlocked horseshoes, protruded far in advance, enormous, aggressive." This Mr. S. Behrman is eventually, in accordance with that poetic justice which even the realist cannot always resist, smothered to death in the hold of a wheat steamer. By that time the reader has learned so much about S. Behrman's person that (and this time the poetic justice reacts, perhaps, against the story-teller) he is more pleased to be personally rid of an obnoxious animal than to have that story-world rid of the villain whose machinations have caused most of its troubles.

Hilma Tree we first know as a physically attractive animal, subtly colored after the manner of D'Annunzio's creatures: "Under her chin and under her ears the flesh was as white and smooth as floss satin, shading delicately to a faint delicate brown on her nape at the roots of her hair. Her throat rounded to meet her chin and cheek, with a soft swell of the skin, tinted pale amber in the shadows, but blending by barely perceptible gradations to the sweet warm flush of her cheek. The color on her

¹ *The Octopus*. By FRANK NORRIS. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1901.

temples was just touched with a certain blueness where the flesh was thin over the fine veining underneath. Her eyes were light brown . . . the lids — just a fraction of a shade darker than the hue of her face — were edged with lashes that were almost black." So much for the lust of the eye; presently we find the mystic Vanamee, many years after the death of his betrothed, recalling her in terms of another sense. He dwells habitually upon that "faint mingling of many odors, the smell of the roses that lingered in her hair, of the lilies that exhaled from her neck, of the heliotrope that disengaged itself from her hands and arms, and of the hyacinths of which her little feet were redolent." This is the sort of romantic vulgarity of which only the realist of the French school is capable. The world has pretty much stopped demanding that the Great American Novel shall be cast in an altogether new mould, but may still require it to be free from the method and manner of distinctly alien literatures. There are certain racial prescriptions of taste and style which cannot safely be ignored. Whatever is true of his manner, Mr. Norris's persons are certainly indigenous, and give the book its power. Presley and Vanamee one might have met elsewhere, but the Derricks, Annixter, and, above all, Hilma Tree, — what is the value to creative fiction of world-movements and commercial problems compared with such breathing human nature as this?

The House with the Green Shutters¹ has been very widely read and praised. It is frankly of the earth earthy, a rude awakening from the agreeable trance of sentiment which Scotch life seemed to be in A Doctor of the Old School and in Auld Licht Idyls. There are four persons connected with The House: the son becomes a drunkard, murders the father (who would have deserved to be put out

of the way if he had not been clearly insane), and poisons himself; the mother and the daughter, who are afflicted respectively with cancer and phthisis, presently make use of the poison which the son has left — "and then there were none."

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?"

It is amazing, but they can. We read of them often in the newspapers, and without particular emotion; not, probably, because we have become hardened, but because some reliable instinct assures us that these events are, after all, not tragically real. They have, brutal as the fact seems, no determinable meaning; they are to truth as we know it what nightmares are to waking experience. One of these ugly common nightmares Mr. Douglas has made the theme of his first story. Three of the inmates of the House with the Green Shutters are hopelessly weak, and the fourth is a monomaniac. This is not the material of art. It will be useful to the reporter rather than to the story-teller who hopes to have his work last; Mr. Douglas has done a clever and ruthless bit of reporting. It should be said that he has been promptly hailed as the Scottish Thomas Hardy, and even (not to give too much leeway to posterity) as the Scottish Balzac.

If moral insignificance disqualifies, how far may physical disability be regarded as a tragic motive? In The House with the Green Shutters, disease is simply a modifying detail. In Sir Richard Calmady² an abnormal physical condition is established at the outset as the basis of the psychological action. Congenital cripples do not ordinarily brood over their misfortune, it is said. Lord Byron's case is to the contrary; and Sir Richard, with an infinitely greater de-

¹ *The House with the Green Shutters*. By GEORGE DOUGLAS. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1902.

² *Sir Richard Calmady*. By LUCAS MALET. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1901.

formity, has a similarly sensitive organization. The legitimate doubt would perhaps be not as to the possibility of the case, but as to whether its exceptionalness does not prejudice its value for the purposes of fiction. The situation is developed with irresistible power and consistency. After the opening chapters, which are comparatively lacking in directness and simplicity, attention has no choice up to the last of the seven hundred pages. In spite of its insistence the theme does not become tiresome, and in spite of his self-absorption, the impression of Sir Richard's character is increasingly one of power. Even in that supreme and terrible moment when he determines to wrest what pleasure he may out of the world in which a man's happiness is denied him, one feels that he is, according to his lights, escaping and not courting futility. It is a deliberate Satanic turning against injustice, mistaken but sincere, and so, though pitiful, not quite pitiable.

There are many interesting minor characters: kind old Lord Fallowfield, the airy Ludovic Quayle, the sympathetic and uncompromising Dr. Knott, and the rest. Apart from these, and very near the level of Sir Richard himself, are the three remarkable women of the story. To present that unveiled figure of a wanton, Helen de Vallorbes, without appearing to incur responsibility for the spectacle, was a somewhat appalling *tour de force*. Perhaps it could have been achieved only by a woman; one cannot help feeling how much more dubious the attempt would have been, for example, in Mr. Hardy's hands. But then, Lucas Malet, with all her realism of detail and prophetic decrying of the vanities, perceives the glory as well as the sombreness of life. Matters are permitted to turn out pretty well for the unfortunate hero, after all, so that one does not feel that the sound and fury of his earlier manhood has signified nothing. Moreover, it is a comforting if unessential circum-

stance that in the end he is not only victorious over himself, but humanly happy. Even without that satisfactory outcome for him, we should have had the atonement of Lady Calmady's magnificent presence, herself a vindication of life: a very noble woman, and an incurable idealist.

Sir Richard Calmady is the latest novel of a practiced novel-writer, while Mrs. Wharton's *The Valley of Decision*¹ is the first novel of a writer of matured power, whose product, remarkable in quality, has hitherto been small and entirely in the field of the short story. Yet the greater ease, as well as the greater unevenness of Lucas Malet's style, may be set down, not so much to the fact that she has written much, as to a radical difference in temperament and in aim. She is, one feels, comparatively unconscious of her manner of speech, so passionately absorbed is she in the problem which is to be solved, or, at least, to be presented in every possible light. Mrs. Wharton, on the other hand, is plainly concerned with her vehicle, and it is not at all probable that she will outgrow her concern; for her art is, for better or worse, a matter of greater moment to her than her audience is. Moreover, she is intellectually, rather than passionately, sympathetic with life, and the plane of action which most interests her is correspondingly remote from problems of temperament or pathology. The crises and the catastrophe of Odo Valsecca's life are upon the plane of the intellect and of the major morals.

Nothing better attests the consistency with which the author has held to this plane than her treatment of the sex relation, so all-important to a book like Sir Richard Calmady. What that relation was in eighteenth-century Italy might be gathered from this story alone. But the question is not up for discussion. It

¹ *The Valley of Decision*. By EDITH WHARTON. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

is therefore given no emphasis whatever ; there were other conditions of the day, conditions of mind and of spirit, from which we are not to be distracted. The institution of the *cicisbeo* is mentioned without horror, and Odo's affairs of gallantry, according to the code of the time social rather than moral peccadillos, are recorded with the merest lifting of the brows. A Tito Melema would be not perhaps beyond Mrs. Wharton's powers, but contrary to her sense of fitness, since a pure art shrinks from the error of measuring one age by the foot rule of another.

The book has much to do with that twofold struggle between the spirit of scientific inquiry and the dogmatism of the church, and between the spirit of political freethinking and the conservatism of the people. But it is by no means a historical thesis in the garb of fiction. Pure and restrained as it is in method, free as it is from picturesqueness of phrase or obviously dramatic effect, its interest is a directly human interest. The new spirit of inquiry is made concrete in the person of Odo Valsecca, and the struggle is focused in the little duchy of Pianura, to which he falls heir. He is defeated on all sides ; the woman he loves becomes the victim of the popular fury against himself ; and he is driven into exile. So much might have happened, simply in the name of the cause for which he stands, to any simple, noble nature reared like his, swept into the whirlpool of contemporary speculation, and, like so many of the doomed followers of Voltaire and Rousseau, unable to see that special conditions, not abstract theory, determine the forms of thought and of government. But Odo Valsecca is not a mere type. Many of the lesser personages are of interest, but it is the personality of the young Duke himself which dominates the story. Though the writer's total theme is of extreme complexity, her narrative never ceases to concern itself with this central figure, and

when we part with him the story is done. The perfection of that parting scene is unmarred by mere pathos, and to one who has followed and grown attached to the man, it is very real and moving.

"Before dawn the Duke left the palace. The high emotions of the night had ebbed. He saw himself now, in the ironic light of morning, as a fugitive too harmless to be worth pursuing. His enemies had let him keep his sword because they had no cause to fear it. Alone he passed through the gardens of the palace, and out into the desert darkness of the streets. Skirting the wall of the Benedictine convent where Fulvia had lodged, he gained a street leading to the market-place. In the pallor of the waning night the ancient monuments of his race stood up mournful and deserted as a line of tombs. The city seemed a graveyard and he the ineffectual ghost of its dead past. . . . He reached the gates and gave the watchword. The gates were guarded, as he had been advised ; but the captain of the watch let him pass without show of hesitation or curiosity. Though he had made no effort at disguise he went forth unrecognized, and the city closed her doors on him as carelessly as on any passing wanderer. . . . He tethered his horse to a gate-post, and walked across the rough cobble-stones to the chapel. . . . The place laid its tranquillizing hush on him, and he knelt on the step beneath the altar. Something stirred in him as he knelt there, — a prayer, yet not a prayer, — a reaching out, obscure and inarticulate, toward all that had survived of his early hopes and faiths, a loosening of old founts of pity, a longing to be somehow, somewhere reunited to his old belief in life.

"How long he knelt he knew not ; but when he looked up the chapel was full of a pale light, and in the first shaft of the sunrise the face of St. Francis shone out on him. . . . He went forth into the day-break and rode away toward Piedmont."

H. W. Boynton.

PROFESSOR EVERETT'S ESSAYS.

THE literary decadence of New England is such a fascinating theme that all sorts of reasons have been given for it. The subject is so fruitful in suggestion that the New Englander may find comfort in the reflection that if he is no longer literary himself, he is the cause of literature in others.

Now and then, however, a doubt comes as to the facts of the case. The wealth of a great city is best illustrated by the number of modest millionaires whose names never get into the newspapers. The publication of a volume of essays¹ by the late Charles Carroll Everett leads one to ask whether New England in its palmy days produced a mind with a finer combination of wit and wisdom. Yet Dr. Everett had no popular reputation as a man of letters. He was recognized during his lifetime, by those interested in the subject, as one of the wisest of American theologians. As Dean of the Harvard Divinity School he was loved and honored. But if in a miscellaneous company it had been asked if there were any minds left like that of Oliver Wendell Holmes, it is not likely that any one would have thought of the quiet professor in Cambridge. Yet it is doubtful whether the humor of Dr. Holmes had a finer flavor than that of Dr. Everett. As for the ability to give to great thoughts a worthy literary expression, when Emerson is excepted, it would be difficult to find his equal among the men of the transcendental period.

Of Dr. Everett it could be said, as of Lessing, that "his mind was always in solution." Elements the most refractory were readily combined. A number of years ago he published a little book called *Poetry, Comedy and Duty*. The

title was characteristic. Comedy had for him a moral value. Even on the countenance of *The Stern Daughter of the Voice of God* he could detect an elusive smile.

The title of the present volume, *Essays Theological and Literary*, is not likely to attract the general reader, who fears the theologian bearing literary gifts. These fears would be allayed by a knowledge of the author and his point of view. "Religion," said Dr. Everett, "is poetry believed in." One must not, then, expect a sharp line of demarcation between the theological and literary essays. The charm of personality is felt even in the discussion of Kant's Influence in Theology. One gets the impression that Kant was a human being, an idea that does not occur to the ordinary student of philosophy, but which the general reader must regard as important if true. Dr. Everett had the rare faculty of seizing upon the points of real human interest.

On almost every page there is some illuminating sentence, with a flash of insight which has the effect of wit. Even a metaphysical idea is more apt to be described as one might describe the peculiarities of an interesting person, than defined as if it were a word. Here is a description of a logical process, which reminds us of the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.

"In an *argumentum ad hominem* we sound a man's mind just as we try a wall when we mean to drive a staple. We tap it till we reach a spot where it sounds solid, and we think that our staple will stick. The mind of another might be different."

Sometimes a whole argument is summed up in a swift descriptive phrase, as when he speaks of the effect of compulsory attendance on college prayers

¹ *Essays Theological and Literary*. By CHARLES CARROLL EVERETT. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

where "the service is adapted to the slender patience of the attendants."

In the essay on Instinct and Reason he says: "It is possible that at first what is called generalization is simply a failure accurately to notice differences. If in a farmer's yard you were introduced to a sheep named Bo-Peep, the next sheep you saw in the yard you would probably speak of as Bo-Peep. This would not be because you had great power of generalization, but because of a lack of the power of discrimination."

There is a thought here that the adepts in the grandiose philosophies which are now in vogue might ponder to their own profit — though of course they will do nothing of the kind.

As for Dr. Everett, his peculiar charm lay in his keen discriminations. This gave value to his essays in literary criticism.

The four critical essays in this volume give estimates of Emerson, Goethe, Tennyson, and Browning. It is difficult here to say anything that has not been said many times before. Dr. Everett's judgments, however, are always the result of personal insight.

In regard to Emerson we find our complacent generalizations quietly set aside. There is nothing that we are more likely to take for granted than that Emerson was primarily a moralist. Was not his great theme the Conduct of Life? Was he not always preaching courage, self-reliance, and all that belongs to well-developed character. His subject matter was the same as that of "moral Seneca." Dr. Everett tells us that "primarily Emerson was a lover of the beautiful. This is not to imply that he would sacrifice morality to beauty, but that morality with him was a means rather than an end."

This is criticism that goes beneath literary form, and beneath all acquired characteristics, and has to do with temperament and motive. It is only after we get the point of view that we recognize the validity of the judgment.

We have only to compare Emerson with Ruskin to see how the deeper currents differ from the superficial. Ruskin's chosen field was art, therefore we jump at the conclusion that he was moved primarily by the love of beauty. But was he? Before his life was finished men saw his true place. His real function was that of a preacher of righteousness. His inspiration was ethical. Beauty was to him a means to an end. He took a picture or a cathedral as a text for a moving sermon.

With Emerson the process was reversed. He began as a sermonizer, but he had no genius for exhortation. He had no desire to convert any one to his opinion. Manly virtue was beautiful, therefore he praised it and loved it; but, as Dr. Everett reminds us, he seemed "to feel that our moral nature is vitiated by any interference of our will."

"A new commandment, said the smiling Muse,
I give my darling son; Thou shalt not preach."

Equally provocative of thought is the explanation of the obscurity of some of Emerson's poems. It is because they are abstract, we say. Not at all, says Dr. Everett; it is because they are so unusually concrete, and so vividly imaginative. And then he compares Emerson's Ode to Beauty with Tennyson's Flower in the Crannied Wall, which expresses a similar thought. "If the lines of Emerson are obscure to some to whom those of Tennyson are clear, the reason is that they appeal directly to the imagination. It is not merely that Emerson uses a metaphor, which the lines of Tennyson lack. Behind and in the metaphor is felt the presence of the thing itself, while the other poem deals merely with the knowing about the thing."

Such remarks, which are opposed to all our preconceptions, are not to be accepted without question, nor were they so intended. They do something better for us; they send us back to search the

Emersonian scriptures to find whether these things are so.

The essay on Faust contains a characteristic utterance in regard to Mephistopheles. After describing him as "an embodied negation," the essayist says that "instead of being harsh and fierce he is almost genial." Genial is not the first epithet that would occur to us in speaking of one of the diabolical hosts, but, as Dr. Everett says in his essay on *The Devil*, "In speaking of the class of beings under consideration, all our terms and thoughts must be inverted. The worse the personality may be, the better is the demon as such." Such charity is not common among professors of systematic theology. As for Mephistopheles: "What gives him a personality, and a personality that fascinates, is his wit. The wit of Mephistopheles is absolute. It is free from any other element. It is never humor. It is never in the strict sense of the word bitter. Humor on the one side and bitterness on the other imply a certain real or possible substance to the world. They imply on the one side a certain kindliness, or on the other a certain disappointment. The wit of Mephistopheles is a simple play as of a lambent flame."

The essay on Tennyson and Browning brings us to this unexpected conclusion: "In comparing Tennyson and Browning we have found that Tennyson represents the realistic and human aspects of ethics and religion, while Browning represents rather their ideal aspects."

To one who has not read the essay the first thought is likely to be that, through a printer's error, the names of the poets have been transposed. Do we not all think of Browning as sturdily realistic, while Tennyson represents all that is idealistic?

It is because we are thinking of liter-

ary form and the choice of subjects. Dr. Everett calls our attention to substance of thought. He finds Browning, with all his interest in the varied aspects of life and character, to be the man of simpler and more unsophisticated faith. He dwells amid undisturbed ideals, and can afford to look tolerantly and curiously at the conflicts of the outward world.

Tennyson's doubts go deeper. He is fighting for his very life. His art is more serene, but his soul is more troubled. "The confidence of Tennyson was burdened by the sense of human suffering, that of Browning resembled the clear insight of his religious faith."

Very illuminating is the remark in regard to the difference between the doubt expressed by Tennyson and that which finds place in Browning's soul: "Here, as elsewhere, the doubt which with Tennyson speaks from within speaks from without."

The argument of the last essay, on the Philosophy of Browning, is relieved by a delicious humor. Speaking of some too strenuous students of the poet, he says: "It cannot be denied that students of Browning have sometimes drawn from his works meanings that they have put into them." He cautiously adds, "Some readers can go through all this without harm." Under favorable circumstances they "may take their author all to pieces, and then can put him together again, or rather can see him stand forth in his original freshness and beauty, as Pelias was expected to arise in renewed youth after having been cut to pieces and boiled. The daughters of Pelias were disappointed, however."

One cannot close this stimulating book without an expression of regret that Dr. Everett in his full and useful life had not more time for contributions to "mere literature."

S. M. Crothers.

THE VARIORUM TWELFTH NIGHT.

THE appearance of each new volume of Dr. Furness's great *Variorum Shakespeare* has come to be a matter of periodic congratulation among all serious students of the dramatist. The mass of criticism, illustration, and interpretation, wise and unwise, which three centuries have accumulated, makes the task of mastering the material on even one play almost terrifying. Thus it is no wonder that, when a scholar of sufficient learning and judgment undertakes to sift and condense this mass, his successful and continued activity should become the grateful concern of all.

In the edition of *Twelfth Night*¹ which has just been issued, Dr. Furness supplies the generous equipment which we have become accustomed to expect. The play is printed from the First Folio, and the results of textual criticism are fully yet concisely given. A summary of explanatory comment follows; and here one notices the greater frequency and fullness of remarks by the editor himself in contrast with the severe self-repression of the earlier volumes. It would be ungracious to grudge the veteran scholar the opportunity to express the personal opinions to which a lifelong devotion has given a kind of authority as well as a high value. Yet one is constrained to remark that, in an edition which has justly come to be regarded as an impartial compendium of dicta from which the student draws his inferences for himself, it now becomes necessary to guard against the adventitious official weight which the summing up sentences from the editor's own pen are apt to claim.

It is no fault of Dr. Furness's that much of the material which he has been obliged to present is of such a nature as to give the enemies of scholarship occa-

sion to blaspheme. Two solid pages devoted to arguing that the Lady of the Strachy who married the yeoman of the wardrobe was really the Lady of the Starchy and a fashionable laundress may seem an excessive amount, even if taken as a joke. Yet, except as food for a cynical humor, it is hard to defend the perpetuation of this and many another such instance of ingenuity and enthusiasm gone ludicrously wrong. But fullness is surely the safer side to err on in such an edition, and one does not cease to wonder at Dr. Furness's catholicity and tolerance.

The Appendix deals with the date of composition and the source of the plot, and contains the usual selection of criticisms, notes on actors, costume, scenery, and time-analysis, with "sundry translations of *Come away, come away, death.*"

The Preface, in which is summed up the result of investigation on date and sources, is the part of the volume most calculated to provoke discussion. Once more the editor has his fling at those who find the chronology of an author's works a valuable aid in the study of his genius. "We must distinguish, so it is urged, his earliest plays from his latest; we shall then be enabled, so we are told, to perceive the growth of his mind; though how this is to help the growth of our minds is not evident," possibly, it is assumed that our minds, being fully grown, can watch with genial smile his early struggles; under such circumstances, who can resist the charm of suggesting that the young poet does very well now, but he will do better when he grows older and wiser?" Respect for the writer forbids the natural exclamation on such a passage. It is surely too late in the day for it to be worth while

Twelfth Night, or, What you Will. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1901.

¹ A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare. Edited by Horace Howard Furness. Vol. xiii.

arguing against it. In any case, it is satisfactory that Dr. Furness none the less faithfully presents all the data available for the discussion of the question which he regards so contemptuously.

The criticism evoked by his treatment of the sources is more serious. Considerable confusion has prevailed in this matter in the more recent authorities, and it was to be hoped that an exhaustive presentation in the *Variorum* of the ascertained facts and the actual documents would clear things up. But we regret to find that this hope is imperfectly fulfilled.

The problem of the exact source of the main plot of *Twelfth Night* involves at least three plays and three novels. Of these the two Italian plays with the same title, *Gl' Inganni*, written by Nicolo Secchi and Curtio Gonzaga, may be set aside at once, since neither contains the central situation represented in *Twelfth Night* by Olivia's love for Viola. The only evidence pointing to Shakespeare's having seen either of them lies in the fact that in Gonzaga's play the girl, in assuming male costume, takes the name Cesare, which may have suggested Cesario.

In 1531 the society of *Gl' Intronati* of Siena produced the comedy of *Gl' Ingannati*. Its plot presents important similarities to that of *Twelfth Night*. There are a brother and a sister of a marvelous resemblance who are separated; the girl dons a page's costume and enters the service of the man she loves; she is sent as messenger to woo another lady on her master's behalf; this lady falls in love with her, and later with her brother whom she supposes to be the same person; and in the end the disguised girl marries her master, while her brother marries the other lady. The beginning and the end, however, the underplot, and many of the complications, in no way correspond to

Twelfth Night. In 1590 and in 1598 a Latin translation of this play was acted at Queens' College, Cambridge; and this unprinted Latin version is, in Dr. Furness's opinion, the source of the main plot of Shakespeare's comedy.

Among the novelle of Bandello, published in 1554, there is a story based on *Gl' Ingannati*, and preserving essentially the same main plot. Dr. Furness, in pointing out the true relation of the play and the novel, corrects Sidney Lee, who reverses the relation. This story of Bandello's was in turn translated into French by Belleforest, whose version is here shown to have been the probable source of the English tale of Apolonius and Silla, the second of the novels contained in Barnabe Riche, his *Farewell to Militarie Profession*.¹ Since the announcement by J. Payne Collier in 1820 that Apolonius and Silla was "the indisputable source of *Twelfth Night*," there has been a general acquiescence in his opinion. It seems advisable, then, to examine the reasons which induce Dr. Furness to reverse this judgment in favor of the manuscript Latin version of *Gl' Ingannati*. These reasons seem hardly scientific. He dissents, he says, "not on the score that there are no incidents common to both story and comedy, because there are such, but I cannot believe that Shakespeare was ever in the smallest degree influenced by Riche's coarse, repulsive novel. I doubt that Shakespeare ever read it, — at least, I hope he never did; his hours were more precious to us all than those of any poet who ever lived; it would be grievous to think that he wasted even half a one over Apolonius and Silla." He goes on to note the discrepancies between *Twelfth Night* and Apolonius and Silla. These consist in a different introduction, a greater refinement in Shakespeare's ver-

¹ Dowden states that Riche followed a story in Cinthio's *Hecatomithi*, but this latter turns out on examination to be no more closely related to the present group than *Gl' Inganni*. Sidney

Lee is inconsistent, on one occasion repeating the claim for Cinthio, at another saying that Riche followed Bandello or Belleforest.

sion, especially in the treatment of the relations of Olivia and Sebastian as compared with the corresponding characters in Riche, a difference in the occasion that brings Sebastian to Orsino's city, and the fact that in Riche the brother and sister, though extraordinarily alike, are not twins.

In reply to all this it is to be noted that the discrepancies between *Twelfth Night* and *Gl' Ingannati* in all these points are equally great, and in the Introduction still greater. The coarseness of tone in the prose tale counts for nothing, as Shakespeare constantly refined his material, and does not seem to have been so easily shocked as Dr. Furness, who surely strains his editorial rights when he tells us that in his reprint of Riche's story the "coarsenesses have all been omitted, where possible," and that he has "sedulously avoided all intimation of the omission." If this argument is to have weight it is surely unwise to withhold its chief basis. As for the matter of the twins, it does not appear that the brother and sister are twins either in the Italian play or in Riche, though they are in *Bandello* and Shakespeare. But when the identity of members of the same family is confused it was a convention to make them twins, and Shakespeare had already done so in the *Comedy of Errors*, so that the source of this detail is hardly of importance.

On the other hand, there are several resemblances between Riche and Shakespeare not found in either of the Italian forms of the story. For example: a shipwreck lands the heroine near the city of the Duke in both English versions, the sack of Rome separates her from her family in the Italian; the gentleman loved by the heroine is a reigning Duke in both English versions, he is untitled and without authority in the Italian; the first mistaking of the brother for the sister is made by Olivia herself in both English versions, by a servant in both Italian; the dénouement in Shakespeare

is much closer to Riche than to either *Gl' Ingannati* or *Bandello*.

A final proof of Shakespeare's knowledge of Riche's volume, and one which does not seem to have been observed hitherto, helps to clinch the argument. The Farewell to Militarie Profession contains eight stories, of which Apolonius and Silla is the second. The fifth is the history Of two Brethren and their Wives. In it the younger brother married a rich woman who turned out an inveterate scold. After enduring much he adopted heroic measures. With the assistance of a neighbor he dressed her in rags, tied her in a dark house, with a great chain about her leg, and then "callyng his neibours about her, he would seeme with greate sorrowe to lament his wives distresse, telling them that she was sodainly become lunatique; whereas, by his geasture, he tooke so greate greefe, as though he would likewise have runne madde for companie. But his wife (as he had attired her) seemed in deede not to be well in her wittes; but, seeyng her housebandes maners, shewed her self in her conditions to bee a right Bedlem: she used no other wourdes but cursynges and banninges, cryyng for the plague and the pestilence, and that the devill would teare her housbande in peeces. The companie that were about her, thei would exhorte her, Good neighbour, forget these idle speeches, which doeth so muche distemper you, and call upon God, and he will surely helpe you. — Call upon God for help? (quoth the other) wherein should he helpe me, unlesse he would consume this wretche with fire and brimstone? other help I have no need of. Her housebande, he desired his neighbours, for God's love, that thei would helpe him to praie for her; and thus, altogether kneeling doune in her presence, he beganne to saie, Miserere, whiche all theie saied after him; but this did so spight and vexed her, that she never gave over her railyng and ragyng againste them all."

It seems more than probable that we

have here the suggestion of the episode in Twelfth Night where the charge of madness is put upon Malvolio and he is shut up in a dark house and baited, — an episode which has hitherto been regarded as of Shakespeare's own invention. If this inference is correct, there is one more reason for restoring Apolonius and Silla to its place as the source of the main plot of Twelfth Night, as it shows that Riche's volume must have been in Shakespeare's hands. But, indeed, the case is clear enough already. Of all the candidates for the honor of having supplied Shakespeare with his plot, Riche is the only one whose version is in English;

its date suits admirably; it has more in common with Shakespeare's comedy than any other; and no feature common to Gl' Ingannati and Twelfth Night has been pointed out which is not also contained in Apolonius and Silla.

The criticism of Dr. Furness's results implied in this difference of view relates, of course, only to his introductory statement. The main value of the edition is unaffected by this, and depends, as was said at the outset, upon the skill, the judgment, the learning, and the industry, for which all who care for Shakespeare must remain the grateful debtors of its compiler.

William Allan Neilson.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

"YES, your play is a little master-piece," said the publisher to the author. "It has bitten into my bone and made me think, just as a flinty winter night makes me feel. It is grim and relentless and powerful; but somehow, too, it is captive to art."

"Yet they won't act it," said the author.

"Of course not; it's too big for our syndicated stage."

"And you won't print it."

"How can we, when the dealers tell us that the dramatic form is anathema to the trade? I wanted so much to make a book of this that I asked questions of the booksellers, myself. It's no use, they tell me; the great public — bless it! — simply won't touch anything in dialogue. And as for dialogue in verse, you may as well write in Choctaw and expect readers."

"But what about Stephen Phillips?"

"Oh, he's English, you know; he's found that pearl of great price, a London reputation, and that buys anything over here. And then he goes back to the dark ages and builds up a kind of

erotic Presbyterianism on Dante and a Drury Lane passion on the Bible, — two old books which people rather like when they can take them in homœopathic doses. Whereas you, you're giving us Chicago; and who cares about Chicago?"

"They will some day."

"Oh yes, and some day, perhaps, they'll take it from you. You've got it, — the very thing; precisely what I've felt in dumb sensations out there, but did n't know how to reduce to words. Go on, my boy, and bless your stars that you write for the few. You ought to when you see what goes down with the many."

The author looked ruefully at his good clothes, and longed for a return of the day when poor young poets were properly clad in rags. "But how do you advise me to live?"

"Oh, that does n't matter! Hug your soul, — it's a great satisfaction to have one. And if you write anything for the *canaille*, send it to us."

"But this play, this 'little master-piece,' as you call it, — how is it to find even its few? Browning was imprac-

ticable, — I have never heard that he had many readers at first ; but somehow or other he got into print. Ibsen was the most modern of the moderns, yet little provincial Norwegian theatres staged his plays, and little handfuls of critics heard and stormed at them. In Paris, any dramatic experiment, no matter how bizarre, can get its hearing ; in some hole of a hall, perhaps, but its 'few' are there. If I put my masterpiece in my trunk, how shall I learn to write better ones ? ”

“ I don't know, my boy ; that's *your* problem,” said the publisher, knitting his brows.

“ And while I am trying to solve it, one of two things will happen : either my body will starve, and my great works die unborn ; or my soul will starve, and I shall be sending you things ‘ for the canaille. ’ ”

“ Put up a stiff fight, and it won't be so bad as that,” said the publisher, offering a glittering generality.

But the poet shrugged his shoulders. “ My country kills its prophets if it can ; and if it can't, it keeps them under as long as possible. ”

The publisher smiled and frowned. “ Youth may be melodramatic, but it sometimes hits the nail on the head. The republic prefers to import its art, and likes it of the good old patterns. ”

“ But we are so out of date ! ” cried the poet. “ Everywhere else the play's the thing, and the novel stays in the nineteenth century, where it belongs. America lags at the tail of the procession, and pretty soon we shall see her running to catch up. Look at Germany : there's no such thing as a novel in Germany. Scores of young men, besides Sudermann and Hauptmann, are writing plays and getting them acted, and selling them by the thousand at railway bookstalls. And France : see how she welcomes Rostand and Brieux and Courteline and the rest, — all men who have something to say, not mere syndi-

cate puppets. She takes them to her heart, and hears them, and reads them, and laughs and cries over them ; and so they are spurred on, and do their best. And even in slow England, Bernard Shaw ” —

“ You can't say much for England's welcome of him,” threw in the publisher.

“ Well, he gets published, if not played, and then we take him up, and ” —

“ People gulp down his plays for the sake of his prefaces,” the man of books explained.

“ When we join the procession, we'll swallow them for their own sake,” the poet retorted.

“ When we get into the twentieth century, we shall know a play from a saw-mill,” agreed the publisher.

“ When we get into the twentieth century, we shall know that a novel is to a play as a diamond in the rough to the cut and polished brilliant. We shall return to the glorious old dramatic form, which people have neglected of late because they have been living in houses instead of out of doors. How can the art of the closet be anything but paltry, books that are written and read in a stuffy room, alone, by lamplight ? We must return to first principles, get out in the open, in the crowd, live and sing again, and act out our tales before the people. Then we shall have poetry again, and comedies and tragedies ” —

“ Well, try it on with those Chicago things of yours. ”

“ Ah, with too much closet literature the people are corrupted. The twentieth century is still at the dawn ; you show me that I was born too soon. Beware lest the ‘ wise man utter vain knowledge, and fill his belly with the east wind. ’ ”

Not the metaphorical desert island of doubt or despair, but the genuine Robinson Crusoe kind, with cave, and solitary footprint, and beetling crag where we watch for the sail so long delayed.

Desert
Islands.

It is between dark and daylight that these isles uncharted, afloat on amethystine seas, drift into one's mental vision : remote, palm-crowned, girt about with silent coves and golden beaches, and nightly silvered by the gleaming Southern Cross.

And here, upon these lonely shores are we pleased to pine.

To set up his private desert island one need by no means be a misanthrope, nor is solitude an indispensable feature. One may choose from one's circle of friends whom one will as companion in adventure, or, like the Swiss Family Robinson, be wrecked sociably *en famille* and with all the comforts of home. Still, to taste the real elusive flavor of desert-island residence, a short period of one's own unrelieved society is highly to be commended.

The first and all-absorbing interest is, of course, to hurry down to the storm-beaten strand to see what wreckage, besides one's dripping self, the waves have washed ashore. In my case, it is invariably one and the same article, — a mammoth box, four by six, of writing paper.

I have been cast away in a dozen varying fashions : sometimes alone ; sometimes with a bosom friend ; sometimes with a beautiful, dark-eyed boy of lofty lineage, whom I tenderly rear and instruct in all I remember of my past schooling ; but always the foremost treasure I pull, panting, from the hungry surges is my precious trove of paper. Then I draw breath, and nonchalantly set about collecting the carpenter's chests, sailcloth, hard-tack, firearms, cases of strong waters, and other accessories of life on a desert island. At times, on a foaming crest, a smaller box of lead pencils, or penholders and inkstands, rides to my feet ; but oftener I am forced to concoct my own writing fluid from the juice of a superb purple berry indigenous to these parts, and my quill is dropped from the snowy pinion of a gull.

It was not for many years that I

dared confide to any one my Ulysses-like wanderings, but one day I half sheepishly opened the subject to a friend, and he, to my infinite relief, unhesitatingly confessed to a desert island of his own. His, it appeared, was picked up and laid down with his after-dinner pipe, and was inhabited only so long as he sat toasting his feet before the open fire.

Thus, being himself to the manner born, he listened with respectful and intelligently appreciative interest to my detailed accounts of how I barricaded my cave, roasted my shellfish, and manufactured a comb out of a paper of pins. He strongly objected, however, to my four-by-six case of writing paper.

"If you are scribbling all the time, what is — is the other person to do?"

"At present there is n't any other person. I am engaged on a three-volume novel, and I need all the time I can get."

"Oh, I was merely wondering how it would be in case you ever happened to be cast away on *my* desert island."

Then he told me, with great earnestness and elaborate detail, all about his island. One singular feature in regard to his wreckage was, that it drifted ashore, so to speak, alphabetically. That is, one was allowed to find on a given day only such articles as began with a certain letter : on one day, adzes, albums, arrack ; on another day, bolsters, biscuit, beer, or bricabrac. In fact, of late, he had been narrowed down rigidly to one letter, which chanced to be *e*.

"Why do you do it in that way?" I asked.

"I don't know."

"But is n't it very inconvenient?"

"Horribly. The other day I was in the greatest straits for a hairpin."

"A hairpin? What for?"

"Why — for — the person who was wrecked with me. But, you see, I was not allowed to leave *e*. Finally I was obliged to carve some hairpins out of a block of ebony that was washed ashore."

I considered for a moment, and suggested that an evasion of that adamantine law might be found by seeking refuge in another tongue. If he could not escape the rule of *e*, might not his English hairpin float ashore as a French *épinglé*? He hailed this idea as an inspiration from Heaven.

But to return to my own desert island. After my dress wears out I invariably find, cast up by the waves, bales of that vague "soft, white, clinging stuff," so popular in fiction, and construct myself Miranda-like garments in the convenient Greek style, which needs few stitches and no fitting.

If it is with the orphan boy one is cast away, then it becomes absorbingly interesting to see, when deprived of schoolbooks, how much one is able to impart in any given branch of learning. You flatter yourself that you are a tolerably well-educated person, but when, for instance, you set to work to draw maps for the lad, what amazing and distorted Europes, Africas, and Americas emerge! And yet in your head how clearly you see those familiar outlines! In despair you turn to one of the modern languages. You will write a German grammar. Yes, the *der, die, das*, and the first declension go swimmingly; but how hazy appear those rules about the prepositions that govern the dative, and how suddenly and hopelessly entangled the inseparable verbs have become! At this juncture you find it advisable to take a stroll down to the shore and discover an Otto or Ollendorff in the cranny of a wave-beaten rock. Or it may occur to you that the boy is the scion of a noble Austrian house, and knows more of the German tongue than do you.

But in regard to all these difficulties I could get scant sympathy from my friend. Once upon his desert island, he casts the strenuous life to the winds, and simply hunts, fishes, cooks, constructs tree huts and dugouts, and makes himself,

when he has a companion, coats and trousers of goatskin, or, when alone, luxuriates in a primitive necklace of shells.

"Yet why," I asked, returning to the alphabetical scheme, "do you do it that way?"

"It's the law of my island. Have n't you things you would like to alter and can't?"

I thought a moment, and was obliged to admit that I had. I wanted my island to have a cliff toward the east, where I could watch for ships at sunrise; but in spite of my desires, there stood an impassable jungle on that side, and I could not remove it. In vain I tried to chop it down or bodily transplant it. Something stronger than my own will or imaginative power would have its way.

"That's simply the law of your island," said my friend definitively. "There's no use trying to work against the law of your island."

"But you did change your alphabetical law," I suggested.

"No, it did itself."

"It's lucky it did n't narrow itself down to *z*."

"*E* is certainly preferable," replied my friend. Then he added reflectively, "*E* happens to be the initial letter of—the person who is usually wrecked with me."

SHE had been one of the handsomest women of her day, and although the mists of life's evening had saddened her hues and straightened somewhat the lines of her symmetry, there were still abundant traces of a beauty which in the dawn of the last century owned almost a national renown. A lovely color in her cheeks, too reserved to be artificial, beautiful teeth, and a joyous curling in her white hair at the temples, seemed to justify the somewhat stately consciousness of her bearing. For she came of a family which had contributed generals to the Revolution and whose name was among the signers

A Morning
with Fitz-
Greene Hal-
leck.

of the Declaration, while the hereditary acres that still remained were the gift of royalty.

As this truly *grande dame* swept into the reception room of a noted specialist, whose youthful usher I was, there were ejaculations of admiration and whispered comment in the corridor. Indeed, among the rococo curiosities of art was a picture painted by Robert Fulton when his brain was still throbbing with the scheme that became perpetual motion to thousands, — a picture representing the three lovely daughters of the famous chancellor, grouped as the Three Graces. The group in the corridor comprised, among others, Professor Greene, — still busied with the biography of his ancestor, General Nathanael Greene, — a blond, eager man, with his pockets stuffed with books, for he read incessantly; and Professor Youmans, pallid, handsome, and impatient.

These conversed in an undertone pending the arrival of the *genius loci*. Presently there came a newcomer less familiar with the premises, who, on being asked to wait, began to look uneasily about, as though he knew not where to ensconce himself. He was a man of medium stature, neither short nor tall, stout nor lean, with handsome gray hair inclined to curl, and worn rather long, as was the fashion in those days. He stood so erect, with head slightly thrown back, that he looked taller than he really was. I noticed that, like most men of his generation, he turned his toes out (like a French dancing master), so that his gait had something pedantic, as of a former time. His dress bespoke a serious interest in the subject, as became an earlier day, before carelessness of attire grew from an affectation to a fad. He seemed, notwithstanding his defiant erectness, to be about seventy years of age. He approached me wearily. "Where can I find a quiet place to sit?" said he, looking with well-bred dismay at the group of gentlemen present; adding, as I led the way to the darkened reception

room, "At my time of life I find it so fatiguing to try to be civil."

I opened the door, and the old gentleman was walking gallantly in, when he perceived the lady I have mentioned. Instantly all his weary languor disappeared. He stood more erect. Holding the handle of the door in his left hand, he made an apologetic gesture with his right, and, bowing, said, "Madam, your most obedient;" then, after a pause, "Have I your permission?" In response to some assenting gesture, invisible to me, he passed into the centre of the room and was about to seat himself, when he started with delighted surprise. "Pardon me, madam, if I am wrong, but is not this my friend, Mrs. Coventry?"

The lady peered, perplexed, through the penumbra, and slightly shook her head.

"Surely, madam, you remember your old friend and playmate, Fitz-Greene Halleck?"

"What! the celebrated poet!" exclaimed she, with kindling interest.

His head drooped; his weariness all seemed to return. "People used to say so; but fashions in verse change as quickly as do other fashions," looking down at his quaint but spruce attire, as if pleading consistency.

"Surely, the author of *Marco Bozzaris* can hardly consider himself neglected or forgotten! Every schoolboy would bear witness to the contrary."

"True, madam, I ought to be grateful for any shelter when my hour is numbered; but do you know that to find myself an inmate of some poetic almshouse, like those collections for reciting, reminds me of the artist who found his own picture in the Louvre, where the works of none living are admitted."

Here the speakers became confidential, — dropped their voices so as no longer to include the other occupants of the room, who in their turn appeared unconsciously to fall back, leaving to the speakers what would be called in the

theatre the "centre of the stage." To watch the progress of this most discreet flirtation in what was practically dumb show was most interesting. There was something almost of fear in the politely restrained gestures and deferential manner of this lady and gentleman of the old school. They spoke, evidently, of that former time when both were young; and although the lady's face flushed with pleasure at some delicately hinted compliment of the poet, yet at no time did he approach near enough to touch the uttermost hem of her garment or the chair in which she sat. No need to mouth or rant in this comedy; the most delicate byplay sufficed, so keen were their perceptions. The courtly grace, the reverential homage of the man, the delighted interest, the consciousness of pleasing, the ladylike coquetry of the woman, were long to be remembered. And when they came to part, with noble dignity in every movement, we, the unintentional lookers-on, felt that an hour had been cut from the past for our instruction in ethics.

THE two most important members of a certain family during *Civilization and Dogs.* last few weeks have been a learned gentleman, known as "the Doctor," and a beautiful, highly bred bull-terrier pup. The owner of the pup, a young college man of twenty, feels keenly the responsibility of the little beast, and cherishes exalted ideals regarding its future. The youth has been attending a series of lectures which the Doctor has been delivering, and by a grotesque combination of the views thus obtained, with his own original ones, has arrived at conclusions which are new and somewhat startling.

The pup, which is called Tasso, has already developed a high degree of intelligence, though he is only five months old. He can when bidden say "please," with a gentle bark; can beg for food, shake hands, "play dead," and do several other easy tricks, while his young

master is planning to teach him many more.

"You see," the youth remarked thoughtfully one day, "it gives the pup so much joy to know a trick, that I feel as though I ought to be teaching him a lot while he is still in the dew of his youth and can learn."

"But you have to whip him a good deal in order to teach him, don't you?" inquired the Doctor.

"Oh, not so very much. Of course, I have to whip him more or less. The rod speaks the only language that the little brute really understands, — but probably he does n't begin to suffer as much, take it all in all, as any one of us suffered in school in order to learn a proportionate amount. Besides, every trick he learns makes him more valuable, you know."

"Oh yes, I see. It is in the nature of a commercial investment."

A fine scorn overspread the features of the college boy upon hearing these words, but he spoke with admirable restraint, — easily accounted for by the time he finished his remark.

"The commercial part of it is not so important, possibly, as the making of the dog more valuable to himself and to society." (The austerity of the youth's tone was partially neutralized by a mysterious twinkle which the Doctor began to discern in one corner of his left eye.) "Oh yes, indeed," he pursued; "what is this that we have been hearing so much about lately? Let me see. Is n't it something like this? 'The development of each individual into the most intelligent being that can be made out of the stuff should be the object of mankind.' Does n't that sound rather familiar?"

The Doctor laughed and colored a little, but he met his humorous assailant valiantly.

"Oh, come now, I was n't talking about dogs, was I?"

"Perhaps not; but why not? Is n't the promotion of the happiness of the dog

a humane and worthy object? — to say nothing of the increased service to mankind of which, through training, he becomes capable. Just think how many more lives might be saved, fires reported, errands done, if only every dog were taught all that he could be! It undoubtedly does make highly trained dogs — yes, and horses and pigs and elephants, and all the rest — very happy to do their tricks, as a general thing. Then think of how much it increases the amount of knowledge in the world. I am sure that in that same lecture occurred something like this: ‘To make each day the amount of information greater, to daily increase the power of everybody for usefulness, is a noble ambition, to which the finite powers of humanity may well be fervently devoted.’

The oratorical swing with which the youth delivered these somewhat worn sentiments was a trifle annoying. He flung forth his challenge with a certain facetiousness, and still with the air of one who presents an incontrovertible proposition. The Doctor fenced a little.

“You would n’t soberly advance the theory that it is the duty of every owner of livestock to teach each and all of his cattle and horses all the tricks of which they may be capable?”

“I! Oh, I did n’t originate any such theory,” laughed the youth, ignominiously retreating. “I am only quoting what distinguished and profound lecturers say, and applying it. In order to be consistent, carpers and critics might insist that there ought to be public institutions established for teaching all sorts of animals as much as they could hold, as it were, — and I hope you are n’t going to crawl.”

The youth’s tone was interrogative, but the Doctor escaped the necessity of an answer, as Tasso at that moment mounted the veranda, carrying in his

mouth, with an air of triumph, the whole of a fine fuchsia plant, in full flower, which he had just uprooted in the garden.

“The moral culture of your dog is going to require more attention than the development of his alleged mind, I fear,” said the Doctor sarcastically. The mistress of the garden began a violent reinforcement of this view.

The youth admitted the cogency of the remark, and went forth to find his little dog-whip, but he paused a moment to murmur, in a solemn and declamatory tone, with a merry eye upon the Doctor, “The fact remains that the White Man’s Burden is not only to enlighten the dusky denizens of distant continents and islands, but the dumb and four-footed also, — thus vastly increasing the sum of the world’s intelligence and happiness.”

The Doctor had by this time naturally become somewhat impatient with the childish arguments with which he had been confronted, and allowed himself to utter the innocent but expressive exclamation, “Oh, shucks!”

“But you can’t get around it,” persisted the boy. “I don’t see why you should n’t have schools for dogs and their like. I don’t see why it is n’t a sacred duty, and all that” —

The sympathy of the mistress of the manse was now thoroughly enlisted in behalf of the hard-beset Doctor, and she would wait for nothing more, but summarily banished the bull terrier, the fuchsia, and the youth, with his White Man’s Burden, into the garden, where the loud yelping of the poor little brute soon bore testimony that his moral regeneration was on the way.

But possibly there was something in the youth’s contention. It is left with the thoughtful and humane for further consideration.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXXIX.—JUNE, 1902.—No. DXXXVI.

 GOLF.

THREE new things have come into our American life in recent years. All three have seemed to come suddenly, but all three have affected very notably the daily walk and conversation of such Americans as one ordinarily has in mind when one says "we" or "us." One of them, perhaps two, will sooner or later take hold also of that larger body of Americans which is not supposed to have much of thought or feeling in common with "us." As yet, however, the new impulses do not seem to have quivered through the Siamese bond of flesh which ties us to our other half.

But bring together anywhere a company of reasonably alert and reasonably well-to-do Americans, and the chances are their talk will shortly concern itself with one of three subjects which ten years ago would have gone unmentioned. They will talk of money, perhaps, but not as the Americans of Dickens's time talked of money. Money considered as an object of individual aspiration they will with one accord decri and deprecate; even trade will be euphemized into a career. It is money as a social and economic force, money massed in billions and warring with other billions, which they will permit themselves to discuss. Or they will talk of things military and naval and diplomatic; of colonies and races, and the exhumed East, and England's foreboded decadence, and our own emergence as a world power. Or, they will talk of golf. Empire, trusts, and golf,

— these are the new things in American life. From domestic cares we have faced about to world-wide enterprises; from an extreme of individualism and industrial competition we have turned to a marvelous development of coöperation and combination; from our passionate absorption in work we have somehow passed into an equally passionate absorption in play.

Now, of these three new things, but one, the trust, is a genuinely American growth. There seems to be little doubt, therefore, that our industrial reorganization is for good and all; at any rate, there is little likelihood of our going backward, even though it should transpire that our present stage is transitional merely. It is a new thing for the world, not for us only, and we have been the pioneers in it. But empire and golf are old, though to us they are new. Even with us, so rapidly do we exhaust a subject, their first newness is already worn off. Accordingly, one hears it said that they will go as they came; we acquired them both imitatively, and not because of any real liking for them. The one is by many thought to be inconsistent with all our past, and contrary to the very genius of our political life, and the other, ill suited to our climate and to our quick and lively temper. The Supreme Court set itself to answer the doubt about American imperialism, but neglected golf. Let us be judicial for ourselves.

And in truth there is need of some

judicial restraint, particularly if one has friends of two classes: of the class that never did play golf, and are proud of it; and of the class that began to play it, and have now gone back to tennis or — croquet. Neither class is numerically important, but both contrive to be exceedingly disagreeable at times. Of the two, the class that has given up golf is the more depressing to one who has not given it up and has no mind to, but is himself conscious at times that the pleasure it yields him is by so much lessened as it is now fathomed and measured, and no longer, as it was for a time, a delightful expectancy. To have found completely one's own limitation as a golfer is to have found a limitation in golf itself; and that is one of the analogies to life in which the game abounds. This, however, is a very different thing from the complete reaction from a spent enthusiasm which they who have abandoned golf are afflicted with and afflict their more steadfast friends with. I speak not now — and perhaps ought not ever to speak, for I should never speak within bounds — of such as not merely began to play golf, but kept on playing it, from no enthusiasm whatever, but only because it was the fashion. Kept on, I say; for none of us but is frail enough to do things now and then because they are the fashion. But the man who has actually learned to play, and played, and had still no other mind in playing than to be in the fashion and occupied according to the mode, and never once found himself playing for playing's sake, — that man should be a butler, a hired mourner at funerals. His point of view is like the attendant's at a Turkish bath, who protested, as in the way of business, that he was always mighty particular about "his" hands, — meaning the hands of his patron.

No, I mean the men who have played golf because they liked it, and some of them even well, and who play it now no more, or rarely. They are few, but they put us under a necessity, before

we predict for golf a permanently important place among our sports, to compare its vogue here with that of other imported games, — with that of tennis, for example, and with the sporadic popularity of cricket.

The beginnings of American lawn tennis are not so far away but that one can recall the time when to board a public conveyance or walk along a crowded thoroughfare with a racket in one's hand was to draw upon one's self the same curious glances, and perhaps the same irreverent remarks from street urchins, which a caddie bag will still sometimes provoke. It cannot be more than twelve years since I found the youth of a country town east of the Mississippi in heated debate over the question whether flannels or knickerbockers were the proper "uniform" for their tennis club. Tennis, however, was firmly established as an American sport before golf came, and it has swiftly emerged from the eclipse it then passed into. English cracks have striven in vain for our American championship, and picked English teams have been beaten in two series of contests for an international trophy. Good judges, in fact, incline to the opinion that quite recently the game has progressed faster on this side than on the other, and that our best men are now fully the equals of the best over there. Cricket, on the other hand, is clearly unable to make its way here. Save among people of English or Canadian birth, or in communities proverbially free from haste, it does not flourish and never will. Schoolboys do not take it up of their own motion. The history of the two sports would seem to show that no considerable body of Americans are likely to pursue, for the mere purpose of imitation, a sport in which they neither attain excellence nor find a genuine and unstrained pleasure. That is all tennis and cricket have to tell us of the future of golf in America.

The history of golf in England does

not help us, for in the matter of its foreign origin and the imitative character of its beginnings our English cousins are in much the same case with us. Until well into the eighties, golf among sports had no higher standing south of the Tweed than oatmeal had in Dr. Johnson's time among foods. The advisability of giving it space in the Badminton books in 1890 was seriously questioned, and Mr. Horace Hutchinson is authority for the statement that its earliest vogue was in no small measure attributable to the circumstance of Mr. Balfour's prominence in public life, and the undue attention which was drawn to his two extraordinary diversions of golf and theology. When clubs began to be formed, professional teachers were imported from Scotland, and for years the open championship seemed to Englishmen as remote and unattainable a height as our own open championship still seems to native Americans. The victory, in 1890, of Mr. John Ball, Jr., Englishman and amateur, was so great a surprise that Scotchmen refused to take it for anything but an accident. Taylor, an English professional, won in 1893, and his caddie, now a well-known professional in this country, tells with glee a story of the victor's successful encounter, conducted under the rules of a good old English sport, more popular in the eighteenth century than in this, with several astounded and irate Scotchmen who awaited him on the last green. For England, as for America, St. Andrews is still the source of golfing law and precedent. There, as here, it is impossible to forecast the future of the game from any adequate test of time. But it should be added that the English do not suspect themselves of such inconstancy to any sport they have once found good as they who predict the decline of golf here must suppose us capable of.

Its persistence here depends on the answers to two questions: Can we play it well? Do we genuinely like it?

Individually, some of us may find the two questions merging into one, and if golf were like other games a negative answer to the first would imply the same for the other. Each of us, on finding he could play something else better, would promptly relinquish golf. And collectively we are of such a temper that it is hard to conceive of our playing year after year a game which, whether because we play it in America or because we are Americans, we never could learn to play so well as other peoples. We set too much store by excellence, as well as success, for that.

But the first question must not be answered in the negative. Mr. Travis, a stranger to the game until he was nearing thirty, self-taught, has made himself the equal of amateurs trained from childhood on the best courses and in the best traditions of Scotland, and even of professionals but little below the first rank. The meetings of the national association last autumn, at Atlantic City and at Baltusrol, showed such an improvement within the year of the standard of play both for women and for men as none of us had expected. The prominence of players still in their teens, at these and other important meetings of the season, was particularly notable. As yet, there has been no such opportunity as in tennis to compare a group of our best players with men like Mr. Hilton and Mr. Ball and the lamented Tait, and Mr. Travis's tour of the English and Scottish courses was hardly a fair test of his prowess; for he was playing too constantly, and nowhere near the top of his form. Competent observers tell us that the standard of amateur play is still appreciably higher on the other side, and it is probably true that in golf, as in rowing, the very highest skill will rarely be attained through any course of training that begins after childhood. Nevertheless, there is every reason to believe that the generation now in school and college will have representatives on

the links, say ten years from the present time, quite as competent to defend our championship from invading Britons as their fellows are already proving themselves on the tennis courts. Florida and California compensate us somewhat for the milder winters and summers and the longer twilights of the British Isles, though none of our soils presents the firm, velvety turf, and none of our climates permits the freedom with decanters, which the Britons enjoy. That the effect of our climate, or of anything else peculiarly American, on our muscles and nerves, unfits us for good play is scarcely believable by any one who from experience knows the value in golf of that very American dash and *verve* and disposition to play better than one knows how which so markedly differentiates our tennis from theirs. In match play, at least, whatever may be said of medal play, and however little a mere observer may suspect it, cold-bloodedness is quite as apt to prove a weakness as a safeguard. We need to master our ardors, not to quench them.

There is but one reasonable source of uneasiness. Our tennis cracks have shown a tendency to retire at a far earlier age than is the wont of English players, and should our golfers do likewise the standard of play will be affected more than in tennis; for golfers do not reach their prime so soon as tennis players, or begin so soon to decline. Youth is not nearly so essential to excellence in golf as in most other sports. The best of the professionals are over thirty.

On that score, however, the history of American golf, brief as it is, and particularly of its first beginnings, is reassuring. It was not the schoolboys, nor yet the college athletes, who introduced it among us, as they did tennis and football. On the contrary, college professors were playing it before the first student team was formed, and long before Yale and Harvard and Princeton gave it a place in the lengthening list

of their competitions. In fact, it got its first chance in America because it seemed to be a game which men no longer young might hope to play with a measure of skill. Affected, therefore, by grown-up people of leisure, it was at once associated with wealth and with "society" as it has not been abroad, where it has not been considered distinctively a rich man's game. If it had broken out among the schoolboys instead of their fathers, probably our clubhouses would have been comparatively unimportant appurtenances of the links, as in Scotland; but in this respect the rise of country clubs and the general awakening to the pleasures of the country also had their effect. Even in America, however, the game has now a far wider popularity than it could have so long as wealth was necessary to the enjoyment of it. Many large cities have their public links; towns and small cities have their nine-hole courses; there are hundreds of clubs whose dues are within the reach of all but the slenderest purses. In the metropolitan districts, one is apt to find that the clubs whose representatives figure the most creditably in open competitions are content with unpretentious clubhouses, and devote their income chiefly to the upkeep of their courses. Wherever golf is played for its own sake, the feeling against extravagance, and particularly against anything like display in dress, is apt to be strong. The man in the ornate cardigan jacket, with the silver-mounted caddie bag, is not dreaded on the links, nor does his splendor arouse any envy on the clubhouse piazza. We seem to be rid of the people who thought they found in golf a new sartorial opportunity.

These departed to other costumes and poses, and with them all who never got beyond a mimetic delight in golf, and the few also who took their golf aright, but not deep enough, there abide on the links a host of players whom the peculiar merits of the game, now no

longer heightened by the charm of novelty or subtly commended by the fashion, continue to attract and hold.

Its merits, its points of superiority to baseball, tennis, cricket, and other of the infinite number of games built up from the simple primary exercise of hitting a ball with a club, are to be sought in two directions. There are the demands it makes upon its votaries, and the compensations it renders them in return. True, the only way to enjoy golf is to play it, — except, perhaps, to rest after, and talk of it. Nevertheless, the play is not play alone, but work and play, give and receive, object and subject, achievement and contemplation, as no other playing but life itself is. Let me see if I cannot make plain what I mean, and why golfers do actually find golf, *qua* game, not merely superior to all other games, but different from them all in a kind and degree of difference quite unlike their differences from each other.

The differences most susceptible of enumeration and analysis are in the matter of the demands it makes. From the variety of the situations it presents, there arises a constant demand upon the player's intelligence; from the unequaled importance of delicate adjustments, and the heavy penalties imposed upon very slight errors, there arises a constant demand upon his self-control; and it makes a quite peculiar demand upon his conscience by reason of the clearness with which its standard of excellence is defined.

True, there is a point of view from which it may be regarded as an extremely simple game, — the very simplest of all the games with a ball and a club. The player's object is simple and single to the point of simple-mindedness and singularity, one might say: to put a small ball in a small hole with the fewest possible strokes. But so are the objects of the highest ambitions, the guiding stars of careers the most perplexed and devious. It is true,

likewise, that all the countless strokes a golfer makes are resolvable into three kinds of stroke, — driving, approaching, and putting. But Mr. Everard, in a dictum unsurpassed for truth and brilliancy by any in all the extremely clever literature of golf, has declared that to make those three strokes aright one must have "art, science, and inspiration." From the moment the ball leaves the tee, whether it be topped, pulled, or sliced, or whether, struck in proper fashion a trifle below the medial line, and urged forward with an exquisite free lashing out of the wrists, it take flight as with wings, and seek its true course as with a mind and purpose of its own, until it drop into the cup with a tintinnabulation that no louder clang or pæan ever surpassed in its suggestion of victory and consummation, there is no foreseeing what perplexity or temptation to carelessness or overconfidence it will present. Not twice, off the tee ground and the putting green, will the possibilities and probabilities of the stroke be quite the same. In the lie, the wind, the distance to be traversed, the obstacles to be carried, there are variations not to be reckoned by any known mathematics. The state and prospects of the match, the situation in reference to the hole, — as, for instance, whether one is playing the odd, or the like, or perhaps the comfortable and beguiling one off two, — and the measure of one's superiority or inferiority to one's opponent, and one's own state of self-command and confidence, or rage, or blank despondency, must all help to determine how that particular stroke shall be played. For into each stroke there must go not merely the thought of the stroke itself, and all its parts, and of all the material conditions of it, but the thought of one's self and of one's adversary. If the match be a foursome, one's responsibilities are not halved, but doubled. If a mixed foursome, they are multiplied by as many fold as the thought of one's partner out-

weighs all thought of self. *Then*, as the match approaches its dreadfully quiet climax of defeat or victory, the responsibility may grow positively appalling. The very deliberation which, impossible in most games, is characteristic of this, so far from lessening the strain on one's nerves, undoubtedly heightens it. One has time to estimate the emergency, to realize the crisis. Not the fiercest rally at tennis, not the longest and timeliest home run at baseball, not the most heroic rush at football, requires a more rigid concentration of thought and energy, or more of the lover's courage, than the flick of a putter that sends the ball crawling on its last little journey across the putting green, when the putt is for the hole, and the hole means the match. There is not a quality of mind or body, — I will not except or qualify at all, — no, not one, that life itself proves excellent, which a circuit of the links will not test.

The like is true of those moral qualities which all games more or less shrewdly test. In fairness, for example, there is no such discipline in any other game, because no other game offers so constantly or so devilishly the temptation to be unfair. The rules are many and easy to misinterpret, and in ordinary matches, when there are no onlookers, the player is often at liberty to give himself the benefit of the doubt. To alter the lie for the better, to ground one's club in a hazard, to miscount one's strokes, — these are the ranker and grosser offenses, which only the self-admitted cad is in danger of committing. The lesser sins, for better men, are countless. Not infrequently, to state the case to your opponent is merely to have him give you the benefit of a doubt which your own conscience tells you should go to him. Cheating is so difficult to prove, and bringing a detected culprit to book is so thankless a task, that he will oftenest go unpunished, until, if he do not mend his ways, he is somehow gradually made aware

that he is fallen into disfavor with his fellows. Indeed, for this very reason, it is hard to see how any but honest players get pleasure from the game; for the dishonest cannot win even that low conceit of superior cleverness which they do seem to get from sharp practices at other games, as in business. The lighter virtues of good temper, patience, and courtesy are scarcely less essential than the sterner. Without them it is hard to play well, and impossible to play with enjoyment.

But there is yet another way in which golf tries a man's moral strength; and this is the respect in which the analogy of the game to life is most remarkable, — in which it is nothing less than profound. There is fixed, for every links, with an accuracy and preciseness possible in no other game I know of, a standard of good play. I mean the Bogey score. There is no such standard in tennis, baseball, cricket: in these, one can measure the excellence of one's own play, and estimate one's progress or decline, but vaguely, or against a particular opponent's, which is as variable as one's own. In golf, one can play alone against Bogey, and even in matches one has the Bogey score and record scores and one's own former scores in mind. Striving to do better than one's opponent is common to all games; striving to do well without regard to one's opponent, and with a perfectly clear understanding of what is good, bad, and indifferent, is quite another thing. The duffer, making his patient, solitary round, outlawed by the rules, a mark for the ridicule of clever writers, stands, nevertheless, for that in golf which no other game can boast, — a clear though to him unattainable ideal.

But the thing is deeper than that. The Bogey of the whole course, if that were all, would be like those very noble, but not practical or intimate, broad plans of life which high-minded youth sets up for the stress of manhood and the failing powers of age. It would

not with sufficient urgency make itself a part of every specific effort. Bogey, however, like an actual opponent, competes with us for every hole; at each, with perfect justice, he declines to profit by good luck. He will not count it if he hole his approach; he never lucks a putt. But neither does his approach overrun, and his second putt always goes down. There is a standard of excellence for specific tasks. Nay, more: with every single stroke we assail an ideal. There is no taking refuge in a breath-saving lob, as in tennis. Wherever and however the ball may lie, there is a certain right way to play it, a certain reasonable hope in the stroke from which we may be tempted by overconfidence and an adventurous trust in luck, or frightened by too low an estimate of our own powers. The ideal of golf, the moral law of golf, is thus, throughout, the ideal and the moral law of life: similarly persistent, silent, inescapable. A golfer's mistakes, his individual misjudgments, slices, pulls, fozzles, are sins, — nothing less; he will writhe under them ere he sleeps.

True, of each according to his strength it is demanded. There is, of course, one's handicap. But the consolation of a handicap is precisely such as it yields in the greater game, and no more. In both alike, to be quite consoled with it is despicable; to refuse altogether to be consoled with it is to reject philosophy; to strive on, either desperately or sweetly, to the end of doing without it, to the attainment of a positive, non-relative excellence, is the right virtue and heroism. The principle of the handicap is always an admirable one, and it is illustrated in golf as in no other game; for in no other, probably, does one's play so vary from day to day, in no other is there such need of patience under discouragement or of restraint in good fortune. To aim at a high average of performance, and not to be overmindful either of temporary fallings off or streaks of brilliancy, is

the principle turned into rule. Does life enforce another so wise, so practical, or so fine?

If it does, then it is the rule of self-study, and that too is a rule of golf, commended by like rewards, enforced by penalties as logical and as sure. This is the demand of golf that is oftenest discussed in the treatises, and set forth with the greatest fullness of illustration and analysis. But the true nature of it, the extent and limit of it, the little more and the little less of it, is best made plain, I fancy, only by persisting with this same analogy to life which already, no doubt, is growing tiresome. For the line between the self-study which is needful and the self-consciousness which is fatal is precisely the same in both. You discover, let us say, that the position of your left foot in driving is wrong, and by practice ascertain that you should set it thus, and not so. Nothing, surely, can be simpler; you will thenceforth avoid the error, and slice or pull no more. But it is not merely necessary to place that left foot properly; it is necessary to leave it there, to withdraw your mind from it, to redistribute your attention, or will, or whatever may be the right term, throughout all the parts of your anatomy. A hang, a catch, a snap o' the lid, and you are snared. That left foot will not down. At every stroke it will offend you. It is no longer yours, but is become a foreign and an alien thing. It rises up and kicks you. It shall be set upon your neck. Rebellion and civil war is let loose within your state. Conquer it you may, but you know not when it will again grow outrageous. You are cursed with a besetting sin, and in the time of stress it will find you out. Henceforth, only by a constant watching and willing can you doubtfully maintain your poise between the outward and the inward thought, and precariously regain the wholeness you have lost.

"Wholeness" is the word. Try it, if

it do not best express your achievement, physical and psychological, the thing and the sense of it, when you have made a stroke aright. Or try it, even, with the dream, the maddening vision of the stroke, which will surely visit you, though the thing itself you never once attain. To take apart, and then to put together again, — “all the king’s horses and all the king’s men” will not help you with the task. Envisage it however you may; consult about it with whomsoever you choose, it will baffle you with its mystery of many in one, until once, and by a single, clear, heroic effort of your will, you do accomplish it, and then your business is at every stroke to recall and repeat that effort, clear and single, as before, until by repetition it shall grow both familiar and easy, until each member and nerve shall sweetlier and sweetlier obey upon the instant and range harmonious at your call. That is golf, or I am not an honest duffer. It is life, or I have never ranged the turbulent, dismembered host of mine own powers, and strained them out to the great compass of a deed. Ponder it: a cosmology unfolds.

But this is growing a trifle serious. Our friend who has never played golf is getting disgusted again. Our other friend who has given over playing is blankly mystified. Even among us, the faithful, there be some disquieted. Let us face about, ere we amplify too much the active principle, the demands, of golf, and regain our composure with the thought of what it gives us. Nevertheless, what it asks is oftener than what it gives the secret of its hold on us, as giving is oftener than receiving the secret of any love.

The mere bodily delights of it are not to be hastened over when we take account of its compensations. If it be true, as many will no doubt incline to think, that the best criterion of any exercise is the number of one’s bodily parts which it involves, then it would be hard to find any superior to the full

St. Andrews swing. I know nothing comparable to it for bringing one acquainted with one’s body, for the reassuring sense it gives of power and vitality. Swimming is perhaps likeliest it in that respect. Rowing is less free. Tennis neglects an arm and a side. Baseball and football distribute the exertion less equally. None of these permit the deliberation essential to a full realization and enjoyment of one’s energy. In no other is grace and dignity so constantly possible as in golf; and in none is the repetition of the movement less apt to grow wearing and monotonous.

The sense of effectiveness, of competence, in a proper stroke, is also, to my mind, unparalleled. A great and complicated activity is centred upon an object exceptionally definite. Force, gathered from all one’s sources, tempered and restrained with all one’s balance, ordered and directed with one’s utmost of precision, poured out, as it were, through one’s arms and hands and finger tips, projected along the slender shaft into the head of the club, and lovingly imparted to the ball, is on the instant, and before one’s eyes, transmuted into a form of motion unrivaled for its likeness to animation. It is creative work. One breathes the breath of life into the thing. One begets and fathers. Even when one fails, there is always the sense of power misdirected, the leaping conception of the next stroke, which shall make amends. Mr. Arnold Haultain, who by common consent is entitled to the distinction of having come the nearest to putting it all into words, and so written the *Recessional of golf’s jubilee*, places a due emphasis on that persistency of the golfer’s hope. The unconquerable in us is nohow else so incomprehensibly manifest in the little.

The pleasing sense of one’s own physical parts is paralleled by the feeling for and of the implements of the play. The love of the golfer for his favorite

clubs passes the love of the cricketer or the baseball player for his bat, of the tennis player for his racket; the huntsman's feeling for his gun approaches it more nearly. Now, the inanimate things we take in our hands are by no means insignificant among the inducements of our moods. To be well fitted in our clothes and our canes, to be sweetly affected by whatever object we are brought in physical contact with, is important beyond our ordinary estimate of such "accidentals." The furniture of our rooms is very really the furniture of our minds, and our raiment does not clothe our backs alone. The golfer's clubs are often a delight quite apart from their uses in the game. Not one of us but has spent hours in mere idle addressing and wigwagging and swinging — often, perhaps, at some expense of glassware — with a driver whose several qualities of weight and balance and "whippiness" have been rightly adjusted to the physical personality of its master. For indulgence in such a gustation of one's clubs, rooms void of chandeliers are to be recommended. Mine were once fitted with electrical bulbs; they burst with a rather startling pop, and my recollection is, they cost fifty cents apiece.

If, in respect of the sense it gives of one's body and of one's clubs, golf is at least the equal of other sports, it is, I think, clearly the superior of any other I know in the matter of the relation into which it brings one with one's fellow player, whether as partner or as opponent. A principal distinction is that there is no direct opposition of force to force or skill to skill in the rivalry it involves. Save the stymie, there is no occasion when another's play can affect one's own otherwise than morally. Your opponent is never guilty of your cuppy lies; you are never irritated by a direct antagonism, or humiliated by the necessity of yielding to greater physical strength, or tempted to a mean exaltation. It is all of the

quality of well-bred argumentation over an impersonal theme. Moreover, the longish intervals between the strokes permit, or rather demand, conversation, which is so seldom possible in games, and the play itself, like a lawyer's brief, is an unfailing conversational resource. The strokes, on the other hand, like the puffs of a smoker, like a woman's crocheting, are capital pause-makers. The opportunities for courteous interchanges, for the shading of compliments and condolences, are many and constant. The very pace one falls into is conducive to companionship. It is certainly easier to talk with one's competitor on the links than with one's companion when one walks for walking's and talking's sake. I am inclined, in fact, to set a match at golf above any other known method of beginning an acquaintance. True, there are always the byes after the match is lost, or the difficult fifty yards from the last hole, where the putt went wrong, to the clubhouse; but one has usually a chance, brisk from one's tub, and restored to good-humor, to redeem one's self, and win the best part of any match, with a jest or a confession or an appreciation, over the Scotch or the tea. The number of such acquaintances that ripen into good-fellowship and friendliness, or even into friendship, must be very great. One of our veterans tells me that the very best thing he wins are not the cups and medals, but friends. If what I have said is true of the thoroughness with which golf tests character, the connection between that demand of it and this compensation needs no elaboration.

After all, however, golf is most rightly considered as one method of returning to nature, and the most reasonable criterion of golf as recreation is the mood and attitude in which it brings one in touch with nature. Probably the great majority of its votaries find in a fresh concern about nature the principal constant effect of it in themselves.

Though we must concede it acciden-

tal, the requirements of the game are ordinarily much at one with the demands of good taste and an artistic sense in the matter of the choice and laying out of a course. No doubt, courses have often been chosen merely for the reason that they were beautiful; but it is true likewise that in any given region the most attractive square mile or more is very apt to prove the best for a links. Every good links must have firm green turf underfoot; it must have vistas; it is better for swells and undulations; variety is essential. In but one respect, and there only superficially, is the artistic sense antagonized; trees are banned from the fair green. They are the worst hazards conceivable, because the most illogical and unjust. The loss, however, is hardly real. Proverbially, the greatest hindrance to the enjoyment of trees is other trees. The last place in the world to go to find trees beautiful is into the heart of the densest wood. Better even this Texas prairie, where I happen to be writing, treeless, and bare as yet of its richly embroidered mantle of spring wild flowers, — where people remember their childhood homes in Eastern states most tenderly as tree-clad places, and will always have trees in their pictures, and long backward for them as for no other delight they have left behind. To see trees, one must have at least a clearing, and the lake-like interval of an inland course, or the shore margin if it be seaside links, is often the best point of view conceivable. For the finest effect of trees, whether they mass in walls and make a skyline or stand apart, singly majestic, is rather architectural than domestic. Who cares for the underside of leaves? A high love would no more invade a tree than a cloud. Mystery is as much a part of its charm as silence is. It should wave before us, come athwart our vision, menace, invite, suggest, lift up our thought, — all of which is its function on the border of the course, or crowning the hill near the clubhouse, or sen-

tineling the drive. If the reader, not yet a golfer, find this far-fetched and fanciful, let me assure him, quite seriously, that golf has helped the present writer to develop a taste for Corot.

That, perhaps, will make it easier for him to bear with me while I add that golf is often the means of awakening a sense of the beauty of wild flowers, and many another delicate loveliness in nature. I have known the note of a song-sparrow to arrest a stroke. As for the larger appeals which nature makes to us, the skylines, the sunsets, the fresh green of the landscape in spring, and autumn's red and leafy splendors, I should but hurt my cause by too much protesting were I to attempt to explain how, after years of a mere case-ment acquaintance with these things, of a laborious and creak-kneed homage, the habit of golf has gradually made me truly aware of them, and of my rights in them and theirs in me. It is a matter of moods, I suppose, and golf permits and induces moods scarcely conceivable in other athletic competitions. It permits one to be contemplative. One can actually play it dreamily. That, in fact, is a mood I should recommend in driving to any one who affects the full swing, if his style be naturally slow, and grace not clearly beyond him.

Fairness, however, demands a certain qualification here, a concession of fact. The severity, and the frequent sudden changes, common to most of our American climates, and particularly the extreme clearness of our atmosphere, do somewhat diminish for us the golfer's peculiar privilege of a contemplative delight in nature, and prevent or disturb his characteristic mood. The tendency of these things is to induce an eager, high-strung, and even feverish responsiveness rather than serene enjoyment. That temper, though it be, as I have said, not on the whole detrimental to our play in respect of skill, does probably incapacitate us at times for the fullest measure of the delight we might

have in it. Even if it does, however, there would seem to be better rather than worse reason for us to play. Serenity and tranquillity are in truth the very moods which Americans of the classes who play golf need. To such as criticise the game because it is slow, and takes more time than busy, effective men can afford to give it, my favorite answer is that this is just what makes it so good a recreation for Americans, and particularly for the very Americans who, because they are so busy and hurried, will not take time for it, but prefer instead some sort of rapid transit through their diversions, and would have their relaxation without relaxing, and bolt their nature like their luncheons. They are men who do not know how to stroll. No golfer I ever played with has so often aggravated me, or so often moved me to pity, as a little man, all nerves and energy and alertness to opportunity, who cannot for the life of him move over the course at any fixed and deliberate pace; who cannot, indeed, walk at all, but alternates from lingering, leashed by courtesy, at the side of his partner, to bouncing after his ball. If through golf such Americans should come into the practice of a pace that is neither hasting nor delaying, it will prove not the least valuable part of the education of our masters.

For I go back to the point where I began, to make sure of not being thought to jest when I was in fact most serious. That cruelly overtasked individual, the future historian, if he should ever come to know our life one tithe as well as we do, and if he should have a right sense of values in civilization, and a keen eye to the sources of national character, will

not rate golf, if it survive and continue to spread among us, as the least of the three new things which came with the end of the century. In his bird's-eye view of us, he will not neglect the red-coated throngs which every holiday emerge from our great, throbbing cities, any more than he will neglect the marks of our material enterprise on the surface of the continent, and the network of our highways, or fail to pursue the fleets and armies which invade for us the lands we shall peacefully or violently conquer. He will note of us, as of the Romans and other conquerors, that in the very years when we took upon us the imperial tasks of older peoples we borrowed of them also their arts and their pleasures. It needs but a schoolboy's reflection on what came of the Romans' imitative indulgence to make us thankful that from our cousins of England and Scotland, our forerunners in sports as in empire, we can learn so much concerning the right spirit in both. That we should continue on this continent to play the same manly, healthful games they play on the little island, pursuing always in our golf, with a just balance between eagerness and sedateness, between overconfidence and despondency, its clear ideal of excellence, displaying the heroism of wholeness, and sweetening our natures with that fine, right sense of the human and wild nature about us which it so subtly quickens, — this is no little aspiration even beside our other aspiration to the right spirit in those vaster occupations which seem to be devolving from Englishmen, weary of the perplexities of empire, upon us, whom at last it visits in its westward course.

William Garrott Brown.

PUBLIC EDUCATION IN CUBA.

To appreciate properly the wonderful strides that have been made in public education in Cuba during the American military occupation of the island, it is absolutely necessary to know something of the educational conditions and privileges that existed in the Spanish colonial period. The casual observer of the public school system of Cuba very naturally compares it immediately with his own model that is usually the system of public schools with which he is most familiar in the United States, and from this comparison forms his conclusions as to the progress that has been made. If in such an unfair judgment, formed from so narrow a view, there is found much that is truly complimentary for those who have developed the work to its present state of perfection, it is evident that a more comprehensive study of the question, showing the starting point, the difficulties that have been encountered on all sides, and the unorganized and inexperienced body of workers that had to overcome these difficulties, will reveal much that is worthy of the highest praise, and assist in that full appreciation of the truly wonderful work that has been accomplished by the military government, which will not be attained until long years after the occupation has ended and its events have become history.

It is difficult, at a time when public education is almost as free as the air we breathe, for those who have known no other condition to form a proper conception of the abandoned state of public education in Cuba prior to the American occupation. Only those who grew to mature years under these conditions of absolute lack of educational advantages and opportunities are able adequately to appreciate the changes that have been made. Any statement except the unqualified one that there

were no public schools under the colonial system is misleading; yet statistics and records are not wanting to show a system of schools attended by varying numbers of children, but on close observation and study it becomes perfectly evident that most of them existed only in name, and that in those that existed in fact the results obtained were a minimum. The official census of the island taken in 1899, and with such care that its data inspire confidence, shows that out of a total population over ten years of age of 1,215,810, there were 690,565 illiterate. There can be no sadder commentary on the educational darkness of the island than these few figures, and nothing could indicate more clearly the narrow policy of the colonial government of perpetuating a despotic and arbitrary form of government by preserving the ignorance of the mass of the people.

In giving a brief history of the public school system of Cuba prior to the American occupation it shall be my aim to be faithful to facts, but at the same time to paint the picture with as few dark colors as may be, and with as many bright. It shall be the truth, but not necessarily the whole truth. I shall give figures just as they are to be found in musty records, without any comment on their authenticity. Higher education in Cuba, as in Spain, was always given more attention than primary instruction. It was for the few and favored, while the needs of the many were either not recognized at all, or if known were not heeded. Thus Havana had a university in 1728, when all Cuba had but 150,000 inhabitants, although it was not until almost seventy years later that public primary instruction was even considered. The few seminaries and convents and private schools furnished the preparatory training for this

university. Diplomas were secured from this latter institution with such ease that we find the number of such graduates ridiculously great at a time when the whole number of children attending schools in the island did not exceed 1500. To quote a noted Cuban writer, "The island was flooded with priests, physicians, and lawyers, but the mass of the people could not read." And for nearly three centuries after the discovery and settlement of Cuba, the government did not establish a single school for the free public education of the poor. Fortunately, during this period of darkness, there lived a few public-spirited, charitable persons, whose efforts on behalf of public education should always be remembered with gratitude. Had it not been for their work the colony would have reached a state of educational abandonment difficult to conceive of in a civilized country.

The appointment of General Luis de las Casas as governor of Cuba in 1793 marks the beginning of a new era in the educational history of the island. For the first time statistical information was secured, which showed thirty-nine schools in the city of Havana attended by about 1700 children. At this time Havana was practically the island; in fact, the remainder was of such little importance that it was not even considered in this attempt to secure information for educational reorganization. Some idea may be formed of the slowness of progress being made and of improvement that was considered flattering from the praiseworthy mention that is made in official records of the establishment in Havana in 1803 of two free schools, one for boys, the other for girls.

The following table shows the number of pupils enrolled in the schools of the entire island of Cuba in the years given. It will show in a brief and expressive way the meagre and insufficient progress in education made during the first half of the nineteenth century:—

	White.	Colored.	Total.
In 1817 . .	4,500 . .	500 . .	5,000
In 1836 . .	8,442 . .	640 . .	9,082
In 1845 . .	- . .	- . .	11,033
In 1851 . .	- . .	- . .	12,936
In 1860 . .	- . .	- . .	17,519
In 1863 . .	- . .	- . .	21,233

The population of the island in 1817, when there were but 5000 children attending school, was a little more than half a million, so that but one child for every hundred inhabitants was receiving any instruction. In passing it might be mentioned that to-day one child for every six inhabitants is receiving some instruction. In 1836 the yearly revenues of the island were more than \$11,000,000, more than one half of what they are now, yet only 9000 children were in the public schools, and more than half this number paid for their tuition. They were public schools because they were under government control, but they were not free schools except in certain cases. In 1863 the allotments from the public funds of Cuba were as follows:—

Department of Justice	\$847,623.37
Department of Public Works . .	980,467.52
Department of Government . .	2,098,062.50
Department of the Navy	3,637,904.45
Department of War	7,779,032.66
Department of Finance	10,279,938.76
Sent to Spain	3,495,770.00
Sent to Island of Fernando Po .	343,573.00
Total	\$29,462,372.26

It is indeed astonishing that of this bountiful revenue not a penny was allotted or expended for public instruction. It is not remarkable that General Concha, when Governor-General of the island, wrote to his home government: "Your Excellency knows but too well, and does not require my proving this to him, that the school statistics of very few civilized countries show such poor and saddening results as those of the island of Cuba. And such a situation is the more to be deplored, inasmuch as public instruction is extremely flourishing in the neighboring states of the American Union, a circumstance

from which very unfavorable comparisons may be deduced that might exercise a damaging influence on the minds of the inhabitants of this colony."

The first attempt at organization under a well-defined system was made in 1843, when the first school law was enacted. Twenty years later a new law was promulgated, which departed widely from the first, and again in 1880 the second law was substituted by a third, which was in force at the beginning of the military occupation. The first of these statutes removed the schools from under the control of a private corporation, and placed them under the direct control of the government. By the second, the schools were to be supported by the incomes they had, which, in fact, were practically nothing; by the amounts that they might receive from the state or municipal governments, which were even less; and by the fees that were paid by the pupils attending them. It was from the last of these that they received their greatest support, and this made them, not free public schools, but a poorly paying business adventure of private individuals supported by the few fathers that were able to pay for educating their children. In the course of studies of the third law enacted we find Christian doctrine and sacred history; instruction was free to only those who could show inability to pay tuition. To be eligible for appointment as teacher it was necessary to be a native born Spaniard. None of these laws was adapted to the necessities of a free public school system, and even less intelligence and energy were displayed in enforcing than in enacting them. In framing the present school law they were disregarded entirely. They did not contain a single feature that was worth copying.

The latest statistics that can be found are for the year 1893. This was two years before the outbreak of the last revolution, and five years before the beginning of the American occupa-

tion. They show 35,000 children receiving instruction in the entire island, in 898 schools. The abnormal state of affairs which was produced by the revolution of 1895, which terminated with the American intervention and the evacuation of the Spanish army, rendered it impossible for the most of these schools to continue, if they ever existed, and at the beginning of the American occupation the truth is most nearly expressed by the statement already made in this article that there were no schools. If there were any they exerted no appreciable influence on the average intelligence of the community. The teachers were chosen by favoritism. A certificate could be gotten or not for the asking, depending on the name or connections of the applicant, and not on his qualifications. The teachers' work was so poorly paid, and so devoid of attractions that would invite competition, that it often became a last resort for those who had been unfortunate in everything else. They were promised good salaries, which were never paid, from which they were expected to rent a building for the school, and were moreover expected to furnish it with desks and books from a monthly allowance which also was never paid. From the first, it resulted that the school was established in the teacher's house, as a rule in the most undesirable room; and from the second, as may be inferred, it resulted that the school had no furniture except such as the child might possess, and the textbooks, if any at all were possessed, were of the crudest and most antique editions.

Such was the condition of the department of public education that confronted the military governor at the beginning of the American occupation. When the present military governor early in his administration definitely decided to place a free and generous education within the reach of every future citizen of the republic which he was to create, whatever the sacrifices

he might have to make in other departments of the government in order to do so, he adopted a policy, the wisdom of which can never be doubted, a policy which has done more than any other one thing toward making possible the establishment of a free government in Cuba, and with it the successful termination of his task in the island. That policy, begun in the last days of 1899, has been consistently followed for more than two years, not always without a struggle, and not without at times sacrificing other interests which were wisely decided to be of less importance in their ultimate influence. We have seen that Spain in 1863 collected and spent \$30,000,000 of the island revenues, not one penny of which was expended for public education. In contrast to this, \$16,977,239.68 were collected in 1901, and more than \$3,000,000 of it were expended in public instruction. In 1863 there were 21,000 children receiving instruction in the schools, while in 1901 more than 250,000 Cuban children were registered and taught. It should be plain that to create a school system under the conditions that existed and with the appliances and assistance that were obtainable was to hew a mansion out of the standing timber, without saws or planing mills, and with no other tool than the adze.

The work began with the framing of the school law. There have been two such laws enacted during the occupation. The first a few days before the present military governor took possession of his office, and the second about six months later. The first served its purpose well, which was to tide over a period when schools were being established at the rate of a hundred per day, and when the most important consideration was to get the children into the schools. It fulfilled its mission in a very short time, and was replaced by the present comprehensive and democratic law, and under it the thousands

of schools that sprung up in less than six months have been gradually organized into a system, remarkable for the discipline that is observed in all its departments, and for the smoothness of its operation.

This law was framed not only to meet the ordinary requirements of a public school system, but also to meet the unusual conditions that existed in the island of Cuba at the time it was enacted, and which in a large part still exist. While the authority of the chief executive officer of the school system under the law extends to all branches of the school administration, yet the technical work connected therewith was separated as far as possible from the pure executive work, and the details of the work of the schoolroom were placed directly in charge of a board of superintendents, composed of a superintendent for the entire island, who is the president of the board, and superintendents for each of the six provinces, who are members of the board. The island was divided into three grades of school districts, namely, the municipal districts, the city districts of the second class, and the city districts of the first class. At the time of enacting the law there were 121 of the first, nine of the second, and five of the third. These numbers have been changed somewhat since that time, and at the present time the city of Havana constitutes the only city district of the first class. The schools in each of these districts are administered by a board of education elected by the popular vote of the people, excepting only those of the city districts, where the present boards of education have been appointed by the military governor to serve until their successors are elected, as prescribed by the school law. The details of the school administration in any particular district have been left as far as possible to the local board of education, although there is probably a greater degree of centralization than is

to be found in most school systems of the United States. The nature of the work and the governmental system in the island render this necessary. While this arrangement has thrown more work upon the central offices, the better results of this central supervision and control of certain details have more than repaid the increased work. Instead of a loss of local interest due to this centralization there has been a gain; and mistakes and inefficiency being brought to the attention of the higher authorities at the earliest possible moment are corrected with a minimum of delay.

The law provides for a complete system of statistical reports beginning with the teachers, and after passing through the various intermediary offices, ending in the office of the Commissioner of Public Schools, it provides for the yearly enumeration of the school youth; it provides that the yearly school session shall be for nine months; it establishes the school age as from six to eighteen years inclusive, and provides for compulsory attendance during twenty weeks of the school year for all children between the ages of six and fourteen years. This part of the law is very complete, and was made as simple, in the way in which it was to be enforced, as was possible under the judicial system of the island. It establishes the minimum and maximum of teachers' salaries at \$30 and \$100 respectively; it provides for yearly teachers' institutes, which shall continue at least four weeks during the summer vacation period, and for the enforced attendance of teachers at these institutes; it provides for the yearly examination of teachers, and the granting of certificates to teach for varying periods. The law, since the date of its promulgation, has been modified in a few particulars, and as occasion demanded it has been added to and made more perfect. The latest additions of importance were certain regulations placing the private schools

of the island under government supervision, and providing for their proper organization and improvement.

From this brief résumé of the present school law it will be seen that it does not differ materially from the laws governing the schools of any well-organized modern system. It was said at the time of the enactment of the school law that it would not be possible to enforce it, and at first glance the difficulties appeared to be well-nigh insurmountable. The territorial division of the island into municipalities was not one that lent itself readily to the necessities of an efficient school administration. It was necessary, however, to assume the municipal boundaries as the limits of the municipal districts. There was no authentic map of the island showing the actual positions of these boundary lines, and they frequently overlapped. The appointment and organization of the boards of education of the city districts were easily accomplished. It was in the municipal districts that the greatest difficulties were encountered. The law provided that these districts should be divided into sub-districts, and that a director should be elected in each sub-district by the popular vote of the people to represent the sub districts in the boards of education of the municipal districts. Elections were held in more than 2000 different sub-districts. Under the law which preceded the one we are considering the board of education in a municipal district was composed of the mayor and four other members appointed by him. The work of dividing the municipal districts into sub-districts and providing for the first elections was under the new law intrusted to this old board of education, which was to cease in its functions on the election and qualification of the new board.

If the task of enforcing the law had not been undertaken in the most practical way, it is quite possible that the attempt would have been a failure. A

special inspector was appointed for each province of the island, and was thoroughly instructed in the proper method of procedure to faithfully enforce the law. These inspectors went from district to district in their provinces, taking personal charge of the division of the districts into sub-districts, the holding of elections, etc. It is not within the limits of this article to give any details of the numerous and ludicrous mistakes that were made before the organization was finally extended all over the island. With the election of the boards of education, the most difficult part of the enforcement of the school law was accomplished, and from that time to the present the work has been one of instruction in the letter and spirit of the school law, intended to impress the school officials with the idea that all of the school law was enacted to be enforced, and that no part of it is supposed to be a dead letter. Two general elections have been held under the school law, and arrangements are now being made for the third. It was not expected that a law so vastly different from anything of its kind previously enacted in the history of Cuba would be thoroughly understood in all its details until actual experience had furnished opportunity for understanding its mechanism, and it is not remarkable that in the first elections there was a certain lack of public interest which permitted the school administration in some districts to fall into the hands of inexperienced or unscrupulous persons; but as the people appreciate that under this democratic enactment they are the guardians of one of their most valuable personal interests, they become more zealous in their attendance at the school elections, and in their efforts to secure the best possible boards of education.

The first school law enacted by the military government, in the last days of 1899, provided that every city or town of over 500 inhabitants should have at least two public schools, one

for boys, and another for girls, or a single one for both sexes, and left to the discretion of the boards of education the organization of such other schools in their districts as they might deem necessary. In a remarkably short time the number of authorized schools in the island grew from nothing to more than 3000. These schools were not equipped with any of the necessary furniture or material until some months after they had been authorized. The instruction given was necessarily mostly of an oral nature. The growth of the schools was so rapid that it is not surprising that they escaped almost completely from under the control of the school authorities, and that disorganization and lack of system reigned supreme. This sudden development produced an abnormal state of affairs, not only in the school department, but also in the financial department, and it was some months before a system was arranged which secured regular and prompt payment of teachers' salaries and other school liabilities. The important consideration, in the opinion of the military governor, was to place the maximum number of pupils in a condition to receive some instruction, although it might be the minimum, and although the teachers were poor, the schools lacking in books and furniture, the houses badly selected, and the administration not as economical as it might have been under a more perfect system. It was left to the future to introduce discipline, system, proficiency, and economy. Within four months from the beginning of the educational movement there were more than 100,000 children attending the public schools of the island, and in the remaining few months of the school year they probably received more instruction than they had had in all of their previous lives.

The task of introducing system into this rather chaotic state of affairs has been a most difficult one, requiring unlimited energy and perseverance, and

firm determination to be guided only by a consideration of the best interests of the island. More than 100,000 desks and other school furniture in proportion were purchased and judiciously distributed to the most remote parts. In three provinces the means of communication could scarcely be worse. In the other provinces railroad communications are somewhat better, but communications to interior points are by way of trails or well-nigh impassable roads. Thousands of these desks were hauled by bull carts, or packed on the backs of mules.

Good Spanish textbooks did not exist, and to supply them it was necessary to begin with their compilation and publication. Inside of six months after the first movement was made, hundreds of thousands of Spanish textbooks were published in the United States, shipped to the island of Cuba, and distributed in the same manner as the school desks. The textbooks of the school systems of other Spanish-speaking countries were examined, but none of them were accepted. It remained for the educational department of the island of Cuba to prepare and place on the market textbooks of all the branches commonly taught in the first four grades, as good as those to be found in any language, although they are susceptible of certain improvement. The first orders given for school furniture and textbooks amounted in all to nearly a million of dollars.

At the beginning of the American occupation there was not to be discovered in all Cuba a single public building which had been constructed for or was being devoted to public school purposes. Every town of any importance contained a church and a jail, and hospitals and barracks were plentifully scattered all over the island. Public funds had been lavishly expended for this purpose, but not a penny had been devoted to the construction of public school buildings. It was necessary, therefore, to rent private dwellings for use as schools. The

style of architecture prevalent in the island rendered these buildings almost worthless in their original design, and partitions had to be knocked down in some instances, and in others built up, and their sanitary arrangements underwent a thorough remodeling. After two years of such constant changing and moving from one building to another as opportunity presented itself to secure more desirable locations, the schools of the island are as well located as it is possible for them to be under the circumstances. The military governor very soon recognized the necessity for constructing school buildings, and a little more than a year ago the work of remodeling public buildings and of constructing new school buildings *ad hoc* was energetically begun. Almost every available barrack, hospital, or jail in the island of Cuba has been thoroughly renovated and converted into a modern schoolhouse, with the very best pedagogical appliances and equipment to be obtained. Up to this date, more than \$400,000 have been expended for this object alone. Almost every city of any size or importance in the island has today at least one school building of which it may well be proud, and which will serve in the future as a model for the entire surrounding neighborhood. In the city of Havana, for example, an old hospital was converted into a school giving space for thirty-three classrooms, a drawing academy, kindergarten and manual training departments, gymnasiums for girls and boys, shower baths, and other arrangements in proportion. It is safe to say that there does not exist in the entire United States a more perfectly equipped school, if, indeed, there are any that are so complete. In other places where this work has been done it has been in the same thorough way. In some towns and cities of the island which were fortunate enough during the colonial period to have no necessity for jails, hospitals, or barracks, entirely new buildings of stone, concrete, or wood

have been constructed. The first hard-dressed stone building of any kind erected in the island of Cuba during four centuries is a schoolhouse in the city of Santiago de Cuba, now nearing completion.

There are employed to-day in the island of Cuba, in round numbers, 3600 teachers. The great majority of them have had about two years' experience in the public schools of the island. The results that are now secured in their classrooms are the product of this experience, and were it not for the fact that they possess a natural fondness for teaching, and are peculiarly fitted by nature and disposition for the teacher's work, it would have been an utter impossibility to have wrought such wonders in the field of public education in Cuba. In the months that witnessed the marvelous growth in the number of schools the teachers were selected with very little reference to their ability and efficiency for such work. They had had no previous experience, and it is quite probable that many of them knew only a little more than the child they were going to teach, but they possessed the exceptional power to teach all that they knew. After two years' constant efforts of the head of the department and his assistants, boards of education which hold the power of appointing teachers have, with a few exceptions, been led to see that the selection of teachers is the most important duty imposed upon them, and there has been a slow yet constant weeding out, and only the fittest have survived. The teachers' institutes of two different summer vacations have furnished instruction to approximately 4000 teachers yearly for a period of six weeks. These institutes have acted as a stimulating influence upon teachers, and have secured wonderful improvement in their work. There was a well-organized and stubborn position on the part of the teachers to all attempts to compel them to be examined. For more than a year they occupied their positions with no

other guarantee of their fitness than that which may have existed in the minds of the boards of education that appointed them. The author of this article was equally stubborn in his determination that they should submit themselves to examinations, and now no teacher may be employed in the public schools of the island if he has not previously demonstrated his fitness to teach before a duly appointed board of examiners. There are, in Cuba, more than 4000 young men and young women holding such teachers' certificates.

For many reasons it has not been possible to found normal schools in the island; mainly, because of a lack of efficient personnel for such schools unless it is brought from foreign countries. To found a normal school in the island of Cuba with no more experience in normal school work than at present exists in the island would be to perpetuate the very evils which the school was founded to root out. Recognizing normal training, however, as one of the most urgent necessities for the proper development of the school system, arrangements were made with the state normal school of New Paltz, N. Y., for the training of sixty Cuban women teachers, who are now attending this school under contract with the island of Cuba, which secures their services in the public schools of Cuba after their graduation in consideration of certain privileges extended them while at the school. This is, it will be seen, a notable project in the history of public education. After almost a year's trial the experiment has proven so preëminently successful that the creation is contemplated of yearly scholarships for thirty Cuban teachers, to be chosen from all sections of the island, for a two years' course of instruction in this normal school at the government's expense.

There are nearly 200,000 children attending the public schools of the island of Cuba to-day, receiving as good or better instruction than is given in the

average public school of the United States. They are all graded under one system, and a child in the third grade at Cape Maisi is studying the same textbooks, and has reached the same point of advancement, as a child in the third grade at Cape San Antonio. The great majority of this vast number of children are in the first three grades. There are a few in the fourth grade, and still less in the fifth. Age is not an indication of the grade to which a child can be assigned. A boy fourteen years old may be in the same grade as one six years old. There is no better illustration of the complete lack of opportunity for free public education prior to the American occupation than these statements. These 200,000 children have learned all that they know in the last three years. If the present number of schools is maintained, and approximately one sixth of the population continues to receive some instruction in the public schools yearly, the next official census of Cuba should show a marked change in the percentage of illiteracy.

It is rather difficult to form an opinion as to what effects the change in government will have on the Cuban school system. Two points stand out prominently in their relative importance. At the present time, with the exception of the author of this article, all of the important positions in the school system are occupied by Cubans. They have had almost two years' training under the law now in force, and are thoroughly familiar with its organization and with the policy that has given such splendid results up to date. If the services of these trained officials can be retained, it is a guarantee that this system will be continued as far as it is within their

power to continue it. If, on the other hand, the change in government results in a change in the personnel of the educational department, placing its future in the hands of those who are not in sympathy with the present organization and have had no experience or training under it, it is conceivable that so-called radical reforms will be made, and so-called radical reforms mean the destruction of the school system. The second point is the possibility or impossibility of the new Cuban government being able to continue the present bountiful appropriation for public education. The military government has been expending between three and four million dollars yearly for this purpose. This has been done only with the greatest of effort, and not without sacrificing other important measures of public utility. For perfectly obvious reasons, which it is not important to mention here, it will not be possible for the new government to continue this appropriation unless there is a radical change in the economical condition of the island, and this does not appear probable. It can be stated almost without doubt, that the number of schools existing in the island will have to be materially reduced, perhaps one half. If the coming administration finds this imperative and attempts to maintain the present number of schools, teachers' salaries will not be paid, necessary supplies will not be furnished, other liabilities will not be met, and there will be a speedy return to the conditions that existed in the colonial period. If, however, the inevitable is accepted, and expenses are kept within the appropriation, the number of schools may be decreased, but their efficiency will be maintained.

Matthew E. Hanna.

THE NEWSPAPER INDUSTRY.

THE old American ideal of the press was undoubtedly that represented to the eye by the Franklin hand printing press, supplemented in the popular mind with some such figure as Ben Franklin himself in his shirt-sleeves, pulling the long sweep of the lever, bringing the flap with the sheet down upon the type on its bed, and applying the pressure, producing a single impression. It was not at all out of keeping with the editorial functions in this tradition for Franklin to have set the type, after writing his leader, and to have handled the inking-balls or roller before thus going to press. The editor had wholly, solely, and really edited the paper that he was now sending forth to his countrymen, summoning them to the duty of citizens as he saw it. It was a personal and individual, and very prominent and responsible, relation that he held to the community as a public man. The editor of the olden time was, as we say now, "the whole thing;" this because his machinery was of the simplest character. His press was hardly more important or more complex than the wheelbarrow in which the single clerk of the establishment trundled the edition for mailing, after writing the wrappers, to the post office. At the present day the machinery of a newspaper fills a whole basement and sub-basement, the clerical force whole floors, of a great city building, and the editor — who knows who or where the real editor is, or how much the nominal editor really edits? The fact is that the editor and the editorial are nowadays but means to the circulation and advertising, — the main objects to be kept in view, — and the publisher, the manager of the circulation and the advertising, is supreme. The newspaper has become an industry, a business conducted for the usual ends of business, with public teaching and influence but a by-product.

Consider the revelations of the last census as to increase and profits of this new form of industrial enterprise. There are, it appears, over 15,000 establishments for the publication of periodicals, an increase of twenty-four per cent in the decade since the previous census. About 400 are started every year, or more than one for every day of the year including Sundays. Of the 15,000 existing journals, about 2200 are dailies and 13,000 weeklies. Considerably more than half of the whole number of these publications are really very unimportant, as but 6000 out of the 15,000 have more than 1000 circulation. The aggregate of the capital invested is about \$192,500,000. Now about \$50,300,000 are paid out in wages, and \$50,200,000 for material; and the value of the product is stated to be \$223,000,000. Here is a profit on the capital invested, if the United States census is to be relied on, enormous after reckoning in also the advertising receipts. What wonder that, as a "business proposition," the newspaper is exceedingly attractive to capital, and that the pecuniary object far outweighs the political, — in short, that the press has grown to be so fancy an "industrial" that it might well have already become a "trust," and been completely lost to public benefit and behoof.

It was in the year 1898, the year of what the original "yellow journal" claimed as "the Journal's war," that the development of "yellow journalism" rose to national and even international importance as the direct and immediate inspiration of the war on Spain. The parent stock on which had been grafted this flaunting saffron efflorescence, now running wild and luxuriant, was a class of journals that just before had appeared in the larger cities of the coun-

try, East and West, — published, not as newspapers generally had hitherto been established, to advance political ends and champion public causes, but primarily, indeed solely, for the profits to be made in the publishing of them. In this development of "modern journalism" a great change was accomplished before anybody realized it, or at all events reckoned upon the gravity of the necessary consequences. The initiative had been transferred from editor to publisher; the editor no longer hired the publisher, — the publisher hired the editor. The projectors of this new sort of newspaper substituted means for end; put the cart before the horse. They eschewed politics and all taking sides on serious questions, and set themselves to being merely "newsy," "gossipy," and entertaining. Their tactics were all directed frankly and openly to one objective point, — the large circulation that brings advertising into the counting-room.

In their editorial proclamations in especially prominent type they asserted nothing so frequently or so emphatically as the growth of their circulation and advertising business. In these papers the public press abdicated its public character and functions, and practically became a mechanical industry and commercial enterprise. Now industrial and commercial enterprise is nothing base. But journalism had hitherto pretended to be a profession; not business prestige, not commercial success, but intellectual abilities and moral qualities, gave it its force and vitality. To be sure, the designation of "The Fourth Estate," which the newspaper press has proudly assumed without knowing exactly what it means, was originally borne by the lowest classes, the proletariat, — that order of society which is one degree lower than the commons or third estate. The editor may not ever have been the most important of forces in the state, the politician of high or low degree who used him may have always outranked

him in public consideration; but the journalist was at least thus associated with the statesman in the affairs of government, and ostensibly, at least, voiced public opinion on matters of highest moment.

But the new type of American newspaper had no opinions. The counting-room conception of the newspaper is one never offending with opinions to displease anybody, one so conducted if possible as to turn no business away from the door. The old-fashioned editor was wont to assume, sometimes very amusingly it is true, the rôle of Sir Oracle. The journalist of the new development contentedly occupies the position of manufacturer and distributor of a salable print. He vaunts his journalistic sagacity in placing himself on the level of the smiling Boniface, and his newspaper on a parity with the "American plan" hotel bill of fare; you don't expect every guest to eat everything in the list, he says, but you intend everybody to find whatever he wants there. The American people did not always respect Horace Greeley's enthusiasms, — sometimes hooted at his foibles. The English even took the liberty of putting very distinguished radical editors like Leigh Hunt and John Wilkes into prison. Perhaps Ben Franklin and the great Doctor Samuel Johnson, as editors, were not to be taken seriously always, and they would doubtless have agreed to this themselves. But such journalists of the elder day were dignity itself, any one of them you please a Pericles of distinction, leadership, and power, compared with the editor of a modern newspaper with its mainspring in the counting-room. Indeed, the editor of such a paper can hardly be said to exist in the old sense of the word; the sheet is practically minus a real editor, and hence of course has no editorial opinion. In the old place of editor is the business manager for the capital stock of the enterprise, and any opinions are what the business demands in the view of the

one really responsible man, to wit, the business man whose main function it is to make contracts for advertising, for paper supply, for fifty-thousand-dollar presses, and for the huge labor force of the establishment, mechanical and intellectual, to earn dividends of twenty to fifty per cent. His chief responsibility, however, lies in his supervision of the editors, so that their indiscretions may not reduce the circulation or offend important interests.

How many newspapers are there of this kind? you ask. How many newspapers are not of this kind? would be an easier question to answer. You can name on the fingers of one hand existing American dailies really edited by editors, or which have editors known of at all outside of their own local circles. In what has called itself "modern journalism" the news outlay and material development have so enormously increased the cost of carrying on newspapers that great investments of capital are called for, such as can ordinarily be commanded only by joint-stock companies. Every corporation's capital is, of course, its prime concern; "corporations [having] no souls." Hence the managing director of the capital at stake in the enterprise is necessarily a most important man, — the most important man. It is for him to know and report to the stockholders the effect of the editorial course of the paper upon its business returns and business prospects. Consequently it is upon his judgment that the editor's views are to be supported or reversed by the capital invested. The editor necessarily becomes his subordinate, holding his place during what is determined by the business manager to be good behavior. The only exceptions to this obvious businesslike rule are those journals the capital of which is owned or controlled by the editors, and such in modern journalism are few and far between.

What is naturally to be looked for, in the way of leadership in public

thought from a press inspired and controlled by business men? The stream cannot rise higher than its source. If the ethics of business be based on the modernized Golden Rule, "Do your neighbor, or he will do you;" or, as that eminent business authority, David Harum, phrases it, "Do unto others what they would do to you, and do it *fast*," it can hardly prove socially or morally upbuilding. With the ear of shrewd business management close to the ground, the business-managed and business-seeking press will not vary much from the dead level of the average masses of business men. It is a fact of record where the business class stood in the anti-slavery agitation. It is an only too well-attested fact of business experience that it is a dangerous thing for a business man's credit and standing as a business man to allow himself to take a very active part, making public speeches, or by committee work showing any deep or intense interest, in public affairs; it is inferred that he must be neglecting his business. Even if he confines his energies in a political way to forwarding the success of one or the other of the two orthodox parties, he must do it only in the conventional ways and in moderation. If he espouses the cause of any reform which is to cut into the privileges of public-service corporations, capitalizing public utilities, let him look to it that he is not rated by his business friends as at least soft-headed in going in for limiting, instead of seeking to participate in, the spoliation of the public. But to join in any radical forward movement or lend his name, even, to broad social or philanthropic philosophies, is to earn the reputation of being a "crank" and consorting with Socialists and Anarchists, — all one to the average business mind.

With the press in the hands of business men, therefore, its abdication of leadership in the style of the Thunderer and of the famous journals of the past in this country is a foregone conclusion.

It may have been absurd for the elder journalism to style itself the "Vox Populi," with the implication that it was by that token the "Vox Dei." One smiles to note at the top of the front page of some time-stained sheet of other days the legend:—

"Here shall the Press the People's rights maintain,
Unaw'd by influence and unbrib'd by gain."

But this bounce was at least the survival of a noble ideal,—a fiction that was evidence of, and a tribute to, the civic sense of responsibility which is the broad base of the national ethics of a self-governing people. In place of such legends nowadays you shall find, in large letters and black-face figures, strenuous sworn affidavits as to the monthly increase in circulation and yearly gain in columns of "want ads." The modern journal *à la mode*, frankly organized for business gain, is periodically carried off its feet into double-leaded editorials setting forth its business prosperity in tabulated statistics. Such purely commercial considerations are injected into the midst of its comment on public questions, and the latter are dealt with in ordinary type because they are of minor importance to the pecuniary rewards of the publishing corporation, in the scheme of commercial journalism. Of course there will be the usual quantum of matter that looks like editorials, but on examination it is found to be what might well be patented under the name of editorialene. Editorialene shrewdly selects men of straw to trample upon. It enunciates axiomatic platitudes with a ponderous affectation of wisdom. It "socks it to the satraps" of a safe distance in the past and a safe geographical remoteness. It also twitters sprightly commonplaces about minor moralities. But you will seek it in vain for direct, courageous, helpful dealing with the burning questions, the political and social and local issues really engrossing the best minds of the community, on the one side among high-priced legal talent,

and on the other among reformers, and demanding to be handled without gloves for the good of the city and the safety of the state. If a "gas deal" threatens to mortgage the future of a prime necessity of life to dividend charges on shoals of stock-issues, or a railway combination to monopolize the transportation of a city or of a vast region, the modern journalism will find space, in spite of any "pressure of news," for the arguments of corporation lawyers at so much per column on either side, but its own editorial on the question, if indeed it pretends to have any, will be elaborately sinuous, flat, and foisonless. This it is to manage a journal with approved business sagacity. Of course, the Republican papers will conventionally attack the Democrats, and Democratic journals attack the Republicans, as Jay Gould's railroad policy was to be Republican in Republican counties, and Democratic in Democratic counties; but this perfunctory beating of noisy drums only helps them keep silence upon the issues that are really pressing on the actual living and well-being of the people.

In a press managed by business men for business, you will not have these troublesome and divisive questions stirred up. You will never see the great liquor-selling interest, for instance, disturbed in any way to hurt. The advertising of the large grocery establishments is too important a matter in newspaper receipts to be jeopardized. On none of the great social or political questions do men absorbed in business pursuits feel very keenly so long as their own immediate business prospects are not interfered with. The most ordinary tradesman will wax hot instantly if a dollar of his own seems to be at risk, as in some clashing of employers with employed. But on sociological questions in general the business end of the paper is content to assert its possession of the power to stop all discussion of innovating principles. It has no emotions or convictions to prevent its ad-

herence to "whatever is," or, if a forward step be no longer avoidable, to opportunist measures; and it stolidly denies those to whom principles are as the breath of their nostrils, and the forwarding of social progress the gratification that serves to inspire their life-work instead of the gaining of wealth, the exercise of their best powers in discussion of movements for the public weal. Of the great Pennsylvanian motto, "Addition, Division, Silence," — the greatest of these was silence.

And silence is the stronghold of the business-run press of the country to-day. "Hero Funston," with characteristic cunning and audacity, put it into words when he demanded of the United States Senate to "shut up," under penalty of a general hanging of talkers until all was over in the Philippines. The Associated Press had obeyed this behest before it was uttered, and the country has had vouchsafed to it, under the dictation of that commercial and political machine, almost no material on which to base judgment of events or educate public opinion. That silence has been broken at last on events of two years' ago does not contravene this charge or condone this dereliction of duty. Happily in the weekly journals is to be found the antidote for this pernicious dry rot of silence on great issues. There one finds, for instance, the latest paper of President Schurman, the first Commissioner of the first Philippine Commission, in which he touches on this very point in these burning and memorable words: —

"For the all-important function of education we are dependent almost entirely upon agitation and discussion.

"When, therefore, I hear men in these opening years of the new century reprobate discussion of the greatest of public affairs, when even civil and military officials, in spite of the assurance of the government that the pacification of the Philippines is now practically complete, conjure their fellow citizens to hold their tongues and swallow a Philip-

pine policy of force and silence, I feel that, however brave and patriotic these spokesmen may be, they are champions of a new faith which is treason to democracy, and which, if it ever prevailed, would be death to the American republic. Even if free speech and unlimited discussion in the United States had the effect throughout all the Philippine archipelago of rendering the natives dissatisfied with our present military and semi-military government, and inspired them with the love and hope of liberty and independence, so that larger armies would be needed to keep them in colonial subjection, — that, ay and more than that, would be preferable and infinitely preferable, to our renunciation of the principle of free speech, of the sovereignty of public opinion, of government of the people, for the people, and by the people, which is the soul and glory of our republic.

"To attack or belittle popular government, to decry free speech and discussion by which it lives and acts, is to plunge the sword into our mother's bosom, because the outgoings of her heart of charity render some remote ward too hopeful and independent to suit our temporary convenience. We can live without the Philippines, but the republic cannot endure without free discussion. The people have a right to talk and will talk whatever their servants, civil or military, may choose to say about it. Had these servants of the sovereign people, who now pose as masters, more wisdom and sagacity, they would perceive that in a free republic it is only a policy of despair which would hide behind a conspiracy of silence."

The classic tyrants took care to provide bread and circus shows for the people while robbing them of participation in the politics of the day; and to make up for its suppression of the data of intelligent public opinion, modern journalism gives its patrons a sort of continuous performance of vaudeville. The

London Evening Sun celebrated April Fool's Day in the "modern" fashion. Dan Leno, the comedian, was given editorial charge of the sheet for the day, and it appeared dressed in motley garb. Leno received £150 for his day's editorial work. Think what it means that the congressional debates are no longer a regular feature of the daily papers of this country, as the parliamentary reports are still of the English papers. What is given of Congress appears under headings aiming to lure the reader with the idea that it is something else. Unless there has been a scene of fisticuffs in Senate or House, one may have to search long to find any mention of Congress at all. All through the recent exciting debates in the Senate on the Philippines, touching on the very foundation principles of the republic, the daily congressional report, except in the case of the Tillman-McLaurin episode, or in the interchange of witticisms between Senators Bailey and Depew about the ladies, was less than half a column in length, on the average, and the absorbingly interesting and all-important examination of the generals and civil officials from the islands was even more drastically abbreviated by the Associated Press, in spite of all protests, for the daily papers of the country. At the same time whole pages were devoted to tattle of Jenkinases detailed to describe the furnishings of the visiting German prince's car, table, and bedrooms, with copious full-page illustrations, and lists and portraits of both notables and nobodies assisting at the respective local functions through which his royal highness rushed to his returning steamship. Compared with the great London daily papers, the chief New York dailies are essentially local sheets. To be sure, much happens in the great city and on a grand scale. Boston constructed her model municipal underground railway system without even interrupting the use of the streets for a day or an hour, while New York's subway

has progressed through a series of awful catastrophes. But in the absence of such events the gambling losses of a young multi-millionaire, his farewell supper as a bachelor to his young friends, his scrape with the police for reckless automobile driving, are equally good fish for the metropolitan daily's net. It apparently doubts the interest of its public in the betrayal to the beet-sugar interest of our national pledges to Cuba, but the murder of — or by — a young woman of doubtful character will exhaust all the resources of its "reportorial," detective, and photographic staffs.

This yellow journalism is plainly commercial, and therefore the direct and natural outgrowth and flowering of the journalism for commercial ends. The step having been taken away from the original purpose of the press, to instruct and appeal to public sentiment on matters of political importance, we have brought up in journalistic vaudeville. If the purpose of publishing newspapers is not to lead, or to teach or preach or advocate or champion, but to avoid doing these very things and to draw in the pennies of the untaught and the unthinking, in order to build up circulation and advertising, then the frivolous must be thoroughly done. So the most popular of the newspapers of the largest cities are printing puzzles, colored pictures, music, dishing up in sensational type the startling, the painful, the shocking, and the funny. In voluminous supplements old stories from scrapbooks and cyclopædias are rehashed, appealing to the childish love of the marvelous. Worst of all, the brute instinct and passion for battle, destruction, and destructive engineering are fed by copious illustrations of ramping battleships, torpedo explosions, pugilistic "knock-outs," football "oafs" in muddied heaps, — all this cheek by jowl with pictures of saints and martyrs and surpliced choir boys and Easter and Christmas carols, for the Christmas advertising and Easter fash-

ions are two of the great harvests of the year for the modern journalism. Yellow journalism is simply the business journalism of the modern development at the top notch. It differs only in degree, not in kind, from the more respectable journalism which for business abdicates the old function and dignity and duty of the press in leadership, and instead of fronting the mob, follows it. Not that the yellow journal is not duly strenuous in its shrieking. It shrieks so continually, and on so many diverse subjects, so evidently for the sake of the shrieking and to attract attention thus to itself, so obviously without sincerity, conviction, or moral purpose, that it can lead in no particular direction. For example, the original "yellow," still the leading paper of this class, whose worked-up hysteria over Cuba, with photographic pictures of the reconcentrados in all stages of starvation, at last communicated itself epidemically to the country and to Congress, and brought on a war which it is now known was not necessary to the freeing of Cuba, but was a great thing for the yellow journalism, — this "great daily" stands for both Militarism and Populism at once. It shrieked loud and long, after the little war with the big consequences, for a navy large enough to wipe out all the fleets of the world and a standing army to match, with new military and naval national universities, at the same time that it was shrieking for the throttling of bureaucracy, the smashing of plutocracy, and the municipalization of city lighting and transportation and all other public utilities; for the protection of the weak against predacious power, and in the same breath for the forcible retention of everything grabbed from the weak. Imperialism and Socialism, pounded out by the big bass drums of two competing brass bands perched upon the same stand, do not tend to lucid reflection on political programmes in the popular mind. The commercial impulse to add

every possible attraction and impossible combination to the variety shows maintained in its tall towers of Babel is manifestly the rationale of such journalism.

Now between the timorous inanity of the respectable commercialized press and the insanity of the yellow journalism, where is the chance for light and leading for this newspaper-reading country? If the salt has lost its savor, wherewith shall this great democracy get the relish for public issues necessary for the proper digestion of the elements of the exacting problems of self-government? It is possible that as a consequence of the smothering of free and independent editorial expression by the characteristic and necessary conservatism of the commercial instincts of the counting-room, representing the capital involved in the vast plants of daily newspapers, public opinion will have to turn to the weekly press. Here the large amount of stockholders' capital required to maintain an example of modern journalism may be dispensed with. About one tenth of the capital needed for a daily will suffice for a weekly. The editor need not be a millionaire, or the tool of a millionaire, to own his paper and so really edit it. For bare safety \$500,000 must be in hand before the modern sort of a daily paper can be started, while for a well appearing weekly \$50,000 would answer at a pinch for the trial and see the paper through the perils of infancy, if it prove to be really a useful addition to the community.

There are not wanting signs that some such shifting of the strength and dignity of the press that really represents the best public opinion of the country has already set in and reached considerable proportions. One of these signs is to be discovered in various attacks that have recently been made on the weekly press. Far-sighted tactics have been resorted to to limit the advantages of the weeklies in the United States mails.

For years, under the leadership of Congressman Loud of California, chairman of the Committee on Postal Affairs, the attempt has been renewed to cut off large classes of cheap publications from the enjoyment of the low rates allowed to newspapers as second-class matter. It has been repeatedly demonstrated that the true cause of the so-called deficit in the post-office department is not the amount of cheap printed matter carried at second-class postage rates, but the disadvantageous contracts made with the railroads for carrying the mails. It has been fully shown that twice as much per mile per ton is paid the railroads for carrying the mails as they receive from passengers, and many times as much as they charge for carrying the express companies' tonnage. It has been repeatedly shown that the annual rate paid by the government for the use of a postal car is enough to pay in six months for the construction of the car itself. It has been shown that the annual payments to railroads by the post office to be made for a series of years have been on certain routes estimated on mails artificially swollen for a few months for the purpose of securing high figures. And yet all the consequences of corrupt postal outlays is shouldered off upon the weekly press. The so-called Loud bill, which has been thus far regularly defeated on its recurrent appearances, enlists the support of the daily press by appealing to its commercial interest as against the weekly press, — a shortsighted selfishness, as whatever induces the reading habit must benefit the daily press. This same Congressman Loud is on record in more than one of his committee reports in favor of abandoning the post-office service altogether, and giving to private enterprise the rest of what business advantages he cannot manage under existing arrangements to throw to the well-intrenched and most ably generaled express corporations with their almost incredible profits.

A wholly new, and really very star-

ting and significant, incident in the warfare on the weekly press was the ruling of Third Assistant Postmaster-General Madden, within the past twelve-month, that weekly journals edited by cranks, two that advocate Socialism, for instance, — and there is no reason in logic why such as advocate Single Tax, or Anti-Vaccination, or Anti-Vivisection, should not come under the same category, — shall be denied the privileges of the newspaper mail rates. This intrepid reformer has thus placed under a ban intended to make their distribution impracticable two widely circulated sheets with tenets which he could not approve, on the ground that they were virtually advertising-circulars, because they are devoted to "advertising" certain ideas. This sounds like Gilbert-and-Sullivan opera bouffe, but it is the official action of the present Third Assistant Postmaster-General. If it be one of the necessities ahead in our new departure in national evolution to destroy the independence of the press and smother the expression of public opinion, or rather to prevent the formation of any public opinion, this Mr. Madden, otherwise unknown to fame, will have earned a high place on the roll of glory containing the heroes of the American war on Spain and the Philippines.

But this preposterous assumption is no real danger; it is too absurd. The real danger lies in the atrophy of public opinion induced by a press conducted for commercial ends, and without sensibility to delicate promptings of national honor, without resentment of palpable social injustice, without any ideal so dear to it as commercial prosperity. What was enforced by Napoleon III. upon the newspapers of France has come to pass in this country by the surrender to commercialism. "Agitation is forbidden," wrote Bagehot, describing French conditions after "thirteen years of Cæsarism," "and it is agitation alone that teaches. The speculative

thought of France has not been killed by the Empire, — it is as quick, as rigorous, as keen as ever; but though still alive it is no longer powerful, — it cannot teach the mass. The *Revue* is permitted, but newspapers — effectual newspapers — are forbidden. . . . The daily play of the higher mind upon the lower mind is arrested." Despotism is no less despotism for being many-headed, with an aggressive representative (perhaps unwittingly so) of the imperialistic commercialism ruling the hour in each newspaper office, clothed with the authority to hold down the editor to the safe, commonplace editorial output of commerce. "Enlightenment be ——" Thackeray's Jupiter Jeames is made to say, "I want the fool of a thick-headed reader to say 'Just my own views,' else he ain't pleased and maybe he stops his paper." The *New York Evening Post*, the other

day, pointed out that with one or two honorable exceptions the American press was completely silent for days after the terrible revelations of the ordered killing of men, women, and children — "above the age of ten" — by our army in Samar. "Dry minds, which feel no glow of faith in them," says Bagehot, "often do not know what their opinions are." It is the business of the business man to keep his mind "dry," and the journalism that is in the business man's hand can manifestly give to the community nothing of the commanding, high-souled spirit, — guiding, enlightening, and, above all, leading, and inspiring with faith in itself, which that sage and practical English political philosopher, concerned always with problems of self-government, similar to our own, rates as of the highest value in self-government, — "the intense emotion of conviction."

Brooke Fisher.

DAWN.

A SHIP with cargo laden to the guards
Has come to port! Lo, how her masts and spars
Above the kindling clouds begin to lift,
And her great peak has dashed the skies with light!
For all on earth she brings a royal gift,
More precious than was ever sung by bards.
Her hold is stuffed with incense and with myrrh,
And round her clings a fragrance and a scent
Of Thule or some distant Orient,
With whiffs of a diviner air, the swift
Sidereal blast that bore her from the stars.
The woods and hills rejoice to welcome her,
As though she bore to earth some envoy or
Some God-accredited ambassador,
Sent hither from beyond the Pleiades.
Near and more near she draws! The heavens grow bright
With her approach! Lo, in what vessel-yards
Were her stout timbers hewn? What workman laid
Her starry frame? What fearless pilot weighed
Her anchor, steered her through the chartless seas?

William Prescott Foster.

THE LIONS IN THE WAY.

"I DON'T see why you turn down the light like that," said Mrs. Axtell querulously, "unless you're expectin' a ghost to call, — the kind that come about dark, — a sort of spiritual bat," she continued, with grim humor. "That makes me think: I see Elsie out lookin' into a mud puddle one day, so I put up the window, — it was the northwest window of the parlor," she explained with a born realist's passion for detail, — "and asked what she was lookin' for.

"God," says she.

"Why, Elsie!" says I surprised like.

"You said he was in de sky," says she, "an' de sky's in de water, an' I'm goin' supp'ise him when he comes. I see an angel alweady — just de tip of her wing goin' by."

"She's a cute one," said Mrs. Axtell fervently. "She's most too good for this world, seems to me sometimes, and it's a kind o' relief to ketch her stealin' my pickles, 'cause then I know she's got enough original sin to season her and keep her human."

"No trouble about that, I guess," said Myra, more as a form of words than an attempt to reply.

She did not explain that the dim light suited her mood as she sat close under the white mantel, very still except that her hands closed nervously now and then upon the arms of the chair, and her face moved as the earth seems to quiver at times under the shadow of a passing cloud. Her eyes were always stealthily seeking the door, along the paths of dust — that cement of our common mortality that binds us together — as it gathered insolently in her very sight. She had lost her courage for work since this terrible suspense had caught and held her in its net.

"Kerosene's cheap," said Mrs. Ax-

tell, returning to her grievance; "that is, some cheap," she added cautiously. "There ain't no great need o' settin' in the dark."

"I wish you'd stop making such a guy of yourself, mother," said Myra, a little fretful under the nervous tension, and with some notion of applying a counter-irritant. "Little Barbara Lane asked me the other day when you were going by if you were Mother Goose."

Mrs. Axtell laughed. She was a grotesque study of a woman, small, and so spare that the joints showed like knots under the withered skin, her shoulders hidden by a black shawl that must have been gifted with immortality, it had outworn so many generations, and her head concealed within the depths of a great poke bonnet. She had found the bonnet in a chest in her garret, and was wearing it more in the interest of her gospel of economy than the economy itself. From under this awning her large eyes threw out a watchful, half-humorous light.

"Well," she said, "I ain't one to let good silk and the time spent in shirrin' it go to waste on account of its not bein' the fashion of this generation. I'm makin' myself a kind o' trumpet call to this village, to warn 'em against extravagance."

"That bonnet looks as much like a trumpet as anything," said Myra impatiently.

"Besides," continued Mrs. Axtell, "I see they was so bent on talkin' about Linda Brett I thought I might as well draw off a little attention on to myself. So I put on the bunnit — an' it done it."

"I should think it did," said Myra irritably.

"What's the matter, anyway?" asked Mrs. Axtell, when she had watched her daughter in silence for a

few minutes. "You act as if you was afraid of something. You have n't really got the light turned down for a ghost, have you?" she inquired facetiously. "I've always heard they was mighty poor company — especially a body's own. Everybody has their own ghosts, they say, and they get quite a neat property in them when they're poor enough other ways. An' they have to lay 'em one by one, here, or there, or somewhere, nobody knows. That's what your aunt Rebecca Chase used to say — an' I guess she knew." Mrs. Axtell's statement that a thing was what her sister Rebecca said, and she guessed she knew, was to her as the seal of Solomon — and beyond it there was no appeal.

"Come, what is it?" asked the mother. "You've taken to worryin' too much. There's no use tryin' to regulate the sunset and the moonrise all the time; you've got to let things blunder along by themselves once in a while. That's what your aunt Rebecca said — an' I guess she knew," she added softly, after a few minutes. Mrs. Axtell's whole creed of conduct was made up of the proverbs and epigrams of her sister Rebecca. It was as if she had tried to throw her whole personality into the mould which her sister had fashioned.

"Elsie been runnin' away, or tellin' a fib?" she inquired anxiously. Myra, the daughter to whom she had done maternal homage for so long, had been deposed at Elsie's coming, and had sunk to the lower estate of being merely Elsie's mother.

"Or would n't say her prayers or somethin'?"

"No, no," said Myra desperately. "It's that old story — *you* know. I'm afraid Glory's told him."

"What story?" asked Mrs. Axtell blankly. "That about Elsie's gettin' into the brook and" —

"No, no," said Myra impatiently. "About myself. What makes you so

slow, mother? When I was a girl — don't you remember?"

"Oh!" said Mrs. Axtell, as if a sudden light had dawned. "That! Why, I supposed you'd forgot that long ago."

"I've never forgotten it a minute since Glory Ann said she'd tell him."

"Well, you should n't have told Glory Ann."

"But I did," said Myra almost angrily, "and she said she'd tell him some time; and he was there a week before she died. She always kept her word, you know, — she prided herself on it."

"Yes," said Mrs. Axtell, "I remember how she used to stickle over the truth, — like her tellin' me Millie Pond paid fifty cents for a white apron, an' then walkin' clear over to Scranshope to say she was mistaken, an' it was only twenty-five, and askin' my pardon to boot. Think of it!" Mrs. Axtell shook her head solemnly. "There was a queer streak in Glory — let alone the quarrelin'. It ain't any use tryin' to live and tell the truth like that. Well, maybe she did n't tell him. Dyin' 's different from 'most everything else," she said grimly, "and it might upset one's ways some, I should think; and maybe she was tryin' to save her soul, — people do generally put it off till it has to be done, you know. It don't pay to believe the worst till you know it's so. That's what you're —"

"Yes, yes, mother," said Myra hurriedly.

"I know how you feel," said Mrs. Axtell. "I ran away from my mother once when I was a girl, huckleberryin'; an' I remember, when I was to the foot of Huckleberry Hill, lookin' back and seein' her comin' on alone so quiet and uncomplainin'. I've done lots of worse things than that in my life; but when Elder Sweet used to call on us all to repent, my conscience always picked out that Saturday afternoon to be sorry for."

Mrs. Axtell fell into a long, silent

musings, over that day, perhaps, while Myra bent forward, and resting her elbows on her knees, covered her face with her hands.

The story which Myra dreaded was of her own girlhood, — of that time when the dangerous love-longing stirs in the heart of every woman, and leaves her at the mercy of that mischievous fairy who still roams the world with the juice of the herb called love-in-idleness, to anoint his victims' eyes so that, waking, they glorify and worship what first catches that wondrous love-light.

Love was higher than law, some one had pleaded with her in those days; stronger even than the spiritual death hidden within the forbidden fruit. Love was its own good. Even the sulphur fires of the Puritan's underworld could not prevail against a heart that was filled with it. Myra had listened shrinkingly and doubtfully, yet yielding her will little by little to the fascination of the tempter who was offering her her heart's desire.

They had planned to meet in a distant city; but Myra, in her nervous haste and fear of detection, had taken an earlier train than the one agreed upon, and arriving, had found no one to meet her at the station. She had never been in a large city before, or even far from home; and she shivered in the loneliness of the unfamiliar air like a southern flower brought to a northern sky. The noise and constant motion of people passing about her like the quick-moving shuttles of a loom did not reassure her, but filled her with a senseless self-consciousness that made her cower at any casual glance.

"What is it?" asked a kind-faced, elderly woman, evidently country bred like herself. "Can I do anything for you?"

Myra had been standing motionless against the walls of the station for a half hour. "He — has n't come," she stammered. "I — I'm lost."

"Who?" asked the woman.

Myra made some incoherent attempt to explain, yet not reveal the truth; but her eyes fell away guiltily from the other's clear gaze. The stranger laid a hand on her arm. "In your mother's name" — she said solemnly.

It is usually some woman to whom the final great appeal is made. That is why the Catholic Church has instituted the worship of the Virgin. It has tried to reincarnate God in the form of a woman.

"Is she living?"

"Yes."

"Go home to her and talk it over. I don't understand, but I'm sure you're making a mistake. Will you go?" she asked eagerly.

"Yes," said Myra humbly.

There was an east-bound train ready to leave, and on the impulse Myra had taken it, without asking about its route. She had been carried out of her way, and as she had been obliged to change her course and wait for trains, it was after midnight when she reached Stanton. From there she had walked the four-mile distance home. The road led across the lonely plains, where the trembling of the shadows or the gossip talk of the leaves had set her pulses throbbing. She ran when the rapid beating of her heart gave her breath to run, and came out of the plains pallid with fear, and so weary that when her feet stumbled and she fell at her father's gate, she lay there a few minutes to rest, though the house was only a dozen steps away.

The house was dark; but her people rarely took the trouble to lock doors, and she had no difficulty in entering. In passing through the kitchen she had awakened her mother, it seemed.

"Is that you, Myra?" asked Mrs. Axtell.

"Yes," faltered Myra.

"You did n't stay with Glory, then."

"No."

"You did n't let the cat in, did you?"

"No."

"All right."

Myra had crept upstairs to her own chamber without further challenge. She had not slept, tired as she was, but, sitting by the window, had watched the slow progress of the stars. There, beyond, somewhere on the limits of the night, she had caught a glimpse of a girl walking blindly amid dense clouds that hid a treacherous way. Some chance breeze had blown the clouds aside for an instant, and the girl had seen the black abyss close to her feet. She had drawn back in terror; and at that moment — perhaps the sudden sense of her own peril had quickened her imagination and with it the sympathy that always follows hard upon — there had come to her the cry of another woman, who complained that the love she had won had been stolen, and the same hand that had robbed her of love would take her honor and her home.

It was strange that Myra's conscience had never troubled her very much before in regard to this other woman, for now it was hardly concerned about anything else, and even for the moment shut out her pity for her lover, perplexed and chagrined at her failure to keep her promise. Myra had caught a glimpse of the other woman once, — a plain, dull, plodding figure. She had not wondered that such a one could not hold a man's heart; she had pitied her a little in a girl's thoughtless, cruel way, and complacently remembered her own reflection in the glass. But now, again and again, she begged forgiveness of the woman she had wronged, and humbled herself with bitter shame before her memory of that figure, as if it represented the womanhood of the world. The morning had brought her a new era. She had begun to put away her infatuation as something sullied and unfit; and in time all that had remained was a sense of her own potential guilt, and a prayer for the woman who had been her friend.

The secret was her own, and might have been forever buried in her own memory if once, in the early days of her engagement, when the sunshine was flooding earth and sky, and her heart was drunk with the joy of it, she had not told the story to her lover's sister. Myra had often wondered how it happened, and could only understand it as the outcome of her own love-intoxication, the moonlight, the perfume of the lilacs, and the mesmeric influence of the slowly swaying leaves. There had come to her a sudden longing to tell her story, — Glory had been doing some of hers in detail, — and its seasoning of sin had added only a keener zest, a spice unknown to Glory's prosy tales, and made the temptation greater. When she had once begun, she entered into it with the self-forgetting passion of the artist, describing its first scenes with picturesque effect, its development with fervor, and its climax and possible tragedy with a dramatic skill that made her a trifle conscious of her own power, even in the telling. "I just wanted to show you a human heart still beating!" she cried, with a sweeping gesture. "That most wonderful vision of all the world!" Glory looked at Myra as if she were afraid her friend had suddenly become deranged. Myra had blushed, remembering that she had plagiarized the words from a story, — the one story that she had ever tried to write, — and laughed at Glory's matter-of-fact surprise and disapproval. She had been so lost in her interest in the story that she had hardly realized how she had betrayed her own past. In truth, it had not come to her fully till her quarrel with Glory, and Glory's threat to tell the story to her brother, then Myra's husband.

"I shall tell him some time — when I'm good and ready," Glory said vindictively, knowing by some evil intuition that the sword that hangs by a thread kills a thousand times.

Myra had gone to her mother to

make confession and ask for comfort after Glory's threat.

"I should n't mind," said Mrs. Axtell. "Cookin' 's what a man cares about most after he 's married, and you do beat anything. You get a knack from the Axtells, I do believe, for mother Axtell had a way with flour that was better 'n mine. She said the first thing to do was to show it you wa'n't afraid of it. An' as for Glory Ann, she 'd quarrel with anybody. I never see nobody like her. She 'd pick a quarrel with Moses himself if he 'd come down, I do believe. As if you had n't a right to speak to Caroline Peck if you wanted to!" she exclaimed indignantly, for it was Myra's defense of a friend that had brought Glory's wrath upon herself. "An' he 's got Elsie!" she added triumphantly. The small Elsie filled so large a part of her own field of vision that one could hardly wonder that she fancied Elsie's existence would atone for anything.

She had ceased her own retrospect now, and watching Myra a minute, as a botanist might scrutinize an unclassified flower, resorted to her old mode of comfort.

"Well, he 's got Elsie," she said.

"Yes," said Myra huskily.

"I don't pretend to make you out," said the mother, "but you 're frettin' yourself old over this; and what good does that do? Next to cookin', a man likes to have a woman have some looks. It 's the same with a plant. You would n't bother with it if it did n't look pretty, would you?"

"But a plant has n't got a soul," said Myra, rather resentfully.

"No, maybe not," replied Mrs. Axtell dubiously. "Of course not," she continued, as if suddenly coming to herself; "who said it had?"

"I 've often thought I 'd tell him myself," said Myra after a while.

"Oh, I would n't tell him," answered Mrs. Axtell quickly. "Wait and see if Glory did. It never pays to

tell a man anything. He 'll seem all right at the time, and afterwards he 'll throw it up to you, when the bakin' 's turned out poor, or your folks have done something that don't suit him. Never tell anybody anything unless you 're in a terrible takin' to have 'em know. They 're bound to find out more 'n what 's good for 'em anyway."

There was such an air of inspired wisdom about Mrs. Axtell's shake of the head that Myra could hardly help smiling, even then.

"Let 's see! How long has he been gone?"

"Three weeks and one day," said Myra.

"Lackin' some odd minutes, I suppose," remarked Mrs. Axtell, with a laugh. "I 'll tell you what 's the matter. You set too much store by him. It never pays to put yourself into anybody's hands like that. Besides, you can always manage any one better when you don't care too much about 'em; and you want all your senses about you when you have a man to look after. There 's Elsie, now! Sometimes seems to me children are a kind o' dispensation to draw off a woman's mind from bein' so set on a man. An' when they 're grown up you have grandchildren to pet, maybe; and if not, there 's always the sew-in' society and the prayer meetin' to fall back on. Never put all your eggs in one basket."

"If I could have told him myself!" said Myra. "I 've tried to. I 've begun, 'There was a girl once'—or 'Once when I was a girl of sixteen'—but it was like trying to run in a dream—I could n't."

"It 's just as well," commented the mother, "though I don't believe Rael would mind anyway. A man don't want an angel for a wife. He 'd be mighty lonesome if he had one. He 'd wish he 'd saved a piece of the apple and given her a taste, I guess," she said, laughing grimly. "There were Deacon Obadiah Spooner and his wife over in

Scranhope, — you don't remember 'em. He was one of the meek, quiet kind, and she was n't; and she said she believed she 'd have thought more of him if he 'd given it back. It was reported she said one time she thought if she 'd been Jezebel she 'd have been glad her husband was Ahab and not Jero—no, no, the other Boam—what was his name? He was one of the good ones, anyway, and Heaven knows they was as scarce as hen's teeth in them days. I would n't worry, daughter," she said in conclusion. "I would n't worry."

"He won't understand," said Myra. "He won't believe a good woman could have ever thought of such a thing. You can't tell a man you 're a good woman. It ain't a matter for tellin'. He has to know of himself. He'll think I've cheated him. It was another woman he married—another woman he's taken care of—another woman that was Elsie's mother."

"Don't take on so," pleaded Mrs. Axtell. "If you had n't been as good and trustin' as a spring lamb it would n't have happened, anyway; and 't wa'n't anything, anyhow. He won't care. You can depend on that. An' you must have surprised him with the cookin'—you did me. I used to imagine he thought I ought to teach you somethin', so you would n't have to practice on him so much after you was married; but I never could get to it, someway. I never liked to see you in the kitchen handlin' dough," she said apologetically. "I liked to see you in a pretty dress in the sittin'-room with a book, or crocheting, or playin' the organ, or pickin' flowers. It's always the way. You raise a girl for yourself, and somebody comes and takes her; and he acts as if all the raisin' had been for him."

"Not that I was ever sorry—in a way," she droned on. "I don't know what would have become of us after father died if it had n't been for Rael. An' the woodshed and coal-bin full

every fall, an' garden sass till I'm tired of the sight of it, an' Rael callin' out 'How are you, mother!' across the road, an' a brown envelope with three dollars in it comin' under the kitchen door every Sunday night as if the good little people brought it, and Elsie."

"I d' know as people ought to talk about investin' their flesh and blood, but it was the best investment we unlucky folks ever made, father and I."

"I often wonder how he'll look when he comes," moaned Myra, who had hardly heeded her mother's talk,—"if he will show the difference in his face. I think of Jane Garner sometimes, and how she went to Europe and saw Mt. Blanc; and I remember when I was a little girl going over there when she came home, kind of awestruck to see her face,—but it was just the same."

"She was a homely thing, anyway," said Mrs. Axtell, rising. "The stage's late to-night, or he would have been here long ago. I guess I'll be steppin' home. Rael will be tired, and won't want to be botherin' with me, anyway. I'll be over to-morrow."

"Don't worry so, Myra," she said, looking around the stove pityingly at her daughter. "He ain't goin' to trouble himself about what happened before the flood. An' maybe Glory has n't told him. I don't see what good it would do her at this late day."

"To keep her word," said Myra.

"Pshaw! 'T ain't likely she's been thinkin' o' that. More likely she's been thinkin' o' her sins. I hope they'll keep a watch on her up above, or she'll be havin' the angels in a fuss."

"There's no use frettin' before you know you've got to, and gettin' the color washed out of your cheeks and the shine out of your eyes, when you'll need 'em most, maybe. Better get an old mullein leaf and rub up your cheeks a bit, and put a little cayenne pepper on your lips. They look as if the blood did n't run in 'em. A man'll forgive a good-lookin' woman a lot more'n he

will a homely one. Have you got anything good for him to eat?"

"N-no," said Myra reluctantly. "I could n't remember about it. I forgot the soda in the cake, and it's like lead; and I forgot the bread, and that's sour."

"Mercy on us!" exclaimed Mrs. Axtell. "That is too bad! I can't help you out, either; I had to get a loaf of the baker myself. I made a lot of molasses cookies a few days ago, but Elsie kind o' took to 'em, an' she's about lived on 'em, I guess. They're gone, anyway. Well, well!" she said meditatively, after a pause.

"Well, I guess I'll take a peek at Elsie before I go." She took the lamp and went through an open door into an adjoining bedroom, Myra following and standing on the threshold. Mrs. Axtell tiptoed silently across the room, and shading the lamp so that it should not disturb the sleeper, bent over the iron crib. A small fair face, as delicate and daintily fashioned as the petals of a flower, and with as little personality as it waited for the chisels of heart and brain, lay on the pillow. The grotesque figure in the great bonnet made a quaint picture, there bending over the child. She might have been one of Elsie's Puritan ancestors returned to watch her sleep. The grandmother's face slowly suffused with pleasure, even so that it threw off some of the effect of the years under the magic of that great restorative, the joy of reincarnation in another life. One hand had strayed outside the patchwork quilt, her own handiwork. She drew the covering gently over it. A single curl had fallen down upon the child's eyes. She brushed it away as if it had been thistledown.

"Looks pale," she whispered, as she moved away.

"Too many cookies," said Myra.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Mrs. Axtell. "I don't believe in crossin' 'em much. Let 'em have what they want and trust 'em to nature, I say."

"Well, I'll be goin'." Now don't fret any more," she said, patting Myra's shoulder in a shy, odd way. "I'll look in to-morrow, and I'm sure it'll be all right. You can know your old mother will be thinkin' of you, anyway." She went out of the door, found the lantern which she always carried at night, even in moonlight, and bending to see her way step by step, picked a path slowly across the street. When she had reached home she turned to wave her lantern toward Myra, as a signal that she was safe. Myra was on the porch, and waited a minute to see the night. It was full of soft magical moonlight, that gave a faint semblance of the day. Though the month was January, the ground was still bare, except for a handful of snow in a pocket of the ground here and there, or a patch of ice which the moonlight turned to satin spar. The trees, cenotaphs from which the life had slipped to find refuge in the root-crypts below, stood bleakly out against the sky, and revealed the secrets of the nests, — homes which the falling of the leaves had laid bare to any curious eye. Myra shivered, but fancied that it was not so much from the cold as from weariness of the death-like gloom. "Oh, will the spring never come?" she thought. It seemed ages since that icy chill had fallen on the sky and that brown quiet on the ground.

A figure coming rapidly along the road made her look again quickly, then creep noiselessly back into the house and close the door without sound. She waited in the sitting-room, all eagerness to learn whether he would come in at the sitting-room door or go round to the kitchen entrance. He came on quickly, his footfall resounding heavily on the frozen ground. As he neared the house he began to whistle a strain of "The harp that once through Tara's halls." Those measures were a signal which they had arranged, so that Myra might always know that it was he who was coming. He passed the sitting-room

and went on toward the kitchen. Then Myra took the lamp and put it on a bracket by the kitchen door, that it might throw a light into the kitchen, yet not so illuminating it that a man could see how pinched and sallow a woman's face had grown. She was panic-stricken as she thought of her mother's words. It seemed to her, too, that she would have given her one diamond, or a day's agony, for a loaf of good bread or a sweet, light cake.

He opened the door quickly, pausing there to look about and call her name.

"Rael," she responded faintly.

"Oh, there you are!" he said, going toward her eagerly with outstretched hand. There was a shy perfunctory kiss, but when he had paid this tribute to conventional forms, he put an arm about her and drew her close.

"Well! Glad to see me?"

"Ye-es."

"Ye-es," he repeated mockingly. "What do you mean by that?" He lifted her face and kissed her cheek so harshly that the blood rushed to meet his lips. "There!" he said. "That's for punishment. Well, how are you and Elsie? I hope you did n't think I took any stock in what you wrote. 'We are very well, and getting on nicely,' " he quoted the words with absurd mimicry. "Always the same. I knew you'd write it as long as you could hold up your head. I was so out of patience once I came near telegraphing to Nate Trask to let me know the worst, — it was enough to make a man suspicious in itself. Elsie asleep?"

"Yes."

"Let's go see her."

They went in and stood together by the crib. The little insubordinate hand had stolen outside on the coverlet again. He drew it gently under the quilt. His big brown face quivered for an instant.

"Come, Myra," he said after a while, "let's go out and see the horses. Put on your duds and come on. I can't let you out of my sight quite yet," he

added, laughing shyly. Myra put on her hood and shawl and went with him to the barn. "It does not seem as if he knew, as if he knew," she told herself over and over, her heart beating time to the measured words.

The horses recognized Rael's step as he opened the door, and whinnied a greeting. He went about patting each one. "How has Jerry treated you, old chaps?" he asked gayly. "I know they've been fed, but I must give them an oat or two just to celebrate." He laughed like a schoolboy as he dealt out the grain.

"Do you know what the new one, Tyrone, said to me the day I went away?"

"What was it?"

"I was out here feeding them, you know, and Tyrone says to me, —

"Is that tall, slight, pretty woman?" — Myra laughed — "that comes out here with apples your wife?"

"Yes," said I.

"She's a little afraid of me, is n't she?"

"I guess she is," said I.

"Well, perhaps it's just as well," said he." Rael laughed mischievously.

"But she is n't afraid of Jack — old Jackie," he said, putting an arm about the head of an old horse that had a stall apart, and laying his cheek against the creature's muzzle. He laughed again, rather consciously, glancing at Myra.

"I can't help it," he said, as he drew her to his side. "I expect to meet him in the other world; and who knows? perhaps he'll say a good word for me to God when I shall need one most. Come, let's go see the cows."

The cows were lying or standing in their stanchions, engaged in the miracle of turning hay to milk with rhythmic motion of their great jaws. Rael called each one by name as he passed along the line, distributing the meal. "There! That's to celebrate!" he said, still laughing, as he put down the measure and went toward Myra.

"Now let's go and get warm and have supper."

It was not till they were in the sitting-room by the stove that they spoke of the sister's death. Myra had moved the lamp so that its light did not shine full upon her chair, and, hidden in that shadow, said hesitatingly, —

"So Glory's gone."

"Yes, Glory's gone," he repeated slowly.

"Did she leave — any message — for — any one, or about any one?" she asked timidly.

"N-no. I don't know as she did specially," he answered thoughtfully. "I believe she mentioned some of the folks she'd quarreled with. I believe she said to tell 'em she forgave 'em — if she did n't get well. It did n't hold if she did, I suppose," he said, checking a smile.

"Not a word — about me?" inquired Myra with a great effort.

"No, not in particular. She asked how you were once or twice. Oh yes — one day at the last she said tell you she could n't keep her word, after all. It was something she was to tell me, I think — I could n't make it out. 'Well, perhaps I'll see you in the morning,' she said, looking kind o' queer. She died that night." He was silent a while, then went on to speak of some of the incidents of his stay.

"His folks wanted Lena, or I'd have brought her home with me. I don't know but as we're all bent on spoiling' Elsie — specially your mother. It would be good for her to have to fight it out with another child of her own age; might take some of the edge off, anyway. Queer how helpless a man feels with a girl baby."

Myra hardly listened; the relief, the joy, was so boundless that it was even hard to bear. Her senses swam under the pressure of it.

"I'd like to tell you that story," she said breathlessly. "I know it. It was about a girl" —

"Well," he said, smiling quizzically, for Myra had paused.

"She thought she cared — for some one" —

"Oh!" he said, laughing. "That ain't uncommon."

"No; but — but — he was" — she shrank bitterly from the word — "married."

"Well, that was unfortunate."

"She went to Boston to meet him," Myra went on rapidly, "but he was n't there — and she came home — and was sorry" —

"Ever afterwards," he said, smiling as he turned to watch her closely a minute.

"Yes," she said, trembling, "I — I was that girl."

"Indeed!" he said quietly. "And what next?"

"There was n't any next. That's all."

"Oh," he said suddenly, "this is what's been troublin' you. I knew there was something. I used to think I'd ask you, but I could n't do it. 'If she wants me to know, she'll tell me,' I thought; and I — I was afraid you were disappointed in your marriage."

"Oh, Rael!"

"I'm very glad you've told me — so long as you might worry, perhaps, till you did tell me," he said, with an odd smile. "Oh!" he exclaimed, changing his tone, "did you get to Stanton after midnight?"

"Yes."

"I saw you, then. I went by the station on the way home from Lucy Springer's," he said, laughing at his own confession, "and I saw a girl come out of the station and start toward the plains. I followed her just far enough away so she would n't know, and near enough to see her safe through. But when she came out of the plains, I thought I'd no business to be spying to see who she was or where she went, so I sat down," he said, laughing at his own Quixotic impulse, "and waited till she was out of

sight. An' it was you! Well, well! I've wondered a thousand times who that girl was — a thousand times! It's a great relief to me to know," he said, laughing. "I suppose," he said, not looking at Myra, "you had forgotten that—that other—when I came to"—

"Oh yes, yes!" she cried huskily.

"That's all right, then. We won't speak of it again. I'm sorry you've worried. You ought to know me better," he added, beating her hand against his knee.

"Oh," she cried, drawing away her hand impulsively, "did I make it plain? quite plain? Did you understand—I was the girl?"

"Why, yes," he said, puzzled. "So you said."

"You—you forgive me?"

"Forgive!" he exclaimed impetuously. "Why, I ain't fit to breathe the same air with you! Strike me, or call me a cur, but don't ask me to forgive you. It makes me want to look around for a knothole to crawl into."

There was a patter of small feet, a falsetto call of "Papa!" and they saw a small, white-robed figure in the doorway.

"Elsie!" he cried, as she came running to his arms. He cuddled her under his coat, and wrapped the folds of her nightgown closely about her feet.

"Whose girl is this?" he asked, "and has she been good all this long time?"

"Co'se," said Elsie, looking a little defiantly at her mother.

"Good every day?"

"Co'se," said Elsie, watching her mother closely.

"I'll tell you, Myra," said he, "I'm hungry. I have n't had any dinner. I was n't going to pay fifty cents for a cup of coffee and a slice of ham, and swallow them whole for fear the train would go off and leave me. It was n't the money, but the bargain instinct in me, you know," he said, laughing. "Do you suppose you could get a fellow some of

those extra superfine griddlecakes of yours?"

"I want a g'iddlecake," said Elsie.

"Of course," said he, laughing a challenge at the mother. "With honey on 'em."

"I want some honey on 'em," repeated Elsie.

"Where are somebody's fig leaves?" he asked. "I'll put 'em on—it's like fitting the parts of a puzzle to do it, but I'll try, while mother bakes the cakes."

"I know how they go," said Elsie.

Myra sat staring at the two as if a film had been woven over her eyes. When it had burned away she saw clearly, and knew that they were still her own, and not those of that other possible Myra, the better woman whose feet had never stumbled among the stones and briars of this world.

She went joyfully to the kitchen, but before she began her work laughed silently—laughed and laughed again, till her frame quivered with the vibration of the mirth. Once more love had chained the dreaded lions in the way, and passing on beyond them, her heart was trying to get some of its arrears of joy as recompense for its needless agony.

She ran to the looking-glass and peered within, to see if indeed she had grown so very old, and rubbed her cheeks to bring back the color; then remembering her mother's suggestion in regard to the cayenne, ran to get it, but hesitated about the righteousness of its use.

"I must n't make another mistake," she thought, "not the tiniest one," reasoning as one who has already used all one soul's allowance of sin; and the cakes waited while reason and conscience took counsel over this important ethical point. Suddenly the memory of Rael's hunger came to her as a reproach; she ran to the stove again, and rattled the lids to let Rael know that she was really at work, while a song rose of its own buoyancy to her lips.

"Oh, don't you remember sweet

Alice, Ben Bolt?" The music floated into the other room, where a man had paused before he began to fumble with the small footwear, and his face had whitened as he muttered between his

closed teeth the one terrible oath of his life. "Curse him! The hound!" he added, his hands closing like steel. "God help him when he comes my way!"

Dora Loomis Hastings.

AUSTRIA AND PAN-GERMANISM.

THE Pan-German synthetic annexation scheme, as it is now defined by prominent advocates and adherents of the movement, embraces not only the German-speaking populations of Austria, but includes in its political orbit Bohemia with its admixture of Czech and Slovak, and the Slavonic and Latin elements of Carniola and Istria, while it aims at the assimilation of the Teutonic cantons of Switzerland.

The state thus formed will number some 70,000,000 of inhabitants, of which 62,000,000 are of German race and speech, 6,000,000 of Czech and Slovak stock, and scant 2,000,000 (on the Adriatic seaboard) of pure Latin or mixed Slavonic origin. This percentage of alien blood, admitted reluctantly and by force of geographical and commercial conditions, is by reason of its density—especially in Bohemia—a source of considerable perturbation to those Pan-Germanists who view the synthetic movement from the ethnological standpoint alone. To the vast majority of practical Pan-Germanists the unavoidable and, in reality, insignificant admixture of races is lost sight of in the splendid opportunity offered by the geographical acquisitions in the Mediterranean basin. Not only do the ports of the German Ocean and the Baltic obtain direct railway connection with those of the Adriatic, but by means of the Danube, and the proposed system of canals uniting that river with the Rhine and other German waterways, a cheap and facile access is secured to the

Black Sea and the "Hinterland" of Asia Minor, while over railways built and controlled by German capital the industrial output of the Fatherland can (within a few years) be advantageously distributed along the shores of the Persian Gulf.

It will be readily understood that such an amalgamation of political, industrial, and commercial interests must entail not only the destruction of the existing political equilibrium of Europe, but radically revolutionize the economic factors regulating the trade channels of the world. The object of the present study is, therefore, to establish, as comprehensively as is feasible in the limited space at my disposal, an appreciation of the national and political solidarity of the Pan-Germanic movement; together with the probable economic results, in so far as they are likely to affect international relations, not excluding those with the United States; and to examine the probabilities of the formation of a European coalition to safeguard the integrity of Austrian territory.

The entrance of the United States as an active participant in international affairs, as well as a competitor in the world's industrial centres, assigns to her diplomacy no vague and sentimental rôle in European politics. President Roosevelt, in his recent message to Congress, expressed the conviction that "whether we desire it or not, we must henceforth recognize that we have international duties no less than international rights."

Nor would it be correct to infer that such responsibilities can be limited to the protection of our interests in the far Orient.

While the present financial crisis in Germany would appear to disprove the arguments of those who contend that the United States is menaced by a dangerous industrial competitor, it would be unwise to underestimate the inevitable and very considerable development which is likely to follow closely upon the materialization of the schemes for a "Greater Germany," so ardently and so pertinaciously advanced by the adherents of Pan-Germanism. The economic struggle will be a fierce and protracted one. It is, moreover, inconceivable that with the declaration of a war of tariffs, and the contest for supremacy in the world's markets, political friendship should coexist. This aspect of the situation is fully understood in Germany, and the realization of the Pan-Germanic principle will undoubtedly find our Teutonic rivals adequately prepared.

The attitude of the United States toward militant Pan-Germanism, together with its schemes for the disruption of the Austrian Empire, cannot therefore be one of indifference.

The commercial aspect of the question is significant, although the nature of our principal exports to Germany to-day precludes any adequate appreciation of the essentially industrial competition which is feared. Statistics show that during the last decade exportations from the United States to Germany increased from 405,000,000 marks in 1890 to 907,000,000 marks in 1899, while the same period registers a shrinkage in German exports to the United States of nearly 40,000,000 marks (416,000,000 in 1890 against 377,000,000 in 1899). Overconfident enthusiasts in the United States will see in these figures reason to snap their fingers at the spectre of German competition, and accuse the writer, perhaps, of "reckless assertion based on groundless assumption." It is probable,

however, that triumphant Pan-Germanism would entail the loss of the major portion of this trade, while it would indubitably mean the total exclusion of American manufactures from the markets of the amalgamated Teutonic states. And such exclusion of American manufactured products would as inevitably follow should triumphant Pan-Germanism take the form of territorial annexation, or assume the temporary disguise of a Zollverein extending to the furthestmost limits of the Austro-Hungarian Empire as it is now constituted. German manufactures have reached a high degree of technical perfection, counterbalanced in the present instance, it is true, by certain economic disadvantages; but these, it is claimed, the practical application of Pan-Germanic theories would speedily overcome. Nor is the expenditure of any considerable rhetorical effort necessary to demonstrate that the partial loss of the raw material at present drawn from the United States need not cripple, or prove unremuneratively onerous to, the industrial manufactures of a commercial nation practically controlling the carrying trade of the eastern Mediterranean and the Orient, which has both sources of supply and markets so readily and cheaply accessible from national emporiums at Trieste and adjacent Adriatic ports, or by means of fluvial communication with the grain and petroleum depositories of Russia.

Mr. Williams in his *Made in Germany* has opened English eyes to a true appreciation of the peril to which British manufactures are exposed. The conditions governing the American output are, of course, very different; yet, given the industrial and political coalition referred to above, and the ability of the American manufacturer to oust his Teuton competitor from the markets of Europe and the near East is at least debatable. The political, industrial, and financial amalgamation — the pooling of the combined interests of 70,000,000

Germans, possessing in a major or minor degree characteristics and aptitudes which have made Germans commercially preëminent the world over, and their competition in many instances irresistible — suggests a problem which Americans, in spite of the vast natural resources at their command, and an apparent unassailable financial preponderance, would be ill advised to ignore.

It is, consequently, this pooling of international interests, not the individual industrial competition of German or Austrian manufactures, which concerns us. Nor need we stop to examine those most intangible of financial wraiths — the “invisible trade balances” — which supposedly regulate the swing of the pendulum in our commercial and social intercourse with Europe, and which some experts assert are not so overwhelmingly in our favor as official figures would indicate.

In one form or another, and through a dozen crises of German history, the Pan-Germanic principle has made itself felt in Central Europe for centuries. Previous to the Congress of Vienna the rulers of Austria had maintained a crushing supremacy in the hierarchy of German princes. After 1815, however, Metternich, and his successors in office, had reason to view with increasing apprehension the unobtrusive growth of the prestige of the House of Hohenzollern, and the gradual obfuscation of the star of the Hapsburgs as a luminary in the darkness of European politics. The cleverly dissimulated policy by means of which Bismarck led Austria to association in the outrage perpetrated in the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein suddenly and rudely opened the eyes of European diplomacy to the magnitude of the peril, and to the realization that the rivalry between the ruling houses had entered upon a phase which must eventually culminate in the supreme struggle for mastery. To a less astute and far-seeing political mind than that

of Bismarck it might have appeared that the humiliations of Austria in 1866 marked the opportune moment for the material triumph of Pan-Germanism together with the apotheosis of the Hohenzollern. An offensive and defensive alliance had been concluded between Prussia and Italy, and Italians were in a mood to be disproportionately grateful for the part played by Prussia in securing the incorporation of the coveted Venetian provinces with the Kingdom of Italy, and already inclined to belittle the importance of French assistance in 1859. A satisfactory arrangement for the disposition of the Trentine — the Italian-speaking Tyrol — would undoubtedly have overcome the scruples of Italian politicians had the victor of Sadowa formulated demands for territorial concessions. Bismarck had, however, too vivid a consciousness of the inevitability of the coming struggle with France to risk the complete alienation of a crippled but still formidable rival, or to excite by a too apparent show of Prussian arrogance the jealous susceptibilities of the rulers of southern Germany, whose sodality formed the corner-stone of the ambitious edifice of United Germany. Nor even after 1870 could the condition of European politics or the internal affairs of the empire have warranted an attempt to coerce the dynastic sympathies of the German-speaking subjects of Francis Joseph.

Those who presaged the foundation of the German Empire as the beginning and not the end of national development looked to Pan-Germanism for the fulfillment of their ambition. Notwithstanding his prudent reserve, or his public opposition to militant international Pan-Germanism, there is ample proof that Bismarck recognized the rational connection between the ambitions of the movement and the commercial requirements of the empire. While, for reasons already given, he discountenanced his royal master's covetousness in 1866, he cease-

lessly labored to guide the forces he could not control. He disclaimed any ambition for the possession of territories the heterogeneous composition of whose populations and the disquieting increase of the Catholic element in national representation would, he judged, prove more detrimental than beneficial. The guiding spirits of to-day belong to a different school, or are perhaps impelled by forces which inexorably constrain a modification of the theories held by a former generation. The value of a sentimental basis in popular action when dealing with adjacent linguistic territories has not been lost sight of; yet, as has been evinced by the policy relentlessly pursued in the French districts of Alsace and Lorraine, official Pan-Germanism is determined to eliminate where it cannot assimilate. "*Salus Germaniæ suprema lex!*" The Slavonic and Latin elements in Carniola and Istria will be counted but infinitesimal obstructions in the broad swath to be cut for Teuton feet to tread from the shores of the Baltic and the German Ocean to the headwaters of the Adriatic.

Meanwhile prudent conservative Pan-Germanism relies on the numerous international associations founded for the propaganda of its tenets. A host of such societies, political, religious, or economic, all more or less openly and avowedly connected with the movement, exert unmolested their seditious influence within Austrian territory. Mindful of Bismarck's warnings, and with the memories of the "*Kulturkampf*" still so fresh, the workers in Austria strive to combine the religious with the political Protestantism of the Pan-Germanic principle. Seeking to minimize the inconveniences of a disproportionate Catholic parliamentary representation, the "*Gustav-Adolf Verein*" alone distributed in 1894 nearly 6,000,000 marks in its propaganda in about 600 evangelistic communes of Cisleithania. "*Los von Rom*" is the battle cry of the Pan-Germanists

of the Fatherland; and the Austrian society of that name is generously subsidized from the coffers of the associations beyond the Danube. "Be free; be Germans, and therewith also Protestants!" is the consecrated formula accompanying the printed exhortations scattered broadcast within Austrian dominions by the numerous emulators of the "*Alldeutscher Verband*" in their eagerness for religious and political proselytism.

With Austrian Catholics the principle of "nationalism," exalted by the alluring potentialities of the "*Weltpolitik*," while it may not destroy the devotional attitude toward Rome, goes far to counterbalance secular influences emanating from the Vatican. While the necessity for a "Greater Germany" is perhaps less universally felt in Austria, it would be a mistake to suppose that the industrial and commercial classes alone anticipate a beneficent revival as the result of the political and economic broadening of the national horizon. Official, parliamentary, and private life alike contain and disseminate the germs of the principle — at once destructive and constructive — of Pan-Germanism. The industrial depression, or more correctly stagnation, from which Austria is now suffering would explain in a measure the attitude toward Pan-Germanism of those who discern amongst its benefits a remedy for overproduction, did not, indeed, a more careful scrutiny of the existing crisis lead to the conviction that the Austrian manufacturer, in the competition of the open markets of a "Greater Germany" with northern rivals immeasurably his financial superiors, must inevitably succumb. On the other hand the motives which sway the official and aristocratic sympathizers with the movement, while more complex and elusive, are probably also more disinterestedly "nationalist," and prompted by racial affinities. However this may be the subserviency of the political to the economic importance attached to Pan-Ger-

manism in Austria affects but imperceptibly the significance of the movement in its entity, and is the result of individual surroundings rather than of divergence of opinion on fundamental principles.

The suppression of political and economic barriers between the Teuton nations must of necessity be of vast import to the whole of continental Europe; but to no country would the triumph of Pan-Germanism constitute a more direct menace than to Italy.

The policy followed by the Austro-Hungarian government on the coast and in the hinterland of the lower Adriatic is construed by Italians as a moral preparation for territorial compensation in that direction for losses in another. A note of warning was recently sounded in the Italian Parliament by Signor Guicciardini, who significantly protested that Italy could never permit the absorption of Albania "by a first-rate power, or by a second-rate power which belongs to the political system of a first-rate power." And he specifically insisted that the occupation of the ports of Valona and Durazzo, both magnificent natural harbors capable of development as military strongholds, must constitute a serious menace to the preëemptive rights and privileges of Italy in the land-locked waters of the Adriatic. Nevertheless the international character of the intrigues fomented in the Adriatic and lower Balkan peninsula is but imperfectly discerned. Abuse is freely heaped by Italian politicians and the press upon the Vatican, which is popularly credited with the instigation and secret advancement of Austro-Hungarian covetousness. So eager are the anti-clericals to detect evidences of the baneful influences of the Vatican and its efforts to attain the disintegration of Italian national unity, that the true purport of Pan-Germanism is overlooked, and the essential principles which guide the colossal movement are missed.

Italy's commercial decadence in the

Adriatic is unfortunately only too apparent. The condition of affairs at Venice, Ancona, Bari, and Brindisi is most unsatisfactory. The Queen of the Adriatic, fallen from her high estate, now ranks sixteenth in the order of importance of Italian seaports. But although the ascendancy of Genoa is accountable for a corresponding wane of Venetian prosperity, owing to the partial deflection of her former trade, many are found who aver that cause and effect must be sought outside the limitations of commerce.

No refinement of hypercriticism, however, can neutralize the significance of the situation when comparison is drawn between Venice and Trieste. Here the geographical conditions demanded by modern trade requirements are practically similar, what slight advantage exists pointing rather toward Venice, which possesses more direct and shorter railway connection with important Central European emporiums. Yet while Trieste registers a steadily increasing gross tonnage, which in 1899 had attained a total of 4,354,000, Venice varied between an annual register of 2,407,000 in 1895 and 2,773,000 in 1899. The latter figure has, however, dwindled, according to statistics for 1900, to 1,260,000.

Gradually the fine fleets of the Austrian Lloyd and the Adria have driven competitors from the Adriatic, and with them the smaller Hungarian-Croatians and Ragusa now practically monopolize the coasting trade, and maintain international communication with the eastern fringe of those inland waters formerly termed comprehensively the "Gulf of Venice." Numerically their combined fleets outnumber the Italians four to one, while in the case of the Austrian Lloyd the larger vessels which ply between Trieste, Brindisi, and the far East compare favorably with those of the great European lines.

Nor is this exodus from the waters of the Adriatic confined to Italian shipping

alone. Venice, Ancona, and Brindisi have recently been abandoned by the vessels of the great British "Peninsula and Oriental" Company, notwithstanding the subsidies accorded by the Italian government.

Austrian commercial supremacy in the Adriatic has been acquired by the investment of large capital, attracted and encouraged by generous subsidies ungrudgingly granted by the state to enterprises calculated to develop not only commercial resources, but political influences. With this object constantly in view the national expenditure of vast sums on steamship lines of doubtful commercial value, and the construction of strategical as well as industrial railways through the Adriatic hinterland, has been deemed sound political investment. In the near future direct railway communication will be opened between the provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina and the Gulf of Salonika, isolating Albania from the rest of the Turkish continental dominions. A branch line now connects the Dalmatian coast with Serajevo and Buda-Pest, and others calculated to afford ready access to the sea are being pushed forward.

Although excessive apprehension leads some critics to conclusions which cannot be substantiated by an analysis of the facts as at present known, there would seem small reason to question the activity of Pan-Germanism in shaping the policy adopted in the Adriatic basin. Moreover, it may be asserted with tolerable certitude that this influence will continue to be exerted with a view to the eviction of such vestiges of Italian commercial autonomy as still survive, together with the gradual absorption of international, political, and economic interests.

Turning to the field of political and social forces, it will be seen that the peril which threatens the realm of the Hapsburgs, although primarily founded on racial affinities, is to-day complicated

with problems quite beside the original scope of Pan-Germanism. Undoubtedly a certain number still cling to the fundamental principles of their doctrine; but the large majority lend their individual support to the propaganda with motives of an essentially material nature. This is proved, as we have seen, by the fact that the Pan-Germanist of to-day — very generally, if not universally — subordinates the synthetic and ethnological profession of his creed to the geographically advantageous commercial aspect.

In Austria the disaffection of an influential minority of the subjects of Francis Joseph does not in itself necessarily presage the disruption of that heterogeneous empire; yet it would be fallacious to suppose that the prevalent Pan-Slav agitation is without significance, although its aims and aspirations are not disloyal to the reigning house. In the words of an English critic¹ the Slav population may have lax notions of subordination, and be disposed to "treat their Emperor as a Neapolitan treats the image of his favorite saint;" but at most they only wish to control him, not to part from him. Nor are the Czechs anti-dynastic; neither do they aspire to make Austria a Czech empire. The Polish elements in Galicia, constituting nearly one half of the population of that province, or about 4,000,000 souls, sympathize more closely with their Austrian masters than with either their German or Russian neighbors. With these Pan-Germanism has no sentimental significance; yet to them an economic federation of Central Europe might mean much.

The crisis which will precipitate the solution of this great political, social, and economic problem cannot long be deferred. It is hardly conceivable that — although sacred as a doctrine of government — the voice of the Pan-Germanic people will be passively accepted by diplomacy as the voice of God.

The shifting sands of European pol-

¹ The Spectator, December 14, 1901.

itics make it unprofitable to speculate on the alliances or coalitions which may be called into existence within the next three or four years. In a recent article, entitled *Will Italy renew the Triple Alliance*,¹ I endeavored to outline the advantages and disadvantages to Italy as a partner in this compact, and hinted that its renewal was already compromised by the ambiguous policy adopted by the Austro-Hungarian government in the eastern Adriatic. France, Italy, Russia, England, and presumably the United States, will make their voices heard, singly or collectively. Pan-Germanists are fully aware that they will be called upon to vindicate any attempt at the practical application of their theories by force of arms. Three years hence (1905) Germany will be in a position to assert herself at sea as well as on land. Until that date, and as long after as circumstances necessitate, the Pan-Germanic propaganda will be unceasingly carried forward, for the issue is one of vital importance to the very existence of the state, and admits of no drawing back.

A word in conclusion. It would be a grave error for Americans to suppose

that the focus of human energy has been displaced from the Old World to the New, and that the manufactures of continental Europe are doomed to speedy decay. The present economic crisis in Germany is due to local conditions which even limited expansion would obviate. Foreign manufacturers are becoming more universally convinced of the superiority and economy of American methods, and their adoption is spreading rapidly. Flattering as this may be as a tribute to American ingenuity, it constitutes fresh cause for apprehension when the difference in the scale of wages and living is considered.

With the formation of an economic federation of Central Europe the United States is powerless to interfere; but the geographical and political disruption of Austria for the glorification of Pan-Germanism, and the opportunities for the exercise of the "Weltpolitik" of the "Greater Germany" thus formed, is an issue which must call for the active intervention of the world powers, amongst which the United States has assumed so important a place, and corresponding responsibilities.

Remsen Whitehouse.

THE HUMANITIES.

It was with something of the spirit of true prophecy that Herbert Spencer proclaimed in his work on Education the approaching triumph of science over art and literature. Science, he said, was to reign supreme, and was no longer to be the "household drudge" who had "been kept in the background that her haughty sisters might flaunt their fripperies in the eyes of the world." The tables indeed have been turned so completely that art and literature have not only ceased to be "haughty," but have

¹ The Atlantic Monthly, December, 1901.

often been content to become the humble handmaids of science. It is to this eagerness of the artistic imagination to don the livery of science that we already owe the "experimental" novel. A Harvard Commencement speaker last June promised us that we are soon to have poetry that shall be less "human" and more "biological." While awaiting these biological bards of the future, we may at least deal scientifically with the poets of the past if we are to trust the title of a recently published *Laboratory Method* for the

study of poetry. Many of us nowadays would seem to be convinced with the French naturalist, that if happiness exists anywhere it will be found at the bottom of a crucible. Renan regretted in his old age that he had spent his life on so unprofitable a subject as the history of Christianity instead of the physical sciences. For the proper study of mankind is not man, but chemistry; or perhaps our modern attitude might be more correctly defined as an attempt to study man by the methods of physics and chemistry. We have invented laboratory sociology, and live in a nightmare of statistics. Language interests us, not for the absolute human values it expresses, but only in so far as it is a collection of facts and relates itself to nature. With the invasion of this hard literalness the humanities themselves have ceased to be humane. I was once told as convincing proof of the merit of a certain classical scholar that he had twenty thousand references in his card catalogue.

The humanism of the Renaissance was a protest against the excesses of the ascetic. Now that science aspires to be all in all, somewhat after the fashion of theology in the Middle Ages, the man who would maintain the humane balance of his faculties must utter a similar protest against the excesses of the analyst in whom a "literal obedience to facts has extinguished every spark of that light by which man is truly man." In its mediæval extreme, the human spirit strove to isolate itself entirely from outer nature in a dream of the supernatural; it now tends to the other extreme, and strives to identify itself entirely with the world of phenomena. The spread of this scientific positivism with its assimilation of man to nature has had especially striking results in education. Some of our higher institutions of learning are in a fair way to become what a certain eminent scholar thought universities should be, "great scientific workshops." The

rare survivors of the elder generation of humanists must have a curious feeling of loneliness and isolation.

The time has perhaps come, not so much to react against this nineteenth-century naturalism, as to define and complete it; and especially to insist on its keeping within proper bounds. The nature-cult is in danger of being pushed too far, not only in its scientific but in its sentimental form. The benefits and blessings that Herbert Spencer promises us from the scientific analysis of nature are only to be matched by those that Wordsworth promises from sentimental communion with nature.

"One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good
Than all the sages can."

The sentimental and the scientific worship of nature, however far apart they may be at some other points, have much in common when viewed in relation to our present subject — their effect on college education. The former working up into the college from the kindergarten, and the latter working downward from the graduate school, seem likely between them to leave very little of the humane ideal. The results are sometimes curious when the two tendencies actually meet. I once overheard a group of undergraduates in search of "soft" courses discussing whether they should elect a certain course in Old Egyptian. The exaggerations of Wordsworth and Herbert Spencer may have served a purpose in overcoming a counter-excess of tradition and conventionalism. But now the nature-cult itself is degenerating into a kind of cant. The lover of clear thinking cannot allow to pass unchallenged many of the phrases that the votaries of the Goddess Natura have come to utter so glibly, such phrases, for instance, as "obedience to nature" and "natural methods." The word nature — covering as it does both the human world and the world of phe-

nomena — has been a source of intellectual confusion almost from the dawn of Greek philosophy to the present day. To borrow an example from French literature, it is equally in the name of "nature" that La Fontaine humanizes his animals, and that Zola bestializes his men. By juggling with the twofold meaning of the word, Renan arrived only a few years ago at his famous dictum that "nature does not care for chastity."

It is a disquieting fact that Rousseau, the man whose influence is everywhere in the new education, was remarkable for nothing so much as his inability to distinguish between nature and human nature. He counts among his disciples all those who, like him, trust to the goodness of "nature," and so tend to identify the ideal needs of the individual with his temperamental leaning; who exalt instinct and idiosyncrasy; who, in their endeavor to satisfy the variety of temperaments, would push the principle of election almost down to the nursery, and devise, if possible, a separate system of education for every individual. For we are living in a privileged age, when not only every man, as Dr. Donne sang, but every child

"thinks he hath got

To be a Phoenix, and that there can be
None of that kind, of which he is, but he."

Our educators, in their anxiety not to thwart native aptitudes, encourage the individual in an inbreeding of his own temperament which, beginning in the kindergarten, is carried upward through the college by the elective system, and receives its final consecration in his specialty. We are all invited to abound in our own sense, and to fall in the direction in which we lean. Have we escaped from the pedantry of authority and prescription which was the bane of the old education, only to lapse into the pedantry of individualism? One is sometimes tempted to acquiesce in Luther's comparison of mankind to a drunken peasant on horse-

back, who, if propped up on one side, slips over on the other. What would seem desirable at present is not so much a Tory reaction toward the old ideal as a sense of measure to save us from an opposite excess, — from being entirely "disconnected," as Burke has expressed it, "into the dust and powder of individuality." The need of discipline and community of ideal enters into human nature no less than the craving for a free play of one's individual faculties. This need the old curriculum, with all its faults, did something to satisfy. According to Dean Briggs, discipline is often left in the new education to athletics; and athletics also meet in part the need for fellowship and communion. However much members of the same college may be split up in their intellectual interests by different electives, they can at least commune in an intercollegiate football game. Yet there should likewise be a place for some less elemental form of communion; so many of the very forces in the modern world that make for material union would seem at the same time to tend toward spiritual isolation. In this as in other respects we are at the furthest remove from mediæval Europe when men were separated by almost insuperable obstacles in time and space, but were knit together by a common ideal. When it comes to the deeper things of life, the members of a modern college faculty sometimes strike one, in Emersonian phrase, as a collection of "infinitely repellent particles." The mere fact that men once read the same books at college was no slight bond of fellowship. Two men who have taken the same course in Sophocles have at least a fund of common memories and allusions; whereas if one of them elect a course in Ibsen instead of Sophocles, they will not only have different memories, but, so far as they are touched by the spirit of their authors, different ideals. Only a pure radical can imagine that it is an

unmixed gain for education to be so centrifugal, or that the outer and mechanical devices that are being multiplied to bring men together can take the place of this deeper understanding.

The sentimental naturalist would claim the right to elect Ibsen instead of Sophocles simply because he finds Ibsen more "interesting;" he thus obscures the idea of liberal culture by denying that some subjects are more humane than others in virtue of their intrinsic quality, and quite apart from individual tastes and preferences. The scientific naturalist arrives at the same result by his tendency to apply only quantitative tests and to translate everything into terms of power. President Eliot remarks significantly that the old distinction between the degrees of Bachelor of Arts and Bachelor of Science "is fading away, and may soon disappear altogether, for the reason that the object in view with candidates for both degrees is fundamentally the same, namely, — training for power." Our colleges are very much taken up at present with the three years' scheme, but what a small matter this is, after all, compared with the change in the degree itself from a qualitative basis to a quantitative and dynamic one! If some of our educational radicals have their way, the A. B. degree will mean merely that a man has expended a certain number of units of intellectual energy on a list of elective studies that may range from boiler-making to Bulgarian; the degree will simply serve to measure the amount and intensity of one's intellectual current and the resistance overcome; it will become, in short, a question of intellectual volts and amperes and ohms. Here again what is wanted is not a hard and fast hierarchy of studies, but a sense of measure that will save us from the opposite extreme, from the democratic absurdity of asserting that all studies are and by right should be free and equal. The rank of studies will finally be deter-

mined, not by the number of intellectual foot pounds they involve, but by the nearness or remoteness of their relation to that essential nature of man, the boundaries of which by no means coincide with the boundaries of physical nature: —

... "man hath all which Nature hath, but more,

And in that *more* lie all his hopes of good."

The future will perhaps arrive at a classification of studies as more or less humane. However desirable this humane revival may be, we should not hope to bring it about mechanically by proposing some brand-new scheme of educational reform. For this would be to fall into the great error of the age, and attempt to create the spirit by means and appliances instead of taking as our very point of departure the doctrine that man is greater than machinery. The hope for the humane spirit is not in the munificence of millionaires, but in a deeper and more earnest reflection on the part of individuals. Emerson's address on the American Scholar is a plea for a humanism that shall rest on pure intuition; the only drawback to Emerson's programme is that he assumes genius in his scholar, and genius of a rare kind at that. On the other hand, a humanism so purely traditional as that of Oxford and the English universities has, along with elements of great strength, certain obvious weaknesses. Perhaps the chief of these is that it seems, to the superficial observer at least, to have forgotten real for conventional values, — the making of a man for the making of a gentleman. Herbert Spencer writes of this English education: "As the Orinoco Indian puts on his paint before leaving his hut, . . . so, a boy's drilling in Latin and Greek is insisted on, not because of their intrinsic value, but that he may have the 'education of a gentleman.'" All that may be affirmed with certainty is that if the humane

ideal appear at all in the future, it must in the very nature of things be more a matter of individual insight and less a matter of tradition than heretofore. Our age has seen a weakening of every form of traditional authority that has some analogy with what took place in the Greece of Pericles. One may perhaps say without pushing the analogy too far, that we are confronted with the same alternative: either to attain to the true individualism of Socrates, the first of the humanists as he has been called, or else to fall away into the intellectual and moral impressionism of the sophists. Unpleasant signs of this impressionism have already appeared in our national theatre and newspaper press, in our literary criticism and popular novel. Are we to be impressionists in education also? The firmness of the American's faith in the blessings of education is only equaled by the vagueness of his ideas as to the kind of education to which these blessings are annexed. It is hard to consider our prodigious educational activity — the laboratories and committees and conventions and endowments — without being reminded at times of the words of Sir Joshua Reynolds: "A provision of endless apparatus, a bustle of infinite inquiry and research, may be employed to evade and shuffle off real labor — the real labor of thinking."

Changes may very well be made in the mere form of the A. B. degree, provided we are careful to retain its humane aspiration. But through lack of clear thinking we seem likely to forget the true function of the college as opposed to the graduate school on the one hand and the preparatory school on the other. This slighting of the college is also due in part to German influences. Some of our educational theorists would be willing to unite the upper part of the college course with the graduate school and surrender the first year or two of it to the preparatory

school, thus arriving at a division similar to the German gymnasium and university. This division is logical if we believe with Professor Münsterberg that there are but two kinds of scholars, "receptive" and "productive" scholars, — those who discover knowledge, and those who "distribute" it; and if we also agree with him in thinking that we need give "the boy of nineteen nothing different in principle from what the boy of nine receives." But the youth of nineteen does differ from the boy of nine in one important particular, — he has become more capable of reflection. This change from the receptive to the reflective and assimilative attitude of mind is everything from the humane point of view, and contains in fact the justification of the college. Professor Münsterberg stigmatizes our college scholarship not only as "receptive," but as "passive" and "feminine" (though, to be sure, this bad state of affairs has been somewhat mended of late by the happy influence of Germany). But this is simply to overlook that humane endeavor which it is the special purpose of the college to foster — that effort of reflection, virile above all others, to coördinate the scattered elements of knowledge, and relate them not only to the intellect but to the will and character; that subtle alchemy by which mere learning is transmuted into culture. The task of assimilating what is best in the past and present, and adapting it to one's own use and the use of others, so far from lacking in originality, calls for something akin to creation. Professor Münsterberg regards the relation between the productive scholar and the college teacher as about that between an artist like Sargent and a photographer. He goes on to say that "the purely imitative thinker may make a most excellent teacher. Any one who has a personality, a forcible way of presentation, and an average intellect will be able to be a fine teacher of any subject at six weeks' notice."

This German notion of knowledge as something that is dumped down on one mind and then "distributed" in the same mechanical fashion to other minds is precisely what we need to guard against. The ambition of the true college teacher is not to "distribute" knowledge to his students, not "to lodge it with them," as Montaigne says, "but to marry it to them and make it a part of their very minds and souls." We shall have paid a heavy price for all the *strengwissenschaftliche Methode* we have acquired from Germany if it makes us incapable of distinguishing between mere erudition and true scholarship.

Granting, then, that the receptive attitude of mind must largely prevail in the lower schools, and that the productive scholar should have full scope in the graduate school, the college, if it is to have any reason at all for existing separately, must stand, not for the advancement but the assimilation of learning, and for the perpetuation of culture. This distinction is fairly obvious, and one would be almost ashamed to recall it, did it not seem to be overlooked by some of the men who are doing the most to mould American education. President Harper, for example, in his address on the future of the small college, proposes that some of these colleges be reduced to the rank of high schools, that others be made into "junior colleges" (in due subordination to the larger institutions, and taking the student only to the end of the sophomore year), and that others justify their existence by cultivating specialties. The great universities, for their part, are to be brought into closer relations with one another so as to form a sort of educational trust. Now, President Harper is evidently right in thinking that the small colleges are too numerous, and that no one would be the loser if some of them were reduced to the rank of high schools. Yet he scarcely makes mention in all his scheme of

what should be the real aim of the small college that survives, namely, to teach a limited number of standard subjects vivified and informed by the spirit of liberal culture. From whatever side we approach them, these new theories are a menace to the small college. Thus the assumption that a student is ready for unlimited election immediately on completing his preparatory course puts at a manifest disadvantage all save a very few institutions. For only a few institutions have the material resources that will permit them to convert themselves into educational Abbeys of Thelème and write over their portals the inviting legend: Study what you like. The best of the small colleges will render a service to American education if they decide to make a sturdy defense of the humane tradition instead of trying to rival the great universities in displaying a full line of educational novelties. In the latter case, they may become third-rate and badly equipped scientific schools, and so reenact the fable of the frog that tried to swell itself to the size of the ox.

The small colleges will be fortunate if, like the Virgilian farmers, they appreciate their own advantages; if they do not fall into the naturalistic fallacy of confusing growth in the human sense with mere expansion; if they do not allow themselves to be overawed by size and quantity, or hypnotized by numbers. Even though the whole world seem bent on living the quantitative life, the college should remember that its business is to make of its graduates men of quality in the real and not the conventional meaning of the term. In this way it will do its share toward creating that aristocracy of character and intelligence that is needed in a community like ours to take the place of an aristocracy of birth, and to counteract the tendency toward an aristocracy of money. A great deal is said nowadays about the democratic spirit that should pervade our colleges. This is

true if it means that the college should be in profound sympathy with what is best in democracy. It is false if it means, as it often does, that the college should level down and suit itself to the point of view of the average individual. Some of the arguments advanced in favor of a three years' course imply that we can afford to lower the standard of the degree, provided we thereby put it within reach of a larger number of students. But from the standpoint of the college one thoroughly cultivated person should be more to the purpose than a hundred persons who are only partially cultivated. The final test of democracy, as Tocqueville has said, will be its power to produce and encourage the superior individual. Because the claims of the average man have been slighted in times past, does it therefore, follow that we must now slight the claims of the superior man? We cannot help thinking once more of Luther's comparison. The college can only gain by close and sympathetic contact with the graduate school on the one hand, and the lower schools on the other, provided it does not forget that its function is different from either. The lower schools should make abundant provision for the education of the average citizen, and the graduate school should offer ample opportunity for specialization and advanced study; the prevailing spirit of the college, however, should be neither humanitarian nor scientific, — though these elements may be largely represented, — but humane and, in the right sense of the word, aristocratic.

In thus sketching out an ideal it costs nothing, as a French writer remarks, to make it complete and pretentious. One reason why we are likely to fall so far short of our ideal in practice is the difficulty, as things now are, of finding the right kind of college teacher. Professor Münsterberg praises his German teachers because they never aspired to be more than enthusiastic specialists, and

he adds that "no one ought to teach in a college who has not taken his doctor's degree." This opinion is also held by many Americans, and hence the fetish worship of the doctor's degree on the part of certain college presidents. But one may shine as a productive scholar, and yet have little or nothing of that humane insight and deeper reflection that can alone give meaning to all subjects, and is especially appropriate in a college teacher. The work that leads to the doctor's degree is a constant temptation to sacrifice one's growth as a man to one's growth as a specialist. We must be men before being entomologists. The old humanism was keenly alive to the loss of mental balance that may come from knowing any one subject too well. It was perhaps with some sense of the dangers of specialization that the ancient flute-player replied to King Philip who wished to argue a point of music with him: "God forbid that your majesty should know as much about these things as I do." This fear of a lopsided specialism was finally conventionalized into a polite prejudice. "Perfect good-breeding," says Dr. Johnson, "consists in having no particular mark of any profession, but a general elegance of manners." England is perhaps the only country in which something of this ideal of the elegant amateur — "*l'honnête homme qui ne se pique de rien*" — has survived to our own day. Compared with the Germans, the English still are, as some one recently called them, a nation of amateurs. However, they have had reason to learn of late that a "general elegance of manners" can no longer take the place of the closest attention to technical details. A revulsion of feeling has followed, and one might imagine from the tone of some recent English articles that the writers would like to see Oxford converted into a polytechnic school. The whole problem is a most difficult one: the very conditions of modern life require us nearly all to be experts and

specialists, and this makes it the more necessary that we should be on our guard against that maiming and mutilation of the mind that come from overabsorption in one subject. Every one remembers the passage in which Darwin confesses with noble frankness that his humane appreciation of art and poetry had been impaired by a one-sided devotion to science.

We should at least insist that the college teacher of ancient or modern literature be something more than a mere specialist. To regard a man as qualified for a college position in these subjects simply because he has investigated some minute point of linguistics or literary history — this, to speak plainly, is preposterous. If we are told that this is a necessary test of his originality and mastery of method, we should reply that as much originality is needed for assimilation as for production, far more, indeed, than enters into the mechanical compilations so often accepted for doctors' theses in this country and Germany. This outcry about originality is simply the scientific form of that pedantry of individualism, so rampant at the present hour, which, in its sentimental form, leads as we have seen to an exaggerated respect for temperament and idiosyncrasy. One of the surest ways of being original nowadays, since that is what we are all straining after so anxiously, would be simply to become a well-read man (in the old-fashioned sense of the term), to have a thorough knowledge and imaginative appreciation of what is really worth while in the literature of the past. The candidate for the doctor's degree thinks he can afford to neglect this general reading and reflection in the interests of his own private bit of original research. This pedantic straining after originality is especially flagrant in subjects like the classics, where, more than elsewhere, research should be subordinated to humane assimilation. What are we to think of the classical student who sets

out to write his thesis on the ancient horse-bridle or the Roman door-knob before he has read widely, much less assimilated, the masterpieces of Greece and Rome? Unfortunately, this depreciation of assimilative and reflective scholarship falls in with what is most superficial in our national temperament, — our disregard for age and experience in the race or the individual, our small esteem for the "ancient and permanent sense of mankind" as embodied in tradition, our prejudice in favor of young men and new ideas. In our attitude toward age and tradition, some of us seem bent on going as far in one direction as the Chinese have gone in the other. Youth has already come to be one of the virtues chiefly appreciated in a minister of the gospel! Tocqueville remarks that the contempt for antiquity is one of the chief dangers of a democracy, and adds with true insight that the study of the classics therefore has special value for a democratic community. In point of fact, the classical teacher could attempt no higher task than this imaginative interpretation of the past to the present. It is to be accounted one of the chief disasters to our higher culture that our classical teachers as a body have fallen so far short of this task, that they have come instead so entirely under the influence of the narrowest school of German philology, the school of Lachmann and Gottfried Hermann. The throng of scholiasts and commentators whom Voltaire saw pressing about the outer gates of the Temple of Taste now occupy the sanctuary. The only hope for the future of classical studies is in a quite radical change of direction and, first of all, in an escape from their present isolation. For instance, a better test than the doctor's degree of a man's fitness to teach classics in the average college would be an examination designed to show the extent and thoroughness of his reading in the classical language and his power to relate this knowledge to modern life and lit-

erature. This foundation once laid, the research instinct might develop naturally in those who have a turn for research, instead of being developed, as it is now, in all alike under artificial pressure. But it is hardly probable that our classical teachers will welcome any such suggestion. For, unlike the old humanists as they may be in most other respects, they still retain something of their pride and exclusiveness; they are still careful to remind us by their attitude that Latin and Greek are *litteræ humaniores*, however little they do to make good the claim to this proud distinction. They may be compared to a man who inherits a great name and estate, the possession of which he does not sufficiently justify by his personal achievement.

The teaching of the classics will gain fresh interest and vitality by being brought into close contact with mediæval and modern literature; we should hasten to add that the teaching of modern languages will gain immensely in depth and seriousness by being brought into close contact with the classics. Neither condition is fulfilled at present. The lack of classical teachers with an adequate foreground and of modern language teachers with an adequate background is one of the chief obstacles to a revival of humane standards. Yet nothing could be more unprofitable under existing conditions than the continuance in any form of the old quarrel of the Ancients and Moderns. "I prefer the philosophy of Montaigne," says Charles Francis Adams in his address on the College Fetish, "to what seem to me the platitudes of Cicero." As though it were possible to have a full understanding of Montaigne without a knowledge of the "platitudes" of Cicero, and the whole of Latin literature into the bargain! The teacher of French especially, if he would avoid superficiality, needs to be steadied and ballasted by a thorough classical training. It is so much easier to interest a class

in Rostand than in Racine that he is in constant danger of falling into a cheap contemporaneousness. A French instructor in an Eastern college told me that as a result of long teaching of his subject he had come to know the *Trois Mousquetaires* better than any other work in all literature; and the *Trois Mousquetaires* is a masterpiece compared to other texts that have appeared, texts whose literary insignificance is often equaled only by the badness of the editing. The commercialism of the great publishers works hand in hand here with the impressionism of modern language teachers, so that the undergraduate of to-day sometimes has the privilege of reading a novel of Georges Ohnet where a generation ago he would have read Plato.

Those who have faith in either ancient or modern languages as instruments of culture should lose no time in healing their minor differences if they hope to make head against their common enemies,— the pure utilitarians and scientific radicals. Herbert Spencer, who may be taken as the type of these latter, holds that scientific analysis is a prime necessity of life, whereas art and literature are only forms of "play," the mere entertainment of most of our idle moments. And he concludes in regard to these subjects: "As they occupy the leisure part of life, so should they occupy the leisure part of education." That this doctrine which reduces art and literature to a sort of dilettanteism should find favor with pure naturalists is not surprising. The case is more serious when it is also accepted, often unconsciously perhaps, by those who are working in what should be the field of literature. Many of the students of linguistics who have intrenched themselves in our college faculties are ready to grant a place to literature as an occasional relaxation from the more serious and strenuous labors of philological analysis. Only a man must not be too interested in literature under penalty of

being thought a dilettante. A young philologist once said to me of one of his colleagues: "He is almost a dilettante—he reads Dante and Shakespeare." It is perhaps the Spencerian view of art that accounts also for a curious predilection I have often noticed in philologists for vaudeville performances and light summer fiction. Certain teachers of literature, it must be confessed,—especially teachers of English,—seem to have a similar conception of their rôle, and aspire to be nothing more than graceful purveyors of æsthetic solace, and arbiters of the rhetorical niceties of speech. The philologist and the dilettante are equally far from feeling and making others feel that true art and literature stand in vital relation to human nature as a whole, that they are not, as Spencer's theory implies, mere refined modes of enjoyment, mere titillations of the æsthetic sensibility. Some tradition of this deep import of humane letters for the higher uses of man was maintained, along with other knowledge of value, in the old college curriculum. Now that this humane tradition is weakening, the individual, left to his own resources, must seek a substitute for it in humane reflection.

In other words, — and this brings us once more to the central point of our discussion,—even if we sacrifice the letter of the old Bachelor of Arts degree, we should strive to preserve its spirit. This spirit is threatened at present in manifold ways,—by the upward push of utilitarianism and kindergarten methods, by the downward push of professionalism and specialization, by the almost irresistible pressure of commercial and industrial influences. If we sacrifice both the letter and the spirit of the degree, we should at least do so deliberately, and not be betrayed through

mere carelessness into some educational scheme that does not distinguish sufficiently between man and an electric dynamo. The time is above all one for careful thinking and accurate definition. Money and enthusiasm, excellent as these things are, will not take the place of vigorous personal reflection. This, it is to be feared, will prove unwelcome doctrine to the ears of an age that hopes to accomplish its main ends by the appointment of committees, and has developed, in lieu of real communion among men, nearly every form of gregariousness. Professor Münsterberg thinks that our highest ambition should be to rival Germany in productive scholarship. To this end he would have us establish a number of twenty-five-thousand-dollar professorships, and appoint to them our most meritorious investigators and masters of scientific method; in addition he would have us heap on these chosen heroes of research every manner of honor and distinction. But he will seriously mislead us if he persuades us that productive scholarship is our chief educational problem. Important as this is, we must insist that a far more important problem just now is to determine the real meaning and value of the A. B. degree. However, we should be grateful to Professor Münsterberg for one thing: in dealing with these fundamentals of education, he is refreshingly free from that indolent and impressionistic habit of mind that so often marks our own manner of treating them. He does us a service in forcing us to search more carefully into our own ideas if only in order to oppose him. Almost any opinion that has been thoroughly thought out is better than a mush of impressionism. For, as Bacon has said, truth is more likely to be helped forward by error than by confusion.

Irving Babbitt.

ARIZONA.

ONE warm day in early May, a year or two before the building of the railroad, I took the long stage ride through forest and desert to the Grand Cañon of the Colorado River. I remember that at one of the relay stations where we changed horses, or rather mules, — one of those meagre outposts of humanity against the immense and sombre wilderness, — a coarse-featured, kindly German housewife greeted the travelers and asked news of the world. The bare and friendless desert lay all around her little foothold, half bounded at the remote horizon by violet mountains fringed at the base with the softness of treetops; and from one point in these treetops a wraith of smoke rose straight toward a sky that ached with blue. Three or four flax-haired urchins scrutinized us from their play on the hard earth under the staring sun as their mother met us at her doorway, and invited us into the shadow of her roof. The hut was made of rude timber, and its floor was the sun-baked soil of the desert. Its furniture was rough and meagre, — pitiful contrivances of boards and boxes, or more hideous rickety products of the factory; but in the corner a fire was burning in the large cook stove, and the air of the place was heavy with the odors of a meal.

"I don't know ven dey vill come, dose men," she said. "Look, I have had dinner here for forty men since twelve o'clock, und dey can't come to eat it," and she showed us great steaming pots of meat and potatoes which she had kept hot these three hours.

"But why can't they come?" I asked.

"Dey are out fighting dose fires," she answered. "De government has twenty men, und now it has hired twenty more, und dey yust work night and day, but still de fires burn."

"But they must be miles away," I pro-

tested. "I see the line of smoke on the horizon."

"Yes, miles away," she assented equably.

The woman's talk seemed to widen the world. All day I had been growing accustomed to vastness; through interminable solitudes we had followed our narrow way over the strange plateau, wondering that even the prairie dogs and the low scant sagebrush and cactus could eke a living out of that parched earth. We had skirted the edge of lifted *mesas* that overlapped the plain with their shelving bluffs of rock, lesser plateaux so inhospitable that even the savages seemed never to have climbed them. Now suddenly through all this intolerable desolation the woman's words uncovered energies of life. In these wastes, it appeared, human dreams grew as large as the earth's impenetrable mood; men did not fear to fight immensities of fire and drought, of loneliness and thirst and sorrow, in the service of a future whose reward they could not share. Their labors became heroic, epic, as worthy of a Homer as the Trojan War. Those forty rangers, forgetting meat and drink and sleep and shelter to save mountain-loads of forests from destruction, made me oddly discontented with lesser deeds, — with the systematized routine of cities, with the petty intrigues of politics, with the jealous exactitudes of the arts. I remembered that a year before that very day I had been in beautiful Florence, where students were still devoting lives to the analysis of Giorgione's color and Donatello's silver line; that the year before that I had seen the Queen of England making an impressive show of power at her jubilee, upheld by her world-wandering soldiers and the ambassadors of all nations: and irresistibly, in that poor little hut, face to face with the bare desert,

I felt ashamed of my long preoccupation with all these. The inspiration of the future seized me, carried me beyond reach of any inspiration of the past. I felt the coming of new empires, the burden of unborn centuries, and grew great with the unspeakable hope and unspeakable sadness of the wilderness.

It was a most complex emotion, this vision of unachieved glory set against a background of immemorial antiquity. For the desert is old beyond one's dreams of age; it makes Rome or Nineveh seem a thing of yesterday. One cannot evoke ruined palaces out of this waste; even Egypt's Pyramids and the unanswering Sphinx would seem too new. Not hierarchies and civilizations could fitly people it, but primeval man alone, — barbarians cowering on their lofty mesas, savages scouring their thirsty plains. And yet hierarchies and civilizations shall surely inherit it, shall make the wilderness blossom as the rose, and fill it with children and music and laughter. The stubborn problem of drought will surely be solved by the united energies of the genius of man, and these sad inclement solitudes will yield up at last the stored riches of ages.

Yet when that day of plenty shall dawn, when the Western states shall have multiplied their millions, we shall have won the fulfillment but lost the vision. Already the beauty of unploughed prairies has faded away, — that tumult of flowers and grasses which Harriet Martineau wondered at as she took her long wagon ride from Chicago to Joliet over sixty years ago. To-day those prairies, and others far beyond them to the west and the north, are the granary of the world, but he who longs in the spring for their billows of bloom can find them no more. With the seven-leagued boots of the fairy tale — nay, with the swifter boots of iron no fairy tale could foresee — is man advancing in the conquest of the earth. When the first rails were laid across the plains the sombre barrenness

of those endless level wastes baffled the imagination of the casual traveler. Here, surely, God had shut his people out; like the Desert of Sahara, the land was forbidden to the hope of man; and the wanderer hastened on, scarcely pausing to interpret the savage beauty of those dusky levels, their sternness of purple and brown, their steep blue deeps of sky, their dramatic magnificence of sunset and dawn. Now Nebraska and Kansas are greener than Illinois, and no painter has told us the desolate story of their past.

And while these epics were being written in the stubborn earth by the labor of man, what have most of us been doing in our lesser world? Staying at home by our cosy hearths — is it not so? — and taking summer rests by the sea, and months or years of wandering in history-haunted Europe; until, perhaps, many of us grow too old to explore, and lie down at last in the arms of Earth without knowing her sublimest secrets. *Mea culpa!* I also am guilty; and I cannot repent of seeing Italy before Arizona, for only thus may I be sure that Arizona is more inspiring than Italy, that for us of the new world and the new century it has the richer and profounder and more mysterious message of beauty.

For Italy presents the realization of certain human ideals, gives one a sense of things achieved rather than a stimulus toward a new revelation. Its beauty is self-contained and measurable; one rests in it with profound content, analyzes and imitates it without taking a step forward. Have not the Italians themselves become the slaves of their own past, so that for centuries they have been incapable of anything but banalities in art? In Arizona, on the contrary, man has done nothing, and even Nature has done no little things. There Nature is not conciliatory and charming; she is terrible and magnificent. With one stroke of her mighty arm she lays bare the foundations of the earth, with one hot

breath she strips the soil ; and we venture into those ultimate primitive ages — the beginning and the end of things — upon whose fundamental immensity and antiquity our boasted civilization blooms like the flower of a day. It is not strange, perhaps, that we should quail from this unfamiliar and incomprehensible beauty ; so remote is it from all our knowledge and our dreaming that we feel lost for a time in the shock of an emotion too great for our souls to accept, and often dare not accept nor interpret it. The sublimity of the Pyramids is endurable, but at the rim of the Grand Cañon we feel outdone. And not only there, where colossal Nature presents her masterpiece, — for thither I must not wander in this paper, having ventured my little utmost in another, — not only in that throne-room of creation do we feel too little for this mighty world, but also in the livid deserts or the petrified forests, and under the savage buttes and mesas. We love what we can understand, what history and letters and art have taught us to understand, have wreathed and entwined and made human and eloquent with deeds and vows. We prefer to follow other feet, — to see Shakespeare's England, and Byron's Switzerland, and the Paris of many wars and loves. But no poet has said an adequate word for these unexplored sublimities ; history hushes before them ; no art has yet achieved them. To them the mind of man must venture as a pioneer ; there at last he stands face to face with Nature, with not a human voice or foot to guide him, measuring intrepidly the stature of his soul with God.

And is not this after all the more heroic adventure ? Are we not fortunate, we who may penetrate the meaning of solitude, who may know these cañons and deserts before they have become the resort of idle tourists, the theme of all men's praise, the El Dorado of some poet unborn ? Now, indeed, they are mine, not theirs. I may think my

own thoughts, dream my own dreams, find out how far my imagination can reach when it moves unguided and unaided. Is not this more stimulating than even to think the thoughts of Goethe, to dream the dreams of Dante ? Is it not a bath at dawn in ever fresh and living waters, a refreshment, a re-creation of the soul ?

When the opportunity of going West came to me through illness, it was Arizona, rather than southern California, which I chose to explore, because garden lands had been commoner in my experience than deserts, and because a winter of unchanging sunshine allured me. It was a white journey all the way, — through the level farms of Kansas, monotonous and dreary under their light mantle of snow ; over the wintry Colorado plateau, whence whiter slopes, range after range, rose lightly, ineffably out of the quiet distance : and even across New Mexico and Arizona, under the beautiful curve of San Francisco Mountain, which assailed the sky like a white wraith, gleaming and wonderful, a friend of the dawn. And there were streaks of snow even at Ash Fork, where I left the main road to descend from the bleak heights of northern Arizona to the perpetual summer of its low southern plains.

The strangeness of that half-day journey from Ash Fork to Phoenix first made me aware of the difference — of that other world I was entering, as unlike our familiar planet as the moon. Through the twists and curves and switch-backs of this precipitous downward ride the earth protested with a black frown, conceding nothing to man nor beast — no drop of water, no foothold of kindly soil. Harsh, forbidding mountains rose everywhere bold and black, blotched with a dry and scrubby growth of some evil unearthly plant. I plunged into abysses of time ; I measured the age of the world. Here, in the infinite deeps of the past, armies of giants must have fought, must have hurled vast

rocks from peak to peak, and deserted the bones of their dead, and cursed the place.

For hours the ashen earth seemed bereft of color, — for hours, until the falling sun began to make magic of the scene and work the strangest transformations. One illusion which I could not shake off was that of a still and boundless sea, with capes jutting out from the shore. I thought of the tales of lost travelers in the desert, for whom thirst evokes such visions, and no longer did their fancies seem fantastic or improbable. And when we drew out of range of this ecstatic ocean the sunset was glowing over the hills in many tones of vivid miraculous color. The scant vegetation in the foreground was precisely the same thick, brownish gray as the smoke issuing from the engine, and through a wide crevice in the nearer purple hills, range after range of distant mountains shaded off through the whole rich scale of violet to a scarlet horizon, from which the sky paled upward through yellow and green to a vivid blue at the zenith. Only a swift five minutes was given for this vision, before we rounded the hills, which spared us the tragedy of its fading, and then gradually the darkness fell and the stars came out — Arizona stars, which love the earth better than those we know in the North. And under their espionage we skirted the last of the bleak hills, and crossed the level miles of the Salt River Valley to the half-breed capital of the summer land.

Phoenix proved to be a mushroom Western town, too much like any other, save for its sudden alternations of bits of garden with bits of desert. Its people build as though still in their native North, too neglectful of the Mexican architectural motive which, expressed in adobe houses with interior courts, with low, sloping eaves over broad verandas, might easily make their sunburnt city beautifully expressive of tropical life. In Egypt, art once dared to accept the

desert's challenge: here, it does not even hear it; so that it was only by the aid of a horse that I found once more that uncanny world of some witch's dreaming, which my railroad journey had penetrated. Not the same phase of it, however, for here the country was flat and rolling, not mountainous; the reddish purple hills to the north, the blue ones to the south, which shut in the horizon with gleaming color, were merely the enameled rim of its polished silver disk. For the low valley between them lay silver in the sun, offering to its pitiless lord a ghostly growth of cactus and sagebrush, of mesquite and palo-verde, of every plant that could slake its thirst from the rich unwatered soil. No desert of bare sands was this, stript and burnt and barren, like the high plateau of northern Arizona, but a weird and formidable luxuriance, — a luxuriance more like death than life, as though a multitude of armed and prickly dragons, sentineled by the giant cactus, threatened extinction to the soul. Was it beauty or hideousness — this vast reach of reptilian vegetation which tortured me with an unrecognizable and incredible emotion? Should I deplore or welcome the sacrilegious invasion of man, whose criss-cross of little ditches was softening the hard crust of the earth and gradually changing the fearsome wilderness into a garden?

Not in an hour could I answer this question, portentous with the fate of one of the gods of eld. If this desert should pass, one of Nature's slowly evolved ideas would be lost forever: let me live with it first, and try to understand. Day after day I brave the thorns, the stillness, the sun's persistent sadness; resisting always a creeping horror, a strange uncanny sense of doom. I sit on the hard earth, under the feathery half-shade of a palo-verde, watching these varied ranks of crouching cacti, and gazing upward at their chief, the giant saguaro, which rises everywhere, gaunt and armed and for-

midable, — a ridged and slender trunk, twenty, forty, sixty feet high, breaking near the top into smaller trunks that curve and then straighten upward, like a long arm bearing a stiffened hand, and pointing deformed and stunted fingers skyward. This tall, grim, spectral monster, these harsh and bristling armies at its feet, do not seem to grow any more than the baked and crusted soil they spring from. This is not our friendly world with its companionable trees and flowers, but the aftergrowth of an ancient earth, of some planet outworn in the sun, and heavy with the bones of nations. Humanity has no rights in this enormous desolation; its profound mysterious beauty is not for the eyes of men. We should leave it to the life which will endure longer than we on earth, inheriting our broad estates at last, — to the serpents and lizards and poisonous reptiles which lurk under bush and rock to punish our invasion.

But we cannot leave it. Not ours, it allures us by its inscrutable and solemn majesty, by its indifference, by its immeasurable age and impenetrable knowledge. We must go forth into the strange kingdom and accept its laws. We must tear our hearts with its thorns, and wonder at the anachronism of its flowers. Of no other corner of the earth can it remind us, even though the fluted cactus columns seem the type of a primitive architecture, and might have suggested to the architects of great King Rameses those squat pillars with bulging capitals which still uphold his temples against the obliterating years. But no one ever saw the giant cactus on the sandy deserts of Africa; the primeval architects of the Nile never knew this motive for their colossal dreams. Here alone do these tall monuments guard the graves of worlds, and perhaps this very one I gaze on was scarcely begun when Rameses was born. Day and night I question it, by sunlight and moonlight and the unfailing stars, until gradually the unfa-

miliar harmonies of its sun-searched life justify themselves to my soul. The sense of uncanniness, of monstrosity, passes away; the emotion no longer appalls and rends me, but soothes with immensities of restfulness.

To go out on the desert day after day and meet these cacti is like whispering into the ear of the Sphinx and listening at her locked lips. So wise they are, so old with the age of the world, so majestically still in those cataclysmic solitudes! And to go out in April and see them suddenly abloom is as though the lips of the Sphinx should part and utter solemn words. A bunch of white flowers at the tip of the obelisk, flowers springing white and wonderful out of this dead, gaunt, prickly thing — is not that Nature's consummate miracle, a symbol of resurrection more profound than the lily of the fields? And in April also the lesser cacti are abloom with gorgeous flaming colors, — each dragon bears a jewel in its teeth as a tribute to the fervid sun. Then the palo-verde puts forth its delicate, downy, yellow plumage, and the sagebrush renews its silver. Even the changeless desert must follow the changing year, must greet the spring with renewal of life, must unfurl its banners to the sun. And if a few drops of rain just moisten its crust, it is strange how swiftly the sternness of its mood will change: the entire face of the pale earth will become softly green in a night, gratefully veiling itself close with a silvery leafage tiny and tender and delicate; and masses of California poppies will spread out their patches of cloth of gold.

Gradually I began to associate with these portentous solitudes the wildness of primitive man, the sullen savage life which our pioneers and soldiers so rudely interrupted only the other day. The desert can never be ours, — we take it only to make a garden of it; but to these remnants of lost races it was a refuge and a spacious home. They scoured

its plains like the dust storms which send every living thing to shelter in terror. They huddled in its caves and between the ledges of its cliffs, and crowned its lifted mesas with an architecture as rude as the rocks and as harsh as the prickly mesquite. They hunted the coyote and the mountain sheep, and shot the quail from their innumerable myriads, and wrenched scanty crops from the arid soil. And with archaic rites of a lost mysterious antiquity they made friends with the serpent, and invoked his intercession with the lord of rain, and peopled the wastes with grim and fearsome gods. But even more swiftly than we invade the wilderness with our gardens do we despoil the desert of this ancient life. The change is inevitable; we cannot arrest it if we would. The savage must cease to be savage or he must pass away. He must become as we are, give up his gods and his wars, his tepees and his blankets, or else he must perish from the earth and leave his kingdom to the stronger race.

But when he is gone or changed this land of ours will have lost its youth. No more shall we stand face to face with the Stone Age, with primitive man in his caves and tents, with the very beginnings of time. Already with unreasonable sadness I watched the transformation, for in Phoenix is one of the government's Indian schools, where dark-skinned children of many tribes are taught to give up their legends for our learning and their religion for our laws, to forget their beautiful blanket-weaving and pottery-making in acquiring the rudiments of the white man's alien arts. Here I studied in little the efforts of our self-righteous civilization to monotonize the world. Here one night bronze-colored boys recited speeches in praise of Columbus and "the good George Washington," and squat square girls — I looked in vain for the lithe and graceful Indian maiden — marched stockily through broom drills and sang patriotic songs out

of tune. Then a tiny boy, not more than six or seven years old, faced the audience to prepare us for the old Apache war dance which his elders were to contribute to the exhibition. Strange mocking words were put into the baby's mouth; shamelessly the little innocent defamed the past of his warlike race. "We do not show you this dance because we are proud of it," he said in his reluctant English, "but so that you may see how much we have improved here in this pleasant school which you good white people have given us." My lordly blood ran cold at the irony of his praise, and after all the evening's ineffectual and abortive modern show, the war dance moved me profoundly as a suggestion of the authentic and effective past. The lights went out as the curtain rose upon a semicircle of blanketed warriors, who, squatting around their council fire, beat a tattoo and wailed a wild chant as three slender and hardy braves began their swaying and leaping. Most curiously were these three tricked out in many-colored paints and beads and fringes, with anachronistic dark scant skirts binding their legs as a tribute to civilization. But we forgot the skirts in the splendor of their headdresses, which were dark masks surmounted by broad, three-storied crowns of vivid green and red, that shook many dangles in the dance. The leaping and swaying and wailing went on without change; long enough to give a hint of its old hypnotic power over the tribesmen of the desert, who for days and nights together used to invoke the spirit of war by this ceremonial ecstasy of body and soul.

I think the most dull imagination must have conceived the original of this picture, must have realized how fierce a mood of slaughter might be developed in barbarous minds by these emotional dances and songs prolonged to the point of agony. No wonder the gentler tribes huddled in inaccessible caves and cliff-ledge, or crowded in terror on their

fortress-like mesas, when the Apache danced for war and swept forth to scourge the plains. No wonder the white settler feared these wild men more than wild beasts, and kept his guns loaded to welcome them. Yet now the children of Apache and Moki and Navajo are growing up quietly together in the white man's schools, and the murderous race hatreds of the past are suppressed. Suppressed, not destroyed; for the invader despises the Indian now that he needs no longer fear him, and the Apache scorns the Navajo all the more bitterly perhaps because he can no longer kill him.

The dance belonged to the desert; even in that darkened hall we felt the pride and strength in it, its expression of mastery, of lordship over vast open spaces of the earth. Doubtless every motion had its meaning, and those elaborate pyramidal head-edifices were an intricate system of symbols. The young brave, leaping thus around the camp-fire an hundred years ago, felt himself lord of his world more keenly than any heir of all our civilized ages, because he knew of no living thing more powerful than he. Yet now the orange and almond are blooming on his barren battle-ground, and his desert kingdom has room for all but him. Rapidly the king has become a slave, and there is "none so poor to do him reverence."

Even in our time his doom has fallen. His conquerors are not yet old: our brothers may have been in the fearless band of cavalry which pursued Geronimo to his last fastness, pursued him by forced night marches through a waterless country, where the temperature reached 130° under the pitiless unshad-owed sun. Heroically, through years of battle, those frontier soldiers did their work, protecting from fire and sword the little cabin in the wilderness. And now that the work is done forever we turn to the scattered and cowering tribes to pick up the remnants of their

ancient life. Now that the desert plains are cleared of marauding warriors, we climb the rock-lifted mesas to the pueblos where strange rites are still enacted. We study old ceremonies and superstitions, sometimes curiously christianized by the early Spanish lords and priests, sometimes frankly pagan, like the snake dance of the Moki, who bloodily rejected Spanish rule more than two centuries ago. And all these poetic memorials of the childhood of the world we may be the last to look upon. We ourselves have doomed them, and our regrets are vain to arrest their doom. "There will not be many more snake dances," mourned the chief priest of the Moki three years ago; "our children go to the schools, and when they come back they laugh at what we tell them."

No more snake dances, and yet the snake dance is perhaps the oldest rite on earth, twin brother to the mysteries of old Nile, a survival of the animal worship of prehistoric man. In this short paper I cannot dwell upon it. This strange, long, two days' ride across that gorgeous Inferno, the Painted Desert, and beyond, past the grotesque red buttes and black volcanic cones; the steep climb up the white wall of the mesa to the "sky-city;" the glad race at sunrise and the dark dance with death at sunset, — these pictures in their infinities of desert and sunshine would allure me too far. It was a plunge out of life, out of time. The stamping and chanting of the painted priests, their downward rush with the savage snakes, was the climax of some pageant of long ago. I was watching dark-skinned children of the Pharaohs at one of their prodigious festivals. It was no surprise to learn that every word and motion of the dance has been handed down from generations so remote that even the priests no longer understand the poetry they intone. Its words have become archaic, are no longer the spoken language of the tribe, but the dead one of their ancestors. And the music also

seems archaic, more ancient than the most ancient chants we know, following a scale remote and weird to our ear, and yet with a strange beauty in it which our musicians should analyze before it disappears forever.

Yet who of our more eminent composers has heard this music, given his imagination this impetus toward a symphony of the desert that shall interpret its mighty harmonies of loneliness and life? Must these pass away unheard and unrevealed?

We have preserved mere fragments of a folk-lore as richly poetic as the rhythmic names which these tribes have left us in passing. What reminders of Europe or old Cathay could have enriched our national life like the beautiful names of the wilderness — Ohio, Dakota, Wyoming, Chicago, Tacoma, and Iowa? Shall the names of our states and cities be all that we preserve of their past? A few years ago the so-called ghost dances of our Northwestern tribes terrified the great government of the United States, which sought to stamp them out as an incitement to war. Yet they were merely an orgy of prayer to the Great Spirit, — that he might be pleased to give back to his people the buffalo and the elk, the spacious hunting grounds of the olden time; a forlorn hope of the dying faith against the dark certainty of its doom. This hope spread like wild-fire from reservation to reservation, and urged men to prodigies of fasting and watching and ecstatic motion. But it was not a war dance, for these warriors, penned into reservations, had begun to learn the futility of war. None of us but the few ethnologists who studied with sympathy knew how much more tragic than war was this despairing outcry of prayer from the heart of a conquered people.

We scarcely realize how swift has been the change for them. The tribes of the great plains heard but vague rumors of the palefaces for three centuries after

the voyage of Columbus, and for another half century and more they were left in peace. Meanwhile the white man's gift of horses, increasing from a few wanderers to wild herds, magnificently enlarged the Indian's world and changed the conditions of his life. For a century or more he rode to the chase and to war over larger ranges than even his swift foot had ever compassed, before the narrow road of steel crossed prairie and mountain, and a swifter steed than the horse brought him face to face with his fate. Even then the invasion was gradual, — the savage did not know what force of millions stood behind the lonely cabin he could easily pillage and burn. But beside the burned cabin rose another and another, till they grew to a village, to a city; the buffalo diminished and disappeared, and the prairie grasses yielded to wheat-fields, before the perplexed tribesmen appreciated the meaning of it all. Then, when natural forces ceased to aid them, they took refuge in the supernatural, listened to wild prophets who arose here and there and sent messages of hope to the scattered tribes, looked for an all-powerful Messiah who should crush out their crowding foes, and give back to the children of the Great Spirit their vast ranges and their big game. The prophets prescribed fasting and prayer and rhythmical ceremonies of ecstatic devotion; and unceasingly, for days and nights together, the painted and feathered warriors leapt and chanted before the altar of their gods. Only when this fire died out, when even the gods proved impotent to arrest the white man's march, did the red man begin to accept the inevitable, to realize that only by learning the arts of his conqueror could he hope for a place in the new régime. His dogged stubborn mind is slow to face the future; still he halts in the ignoble transition stage of idleness and dependence, learning our vices first, hopeless of acquiring our complicated civilization,

with its elaborate machinery of life, its formidable engines of labor. But already certain tribes have passed the turning point in their fortunes, are growing rich and increasing in numbers and industry, and gradually others will doubtless follow their example. The curtain will fall upon the world-old drama of the wilderness; no more may we watch at the dawn of time the prodigious battle of primitive man against the power of Nature and the ferocity of his soul.

And when it is done, — when the savage is civilized and the desert is irrigated and the unbounded vastness of the West is fenced off into farms; when even the mountains have been searched for gold to the last cliff, and even the last fastnesses of Nature — the geysers and great cañons and giant forests — have become government parks; when the long epic of conquest is written by millions of hands in the hard broad earth, — will not something be lost out of the spirit of man? Will not a flutter of bright wings cross the seas to frozen Siberia or torrid Africa, and leave our new world old?

I like to think that the weary races of Europe needed renewing and achieved it in the centuries of conflict with Nature and wild foes which followed on this continent the landing of Columbus. I like to think that through these many seasons of intimacy with the great stern Mother the heart of man became as that of a little child, and began history anew in that large spirit of democracy which he had learned from her. Harsh lessons she taught him: to meet her single-handed he must invent huge engines, he must clutch her hidden forces, he must burrow through mountains and change the course of rivers; and so sublime were the dreams she whispered that he halted at none of these. "I will make this wilderness blossom as the rose," said one pioneer to a dreary Colorado plateau that frowned bare and brown in the sun; and when, after years of difficult but joy-

ous struggle, the garden bloomed out of the waste, he stayed not to reap the harvest, but gayly attacked new problems. "I will find the gold in these mountains," said another to the jagged ranges of the Rockies; and when it eluded him he persisted with courage as stern as theirs, patiently digging his little holes and living in his little lonely caves, until perhaps he grew old without finding it, and died happy in the habit of hopefulness. Is it money these men work for, the pitiful luxuries they scarcely know what to do with when they get them? Even they think so, perhaps, but they believe the vision in their souls. Money is merely an incident; it is power they love, the sense of struggle, of conquest, of attainment, of striking out new paths, and measuring their strength against enemies as big as they. It is this long intimacy with large ideas, this long battle with mighty foes, which makes our Western men unconquerable, which keeps them so brave against difficulty, so hopeful against disaster. It was this training through obscure generations which gave us Lincoln, and so profoundly does it stimulate the imagination that in the coming time it may breed yet greater men.

It was not in vain that Moses roamed for forty years in the Wilderness; had he not lived for forty years in a court, and must he not learn to dream before he could lead his people to the Promised Land? Like him, weighed down and inactive under all the learning of the Egyptians, races of men become inert, overloaded with civilization, and need the wilderness to dream in. And those who dare to read their hearts aright go out where they may find room and where their imaginations may be free. (The imagination grows in the wilderness, grows strong and keen and daring.) No longer does it need the familiar stimulus, the books and pictures, the old-world palaces and feudal politics on which it has leaned so long. It casts aside art and

literature and history, perhaps, with one large simple gesture: strips itself clear of all the proudest achievements of the race. But in that bold breaking with the past may there not be a rebirth of the soul of man? May he not plunge into oblivion as into a bath of sunlit waters, cast aside the old ideals — dreams which were not his but another's — in order that he may be free for new ones which shall

enforce and extend his dominion over the earth? Does he not need a deep vision of things unachieved in order that he may face the threatening future in the spirit of an epic hero, eager to search and conquer, to found the new happier order, to build the new capital of the world, and adorn it with beauty surpassing the beauty of the experimental and divided past?

Harriet Monroe.

THE TEST OF THE SKY.

NOT to earth's test — to thine, wide-arching sky,
 Bright, ruthless sky, in whose thrice-limpid blue
 The unseen currents, air and fire and dew,
 Do purify themselves continually:
 Even to thy test and judgment, all things come!
 Sky of a thousand storms,
 A million stars — thou heaven bent o'er all,
 Limitless, fathomless, and inscrutable:

Laws, customs, creeds — the fabrics that men rear,
 Unstayed, unglossed, must meet th' accuser here;
 Full many a doctrine high in church or state,
 Hallowed by usage, fair of outward guise, —
 Systems whose fragments still beguile the wise
 Or gird the sumptuous dwellings of the great, —
 Laid bare to wind and sun
 All crumbling show, worm-cankered and undone.
 But wisdom shines more clear,
 Truth ever whiter; naught has love to fear,
 Nor unstained faith, from yon broad glances sent
 Down the blue gulf and dazzling firmament.

Thy face we seek — we, too, thou searching sky,
 In whose dread vault and glacial-bright abyss
 Winged currents bind the unseen world to this;
 Whose life renews earth's life perpetually:
 Not to men's courts — to thine, we also come!
 Still to the desert lone
 We steal apart, or mountain waste and high,
 And wait the solemn verdict of the sky.

Dora Read Goodale.

A LOOM-MASTER OF IRAN.

I.

IN the angle of a broken mud wall, on a bare hillside above the Persian village of Sofian, a boy knelt at the foot of a new grave and prayed; — not the worn formula of the Mussulman, but the desolate cry of his heart: —

“Allah, Thou art all powerful, and Thou art just. Oh, take his soul into thy Paradise. Let the ripe pomegranate moisten his lips, and the song of flowing water bring him rest.”

The lean muezzin, a stark figure on the minaret of the little mosque farther down the hill, was crying in a querulous key the hour of evening prayer. The sun, red through the haze of consuming heat, cast back a rosy glow on the mosque tower and its lonely occupant, and turned the polished tiles of the roof to flame. Through the long street of the town, from the fields where they had grazed during the day, a line of slow-striding camels wound to the door of the inn. The mel-low tinkle of their many bells, in som-nolent rotation, seemed to pierce the sultry air with long, cool shafts of sound. One after another they ceased, as the foremost animals passed into the inclosure and halted. Then the more distant ones, coming nearer, added their changes to the melody. The boy went on praying: —

“Allah, Thou art kind. Suffer those who hunger here to come to Thee, and feast in eternity on the bread of thy tables.”

With dusk, a single star appeared, burning like a feverish eye. Lamp-lights began to blink from the caravan-serai. The innkeeper's lout, scuffling upon sandals, came out to the stream which filtered across the roadway, and dipped up dirty water into a battered brass samovar, which he then carried

back into the hostelry. One by one the soldiers, charvadars, and camel-drivers, sinewy, sunburnt, their motley clothing gray with the dust of the highway, dropped into places on the mud-cement seat outside the door, and the serving man brought them tea in little glasses. They stirred it briskly, to dissolve the chunks of beet sugar which had been hacked stingily from a tall, blue-white cone on the uncleanly shelf within.

The boy, from his place among the shadows, watched these familiar wayfarers coming and going about their shelter, as one watches marionettes, with apathy, and something akin to pity. Day after day, as long as he could remember, he had looked at this same panorama; listened to these same sounds. To-night it all seemed meaningless, and purposeless, and far away. At last, with a sigh of “Allah, Allah!” half prayer, half protest, he rose, rearranged upon the mound the frayed fragment which did duty as a mourning carpet, and then stole out of the graveyard. He descended the hill slowly, crossed the road, and sat down, without making any noise, in the shadow of a crumbled pillar, which before the Russian cannon passed that way had been part of a pretentious portico. Hidden there, he listened numbly to the chaffer of the caravanjis. They were talking of him.

“Hamd ul Ullah! Thank God there is only one. How he is to be fed it is hard to say. He's too little even to drive the asses, and the wood is farther away every year. Hakim was thrifty, but who can save a penny nowadays, with barley as dear as a dervish's charms? And beasts must eat if they are to carry a living for their masters.”

“Groan, Sadak; groan. One would think it was you who had been left penniless and friendless and with a big ap-

petite, instead of having a kettle full of coin buried under the wall of your garden in Zenjan, to say nothing of your other hoardings. Mashallah! If you should dig down there, one day, you would find plenty of food for this little one of Hakim's, and it would stand you in good stead with the Prophet, too, since you have failed to give him chick or child of your own."

At this sally, and the dry rattle of laughter that followed it, the old man flushed through his tan, till his wrinkled face was almost as red as the henna that stained his beard. He stumped away to his pack horses, which munched their measures of broken barley straw from mangers cut in the walls about the inn-yard.

Leaning forward, the boy looked out timidly at the idlers, from behind his pillar.

"Allah! Here's the little beggar, now. Come out here, you son of a burnt father, and tell us how the old man died. Stop your snuffing. Did you think he was going to live forever?"

"No, but it was too soon. Allah had already taken my mother. He was not sick, either, only weak from hunger. There had been nothing for him, not for a long time. He gave me the whole sheet of bread, always."

"And kept the mutton pilaff for himself, eh?"

"No, there never was pilaff. If he had owned a sheep we might have had it. There was not even curds, not for many days. Who was to give us the milk to make it? Even the seyyid he was fetching the wood for did not pay, and one must not press for pay from descendants of the Prophet. And so, my father was feeble from walking beside the loads, and — the sun smote him."

"More's the pity." Sadak, in the company of his beasts, had regained something of his composure, and returned to the skirmishing. "Descendants of the Prophet," he sniffed. "They

are only three millions in Iran. Why should you suffer, boy? Put on a green sash, and keep your face clean — and long, and when you're hungry, demand food. Nobody will dare refuse you. It's the law — of the Prophet; and you are as much seyyid as nine tenths of them."

"Enough of that, you old scoffer," a hoarse voice broke in. "He was a good Shiah, was Hakim. If you want to teach his brat to be an unbeliever, you'd better put him on one of your starved camels and take him along. If the mollah catches you here, talking like a Babi, you'll fare harder than your cattle do."

Again a chuckle ran up and down the line, at the expense of Sadak, and the hot color overspread his face. Turning aside to the fox-faced muleteer who had harried him, he set his feet far apart, stroked his beard, and said tauntingly:

"Now listen; there are those who care for their own children, and there are those who care for the children of others. Is it not so? Yes. Well, I am going now, and I'm going to take this boy with me, just to spite you. You don't know a good bargain when you see it. And I can afford to take him, for I know he is n't mine. Look through your brood when you get home, Hat, and tell me the next time I see you, if the faces of half of them are not Kurdi."

The mule-driver reached toward a long dagger that glistened at his girdle, and nobody laughed, nor spoke, nor moved, least of all Sadak. With one hand thrust into the depths of his vestment, in readiness, and with the evil light of challenge in his squinting eyes, he waited for the outcome, sinfully happy to see that his shaft had gone deep home. But there was no movement from the other side. It was a matter of common knowledge along the highroad that the last man who had come to conclusions with old Sadak had been buried behind a boulder in the hills beyond Khoi, with three pistol bullets in his breast.

Slowly, and with a scornful glance behind, he strode over, and thrusting the boy before him passed into the caravan-serai yard. There was a belligerent ring in his voice as he called to his men, who had stretched out on the great heaps of dung-cakes stored there for the winter's fuel. They dragged themselves out of sleep, and began to lash the saddles on. Half an hour later the line moved away from the inn, in the gathering darkness, Sadak riding at its head, erect and grim. A small bundle, curled up at the top of a camel's load, was the orphan of Hakim.

II.

All night long the caravan followed stony roads, that led through waste places. It drifted phantom-like by ruined villages, where remnants of ancient walls cast sharp shadows in the moonlight. Now and then, from a mud house at the roadside, a dog came baying, roused by the mysterious music of the camel bells, and, in turn, waking the boy from the dreams into which the motion of his beast had lulled him. Then there followed long intervals of stillness, broken only by the shouts of the caravanjis, during which all the scenes of the past fortnight were enacted and reenacted in his remembrance.

And grizzled Sadak. His thoughts were busy, too. Inured to wakefulness, seasoned to the hardships of the road, he had learned to fill his lonesome hours with flattering meditations of gain. Each day's life was a commerce to him; each night merely a casting of balances. But here was a new element in traffic; he had never before dealt directly in flesh and blood. It was well to have turned the tables on the mockers at the caravan-serai, to have secured, at so small cost, another hewer of wood and drawer of water, a young pair of legs which should hurry for his water pipe, young eyes

which should some day count his profits for him, and spy upon his malfasant servants. And it was particularly well to have rebuked the tradition that he was a miser, and substituted for it, in an instant, a name for generosity and human kindness. But his vanity over this reflection was a little shamefaced. He rummaged for a long time among the memories of his years of trade, but admitted to himself, by way of conclusion, that they had been pretty barren years, barren of everything that life owes a man, — except riches; and now, how short the time! Another week, another day, his hour might come. And then who would care? There was an unfamiliar gripping at his penurious old heart-strings, — which, his envious neighbors said, were only his purse-strings after all, — and he cast a yearning look at the little shape swaying and nodding above the bales of rugs.

When morning came, the boy opened his eyes upon a new world, a world of green things. The caravan had stopped, but the air lay like a cool hand on his hot forehead. He thought he must have slept for a long time, to have left the arid tract so far behind. His back and legs ached unbearably, but the breath of the morning, issuing out of the verdure, enwrapped and possessed him. On the right the plain stretched far away, in violet light; on the left the green hills rose like a great altar. Along the brow of the first height was a row of tall, pale poplars, the backs of their fluttering leaves as white as silver filigrains. From among them broke a turbulent mill-stream. The faint rhythm of its dashing came to him, as it descended, through a clumsy wooden conduit, to rest in the broad basin below the mill. The camels, set free from their burdens of silk, and rugs, and spices, drank deep, and then, dispersing slowly over the hillside, browsed greedily. Under a broad-armed willow the caravanjis spread an old carpet of Khorassan, and its sheen blent

with the softness of the morning. While the blue smoke curled away from the slender crown of the samovar, and amber tea kept coming and going in the frail glasses, Sadak rolled many cigarettes from tobacco of Anatolia, carried in a dainty trinket of Ispahan workmanship. He drew the sweet solace slowly and fondly through a holder of black amber, thanking Allah meanwhile for the good gift of riches.

A little way off, half hid in the long grass, lay the boy, his thin brown hands outstretched to caress the blossoms that were all about him. Scarlet of the poppy, blue of the larkspur, heliotrope, yellow, — and everywhere, as far as he could see, the glorious carpet of green. He was unheedful of everything, forgetful of everything, even of his hunger. But later they brought kid's flesh, and bread, and crisp green fennel, and chives, and salt cheese cut in cubes and freshly taken from the earthen vessel of brine. Summoned to a place beside his benefactor on the carpet, he fell to and ate, Sadak watching him with an awkward contentment, and a strange kindness shining in his shrewd old eyes. The picture of his declining years which he had drawn in the still hours of the night took even a pleasanter aspect in the daylight. The boy's presence seemed somehow to shorten the time, and give common things a life and color they had never known before.

"Son," he said at last, "I am wondering what I shall do with you. The world is before you now, but it is a world where all must work. And yet, it is the right of every man to say what his work shall be. What is your choice?"

In the joy of release from his dismal surroundings, in the diversion of new sights and sounds, in the unwonted stimulation of plenteous food, the lad had forgotten the wretched problem of existence, in whose dire shadow he had always lived. Now it had all come back again. The smile fled from his face, and

he answered blankly, "Why, — Master, I do not know."

"From now until the sun is low we shall rest here," said the merchant; "in that time you can think of it, and in whatever path you choose, I will do by you as I would do by my own."

Slowly the boy turned and walked away into the deep grass again, and sinking into it lay, staring long at the clear water, where it leapt forth, crusting the herbage all about the foot of the chute with pearls. The birds — hoopoes with their arrogant crests, sirens, clad in green and brown and gold, opulent blue-jays, and even the dingy gray crows — came and sported there, and their notes made the air resound.

Sadak smoked on in contemplative stillness. The drivers, their brown faces shining, lay sprawled in the sun.

So the hours wore away. When the day was declining and long shadows were outspread upon the plain, a deep voice roused the boy from his reverie.

"Son, you love the earth. Will you till it, and bring forth grain and fruits in the good years, and feed the hungry from your store? If so, there is my farm beyond Maragha."

"No, Master, by your leave. For some are the broad acres, and the oxen and buffaloes straining in the furrows, and the wealth of the harvest. For me, I am small, and my field must be a little one."

"What will you, then? Flocks? Will you be a shepherd, and learn to shear the wool, at the bend of the stream, when the water is in plenty, and pluck the kurk from the goats, and then bring the spun yarn to the market towns for the selling? These, too, I can give you."

"Master, it is none of these that I want. I will be a weaver. The warp and weft shall be my field, and I will labor in it while the time lasts. To be a weaver is to teach men the best lessons of life, even after one is dead, as did the Weaver of Kashan."

A baffled, hopeless look had crept into the face of Sadak. His vision of happiness, tardy and poor though it was, had cheered him for a day ; now he saw it vanishing away like morning vapor. One appeal was left him, the one he had never known to fail in all his years of uninterrupted increase.

"But the weaver is poor," he cried. "In his yarns there is no white like the lustre of the silver. It is with money that you can do good." He was beseeching now. "Look yonder ; mine the camels, mine the sturdy horses of Karabagh and Anatolia ; mine the bales, of silks, and carpets, and spices, and many that shall come after them. And the worth of all these will be yours when I am gone."

The boy looked across the soft haze of afternoon, but he saw neither the haughty camels, nor the sleek horses with their gay-colored pack trappings, nor yet the bales of merchandise ranged at the roadside. What he saw was the water, lying unruffled, with images of trees looking back from its bosom, and the pleading faces of the flowers, peering at him through their little rents in the mantle of green.

"No," he replied. "You are kind, Master, but I will not be beholden. Suffer me only to go with you to the city. I will fare as the weaver fares."

"It is well spoken," said Sadak heavily. And then, the cool of the evening being come, the loads were placed again upon the backs of the camels, and they journeyed on.

III.

Through the dust, and odors, and jangling voices of that swarming warren men call the bazaars walked an American, first colonist from his land. Listless eyes followed him as he went trailing a streamer of strong smoke from his barbarous short pipe. Then — the Persian's bitterest criticism is silence —

bearded dealers, squatting cross-legged at the front of their shops, merely looked at one another. It was an inexplicable being, this, whose home was beyond Ferenghistan, beyond Inglezistan, and — wonder of Allah's greatness ! — beyond a thousand farsakhs of sea after that ; but he bought things, and he had money to pay weavers.

At his elbow, walking submissively, stole a tall, sombre Persian. Beside a shoemaker's shop, gay with its show of sandals in red and green leather, a flight of steep, irregular, and mouldy steps led down out of the din into a spacious place, — not a cellar, for above it were no shops, no floors, nothing but the mud-covered roof and the brazen summer sky. The clamor of trade, which forever went on above ground, never entered this murky workshop. It had dirt, and smells, and a babel of its own.

Such light as there was penetrated through small, high windows, and once it had entered here, the dust and foulness seemed to take its life away, and leave it pallid as the pinched faces of the tenants. It was broken, too, by the tall timbers of looms, — rough-hewn timbers, reaching almost to the roof, stained with age, warped and bent by the burden of rugs they had borne. Between these, side by side, hung bright fabrics in all stages of incompleteness, and close together on both sides of wool-littered gangways child weavers sat, facing the silent looms and white expanses of warp, and playing with swift fingers in the woven masses of flowers at the bottom, which were always changing, always growing. Little, weakened faces, from which all gladness seemed to have passed into the carpets they worked at ; heavy wool caps jammed down upon ears that had grown bent with the load ; long, skirted, old-mannish black coats, buttoned with clerical exactness straight up to the chin. The legs of every lad were curled up under him, and his shabby sandals placed behind him on the dirty

stone floor. Above the rows of wool-covered heads hung spools and balls of yarn of many hues. The little knives, with their hooked points, flew in and out among the serried warp-threads, whisking the yarns through, and then severing them deftly; there was the clank of heavy, curved shears, trimming away the ends of the pile, and a vibrant whirl when the steel comb fell, beating down the knot-rows. At long intervals sounded the dreary creak of a "piece-beam," turned to wind up a little more of the finished carpet. The place was alive with industry, but it was the drowsy, deliberate industry of the East. There was no clatter, no rush of belting, no flying circles of steel. The music of this labor was a low droning of many small voices, singing monotonously in minor keys the song of the patterns.

Suddenly the singing stopped, as the door swung back on strident hinges, and a whisper passed from loom to loom, "The Sahib!" Every boy looked furtively and fearfully at his latest stitches.

Then a big voice was speaking, in the Turkish dialect of northern Persia, but with a harsh, foreign emphasis. Its owner had halted before an empty loom, and was calculating the height and breadth.

"You must bear in mind, Ibrahim," he said, "that this carpet is n't any common thing."

"No, Sahib," sighed the Persian, bowing and crossing his hands before him after the manner of his race in the presence of those whose masters they are not.

"And I don't want any cheap work on it, not even to save wool."

"No, Sahib, not even to save wool."

"It won't be any of your Sahend wool, either, mind you, and there must be no loose dyes."

"No, Sahib." The Persian's accents had never changed.

Silently the idle weavers had drawn near to listen, until they formed a com-

pact and swarthy circle. The American began to undo a long roll of paper. At sight of it Ibrahim the foreman, servile to the tips of his henna-stained fingernails, bent slowly from the ready hinges of his waist and said: "Ah, Sahib, I know that the carpet is the most famous in the world. I am glad. It is good to show them that our art is not dead, that we can weave as well in the factory as they used to do in the palace."

"Well, you'd better," was the crisp answer, "or there'll be some vacancies around here."

"Yes, Sahib," answered the Persian, bowing again, like a man upon whom honor had been conferred.

"Now, is there any one in the place who can run this loom, or must I send away somewhere for a competent man?"

The genius of local pride, sore hurt, looked out darkling from the ox-eyes of the Persian, but his voice was as the sound of running water.

"Sahib, God is God. You need never seek beyond Azerbaijan, even if it were the Heir Apparent's garden of flowers, or the clouds of the sunset, you wanted woven. There is one. He has seen only twelve years, but his eyes are the eyes of the falcon; designs are to him as the first sura of the Koran which we learn in our cradles; and his hands, Sahib; his hands might have woven the petals of the tulips."

"How old did you say? Twelve? Nonsense! He may be good enough to weave a border, and he may not; but master of this loom, — it's absurd."

"Sahib, fifty springs have I seen the snow water rushing against the bridge in the Adji Chai. I am not mistaken."

As he spoke, the dusky Ibrahim looked around the factory. Work had ceased. The gaunt looms and the very flowers in the half-finished rugs seemed to be listening and expectant. There, standing on the lower cross-beam of an empty frame, his puny arm around the upright,

looking down wistfully over the heads of the group, was the waif of Sofian. At a sign from the foreman he stepped down, the American superintendent watching him as he came, and smiling a smile of unbelief.

"What's your name?" he asked.

The lad's calm voice sounded like a rebuke to all Occidental abruptness: "My father's name was Hakim."

"From Hamadan?"

"No, Sahib; my father came long ago from Tusurkan, — not so far from Hamadan."

"And you weave Hamadanji?"

"No, Sahib; in Hamadan they weave all of one color," and his lips contracted in a smile of something like contempt; "but my mother was Kirmanli, and there they are true Persian weavers. They weave flowers."

"And do you think you could run the loom for this carpet?" As he spoke, the American spread out the great Viennese color plate of that fabric which is one of the wonders of the South Kensington. The boy bent forward with an eager gesture, his large eyes staring wide.

"What is it, Sahib? What is it?" His voice was faint.

The other watched him curiously. "It is the carpet that lay in the mosque at Ardebil."

The boy's face went a shade paler, and the hand, grimy with factory dust, which he held out for the pattern was trembling.

"Not, Sahib" — he stammered, — "not the carpet which was woven by — by the Weaver of Kashan?"

"Yes."

Stooping above the fine tangle of colors, following with a small, dingy finger the intricacies of the creepers, and tracing the arabesques in the rich borders of the design, the orphan had forgotten the crowd of weavers, who stood like sheep, staring mutely. There came upon his face again the cool, fresh breath of a

far-away morning, and he heard nothing but the silver notes of camel bells, the songs of birds, and the dashing of a limpid mill-stream on the green hillside of Sevend.

When at last he looked up, it was like one waking from sleep. He laughed, but the big, dark eyes were wet.

Next day they stretched a snowy warp on the gray old timbers, and the work began.

IV.

One morning, creeping at daybreak from his chink of a sleeping place in a near-by caravanserai, to wait for the man who carried the factory key, the boy found a group of drovers and caravanjis at the tall gates, talking earnestly.

"Is it the real plague?"

"Of a truth," answered another. "They say he was from Hamadan, who brought it. It is only five days away, and the city has been infected for a month."

"Not so, friends," said a third. "The priest who sat by the gate at sunset, yesterday, told me it was a lean dervish, who came out from Seistan, by way of Meshhed."

"Oh, of course!" It was a wrinkled old man, with a deep stain of the henna in his beard, who spoke. "Of course," he repeated; "whatever a priest says, it is true. But I saw the fellow, and believe me, though I am no priest and have no white turban, it was not a dervish at all."

"You saw him?" and a score of eager listeners crowded up, with fear in their questioning faces.

"Yes, I said I saw him."

"And who was he?"

"Who but an Arab, who came up from the Gulf and across the mountains. He was sick and groaning, in the inn at the north side of the city, when I got there. They thought he had only the low fever, or that he had taken some

malady of the night air in crossing the marshes. He whined and cried out about the pain in his legs, but they only mocked at him, for he was an Arab, and he was poor. I covered him with my blanket, and gave him tea, but" —

The auditors, looking into the eyes of one another, edged off.

The old man observed the movement, and glanced around at them with quiet scorn. Then he went on: —

"But his end came quickly. The deadly pain came upon him, and he raved."

One by one, with dread in their faces, the listeners were slipping away. The old man did not notice. He was staring at the ground while he spoke, as if again there lay before him the writhing figure of the sufferer at the inn.

"At last," he said, half musing, "the spots came out on his face. He knew nothing. When I went to him next, he was dead, poor soul."

After some seconds of meditation the narrator looked up to see what impression his tale had made. Only one hearer remained to him, a little lad dressed in black, who stood waiting patiently.

"Do you not know me, Master?"

"Allah! Is it you, son?" and he threw two sinewy arms about the boy, and kissed him. "And how fares it?"

"Better than I dreamed, Master. I am weaving the holy carpet of Ardebil. They will not let you in now, but in a week you shall see."

"In a week, alas! I shall be far along the way to Trebizond by that time, but the road will be shorter, now that I have such good news of you; and when I come back, I shall find you gone, to be sure, to be master of the Shah's artisans in Teheran? And to think that I wanted to make a farmer of you!"

The slant light of morning saw old Sadak riding again at the head of his caravan across the plain, and the boy once more in place behind the company of tiny weavers who were working out

the wondrous design of the Ardebil. He had become a ruling spirit to them, crooning ceaselessly his song of the stitches, watching with tireless eyes the growth of the manifold flowers. They had come to dread that small forefinger, which shot out over their shoulders to point out an error. His piping word of reproof stung them like the branding iron. He tested the yarns for color, he watched the dwindling spools, and stopped the work now and then to cut out coarse and bunched places.

It was almost finished now, and the American superintendent's greatest delight was to lay a spirit level across the top row of knots, and to note, day after day, that it held true. They had finished the small inscription in the top of the field, — the few lines of Hafiz and the modest record of the workman who had wrought the design long centuries before. There remained only the resplendent sweep of border across the end, and then all would be done.

But every day the hush in the bazaars grew deeper. The richer merchants went away to the mountains, and board shutters hid many shop windows. The European buyers had made a hasty departure. Venders of green herbs and vegetables and mountain water cried their wares in subdued voices. Little knots of men with clouded faces gathered about the tea booths at corners in the bazaars and along the stone coping of stagnant fountains in the caravanserais, and hung there through long hours. Day and night an endless procession of funerals moved through the streets to the cemetery on the mountain side, where the city's dogs as well as the mourners were always howling.

The plague, which had come on the heels of famine, was spreading, and none had power to check it. Until summer should be gone, it must reap its harvest unopposed. There were no disinfectants. The Mission doctors did what they could, but it was little. The

punishment of uncleanness had come. The soil, saturated with the filth of three thousand years of crowded, neglectful life, sent up ever renewed contribution to the pestilence; the burning sun nurtured it. Upturned places festered in the heat. Foul water, creeping through the streets, became a carrier.

One day a weaver was missing from the Ardebil loom; then, another. Lads from other carpets took their places. There was only the narrow stripe now to finish. With flushed cheeks, doom's mark on him, the boy was crowding the new hands to the work. The American came, looked into the little loom-master's face, and noticed that the dark eyes were glazed.

"Are you sick, son?" he asked.

"No, Sahib, I am only tired," and he drew himself together and began again the sing-song that set all the fingers flying. "But, Sahib," he said, halting again, "I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"I don't know; something about the carpet. Nothing must happen to the carpet, Sahib, but" — lowering his voice almost to a whisper — "something has happened. The colors are — all — all grown — cold. The flowers, and the lamps — they — they" — He stopped, with a vacant stare.

"They what?"

The boy looked up at him helplessly, trying to remember, shivered, and began to cry. Then, as his gaze fell upon the pattern in his hand, he held it up before him and resumed his singing again, mechanically. The superintendent went away, with the contented reflection that there was n't another inch to do.

Noontime, hot, high noon, and the dirty weavers, one after another, left the looms and went out silently. The boy stayed. When he was alone he sat down listlessly on a bale of carpet, drew a folded sheet of flat barley bread from

the skirt pocket of his coat, and tried to eat. It sickened him. Intuitively he restored the poor food to his pocket, and went to the big earthen water vessel that stood in the corner and drank, and drank. Then, stealing around, feebly, half groping, to the back of the loom, where the glory of the Ardebil shone in the gloom, he prayed. When he went back to work, something in the side of his throat was choking him. A sudden, sharp pain pierced his chest. A little, muffled cry was the only sign he gave, but he knew, and to himself he said, smiling as if in recognition, "It is the 'demon's arrow.'"

That afternoon they whipped in the few colored threads of weft which made the small, striped web at the top of the carpet. At sunset it lay finished on the ground in the bazaar hard by, and black-browed dealers, elbowing one another, marveled at its maze of blossoms. All around it were strewn the fabrics of Kurdistan, and Shiraz, and Djushagan; they were dull and dead by contrast. The boy had disappeared.

"When you see the little rascal again, send him to me, Ibrahim," said the superintendent; "I want to make him a present. He's done himself credit."

Morning broke clear and hot over the stricken city. Fierce light was beating down through openings in the roof of the bazaars when the first comers sauntered in. There, with its thousands of little flowers smiling up to greet the day, lay the great carpet of Ardebil, and prone upon it, a thin, still, small figure in a long black coat.

Just above him, as if for epitaph, shone from the quaint medallion the lines woven so long ago by his idol, the nameless Weaver of Kashan: —

"Outside this Thy threshold am I,
Of every other refuge robbed;
Nor beyond this portal find I
Where to rest my weary head."

John Kimberly Mumford.

THE ELECTRIC CAR.

CONDITIONS! Blessed word! It stands for so many things that it almost saves thinking. When one surveys the work of the electric current, for instance, in wafting people hither and yon over the face of the earth, he believes that the trolley car has "created conditions, which" — And it has. Surely, no other mechanical contrivance ever so affected our economies in an equal time. It took half a century to develop the steamship into a swift, comfortable, and commodious vessel; the population, irrigation, and vegetation that the locomotive was to carry to the Pacific are pursuing it, but slowly; the loom was opposed by labor leaders, and so has been every other work-shortening device; but the electric car was accepted almost at once, with thanks.

What are the conditions it has made?

Quicker transit, with cleaner, larger cars, heated and lighted by electricity, and provided with electric signals that arrest the driver's attention, and his progress, when he is in a complying humor.

The dismissal of the horse from car service, to the cheapening of that animal, the saving and cleanness of our streets, and the sparing of no end of feelings.

Increased scope in service, for not only are the usual closed and open cars operated in the cities, but postal cars, parlor cars, express cars, repair cars, coal cars, freight cars, even, and there is a report that one line, with an important rural extension, is to have dining and sleeping cars!

A much up-building of suburbs and the emergence on the map of a thousand Daisy Knolls, Sparrow Parks, and Maplehursts.

An increase in the size and number of melancholy institutions called pleasure resorts, within reach of the cities;

therefore, the vexation of hitherto tranquil regions by rowdies and picnic parties.

The hurt to far-away hotels and boarding places, through this diversion of holiday makers to beaches and beer gardens near home.

The disfigurement of streets and injury to roads worked by the erection of poles, the stringing of wires, the cutting of pavements, the lopping of shade trees, and the blight of vegetation due to escaping currents.

A multiplication of the dangers and bothers of street traffic through increased speed in the cars, blown-out fuses, broken wires, and charged rails.

An immense increase in the capital invested in local transportation; hence, an increase in corporate and public wealth through dividends and taxes.

The promise of a wide extension of electric power to other vehicles and other industries.

The lowering of our standard of public manners, due to the overcrowding of cars.

Of these conditions, or elements in a condition, that is happiest which tends to deplete the city and persuade the people into roomier, healthier districts, where factories and slums are not; where flowers and trees are many. And, lacking the power to remove the city folk for good and all, it does a lesser, yet a kindly service, by taking them out for an occasional summer day, at least. Those who by need are forced to keep in touch with the cities have comfort in the fact that while the electric car takes them into town, it also takes them out again; so, if it increases human sociability by feeding the centres of trade and industry, it does not overdo the matter, for it relieves more than it adds to the congestion of cities. Of a stable populace, it would doubtless be

found that those who take holidays out of town, now that cheap, fast transit is afforded, are a hundred per cent more, as to numbers, than in the days of horse cars. And as populations are not stable, but increase in almost geometric ratio in American cities, the business of local railroads has grown from that circumstance also.

On one point the American is determined: he will not live near his work. You shall see him in the morning, one of sixty people in a car built for twenty-four, reading his paper, clinging to a strap, trodden, jostled, smirched, thrown into harrowing relations with men who drink whiskey, chew tobacco, eat raw onions, and incontinently breathe; and after thirty minutes of this contact, with the roar of the streets in his ears, with languid clerks and penguin market women leaning against him, he arrives at his office. The problems of his homeward journey in the evening will be still more difficult, because, in addition to the workers, the cars must carry the multitude of demoiselles who shop and go to *matinées*. To many men and women of business a seat is an undreamed luxury. Yet, they would be insulted if one were to ask why they did not live over their shops, as Frenchmen do, or back of them, like Englishmen. It is this uneasy instinct of Americans, this desire of their families to separate industrial and social life, that makes the use of the trolley car imperative, and the street railway in this manner widens the life and dominion of the people; it enables them to distribute themselves over wider spaces and unwittingly to symbolize the expansiveness of the nation.

To take another view, it has its part in the compacting of our social system, by extending the material advantages which invention has given to the race. And how quickly we accept these advantages, and how cheaply indignant we are if we lose them for a little! There is more complaint over a five-minute de-

lay in the progress of a car that trundles us through clean and spacious streets than there was fifty years ago over a half day's lateness of the stage-coach that jounced its passengers over the worst of roads to a place a score of miles away. It is promptness and frequency in car service that have so built up the suburbs of great towns. Still, in the encouragement of these districts the electric car negatives its own advantage, for, so soon as the suburb is merged in the town, and children begin to tumble about the streets, the car will be crowded and must go slow; and a slow electric vehicle is an inconsistency, an anomaly.

Next to the locomotive the trolley car is the swiftest of passenger projectiles. It has never made such speed as a mile in thirty-two seconds, which has been attained by a locomotive, and has rarely equaled Murphy's bicycle record of a mile in fifty-eight seconds, but passengers who have been whisked over a roughish road, and made to turn unexpected corners with vehemence, are satisfied with less. Fifteen miles an hour is a fair pace, on a smooth and unobstructed track; and on elevated roads, where motor cars have been introduced, this is the average speed. It is three miles better than that of the steam engine on the same roads, while fifty miles an hour are recorded on third rail systems.

It is alleged that electric roads have so cut into the business of steam lines that there is no longer a profit in passenger trains. At best, the passengers pay but a fifth of the operating expenses of steam roads, the other four fifths coming from freight, express matter, mails, and bankruptcies. For short trips the trolley is usually preferred, because a five or ten cent fare is good for any reasonable distance, whereas the steam roads charge by the mile; because there are no afflicting gas, dust, smoke, or cinders; because one may leave at any point along the line, in-

stead of being taken to a station a mile or two from one's destination. This economy of price applies to the city, however, rather than to the country, for it costs as much to drive one car with a dozen passengers through a village as it does to send a dozen cars with two hundred and fifty passengers through a town. In Brooklyn a transfer system is in vogue that enables one to ride eighteen miles for five cents, whereas on a road extending from Wattertown, N. Y., to Brownsville, five miles away, the fare is ten cents, and to Dexter, only two miles farther, it is ten cents more, this bringing the cost of a round trip of only fourteen miles to forty cents. Long trolley rides, such as those undertaken for a lark, or an experiment, between New York and Boston — a trip of two hundred and sixty-seven miles on sixteen lines of cars, with breaks of, say, forty miles in all, and requiring three days, without night travel — are thus not as cheap as they seem, yet the tendency toward consolidation that exists everywhere to-day — social, financial, municipal, industrial — may result in the lessening of operating expenses, and the offer of longer rides for less money.

The extent to which this country has been "trolleyized" may be guessed from the investment of over \$1,800,000,000 in street railways, on which are paid yearly interest and dividends of \$70,000,000. The employees number three hundred thousand, and their yearly wage foots up \$250,000,000. We have twenty thousand miles of track, on which sixty thousand cars are running. This appears small in comparison with our one hundred and ninety thousand miles of steam railway, but in 1899 a mile of electric road was laid for every two miles of steam road, so that the ratio of increase in street-car traffic is greater than that of the trunk lines.

Americans ride farther and more cheaply about their towns than do other people. All Canada has but seven hun-

dred and sixty miles of trolley lines. New Jersey's mileage is the same, and that little state has put more than twice as much money into their operation. London has not half so many miles as Brooklyn, albeit it has four times as large a population. Glasgow, which owns its street lines, has but seventy-three miles, and the fare for a six-mile ride is threepence, or one cent more than is charged in American cities for a ride of from ten to twenty miles. Paris has but two hundred miles of track, and the maximum fare is eight cents; but, then, Paris and London have their circular railways, and these roads carry many thousands of passengers, those of London dutifully grumbling at the darkness and the smells, for their underground road is not aired and lighted like Boston's subway.

The trolley system of Brooklyn, which is the largest in the world, illustrates the way and tendency of growth in electric railways, and is worth a brief review. Fifteen years ago electric cars ran between Brooklyn and Jamaica, eight miles away, over an ill-laid track, with many rockings and bumpings, and when the motorman turned on the power, the lights went out. It was a poor, crude affair, that of the old plank road, and it instances the depth of popular knowledge on electric traction at the time to learn that an old woman afflicted with palsy used to ride often on this line, because "the electricity escaping through the seats helped her nerves." The belief cured her, too. This little road showed possibilities, and it was deemed that the cars run experimentally in New York soon after did not, for they were equipped with individual motors, cumbrous and not swift in action. The Jamaica line was studied by engineers and capitalists, and the result is the equipment of all railroads in Brooklyn, and of the leading systems throughout the country, with electric cars operated either by the overhead or underneath trolley.

Brooklyn, place of one navy yard and a thousand prayer meetings, "the bedroom of New York," the butt of wittlings who declared it the rival of Philadelphia as a capital of peace, and the safest town in the world for the trundling forth of infants, became with startling suddenness a place of perils and excitements. It hummed and clanged with cars rushing through its streets at express speed, smashing wagons, bowling over citizens, thrilling those inside with pleasurable alarms, and spreading consternation among those outside. People soon realized that a speed which made the electric car superior to the horse car could not be maintained in busy districts, however exhilarating it might be to travelers, and convenient to those who were to be spirited to their homes after the day's work. An attempt was made to create an interest in lynching; mass meetings of protest were held, and fulminations of rage and oratory scared the town; aldermen and other patriots sprang to the rescue, and after a time the motorman was tamed, yet not till he had destroyed two hundred and fifty lives, and maimed many of his fellow creatures, — a small matter, after all, as compared with the slaughter in Pennsylvania, for in that state, during the year ending with June, 1900, the street cars killed fifteen hundred and eighty-two people, as an incident to carrying over half a billion passengers. The damage suits resulting from these accidents made it a matter of equal concern to the company to protect life; hence, the rate of slowness, except in the suburbs, was presently what it had been when patient horses went jingling up and down the town on interminable journeys.

Now appeared another difficulty — congestion. As capital makes capital, so travel makes travel; means of traffic are self-multiplying. Given a road with good service, and it induces people to settle in the districts that it reaches. The more they settle, the

harder it is to "handle" them, — "handle" is a railroad term, designed for the lowering of pride, — and the settlers are taxed for tunnels and elevated and sunken roads and grade changes, that the ways of escape from one another may suffice. The importance of the local railroad as a factor in city extension is betokened, to use a single instance among hundreds, in the result of a three-mile extension of one of the Brooklyn lines in 1896. The territory thus invaded was a farm and garden tract, without streets, sewers, or other improvements. In less than twelve months streets were cut, graded, and lighted, and over five hundred houses were built and occupied in that district.

It was not long before the benefits of consolidation presented themselves to the officers of the Brooklyn roads. A central power house could as easily supply energy for a dozen lines as for one; a great saving would thus be effected in fuel; salaried offices could be abolished, and fewer employees would be required; small car sheds, yards, and repair shops could be sold, for a price, and rolling stock housed at the more important stations; then, a harmonious aggregate would have more influence than a disorganized multitude of directors, when it was necessary to convince a board of aldermen that the good of society required the giving up of certain streets to the car companies, or that the taxes paid to the city were too high. Nor could the city object violently, for there was a promise of its increase, and of payment of their taxes by two or three of the companies that had fallen out of the habit of doing such things. There could be a gain to the public, moreover, since the vesting of authority in a single head and the massing of an immense capital would secure uniformity in operation, in speed and accommodations, better service on the small roads, and free transfers between lines that were formerly at odds. As to the stockholders in the various companies,

they were pacified by guaranteed dividends of from four to ten per cent, for as long as most people would expect to need them — nine hundred and ninety-nine years, in fact.

Thus the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company came into existence, and into possession of five hundred and fifteen miles of track, — all but twenty-nine miles of the whole mileage of Brooklyn, — and began trying to earn money. Consolidation means a trust, and that means what its directors make it, or what the public allows it to be. In Brooklyn the quality of the service has given rise to criticism, and the economies have occasioned strikes, attended by savage and protracted hostilities; yet Rapid Transit stock performed queer antics in the market place, bounding up to one hundred and forty, — a wondrous price for stock that had never paid a cent of dividend, and was not likely to for years to come, — then tumbling back to forty-seven. Several who were struck in the fall complained loudly.

Brooklyn trundles to its work as usual, the Rapid Transit Company supplying wheels if not seats. It gives a ride to over eight hundred thousand citizens every day; it has spent \$7,000,000 in improvements; it has replaced the old cars with thirteen hundred and fifty better ones; it has established over one hundred transfer stations; it has secured control of the bridge, and carries its patrons across the East River without paying an extra fare, — a proceeding that has broken the hearts of the ferry companies; and it pays \$2900 a day into the state and city treasuries as taxes. Spectators who look with shuddering on what appears to be a frantic riot at the Manhattan end of the bridge, what time each insurgent smells supper in the distance, will not be startled to learn that three hundred thousand people daily cross from shore to shore, and that three fifths of all the railroad business in the city is done in six hours, — the "rush time" of morning and evening. Imma-

gine the merest attempt at this kind of thing in the day of the horse car.

Now come we to the men who drive the car and gather nickels, and who in a day of hard work and harder responsibility earn from \$1.50 to \$2.30 apiece. Not counting clerks, starters, cleaners, engineers, electricians, and firemen in the power houses, mechanics, linemen, transfer agents, and spies, there are in this country, say, two hundred thousand men in regular employment, whose daily or nightly task it is to pilot cars and gather fares. The quality of these men varies as widely as do the localities in which they work. In certain cities of the South they have been seen to lift their hats when addressed by women, while in New York they have been seen not to. In Boston the average conductor is of the clerk and mechanic class, while in New York he resembles the day laborer, save that he speaks English, for our laborers are now Italians, Poles, and Slavs. Men of lean wits and a wabbling conscience are as forlornly out of place in the charge of a street car as they are in Congress, and every company that employs cheap service buys sackcloth and cash registers soon after.

The successful conductor joins to the chivalry and impressiveness of a policeman the *savoir-faire* of the gentleman behind the silk counter, for persons who go home from clubs at two in the morning may have to be persuaded in six different ways before they offer anything to "ring up." The conductor must keep fifty or sixty streets in mind; he must be sure to let the elderly lady off at the one she has been thinking of, and when she foils him, he must not impeach her veracity if she just knew she told him. He must not allow the man who immerses himself in a newspaper to forget an obligation of five cents to the company. He must curb a natural inclination to embrace the wives of strangers when he lifts them up the steps. He must call the attention of forgetful

persons to the fact that they are chewing tobacco, or are drunk. He must arbitrate between the man who opens the window and the woman who wants it shut, and shut it. He must insinuate himself up and down the aisle of his car without tipping standees into the laps of irascible bankers, or treading on the corns of such as wear them. And while others clutch at straps or dashboards or door-knobs or the cord he rings his fares with, when the motorman is seized with a sudden frenzy for action, he must never lie down on the floor or lose his dignity. He can be philosophic after he grows used to it, and find advantages in his wild career. As a conductor remarked, "The worst of goin' by 'lectricity is it 'most shakes your liver out. But you never get dyspepsy."

The motorman, facing the storms of women and the elements outside, looks in at the cheery congregation, and in the bitterness of his envy at the conductor's lot starts his chariot with a vehemence that sends the whole company sliding against the man at the farther door, and crushes him. Yet many times the conductor as keenly envies the driver, and the two have to declare a peace when some passenger must be put off for having smallpox, or hysterics, or a bill too large to change. If the conductor must be a diplomat, the motorman must be a soldier, and, as in larger matters, the soldier is at the behest of the diplomat; yet the latter cannot shirk responsibility, for in a case of accident the conductor is arrested as well as the driver. A successful motorman is not of too fine grain. If he were his trips would take a day apiece. He would so fear doing injury and hurting the pride of strangers that the passengers in his charge would learn to dislike him. Having fewer nerves, therefore, than poets have, the trolley driver makes way for his car with the fewer compunctions, and in a contest with a truck he expresses himself with admirable directness. These encounters, ending, mayhap, in the dis-

mantling of the truck, as well as the obloquy he endures from shoppers who stand in distant doorways and shake a finger at him when they wish to ride, seldom make him surly or indifferent, for he has ever on his mind the consciousness of peril. Frightened children have a way of appearing from vacancy, and throwing themselves in front of vehicles, that brings the whole of one's internal anatomy into his throat and nearly chokes him, and the way of elderly females is to cross within four feet of a farther curb, and then run back when they hear a trolley gong. The extent and significance of the risk are known, for many of the drivers are men of family. A motorman in New York who had beheaded a child in a crowded street exclaimed, "My God! I've been dreading this. And I've got a kid like that at home!" You cannot charge carelessness against that man. The carelessness was the child's.

Yet, withal, it is a healthy calling — this running of street cars. A trolley driver is no scholarly anæmic. He stands against the weather for ten and twelve hours, and seventy to one hundred miles a day. He feels the strain, but he feels more the air and sun, and becomes as tough and ruddy as a man-o'-war's man. Irregular meals are digested with a speed to amaze a clubman. Commonly his bride, or his son, or his boarding mistress intercepts his car at the home corner, and hands up his breakfast, piping hot, in a pail or basket. If he has half an hour to himself presently, well and good. If not, and he must eat his terrapin and *pâté de foie gras* with one hand while he twists his brake and stirs his coffee with the other, eating is no sinecure. And in the case of the conductor, though he may dine at greater leisure, the passengers are liable to object to the odor of canvas back, or Limburger, or sauerkraut. When passengers grumble because a car is off the track, or blocked by a broken truck, or paralyzed by a failure in the

current, it is of no use to scold the motorman. He is not staying there because he likes it. Some companies oblige him to make good the time that is lost, although most of them make no charge against him when the lateness is due to unpreventable causes, or even to a snowstorm. A Brooklyn motorman has drawn his regular wage for making so few trips a day as one, that one involving a battle against a blizzard with covered rails and icy wires and heaped drifts. Injuries in service are usually requited by medical attendance at the company's expense, but not illness, the theory being that trolley driving is so sanitary and joyous a calling that there should be no illness.

Trouble has grown from the arrangement of "swings," which compel a man, though he is on duty no more than nine or ten hours, to be away from home for twelve or thirteen. He is busy during the rush, at morning and evening, but as fewer cars are needed at other hours he is laid off in the middle of the day. There is barely time to go home and say "hello" to his family and disappear again, if he chooses to spend his enforced leisure in travel; but he does not, and so he lounges discontentedly about the station, pulling gloomily at a pipe, or gossiping with the other employees when he would fain be napping. In Brooklyn these recesses are held in less aversion than they were, for the Rapid Transit Company has established at each of the car sheds a clubroom for the employees where they can talk and smoke and eat in comfort, read the papers and magazines that are provided for them, play billiards, play on the piano if they know how, and where they give occasional entertainments to their friends. In sharp weather the company likewise provides, at the end of every run, hot coffee — all that the thirsty call for — and sandwiches, and makes no charge for them. During the last strike on the Rapid Transit lines the faithful received not only coffee and sandwiches, but

meals from the leading hotel in the city, so that many a trolley man fared better than the average citizen who lived behind a brown stone front and walked to his office rather than have stones thrown at him for riding.

As in all instances where concessions are made to employees, these shows of interest have improved the service and lessened discontent. Recently the company made a voluntary increase in pay, and it has put a premium on sobriety and faithfulness by progressive additions to the wage. The conductors used to receive a little more than the drivers in the era of horse cars, but the drivers would so beseech the conductors to spend this difference in their behalf at various saloons that the conductors themselves asked for an equalization of the pay. Men who affect places of cheer to such a degree that the cheer comes out on their noses and affects their breath are not working now for the Brooklyn roads, and conductors and motormen earn the same wage, namely, \$2 for a day of ten hours. After two years of continuous service this rate is increased to \$2.10; the next year they receive \$2.20, and after five years, \$2.30. Good behavior and caution have likewise been stimulated by prizes, the sum of \$10,000 having been apportioned among the men who showed the best records at the end of a year. Some hardships are involved in securing a place, for the applicant is last in a long list, and must show himself at the sheds every morning, at an unearthly hour. As those ahead of him fall out, through discouragement, illness, alcohol, or incapacity, he moves up, peg by peg, earning the chance to do more and more, and after a wait of anywhere from six weeks to six months, during which time he has been making from \$4 to \$10 a week, he has learned the business and has "got his car."

Of one person who figures in the operation of our street railways the passengers are but vaguely conscious, though

he appears for an instant at some point along the route, and there may be even two or three of him to vex the car crew. He is the inspector. He jumps upon the platform or footboard, makes a rapid count of noses, glances at the register of fares, and drops to earth again. He represents Truth, but in a form that the conductor would willingly crush; not that the conductor denies the right of his employers to compare the number of passengers with the figures on the dial, but the act implies distrust and the inspector is a spy, a hated being. There is not much sequestration of nickels by car conductors. They are men of average honesty, and also of average prudence and intelligence, wherefore they know that even were an inspector to overlook a discrepancy there is always a chance that a more insidious reptile may insinuate himself among the passengers, basely disguised in human form — a "spotter." It may be the stolid-looking person who gazes into vacancy and thinks for ten long miles, or it may be the young woman who is immersed in a novel, and who from time to time dog-ears the pages of her book to correspond to the number of passengers, and carelessly glances at the fare register as she leaves the car. This horrent creature shows him in various forms, and once in a while so transparent a form that the conductor spots the spotter, and takes opportunities to lurch against him and bruise his hat. There have been a few instances in which the spotter has confessed himself, and shared the dishonest gains of a conductor, but Tammany methods do not so prevail in our business enterprises as to oblige us to hire men to detect the detectives.

The future of transportation in our cities is a serious problem, which may be solved in an unlooked-for manner, by not solving it. Instead of keeping pace with the growth of population, the street-car industry may remain where it is. This is not likely, for it would

involve a reconciliation to more stationary conditions of life, and a resignation to flats and tenements which have already aroused the reformers to belligerency. Yet in the centralization of millions there is a tendency to create sub-centres, each, in its housing, industries, and amusements sufficient to itself, and the more sufficient they become the less will people leave them. Not only is New York a federation of boroughs, but each borough is a congeries of social and industrial settlements, differing as widely in the dominant race as in geographical place, yet increasingly self-sustaining. Harlem does not go to Murray Hill nearly so often as it used to, and Brooklyn, which had to go to New York to see a play thirty years ago, now has sixteen theatres of its own. When the employees of a great factory live in its shadow, and brokers move to flats within five minutes' walk of the exchanges, transportation difficulties will have solved themselves.

It is probable, however, that much of local travel in the future will be over elevated roads — not in the public streets, where they have no place, but through yards, where they have bought a right of way — and through tunnels. Economy and facility suggest the tunnel. It does not cumber the highway; it avoids grades, angles, and crossings; it does not rust; it is never fouled by mud, or drifted with snow; its temperature is fairly equable; it offers room not only for car tracks, but for gas and water pipes, telephone, telegraph, and electric light wires, and pneumatic tubes; it is never blocked by wagons and pedestrians; hence, any speed of cars is possible, and while it is unpleasant, by reason of its darkness and dampness, there is unlimited range for lighting, and fans and chimneys insure ventilation.

In the country we may look for the greatest change. The appropriation of public roads by trolley companies will probably cease, except in those in-

stances where the roads are wide, where shade trees will not suffer, and where at least two thirds of the residents along the way consent to the privilege. Room must be left for the horse, the automobile, the bicycle, and the neglected walker. Corporations are ceaselessly clamoring for public properties. They even try to secure sites in our parks for shops, restaurants, museums, merry-go-rounds, news stands, and places in capitols and city halls for smaller forms of trade than law-making. The dignity of public ownership must be kept inviolate, and electric roads, which now threaten to absorb the best boulevards and drive-ways, must take to the fields. This their projectors are increasingly willing to do, for, when it runs on private property, a car may be driven at any speed, it may cut off corners, economizing power and distance, and especially it avoids collisions, and delays damage suits. The companies are already learning to avoid grade crossings, and the trolley cars, which the power of Niagara sends whizzing from Buffalo to the cataract, leap the tracks of the trunk lines by bridges so steep it is a wonder they can be climbed. The grades on electric roads are impossible to steam. Of course the electric car must not stray widely from the farmhouse, because its advantage over the steam-driven vehicle is that it can halt where its passengers list, and there is the less need to set up stations for it because, being relatively light, easily handled, and giving slight resistance to the brakes, it can be stopped and started with less rack to its timbers and machinery than is the case with a steam car. Considering how much oftener the trolley car is stopped, its life of fifteen years is long.

In the country the effect of the trolley is already seen in the quickened social life of rural populations, wider knowledge of the world's doings, and the importing of city ways. Within thirty years steam has wondrously welded country and town together, and

now electricity is perfecting the work. Differences in speech, dress, and custom are little marked to-day, because country and city mix more freely than they did. Time was when a run of a hundred miles into the country was a jump backward. Now, as we step from the car we hear the new slang, the new song, the new news, and discover the native in hand-me-downs and a pot hat, like those from which we fled in town. At first the farmers opposed the electric car, as they did steam roads, and its rural advocates were principally speculators who had land to sell; but being at last established, it would not be given up, for, although it has been the habit of the farmer to spend twenty minutes in catching and harnessing his horse when he would go to the post office, which is ten minutes' walk from his door, he finds it an economy of brain, muscle, and time to effect this visit in a car, even if it does cost ten cents.

So, while in mere utility the electric car does its best service in the city, as a factor in progress it is worth most to the rural districts. It threatens the old peace and isolation that make the country dear to those who spend their summers there, and it would be not in the least surprising if bands of farmers went careering around their county, one of these evenings, blowing horns and shouting a chorus in time, if not in tune, with the local cornet band, and faring forth in a car radiant with flags and aglow with colored lights, after the fashion of the chowder clubs and Bier-undprezelundgesangvereins of the cities. Let this consummation be hoped. It will be worth more to the farmer than a new potato bug destroyer.

With good roads, and with trolley cars to carry one to the shop, the prayer meeting, the library, the school, the sewing circle, the village improvement society, country industries will be made easier, touch with the markets more rapid, amusements more generous, and life will be broader, freer, more diverse.

Even where a farmer makes only a moderate use of the car, the fact of his premises being under survey of people who ride more will touch his pride, and he will keep his yards and fences in better order, paint his buildings oftener, plant flowers and water them, and set out a tree or two for shade's sake. As he and his wife touch elbows and wits with strangers, when they go to town, they will give more thought to their personal and mental appearance than when they drove about in the old buggy.

In the city the street car is a corrupter of manners. Such manners as people used to have in American towns hardly survive the scramble in the rush hours. Women were treated with consideration, even in New York, once. Now, when they ride they may cling to a strap, and the burly fellow who has pushed his way past them and taken a seat will be seemingly indifferent to their presence. But gentlemen are always what their name implies, and it is rare indeed when three or four of them are not to be found in a congregation. They are as often in overalls as in broad-cloth. To them the woman need never look in appeal, and indeed she often looks in sympathy, for when they have

done a day's work in a foundry or a shipyard, while she has been making calls or attending a concert, she appreciates their right to rest. One such woman, in a Southern city, said to a laborer who had arisen to offer his place to her, "I don't like to deprive you of your seat."

"There ain't no depravity, mum," he answered gallantly.

And, really, there is n't. Generous instincts are beneath the seeming selfishness, and one of these days — when the companies run cars enough — there will be no complaint. Even now, the crippled, the suffering, the aged, and the woman with a child in her arms may always command a seat, no matter how many and rough the passengers. It is a better world than it used to be. In the hurry of modern life we cannot stop to be polite to everybody. If we did we should block the procession, and it would use bad language. We see fine manners abroad, and deplore their lack among ourselves; but who sees abroad the awkward courtesy, the bashful kindliness, and the constant good nature that pertain among the American people, even when they are squeezed together in a street car?

Charles M. Skinner.

A DIALOGUE IN HADES.

OMAR KHAYYÁM AND WALT WHITMAN.

Omar. Welcome to the realm of shades, thou traveler from the hemisphere that was not dreamt of when I left Earth.

Walt. Is that so? Then am I the being best fitted to describe it, for I represent the whole of American life. I am

"A learner with the simplest, a teacher of the thoughtfullest,

A novice beginning, yet experient of myriads of seasons,

Of every hue, trade, rank, caste, and religion,
Not merely of the New World, but of Africa,

Europe, Asia — a wandering savage,
A farmer, mechanic, artist, gentleman, sailor,
lover, quaker,

A prisoner, fancy-man, rowdy, lawyer, physician, priest."

Omar. Thou speakst in riddles.

Walt. That's poetry, man.

Omar. 'T would not so have been styled when I abode at Naishápúr; but perchance thou wast one of the discov-

erers of the western world, and so didst strive to lead the aborigine into the pleasant paths of versification.

Walt. I have but lately left yonder planet.

Omar. And thine is the poetry now in vogue?

Walt. Not yet; but it will be, although

"All I have done, I would cheerfully give to be trod under foot, if it might only be the soil of superior poems."

My aim was to

"Announce greater offspring, orators, days, and then depart."

I was in no haste for personal recognition, believing that

"The proof of a poet shall be sternly deferred, till his country absorbs him as affectionately as he has absorbed it."

Meanwhile, my countrymen are absorbing you.

Omar. Thou surprisest me. What had I in common with the denizens of thy world, barbarian?

Walt. Americans have a fondness for Oriental imagery, as for exotic plants, for all things rare or uncommon. Their bards used to be reproached with adhering too strictly to European models, but when one arose not hide-bound by convention, who sacrificed manner to matter, and was a law unto himself —

Omar. He was regarded as a god.

Walt. Quite the reverse. The people of the States still lean upon Old World traditions in matters of art. They place the refined above the natural, though all men know that brown bread is more wholesome than white; and while they have your melancholy quatrains done into musical English verse by a poet of the first rank they will not hearken to my "barbaric yawp."

Omar. Nor can I blame them. Thy genius is not strong enough to run a good race, handicapped with thy coarseness.

Walt. I like not the word from one who rejoiced in getting drunk.

Omar. That is the meaning thou readest into my praise of the grape, O thou of evil mind. Reflect upon thy own saying, —

"All architecture is what you do to it when you look upon it,

Did you think it was in the white or gray stone? or the lines of the arches and cornices?

"All music is what awakes from you, when you are reminded by the instruments."

Walt. You appear to have read my poems. I had not expected them to have penetrated thus far.

Omar. Full many volumes have come hither, consigned to Hades by the moral teachers of Earth.

Walt. There must be a goodly store of choice literature out here.

Omar. True; but none so repellent as thine, thou sensualist.

Walt. No more sensualist I, than you a drunkard. You affirm you were not, and I doubt no man's word. Like the Preacher in Ecclesiastes you said, "I sought in my heart to give myself unto wine," simply as a commentary upon the text, "All is vanity." My point of view was the opposite — All is *not* vanity. I sang the Modern Man in his entirety, and no more considered it honorable to ignore an integral part than would a physician in dissecting a human body.

Omar. In my earthly sojourn, the physician chose not the public thoroughfare for his analysis. Thou mightest have accomplished thy end after a manner more akin to decency.

Walt. I treated all subjects alike.

Omar. Thou speakest truth. There is a preponderance of unnecessary detail throughout thy so-called verse. I marvel not that mine is preferred.

Walt.

"Who are you, indeed, who would talk or sing in America?

Have you studied out MY LAND, its idioms and men?

Have you learned the physiology, phrenology, politics, geography, pride, freedom,

friendship of my land? its substratums and objects?

Have you considered the organic compact of the first day of the first year of the independence of The States, signed by the Commissioners, ratified by" —

Omar. Hold! Enough! Thou drivest me from my centre of gravity with thy flow of meaningless words. Verily, if thy land be like unto thy poetry, I can describe it well, though I have seen it not.

Walt. Begin then.

Omar. It differs from Europe in many a league of monotony between the spots of natural or historic interest.

Walt. But the spots exist, you'll allow, and they're interesting enough to justify a spacious background, the duller the better. You may travel for hours over a flat and dreary surface, but suddenly, you come to — the Falls of Niagara.

Omar. Doubtless thou referrest to some astounding beauty of nature, and if it be so, my simile is applicable. I turn thy Leaves of Grass in despair at their tedium, but of a sudden I come upon some astounding beauty of nature, thy Poem of the Road, or A Word out of the Sea. Would I could have crossed Brooklyn Ferry with thee, and as for thy lines beginning "I am he that walks with the tender and growing night," I myself might have penned them.

Walt. You never could. Your feeling for nature was not the close, personal affection that I felt — for the rough as for the smooth, for the unsightly as for the comely. You personified Sun, Stars, Night, giving them an existence apart from their association with Earth. The external world was part of my very essence; to you it was the emblem of Fate: —

"And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,
Lift not your hands to It for help — for it
As impotently moves as you or I."

Omar. Somewhat like unto that I said, without a doubt.

Walt. But there are others of thy quatrains that I might have written.

Omar. Thou'rt modest.

Walt. I could not establish my kinship with every man who ever lived, had I not something even of you in me.

Omar. Let me hear thy presumptuous comparisons.

Walt. I say, —

"Tenderly will I use you, curling grass,
It may be you transpire from the breasts of
young men,
It may be if I had known them I would have
loved them."

You transcribe the same thought thus: —

"And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean —
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs un-
seen!"

Again you sigh, —

"Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing
Nor *Whence*, like Water, willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as wind along the Waste,
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing."

I echo, —

"We, capricious, brought hither we know not
whence, spread out before you,
You up there walking or sitting,
Whoever you are, we too lie in drifts at your
feet."

I find eternity in men and women, and you come to the conclusion, —

"I myself am Heav'n and Hell."

You sing, —

"And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account and mine, should know the like no
more,
The Eternal Sáki from that Bowl has
pour'd
Millions of bubbles like us, and will pour."

To which I reply, —

"I, too, but signify, at the utmost, a little
washed-up drift,
A few sands and dead leaves to gather,
Gather, and merge myself as part of the
sands and drift."

Omar. I am amazed, not having observed one sentiment of thine like unto mine.

Walt. You must not imagine that your type of mind died with Omar, the Tent-Maker. It is common in my land, whose representative I am, and therefore voice its every phase.

Omar. Even in opposition to thy prevailing mood? I was ever bent upon self-suppression, while thou held nothing to be good which ignored individuals.

Walt. Yes; I was "Teacher of the unquenchable creed, namely, Egotism."

Omar. Was that a fitting creed for a nation where individuality already is rampant, if thy writings are to be believed? Methinks 't were better preached in Europe or in Asia, where men are handled *en masse*.

Walt. You do not understand. I was the mouthpiece of Democracy, wherever found.

Omar. Thy ideal is not in accord with that of the Europeans with whom I have conversed since they came hither. It must have been formed solely upon experience of America.

Walt. Perhaps; I never was anywhere else.

Omar. That accounts for the excess of the egoism, likewise for thy provincialism.

Walt. My what?

Omar. Thou comprehendest not the word? It's meaning cannot be unknown even in America. That land may be as large as half the globe in substance and supreme in material things, and yet be backward in thinking. Hath not the invention of thy countrymen gone in advance of their imagination? Hath not their education distanced their culture?

Walt. There is no other nation so mad after the things of the mind.

Omar. And yet thou, hoping to be its representative, glorified the body.

Walt. I strove to impress the truth which America in her craze for intellectuality is most likely to forget,—that physical development is essential to the highest mental development.

Omar.

"This is no book,
Who touches this, touches a man."

Walt. You may scoff at my lines as you please; I tell you, they contain a warm and intimate feeling for the race, as individuals, far more sincere than much of the talk about the Brotherhood of Man; it has become the mode for modern poets to sing. 'T is easy to love your kind in bulk, and disdain detached specimens.

Omar. I troubled myself about neither, but lived the life of a recluse, and looked at the stars.

Walt. You made a great mistake. A man had to look down and around, as well as upward, if he wished to be in sympathy with his kind.

Omar. Thy kind receive thee not, thou hast said.

Walt. My poems have gained an attentive hearing among the thoughtful of the Old World.

Omar. Strange! America clings to me; Europe to thee.

Walt. Not strange at all. The crude ever craves the finished, the finished the crude. When my works, like yours, have been buried for eight centuries, there may spring up, from my mouldering Leaves of Grass, flowers of as rare perfume as ever bloomed in your garden—with the assistance of a knowing cultivator.

Omar. None more willing than I to acknowledge my indebtedness to the translator, whom I have suitably thanked since I had opportunity, though he answered none of the questions I asked in my Rubáiyát.

Walt. Because he could n't.

Omar. That task was left to thee. I know not thy equal for self-confidence.

Walt. I would have you to remember that,

"I have claimed nothing to myself which I
have not carefully claimed for others on
the same terms"—

Omar. Make an end of rehearsing

thy interminable lines, and tell me truly the secret of thy firm faith in the existence of the state at which we have now arrived.

Walt. My belief was based chiefly upon the theory of Evolution.

Omar. 'T was ne'er heard of in my day.

Walt. Nor for many a long day after. I went a step beyond most of my contemporaries in applying its laws to spirit as well as to matter, deeming the one as indestructible as the other. Where were you, then, with your quatrain, —

"Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,

Before we too into the Dust descend ;

Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,

Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and —
sans End!"

in opposition to my promise, —

"And I will show you that whatever happens to anybody, it may be turned to beautiful results — And I will show that nothing can happen more beautiful than death."

Omar. Verily, a cheerful showing; but I was content to be a follower of Epicurus, and let the future go.

Walt. Your verses did not breathe contentment, my comrade. I had ever more sympathy for you than for the Agnostics of my time to whom you are so closely akin. They are satisfied not to know, but you seemed ever in doubt if that which you did not know, and had vainly sought to discover, were not the sum and substance of all Truth.

Omar. Of a surety my attitude was the converse of thine, but I believe thy sound health and good digestion were alone responsible for thy joy in life.

Walt. It may have been so at the outset, but my opinions did not change, even when I became poor and old and paralyzed, my superb constitution having been wrecked through hardships endured while attending upon sick or wounded soldiers in the war —

Omar. War? Is that disgrace to humanity not yet abolished?

Walt. No; and "Whatever is, is right." But tell me, friend, have you taken so little interest in the Earth as not to have revisited it in the spirit?

Omar. Wherefore should I return? Like thyself, I was out of harmony with the men among whom I lived.

Walt. Still mere curiosity might have rendered you desirous of seeing what progress the world had made in all these hundreds of years since you left it.

Omar. What are centuries when one is no longer in Time but Eternity? Moreover, the planet Earth, the whole solar system to which it belongeth, are now become of infinitesimal importance in the wonders of the universe I am exploring.

Walt. I understand. You were an astronomer, and have gone on. Let me go with you.

Omar. How can such a request be granted to the man who wrote, —

"I believe I shall find nothing in the stars more majestic and beautiful than I have already found on the earth"?

Walt. Again you misinterpret me. Your verses are in one key; mine are in various. There is growth in my Modern Man. Later he goes on to say, —

"I was thinking the day most splendid, till I saw what the not-day exhibited,
I was thinking this globe enough, till there tumbled upon me myriads of other globes. . . .

O how plainly I see now that life cannot exhibit all to me — as the day cannot,

O I see that I am to wait for what will be exhibited by death."

You, Omar Khayyám, shall be my instructor. Come, let us proceed. You shall prove me a true seer when I dreamed: —

"This day before dawn I ascended a hill, and looked at the crowded heaven,

And I said to my Spirit, *When we become the enfolders of those orbs, and the pleasure and knowledge of everything in them, shall we be filled and satisfied then?*

And my Spirit said *No, we level that lift, to pass and continue beyond.*"

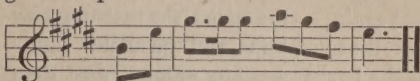
Jean N. McIlwraith.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

To hear a nightingale sing had been for years one of my heart's unfulfilled desires; had I not heard him praised in books, poems, and songs, especially songs? Every one knows of more nightingale songs than he can count. People who had heard the nightingale sing always seemed to take particular pleasure in raving about his song, looking upon me with pity because I could not be counted among the fortunate number. Finally, I began to pity myself, and to wonder if it was possible that I had heard one sing after all without knowing it. I tried to remember all the unfamiliar birds I had listened to in foreign lands, and to question those people (who, most of them, did not know one bird note from another) how nightingales did sing, and how I should identify one if I should be happy enough to hear him. So much did those people's accounts of the same thing differ, it might have been a dozen birds that they were describing instead of one.

One said that it was a "sad, plaintive song;" another declared it was most "joyous and brilliant, full of trills and roulades, and very intricate;" while a third dashed all my hopes by saying that "the nightingale after all was a very much overrated bird, and if he did n't know enough to pick out a romantic spot and to sing by moonlight when all the other birds were asleep, no one would ever think of noticing him." My only consolation after this last remark was the knowledge that the lady who made it was neither musical nor romantic, and I am sure that a street piano played on Sixth Avenue at high noon would have pleased her far more than all the nightingales and moonlight in creation. I asked no more questions, but one day, while reading that charming little book Elizabeth and her German Garden, I

came across a bar of the nightingale's notes written in one of the chapters. I studied them well, resolved never to forget them; and in the end they proved a great help to me.



Last May while staying on the beautiful Riviera I was told that the nightingales had been singing in the lovely old-fashioned garden of the hotel in Menton, which was a quiet spot and away from the road. Any one can imagine what my feelings were after my long waiting, to know that the desired bird was so near, had actually been singing the night before, and was likely to sing the next night. But, alas, I spent the greater part of every evening rushing to my balcony thinking that I heard my nightingale, and getting many a chill during the small hours waiting for the song that never came, until hope was quite gone and I had given up my night watches, convinced that it was best to resign myself to my fate, and to become indifferent.

One morning early, so early, in fact, that it was not yet morning, I arose to open my window and breathe some of the wonderful, fresh Riviera air all laden with the perfume of thousands of flowers, and to stop one moment to enjoy the beautiful scene which, as I was never fond of early rising, was rare to me. To the east rose the grand, rugged, frontier mountains, like a huge fortress between France and Italy, and over them hung great masses of gray clouds that made them look unlimited in height; and in contrast to their severity lay the Mediterranean at their feet, reflecting the yachts and the fishing boats that rose up like ghosts in the white, thin mist that was over all. It was that hour just be-

fore dawn that makes everything familiar look strange and eerie, and I turned to go in, for I believe every one at heart, if he will only confess it, is a bit superstitious. I am, and I am sure that I never admired "three-o'clock-in-the-morning courage" more than I did then.

At that moment the bells in the quaint little town struck four, then all was silent again, — the moon, the morning star over the mountains, and the anchor lights in the harbor keeping watch. Just then I heard something like a soft low whistle close by. I stopped to look through the blinds. I won't say I was frightened, but it certainly did startle me, for I thought that some one was whistling to me, and I peered intently through the blinds to see, if possible, who that impudent some one was. There was no one in the garden below nor anywhere in sight. But it came again, and a third time in a plaintive musical phrase very distinct and slow. In spite of myself my hair began to rise, for there was something about it almost supernatural and unearthly when it was repeated with almost a break on some notes not unlike a sob. I made up my mind to solve the mystery, and at last located the sound in an old olive tree by the garden wall, where a branch was trembling as if some one had just shaken it. On the branch I saw a live little shape, and when the notes came again I remembered the bar that I had so carefully committed to memory, and then it was I realized that at last one of my heart's desires was fulfilled, and that the nightingale was found.

So excited was I, and so anxious not to lose one note of his song, that I took pen, ink, and paper, lay on the floor of the balcony out of sight, so as not to frighten the bird, and listened for one hour and a half, writing down note for note every phrase he sang, correcting my mistakes as he repeated (which he did very many times), putting down every variation (he is fond of variations) and

every accent, even taking the pitch with a French pitch tuning fork. It is true that no other bird sings like him. Our swamp thrush has a more brilliant quality, and even sings one of the nightingale's phrases, but he has not quite such a pathetic quality, nor the art that makes the nightingale unique in his almost masterly use of accents, light and shade, and perfect rhythm.

His deliberate *sostenuto* is a strong characteristic, and his phrases are given with such a perfect legato, and yet with such clear separateness, that to write them down is an easy task. There is none of the incoherency which makes many other bird melodies impossible to put on paper, as he uses one scale of distinct whole and half tones, whereas they sing quarter tones in many cases, and sing two or three octaves above the G-clef, which multiplies the difficulties.

He sang in the upper soprano octave where a person naturally whistles. His song was in the key of three sharps, and he went from that key to the key of one sharp, with something like a modulation, and returned to his first key, that of three sharps, without abruptness. His quality resembles a light tone of the wooden flute, yet it is absolutely pure and very penetrating. I do not presume to say that every nightingale sings the same phrases as did this one; still I am sure that I have written conscientiously and correctly, without any help of the imagination, every phrase that I heard him sing.

He sings seven or eight different phrases, the second and longest being his favorite, and with which he finishes his song. The first phrase is really part of the second.

I write the song which must be read an octave above where it is written. The similarity to Elizabeth's phrase will be noticed, although not in the same key. Each phrase is repeated five or six times until he wearies of it, then he goes to the next.

Sva. 2

3 4 5 6 7 8 9

To notice the similarity between Elizabeth's nightingale and the Riviera nightingale one must play the phrase of the former in the same key of three sharps, and compare it with the second phrase thus : —

Elizabeth's phrase.

No. 2. Riviera nightingale.

All variations have been written. No. 5 is sometimes written with the D sharpened thus : —

Very rarely, Nos. 4 and 5 are sung in the key of three sharps instead of de-

scending to one sharp as written. No. 6 is sometimes sung with the G sharpened thus : —

As I wrote and listened the morning star over the mountains began to pale, and the cloud masses became purple, then crimson, and finally golden. At last the sun rose gloriously above them all, gilding everything it touched, and bringing out into strong relief every tree and flower in the quaint Menton garden, against blue sea and sky which made a vivid background. The nightingale still sang on in spite of the jealous canaries in their cage below, who began to sing their loudest, as if they wanted to drown every other song. But above them all I could hear the pure, penetrating notes which floated into my room where I had gone to rest a little.

Suddenly, I heard three sharp shots close by the garden wall, and the bird was silent. My heart stood still — for I feared the worst. In vain I listened for his song, but it never came again, and I began to feel sick and spiritless, as if I had lost a friend.

When I asked the waiter at breakfast "What people were shooting at so near the house," he replied very carelessly, "Les petits oiseaux, madame, pour manger, peut-être!" That was too much for my weak patience, and I replied to him in English; what I said I will leave unwritten.

I went into the garden, sure then of the worst, yet resolved that if the singer was gone the song should not be forgotten. At that moment, as if in answer to my thought, I heard a faint note far away. It was repeated again. Was it he? Or was it some other bird who had missed him and was calling to him? No, it must have been he, for that surely was his favorite phrase, even with the little break on the second note which must be his alone. I felt immediately comforted, took heart again, and returned to the house to keep my promise, and to begin to write what is here set down.

Llinos Eglinton.

DEMOCRACY AND EDUCATION.

THE separation of the working classes from the general intellectual life of the country is evident at a glance. Our formal educational system furnishes less and less of the unifying force expected from it; for in the grades in which it meets the needs of the wage-earners it too often drives other people away. In college or university, on the other hand, the son or daughter of a working man is about as rare a phenomenon as a Japanese. Both are found, both are exceptions. This fact is the more striking because our universities are far from being the exclusive homes of privilege. Every one connected with them knows how large a proportion of students are wholly lacking in the traditions of the intellectual life. They come to us to receive those traditions, and the smaller American college, at least, is often forced to postpone the promotion of the higher scholarship to the diffusion of a general culture. But among the hungry crowds who press to our offered feast the working people are not found.

Of course we cannot expect them

there, since grim necessity demands their presence elsewhere; but it is a little disappointing to find that the popular movements which expressly aim to bring what education may be to busy people at home equally fail to attract them. These movements, with their fine vitality and disinterestedness, have opened a new delight in the intellectual inheritance of the race to many thousands, but by their own confession both Chautauqua and University Extension stop short of the manual workers. "University Extension has not become the means of elevating so-called working men," writes a representative of this admirable movement in the *Atlantic* for September, 1901.

Nothing is easier than to acquiesce in this state of things as a law of nature. Indeed, so great is our need of a sound scholarship in America, so great our danger of intellectual cheapness, that we are almost tempted to wish ourselves less rather than more democratic; dedicated to the sound training of the few rather than to spreading our mean attainments among the many. Yet here

we must draw a distinction. Scholarship is for the elect, but the powers that can scale its austere heights are not bred in a wilderness. The word "culture" suggests a true analogy: the wide plains whereon the race at large must live should not be brown and arid; nor is that country beautiful or good for habitation in which small plots of green are dotted in an unkempt plain, but that which presents wide and friendly stretches of fertile verdure, subdued by common human effort to common joy and need. American life must foster scholarship and culture alike; culture, if for no other reason, than that scholarship may abound.

How may we share our intellectual inheritance with the laboring classes? The question presses and difficulties are many. One general truth we must face at outset and conclusion, — a truth very simple, and therefore difficult of practice: in order to promote the common life, it is necessary to live the life in common.

For ignorance of this truth many an admirable educational effort is doomed to failure. Large schemes, initiated by theorists, carried out at arm's length, can never avail to overcome the intellectual isolation of the workers. Nor is it enough to annihilate material distance, while the spiritual distance endures. Almost every working-class district possesses a number of educational enterprises regarded by their would-be beneficiaries with distressing indifference. Too often the neighbors refuse to frequent our reading rooms or to attend our municipal lectures. The writer well remembers carefully preparing, at the request of the city, a lecture on Socialistic Literature in the Middle Ages, — and it was a good lecture! — only to be confronted by an audience consisting of eight little Italian girls, two melancholy teachers, and the school janitor. Not to seek more instances painfully near, it is known that the Palace of Delight in East London, in-

augurated with such high sentiments, fails to allure those for whom it was intended, and that clerks and typewriters, rather than working men, avail themselves of Toynbee Hall.

Many people, scandalized at this lack of appreciation, withdraw their interest in any attempt to educate the workers. But brush away delusion from our minds, and see how the aspect of things changes! Behold the benevolent philanthropist, spreading before a hunger-bitten crowd tables of gleaming fruit and dainty bread, warmly proclaiming the feast free to all, and grievously perplexed that none draw near, — oblivious of the fact that the invited guests are chained out of reach of the food. The chains of the working population are none the less real because invisible. Sentimentality aside, their daylight hours are held in bondage that we may exist beautifully, and that they may exist, if unbeautifully. In the evening, brains stupefied by hours spent in the deafening noise and bad air of the modern factory are hardly eager to absorb intellectual delights. Well does the writer remember the headache that ignominiously broke up her experience as a working girl, after two days' stitching from seven to six in a shoe factory. Nothing more swiftly quickens, in a fair and sensitive person, the conviction that our claims to democracy cast gibes at fact than the almost hopeless effort to bring working people into unity with our intellectual life.

We here concern ourselves, however, not with protest or arraignment, but with the healthier question, What shall we do? Putting aside the great problem of the schools, — a problem too wide for discussion here, — much may be learned from passing in review certain private movements toward popular education, especially those inaugurated by the settlements; most of all, perhaps, may be learned from our blunders.

The easiest and probably the most popular method of sharing our intellec-

tual delights with working people is to gather what audience we may, — usually a small one, — and lecture to it. Dozens of such lectures are given every year; and any one who has perpetrated his share in them and watched the efforts of others knows how rare it is for a lecturer really to hit the mark. Lecturing to working people is no holiday task, to be lightly undertaken. All arts of delivery must be practiced, simply to make the voice carry across the invisible leagues that separate the speaker and the hearers.

A talk to an audience of manual workers should always be brief. An hour is usually recognized as the decent limit of time during which a man has a right to inflict his voice, his tricks of manner, and the contents of his mind upon his fellow mortals; nor, under ordinary conditions, does a lecturer dare to exceed this limit. I have known bright men and women invited to address a working-class audience to come apparently without preparation, and for an hour and three quarters deluge with words their small, patient, and helpless audience.

Talk to tired people, moreover, ought to be clear-cut and well put. Many a time has the writer heard an accomplished lecturer pour forth the contents of his mind in a series of incoherent sentences that trailed their bewildered length along, coiling parentheses within parentheses, and never once straightening out into grammatical completeness. "Brethren!" exclaimed Father Taylor, of blessed memory, hesitating for an instant in his fervid speech, — "Brethren, I've lost my verb, — but I'm bound for the kingdom of heaven!" Few latter-day speakers seem equally aware of their lapses. Alas for the audience! An amorphous whirlpool of ideas is not a lecture.

Nor is it enough to avoid the prolix and the confused. One must be interesting. The Scylla of obscurity frowns on the one hand, the Charybdis of child-

ishness surges on the other, and on one of the two many a speaker makes shipwreck. There is an obvious translation of one's theme into words of one syllable, which is an offense to any rational audience. On the other hand, many an earnest, able, devoted scholar, anxious to bring his best and choicest, runs up against Scylla with fatal results. Is he dry? He seems possessed to be ten times drier. Is he abstruse and hard to follow? Impelled, doubtless, by the sense of the large need of his listeners, the rarity of his opportunity, the sacredness of his message, he condenses his entire philosophy of history and religion into an hour. I have known a Christian scholar, inspired by fervent love for the "plain people," summarize a brilliantly original course of Lowell Lectures in a rapid talk of one hour and a half. "My dear friends," said the scholar, aglow with enthusiasm from tip to toe, "it is needless for me to remind you of that with which you are all as familiar as myself, — the affiliations of the philosophy of Hegel with that of the Orient." "If we can only make these ideas prevail," he exclaimed after the lecture, "our nation will indeed be one brotherhood in Christ!" Probably he was aided in his delusion by a labor leader in the audience, who, having peacefully slumbered under a sense of polysyllabic eloquence dear to the heart of the popular orator, clasped his hand cordially, with the remark, "Professor, that was fine! that was fine!"

Avoid Scylla and Charybdis, and other necessities confront us. The man who would reach the people must be vivid, pictorial, emotional. No sham emotion, if you please. No one detects unreality more swiftly than the workers. They are emotional; they are not sentimental. But it is the experience of the writer that to no other audience can one let natural feelings have free play, and speak out heart as well as mind, with such a blessed sense of freedom and fellowship. The un-

trained mind, moreover, thinks in images, a little more directly than the trained; the subject which cannot be treated in the concrete, if such exist, would better be left alone. Are you treating of a sociological situation? Reduce it to terms of the individual, and talk, not of the economic man, but of John and Harry. Are you presenting a poet? Bring out directly, with no pause for secondary matters, the passion at the heart of him. A working-class audience is likely to be more poetic than another, and all the poetry in you would better be allowed to come out in talking to it.

Be brief; be clear; be coherent. Be dignified; be pictorial; be impassioned. There is no use in trying to talk to working people unless these conditions are fulfilled. Are they ever fulfilled? And if so, is it worth while to spend the rare man in whom they meet on the small and shifting gatherings which are all we can hope to command?

The writer believes that it is well worth while. For granted such a lecturer, no matter what his topic, — city politics, Italian art, astronomical theory, — and two or three hearers will go home with a vision to carry into their working hours. At the same time, far better ways can be found of sharing our intellectual life with the unprivileged than by lecturing to them.

For the lecturer, poor soul, comes from a distant country, to talk for an hour in a world unfamiliar to him, and then withdraws, with no means of knowing how far his language has been comprehensible or acceptable to his hearers. Only the strongest imaginative sympathy can save him from gross blunders. One might suppose that instinct would for example preserve a speaker from assigning the name of "Mike" to the man of straw in an economic discussion, when addressing an Irish audience, or from describing the fear of hell as a form of fire insurance, in the presence of Roman Catholics. But things like this most of us have done; and if luck or tact have

saved us from giving positive offense, it remains true that any lecture delivered in knowledge of the subject, but in ignorance of the audience, must miss its mark.

Our theme again! In order to promote the common life, it is important to live the life in common.

In dreams one plays with paradox; why not an interchange of social posts? Is it fair that one class should have all the outward advantages and all the inward resources too? The vision rises of men, gently born and bred, gladly yielding for a time their pleasant houses, their environment rich in suggestion, to their disinherited brethren, and performing in shop and factory part of the mechanical labor necessary to the race, while yet their spirits dwell afar, in that spiritual city of culture of which their birthright makes them free. A dream indeed! But it is no dream that sensitive people are coming to feel that a blight rests upon the inner landscape, wherein we walk alone, and from which we know our fellows excluded. To the land of invisible delights, however, only the hand of a friend can throw open the gates. It is not the acquisition of learning which we desire for the wage-earners, but the enrichment of life, — in other words, the extension of personality. And personality can grow only through contact with persons. Love, the one uniting force in a world of centripetal forces, must act from man to man if the distant are to be brought near.

Ten or fifteen years ago, when plans for achieving a social democracy, or for returning to it, were much mooted, one objection always raised a scornful head: the thing could not be done. Any efforts to bring rich and poor, educated and illiterate, into a common atmosphere were against nature, and therefore sure to fail. This was simple; it sounded conclusive to many people, aware what traditions must be disregarded, what constraint and self-consciousness must be overcome, before they could themselves mingle naturally

and pleasurably with fellow beings whose enunciation differed from their own.

"*Solvitur ambulando*:" as an answer to this objection arose the settlement movement. "The essence of good society," wrote that excellent American, Lowell, in 1847, rebuking a friend who had expressed a distaste for talk with rustic neighbors, "is simply a community in habits of thought and topics of interest. When we approach each other naturally, we meet easily and gracefully; if we hurry too much, we are apt to come together with an unpleasant bump." Settlements have not been in a hurry; they have furnished the means for approaching our fellows naturally. In their sunny atmosphere, separating traditions, self-consciousness, timidity on both sides, vanish like mists of the night, and a "community in habits of thought and topics of interest" grows up between neighbors and residents as a matter of course. It must be confessed that we see as yet only faint beginnings of what we desire, and that the lips of the objector still murmur. Yet of the natural unity of consciousness between rich and poor, educated and unlearned, which results from simple daily intimacy, enough is seen — and has been since the world began — to enable us to fling emphatic denial in the face of that scornful "Impossible."

In houses where this kind of natural intercourse is established, or expected, intellectual fellowship between people of different traditions will probably crystallize. Small groups, rarely numbering more than a dozen, will gather around some lover of art, history, literature, to share his delights. In the "clubs" or "classes" thus created the real conditions of our problem may at last be fairly studied. Here the spiritual distance which holds a lecturer from his audience, if not overcome, may at least be measured; here the personal contact of mind with mind, so difficult in our overcrowded schoolrooms, may be attained. For years, the writer has

watched a number of such groups, and can testify to their worth, — a worth far wider than that of brightening the life of one individual here or there, sacred as this end may be. As one talks with a single boy or girl, week after week, light falls on the relation of entire classes, and we gain what years of theorizing would not bring us.

The chief value of such classes is less in their achievement of results than in their revelation of conditions. Difficulties in the way of full intellectual fellowship appear on every hand, — difficulties small and large, absurd and grave. Some of them can be conquered; these stimulate to action. Others, under present industrial conditions, cannot; these stimulate to thought.

Let us glance, for a moment, at a difficulty of the first type, — a primary question, yet never considered at all by two thirds of our admirable schemes for "elevating the masses." On what ground shall we try to meet? It is painfully evident that uneducated people do not naturally like the same things as the children of privilege. Probably in Athens or in fifteenth-century Florence there was no such divergence of taste. Art and letters blossomed in the open, from the rich soil of popular life, not in class greenhouses, carefully secluded from common air. That the contrary obtains to-day; that the arts such as they are form a class monopoly; and that our people at large, left to themselves, not only produce nothing good, but too often enjoy nothing good, in the way of music, art, or letters, is of course one of the significant and painful facts that are turning young artists to socialism. Meantime, what are we going to do if we wish to follow Stevenson's admirable advice, and make ourselves good and other people happy? It is a question faced by every settlement, in its recreative as well as in its educational moods. Shall we make people happy by offering what they like, — cheap music, vulgar chromos, and so

on? We can do this. Or shall we insist that they be made happy by what we like,—Pre-Raphaelite art, it may be, or the music of Wagner? This we cannot do, but we can spend a great deal of time in trying to do it.

The truth is that we are to attempt neither course. We are not to furnish vulgar or even inferior things simply because they are acceptable: this is immoral. Neither are we to offer recondite delights which only the select few in any class would appreciate: this is absurd. We have to discover, by very delicate experiment, the common ground, which assuredly exists in every province, where educated and uneducated can alike rejoice to wander. The thing is not easy to do, nor is theory of much avail; but it is possible. We must seek that which is wholesome, universal, and enduring, and also moderately near our natural understanding; and when we have found this, we may rest assured that if only we have sufficient tact—which is another name for love—to open the path, the weariest and most ignorant mind may find joy and healing. Supreme beauty and significance will make their way, if a chance is given them: of that we may rest assured.

Even here, of course, distinctions exist. Some great literature is almost too remote for simple grown-up folk to reach. "Mercy! I could listen to that trash all night without feeling tired," was the cheerful remark of a weary labor leader entertained at a country house by a scholar's exquisite rendering of the *Odyssey* straight from the Greek. Perhaps a glimpse came to the scholar that the woes of *Odysseus* might well seem "trash" to one breathlessly absorbed in following the modern labor war. Boys, however, can always listen to a spirited rendering of the great epic of the boyhood of the race. As for Shakespeare,—he of our tongue, our heart, our mind,—where can he not establish his sway, if a friend but lead to him? Nor can one help feeling that

life grows broader and brighter in a street where, during an entire winter, fresh boyish voices are constantly heard breaking into the eloquence of Mark Antony or the passion of Shylock. Sometimes one finds the universal where one least expects it. I have overheard a middle-aged Swedish woman repeat with simple delight to her neighbor at an evening party:—

"Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep,

There dwells a mortal.
But cruel is she:
She left lonely forever
The kings of the sea."

In a hot laundry, where the girls stood ironing collars by the thousand through the August days, one girl, chanting Wordsworth's dew-pure poems on Lucy to a little tune of her own, set all her mates to follow. "It makes it seem cooler in there," was the comment of one among them. And it is often said that you cannot interest working people in poetry! Doubtless race counts for something. The primary instinct of the Hebrews, for instance, leads rather to metaphysics. But the Celts among us, at all events, have full imaginative sensitiveness, as any one could see who turned from a critical class of college students, languidly analyzing, let us say, *The Ancient Mariner*, to the dreaming eyes and eager if stumbling tongues of young Irish people, under the mystic spell of the same poem.

In music, Germans and Hebrews alike can often not only follow, but lead. The teacher of music in an East Side settlement assures us that nine out of ten of her little pupils in the neighborhood possess positive talent, while the proportion is reversed among her pupils uptown. As regards art, the puzzle of sharing our delights is especially great because so few of us in America have any delights to share. Few enterprises are more interesting, however, than the annotated picture exhibitions with per-

sonal guides, now sometimes held in poor quarters; while loan art collections are at least useful as showing us what not to do. Such collections also prove one positive thing: that for a Roman Catholic population the devotional art of Italy furnishes a large section of the common ground we seek. A taste for modern Pre-Raphaelites, it may be added, cannot be cultivated among them. Is the misfortune great? One curious blank spot exists in the eye of the city wage-earner. Landscape, which one sentimentally presents to him as a substitute for the refreshment of nature, arouses no emotions in his breast. His first and last enthusiasm, whether in art or life, is for persons.

Large ideals grow from small endeavors; it is not too much to say that new conceptions of our national destiny shape themselves in the mind of him who enters into loving fellowship with one and another of our poor. He sees in vision the race slowly forming on our shores, composite of the races of the western world. For, whether we will or no, the Anglo-Saxon is not the American; nor will he, as the centuries advance, remain on our soil in racial isolation. Too strong is that mighty impulse toward unity with which we may cooperate if we will; instincts of Celt, of Slav, of Hebrew, of Latin, as well as of Anglo-Saxon and of Dutch, will throb in the veins of the Americans to be. All is process as yet; they throng to our coasts, these seeming alien peoples, bearing, unconsciously to themselves, rare gifts, for lack of which our nation suffers; we press them into exclusive ministry to our material needs. If the word "Irish" or "Jew" carries with it a suggestion from which our Anglo-Saxon instinct shrinks, not wholly without reason, where lies the fault? Assuredly in the civilization that develops and emphasizes in each case the lower racial characteristics, instead of giving wise nurture to those higher faculties which might, un-

der happier conditions, enrich the Anglo-Saxon type. Have we no use, in the formation of our people, for the poetic and emotional sensibility of the Celt? For the religious passion and metaphysical ardor of the Hebrew? For that instinct toward the plastic arts yet strong in the Italian? The strength and persistence of these elements history makes plain; intelligent personal fellowship corroborates the witness of history. We, the Americans first in possession, have escaped, it may be, in a measure, the racial antagonisms and prejudices so marked in the Old World; we have advanced to a negative hospitality and a reluctant toleration; but we have done no more. The nobler powers of our guests and fellow citizens we allow to atrophy and degenerate, while we profit by their mere labor force. We lose an opportunity, we make a great mistake.

It is a mistake that springs largely from ignorance; from our indolent refusal to create, by loving effort, a spiritual democracy corresponding to our outward forms. Two conclusions press themselves upon the mind. The first is sad; we realize that industrial conditions at present absolutely forbid the manual workers from entering on any large scale or in any general sense into the intellectual inheritance of the race. The second is joyful; we become aware that these same workers possess faculties even now ready to yield quick response to a wise culture, and only awaiting a wider freedom to help in enlarging and uplifting our national life. Not the laboring classes alone, but all of us, suffer in class isolation. Neither by improved educational systems, nor by personal contact on formal lines, can this isolation be overcome, but only by a genuine living of the common life, and by the social and industrial changes that must follow. Our scattered thoughts on democracy and education lead us straight to the more searching theme of democracy and society.

Vida D. Scudder.

THE SPIRIT OF MID-OCEAN.

THE hesitant sun stands still, with the arch of a day complete,
And fingers the yielding latch on the door of his sequent dawn,
And the slender poplars shiver and gather about their feet
Their long, limp skirts of shadow that lay on the eastward lawn.
Then the night, the blue-black night, breathes on the mirror of heaven,
Blurs to the ghost of gray the reflected blue of the sea,
And the soul of Her stirs on the calm, a sudden, impalpable leaven,
Troubling inanimate twilight with hints of a storm to be.
White on the gathering dusk a gull swings in to the west,
Touching the ominous ocean with the tips of tentative wings,
And the bell of a distant buoy, a dot on a sluggish crest,
Bays in reverberant bass monition of threatening things!

Then, like a wraith that stands in the presence of them that sleep,
Pacing the pinguid sea as a ghost on a slated floor,
Uncloaking her shining shoulders from the robe of the jealous deep,
The Spirit of Grave Mid-Ocean steps silently in to shore.
And her strong hands hold the keys to the depths that none may plumb,
And the bond of God with his sea her ears alone have heard,
But her stern lips guard the secret, loyal, unfaltering, dumb,
Till the sums on which we labor be solved by a single word!
Calm with the infinite calm of the North's immutable star,
Crowned with serene omniscience, O Spirit of Deep Mid-Sea,
If thus majestic and mute God's stately seneschals are,
What, in his own high heaven, shall your Maker and Master be?

Am I then the last of the men that this day departed saw,
Sole survivor of all whom it roused to strive and stir,
That I stand alone in the night, and, beaten to bay by awe,
Confront in the sudden stillness the eloquent eyes of Her?
Wake, my unconscious comrades, my brothers in shame and sin,
Vexed with your ominous dreaming, tortured by doubt and fear!
See on the wings of midnight the presence of peace come in,
With the calm, disburdening message that never a noon may hear.
Stand face-front to the surges, deaf to your preacher's lore,
Claim no creed of their making, for, on the awestruck sea,
The Spirit of Strong Mid-Ocean steps silently in to shore:
Hush! If this be the servant, what must the Master be?

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

THE OLD CASE OF POETRY IN A NEW COURT.

ALTHOUGH hailed as queen of the arts and hedged about by a kind of divinity, Poetry seems to sit on an always tottering throne. In nearly every age known to human records, some one has chronicled his forebodings that the days of Poetry were numbered; and again the critic, or the poet himself, has plucked up his courage and uttered a fairly hopeful defense. Yet even this hope has been absent from periods which now seem poetic in the highest degree. Michael Drayton could find scant consolation for his art, dedicating certain poems to gentlemen who "in these declining times . . . love and cherish neglected poesy." The enemies of poetry are always alert, and often come disguised as friends. When, at the end of the Middle Ages, moralists ceased to attack the poets, there appeared the man of science, a far more formidable person; and under cover of the dust and smoke in a long battle waged between these open foes, poetry has been spoiled of one cherished possession after another at the hands of a professedly ardent ally. Horace Walpole's alternative neatly implied the whole question under debate: "Poetry," he complained, "is gone to bed, or into our prose," — an odd speech for one who helped to ring the romantic rising-bell. Bulwer, writing ponderously *On Certain Principles of Art in Works of the Imagination*, was sure that Prose had come to be the only medium of artistic narrative. Malicious people point even now to a language which never had any prose, and yet has lost its splendid heritage of verse; barring Grillparzer, silent long before his death, Germany has not seen a poet for the past fifty years. But, answers the optimist, who knows what *ambulando* argument for poetry is not now preparing somewhere in the fatherland? And as for Bulwer, his ink was hardly dry when

Tennyson began those charming and mis-called *Idylls of the King*. If epic poetry seems dead just now, it seemed quite as dead four hundred years ago in France. So this harmless war is waged. Scientific gentlemen point in triumph at the literary map; it is in order for defenders to name some Goodman Puff of Barson, Arcadia, as destined to win back the ceded ground, and for debating societies and other citadels of the Muse to send out fresh proclamations about poetic genius and its deathless mission on earth. What comes of it all? What has been done? What progress? Other causes come up, find a hearing on the evidence, get a verdict more or less in agreement with facts, and go upon record; this case lies hopeless in chancery. Why must it wait there, along with all the old metaphysical questions, for a decision that never can be handed down? If one may do nothing else, one may at least take the case to a different court, demand fresh evidence, and appeal to another code of laws.

Before all things, it behooves both parties to this argument to come at the facts in the case. Barring a threat or so of historical treatment, as in Peacock's pessimistic story of the four poetic ages, and in Macaulay's famous essay on Milton, writers who handle this matter of the decline of poetry invariably pass either into critical discussion of more or less value in itself, or else into amiable hysterics. To speak brutal truth, hysterics are preferred, and little else is recognized. It is all very well to point at Mr. Posnett and M. Letourneau and Professor Grosse, and to say that the study of poetry has been put on a scientific basis; the mass of readers who are interested in poetry, the mass of reviewers, — and one finds this true in quite unexpected quarters, — neither know these authori-

ties nor care for any scientific basis at all. The poetry of Professor Grosse's seeking, say critic and reviewer, is not our poetry, — is not poetry in any case, save by a wanton stretching of the term. In other words, they exclude from their study of poetry a good half of the facts of poetry. In any living science one begins by finding and grouping all the facts, high and low alike; and one then proceeds to establish the relations of these facts on lines of record and comparison. The facts of poetry should be conterminous with the whole range of poetic material; and when one faces this material, one has to do with an element in human life, although the ordinary writer seems to think that he degrades his subject by taking such an attitude. He searches for the cause and fact of poetry in a sphere outside of human life, removed from ordinary human conditions, and touching only an infinitesimal part of the sum of poetic material. True, there is nothing nobler than the effort to reckon with great poetry, and competent critics who succeed in this must always hold a conspicuous place in letters; but great poetry and the great critic are not all. Poetry, high or low, as product of a human impulse and as a constant element in the life of man, belongs to that history which has been defined of late as "concrete sociology;" and it is on this ground, and not in criticism, that the question of the decline of poetry must be asked and answered. The task of poetics, as yet almost untried, is to make clear the relations between higher and lower forms. Like war, marriage, worship, magic, personal adornment, and a dozen other institutions of the sort, poetry is an element in human life which seems to go back to the beginnings of society. Trustworthy writers even say it was one of the more conspicuous factors in the making of society; and when one is asked whether poetry, that is, emotional rhythmic utterance, must be regarded as a decreasing factor in contemporary social

progress, one faces a question of sociological as well as of literary interest, and one must answer it on broader ground than biographical criticism, in clearer terms than can be furnished by those old hysterics about genius. To treat the question as it is almost invariably treated, to make it an ingenious speculation whether any more great poets can arise under our modern conditions, whether Goethe, if he were born now, would not be simply a great naturalist, and whether Robert Browning or Huxley better solved the riddle of the painful earth, — all this is to keep up an unwholesome separation of poetics from vital and moving sciences, and to make the discussion itself mere chatter about a *question d'été*. Question d'été may not be good French, though I think it is sanctioned by M. Melchior de Vogüé; nevertheless, it ought to be good, for it expresses the nugatory character of studies which differ from useful investigation as the "summer girl" differs from that permanent she who is destined to warn, to comfort, and — in America — to command.

The advantage in this sociological study of poetry is that it can keep abreast of other sciences. The oars dip into actual water, the boat moves, whether with the current of opinion or against it, and the landscape changes for one's pains; anything is better than the old rowing-machines, or rather than the theatrical imitation of a boat, with the sliding scenery and the spectators that pay to be fooled. Moreover, it is wide scientific work, not laboratory methods, so called, like countings of words, curves of expression, and all such pleasant devices that rarely mount above the mechanical in method and the wholly external in results; in sociological poetics one is dealing with the life of the race and with the heart of man. F. Schlegel's famous word about art in general holds firm here; the science of poetry is the history of poetry, history in its widest and deepest sense. The futile character of poetic

studies springs from that fatal ease with which a powerful thinker sets down thoughts about poetry, and from the reluctance to undertake such hard work as confronts even our powerful thinker when he is minded to know the facts. To get the wide outlook, one must climb ; to get the deep insight, one must analyze and order and compare. Now the pity of it is that this outlook and this insight, this appreciation of a masterpiece and this knowledge of the vast material of which it is part, are not only rarely achieved in themselves, but are seldom if ever united. The great poems are studied apart ; and as a group, more or less stable, they form what is known as poetry. Detached from the mass of verse, and so from the social medium where all poetry begins and grows, they are referred to those conditions of genius which can tell at best but half the tale ; while that very mass of verse which one concedes to the social group, that unregarded rhythmic utterance of field and festival in which communal emotion found and still finds vent, is left as a fad of ethnologists and folk-lore societies. But the material thus divided belongs together ; each half should explain the other half ; and such an unscientific rejection of material must take poetics hopelessly out of the running.

This plea for a more comprehensive range of material holds good not only in the discussion of poetry in general, its origins, history, future, but in the study of the great poem itself. Take something that every one reads, and even Macaulay's schoolboy studies, — the Lycidas of Milton. Reader, critic, biographer, have long since come to terms with the poem ; it stirs heart and mind, it belongs to the masterpieces, it voices the genius of Milton, it echoes Puritan England. Here one usually stops ; but here one should not stop. Lycidas, as a poem, is the outcome of human emotion in long reaches of social progress ; it is primarily a poem of grief for the dead, a link in

that chain of evolution in rhythmic utterance which leads from wild gestures and inarticulate cries up to the stately march of Milton's verse and the higher mood of his thought. So far from degrading one's conception of great poetry, the comparison of rough communal verse should throw into strongest relief the dignity and the majesty of a poet's art. One has taken this poet from his parochial limits, and set him, strongly lighted, at the front of a great stage, with its dim background full of half-seen, strangely moving figures ; his song is now detached from a vast chorus of human lamentation, and now sinks back into it as into its source. In certain great elegies, as also in the hymeneal, this chorus actually lingers as a refrain. True, the individuals of the chorus are seldom interesting in themselves. The black fellow of Australia shall not soothe our grief with his howlings for his dead, nor even the Corsican widow with her *vocero*. But the chorus as chorus is impressive enough ; it is a part of the piece ; heard or unheard, it belongs with the triumphs of individual art. Somewhere in every great poem lurks this legacy of communal song. It may better be called the silent partner, without whose capital, at the least, no poet can now trade in Parnassian ware ; and as for lyric verse, there the partner is not even silent. All amorous lyric, whether of German Walther or of Roman Catullus, holds an echo of festal throngs singing and dancing at the May. The troubadours come down to us with proud names, yet they are only spokesmen of an aristocratic guild ; and this again was but a sifting and a refinement of the throngs which danced about their *regine Avrillouse* a thousand years ago. It was once lad and lass in the crowd ; it comes to be lover and high-born dame at daybreak, with a warning from the watcher on the castle walls ; then that vogue passes, with all its songs that seem to sing themselves ; the situation has grown deplorably unconventional, and the note is

false. Amorous lyric waxes more grave, taking on a new privacy of utterance, and a new individuality of tone. It is now the subtle turn of thought, and not the cadence of festal passion, which sets off Lovelace's one perfect song from all its kind; yet, without that throb of passion, that rhythm as of harmonious steps, one of them a piece of human nature, and the other a legacy from the throng, Lovelace had never made his verses and there would be no lyric in the world.

Poetry is thus a genesis in the throng, then an exodus with the solitary poet, then — though this is too often forgotten — a return to the throng. At least it is so with the great poets. Minor poets are by no means that *gente moutonnière* which Sainte-Beuve declared them to be. Not the poet, but the verse-smith, the poetaster, is anxious to deny his parentage in communal song, and to set forth his excellent differences. He will daze the editor and force his way into the magazine by tricks of expression, a new adjective, a shock of strange collocations. In a steamboat on the Baltic I once met a confidential soul who told me of his baffled designs upon the vogue of modern fiction. He had written, it seemed, a novel without a woman in it; and he had printed this novel in red ink. "And I am not famous yet," he sighed. So with one kind of minor poet. He works through eccentricities and red ink. He is like Jean Paul's army chaplain Schmelzle, who, when a boy in church, was so often tempted to rise and cry aloud, "Here am I, too, Mr. Parson!" It is not so with the great poets, not so even with those poets whom one may not call great, but who know how to touch the popular heart. All the masters, Homer, Shakespeare, Goethe, even Dante, win their greatest triumphs by coming back to simplicity in form and diction as to the source of all poetic expression. Or, to put it more scientifically, in any masterpiece one will find the union of individual genius with that harmony of voices

and sympathy of hearts achieved by long ages of poetic evolution working in the social mass.

If such a range of poetic material is needed even in criticism, how strictly must it be demanded in any question about the art as a whole! One may turn from history to prophecy; but poetry must still be studied even more rigidly in its full range, and with regard to all human elements in the case. Because the communal elements, once so plain and insistent, now elude all but the most searching gaze, that is no reason for leaving them out of the account. Hennequin saw that simply for critical purposes one must reckon not only with the maker of poetry, but with the consumer as well; and the student of poetry at large must go still farther. It is after all only a remnant who choose and enjoy great poetry, just as it is only a remnant who follow righteousness in private life and probity in civic standards. But what of the cakes and ale? What of the uncritical folk? What stands now, since people have come indoors, for the old ring of dancers, the old songs of May and Harvest Home? Does the lapse of these mean a lapse in poetry at large? Or what has taken their place? How shall one dispose of the room over a village store, the hot stove, the folk in Sunday dress, and the young woman who draws tears down the very grocer's cheek as she "renders" Curfew Shall Not Ring To-Night? What of the never-ending crop of songs in street and concert-hall, and on the football field, verses that still time the movements of labor, and the steps of a marching crowd? What of homely, comfortable poetry, too, commonplace perhaps, but dear to declaiming youth? Only a staff cut from Sophoclean timber will support your lonely dreamer as he makes his way over the marl; but the common citizen, who does most of the world's work, and who has more to do with the future of poetry than a critic will concede, finds his account in certain smooth, didactic, and mainly

cheerful verses which appear in the syndicate newspapers, and will never attain a magazine or an anthology. If singing throngs keep rhythm alive, it is this sort of poets that must both make and mend the paths of genius. Commonplace is a poor word. Horace gives one nothing else; but a legion of critics shall not keep us from Horace, and even Matthew Arnold, critic as he was, fell back for his favorite poem on that seventh ode of the fourth book, — as arrant commonplace as Gray's *Elegy* itself. Members of a Browning society have been known to descend earthward by reading Longfellow. If minor poets and obvious, popular poems ever disappear, and if crowds ever go dumb, then better and best poetry itself will be dead as King Pandion. No Absent-Minded Beggar, no Recessional.

Whoever, then, will tell the truth about poetry's part in the world of to-day and to-morrow must not only know the course of all poetry through all the yesterdays, but must keep all its present manifestations, all its elements, sources, and allies at his command. Not only the lords of verse are to advise him; he shall take counsel with scullions and potboys. It is that poet in every man, about whom Sainte-Beuve discoursed, who can best tell of the future of poetry. The enormous heed paid to the great and solitary poets, as if there could be a poet without audience or reader, has distorted our vision until we think of poetry as a quite solitary performance, a refuge from the world. Is not poetry really a flight from self and solitude to at least a conven-

tional, imaginative society? Poetry by its very form is a convention, an echo of social consent; with its aid one may forget personal debit and credit in the great account of humanity. Now, as in the beginning, poetry is essentially social; its future is largely a social problem. How far, then, has man ceased to sing in crowds, and taken to thinking by himself? What is the shrinkage, quality as well as quantity, in the proportion of verse to prose since the invention of printing? Is Professor Bücher right in assuming that rhythm has declined as a social factor? Is the loss of so much communal song in daily toil, in daily merriment, like the cutting away of those forests which hold the rains and supply the great rivers?

Waiting for complete and trustworthy sociological studies which shall answer some of these queries, one may venture an opinion on the general case. Just as one feels that forests may vanish, and yet in some way the mighty watercourses must be fed, so with poetry. Nothing has yet been found to take the place of rhythm as sign of social consent, the union of steps and voices in common action; and whatever intellectual or spiritual consolations may reach the lonely thinker, emotion still drives him back upon the sympathy of man with man. Human sympathy is thus at the heart of every poetic utterance, whether humble or great; rhythm is its outward and visible, once audible sign; and poetry, from this sociological point of view, would therefore seem to be an enduring element in our life.

Francis B. Gummere.

AUBREY DE VERE.

My acquaintance with Aubrey De Vere began twenty years ago. It was brought about through the kindly offices of Mrs. William Wordsworth of the Stepping Stones, Ambleside, while I was spending my first summer by the English Lakes at work upon an edition of Wordsworth's *Prelude*. He took great delight in my devotion to the poet of his youth, and also in the thought that this great poem was to be used, not in every school in our land, as Professor Corson insists it should be, but in at least one. The suggestions which I received from him were invaluable to me, and the acquaintance thus auspiciously begun ripened into a friendship which I count the chief honor of my life. So unfailing was his courtesy, so true his appreciation, and so generous his recognition of even the simplest efforts to make literature and life more beautiful, that on receiving the works which I had edited he responded with volume after volume of his own great works, and those of his father and brother, until I became the proud and happy possessor of them all. Accompanying these gifts were the letters so full of wisdom and truth, so warm with interest in all the questions relating to the condition of literature and education in America, and so tender in personal allusions, that they are volumes in themselves, like his own gracious presence full of sunshine and happiness. Of *The Legends of Ireland's Heroic Age* he wrote: "There is a paganism in literature much more dangerous than that of these early days. It belongs to that corrupted civilization which uses against Christianity those intellectual and imaginative gifts, as well as social and scientific progress, which have been the gift of Christianity itself. Human nature, even in periods usually branded as barbaric, has qualities that reveal sympathy with the divine; it

has ardent affections, simple refinement, singleness of aim, a noble self-sacrifice, and the unblunted sensibilities of love and reverence, without which the highest revealed truths cease to have a meaning. The heroic in its loftiest manifestations stretches forth its hands to the spiritual; its very deficiencies are a confession that it must needs be supplemented by a something higher than itself."

Aubrey De Vere's works are full of that spiritual passion which anticipated Christianity through the early ages, and has emanated from it in the succeeding ages. Only such calm and equable natures as his are able to forego the minute distractions, petty details, and external interests of life, to cultivate those energies of mind and heart which ripen into noble spiritual insight. It is because of the possession of such a faculty that De Vere has been able to re-create for us so much of the essential life of the ancient and mediæval world, and to reveal its vital relation to that of our own time.

De Vere's many-sided power of historical sympathy which made him familiar with dissimilar ages of the past was early revealed in *The Masque of Classical Greece*, and in *The Search after Proserpine*. His knowledge of nature and human life in Greece gives this work a coherency, grace, and dignity which remind one of Landor, while his felicity of epithet, richness of imagery, and warmth of emotion suggest Shelley. In it there is more abandon, more spontaneity and lightness of lyrical movement than in those later poems intended to reveal the processes by which a human soul becomes regenerate. Here Imagination lays aside her philosophic garb, and wanders with a light and graceful step through the forest and by the sounding sea with unhappy Ceres in search of her child Proserpine:—

"By Cretan lawns and vales oak-sprinkled,
By sands of Libya brown and wrinkled,
And where for leagues, o'er Nile, is borne
The murmur of the yellow corn."

The Christian element in *The Children of Lir* forms the connecting link between this group of poems and that of early Christianity in Ireland, — *The Legends of Saint Patrick*. Here we have a resetting of the fifteen legends of the life and teaching of Ireland's great apostle. The grace and truth of these legends De Vere hoped would stimulate his people to high ideals of thought and action. In simple, graceful, and dignified verse is told the story of trial and achievement, of noble passions and tender affections, loyalty, generosity, and self-sacrifice, — human nature in transition to new faith out of a stormy, wild, but not wholly ungentle time. He dedicated the volume to the memory of Wordsworth. Of the many nobly beautiful passages in these poems, which retain such unique poetic unity, is that in which the aged saint exhorts his people to live nobly : —

"Happy isle !

Be true ; for God hath graved on you his
Name ;

God, with a wondrous ring, hath wedded thee ;
Light of a darkling world ! Lamp of the
North !

My race, my realm, my great inheritance,
To lesser nations leave inferior crowns ;
Speak ye the thing that is ; be just, be kind ;
Live ye God's Truth, and in its strength be
free !"

This became the ideal of our poet, for he wrote : "One of the lessons taught to us by Irish history is this : that to the different nations different vocations are assigned by Providence ; to one the imperial vocation, to another a commercial one ; to Greece an artistic one, to Ireland a spiritual one." In *Innisfail* he sought to impress this truth even more strongly upon his contemporary Irish folk, and here for the first time his own personality, the poet and patriot, shines clear. In this series of lyrical poems illustrative of Irish history from the twelfth to the

eighteenth century we have poetical powers of the highest order. He creates these songs and ballads from legends and his own imagination ; they are such songs and ballads as might have sprung out of the experiences of a race imaginative, impassioned, loving social pastimes. It is a noble attempt to do for the Irish folk-song what Burns and Scott did for the Scotch. He says, "No other poem of mine was written more intensely, I may say painfully, from my heart than *Innisfail*."

Imaginative faculty of a different kind is revealed in *The Year of Sorrow*. His Muse is not unfamiliar with the house of mourning, with national affliction. The devastating work of the Great Famine is touched with something like sombre beauty by the gentle absolution of nature. In the last of the four poems, *Winter*, he sings : —

"Fall, snow ! in stillness, like dew,
On temple's roof and cedar's fan ;
And mould thyself on pine and yew,
And on the awful face of man.
On quaking moor, and mountain moss,
With eyes upstaring to the sky,
And arms extended like a cross
The long expectant sufferers lie.
Bend o'er them, white-robed Acolyte !
Put forth thine hand from cloud and mist,
And minister the last sad rite
Where altar there is none nor priest."

Poetry like this reveals the depth rather than the tumult of the soul. But it is not sad ; it is saved from the aspect of melancholy by the gleam which it throws on the poet's idea of man's lot, by the hope of life eternal. The spiritual element is nowhere divorced from human sympathies. His idea of the functions of great poetry is expressed in a letter which I received in May, 1896 : "Poetry which unites the manly and thoughtful, and both with the graceful, serves as a very special antidote to that which tends but to stultify the intellect and make the imagination effeminate while it rather hardens the heart than makes it tender. To direct the attention of

readers, especially of young readers, both in America and England to the claims of high poetry, is a noble work. In both countries there is a great battle going on between the two classes of literature, the influence of which for good or for evil is already immense, and every day is becoming greater and greater. There is no calculating the power for good that belongs to those books which develop the spiritual as well as the religious and the reasonable in our being, or the mischief done by what elicits the taste which feeds on garbage, whether in the form of the sensual, or of the merely conventional."

In *The Legends of Saxon Saints* he has done a splendid and necessary service by giving artistic setting to the great movements in England's civil and religious history from the landing of Saint Augustine at Thanet, in 597, to the death of Bede in 735. In sending me this volume he wrote of its inception as follows: "When I was meditating a poem, which in the form of sequent legends should record the greatest of English events, England's conversion to the Christian faith, it struck me that I might give to these legends a moral and philosophical character by grouping them around the legend of Odin. My aim was to make Odin's form cross and recross the background of these legendary pictures, appearing at the beginning, middle, and end of the series. The aim being to add to the significance of Christian legends through the contrast afforded by a Pagan legend, illustrating the Pagan spirit at its best, and in its corruption and decline."

In this series we have a beautiful blending of the powers which belong to the poet of primitive instincts and feelings on the one hand, and of culture and reflection on the other. There is more of the mild pastoral atmosphere here than in the legends of his own country, more variety of scene and character, giving opportunity for finer imaginative effects. That which presents all these character-

istics with most charm of gladness, repose, and emotional beauty, art ministering at the altar of Nature and Religion, is *Cædmon the Cowherd*:—

"On Whitby's height
The royal feast was holden: for below
A noisier revel dimmed the shore; therein
The humbler guests made banquet. Many a
tent
Gleamed on the yellow sands by ripples kissed;
And many a savoury dish sent up its steam;
The farmer from the field had brought his
calf;
Fishers that increase scaled which green-gulfed
seas
From womb crystalline teeming, yield to man;
And Jock, the Woodman, from his oaken
glades
The tall stag, arrow-pierced. In gay attire
Now green, now crimson, matron sat, and maid."

When the ruler of the feast called for a song, and each in turn had sung, the harp was passed to *Cædmon*, lowest at the board. He replied, "I cannot sing;" then some one taunted him:—

"This lord of kine,
Our herdsman, grows to ox! Behold, his eyes
move slow,
Like eyes of oxen!"

At this *Cædmon* left the banquet saying:—

"My oxen wait my service; I depart.
Then strode he to his cow-house in the mead,
Displeased though meek, and muttered, 'Slow
of eye!

My kine are slow: if rapid I, my hand
Might tend them worse.'"

Hearing his step, the kine

"Turned round their hornèd fronts; and angry
thoughts

Went from him as a vapour. Straw he
brought,

And strewed their beds; and they, contented
well,

Laid down ere long their great bulks, breath-
ing deep

Amid the glimmering moonlight. He with
head

Propped on a favourite heifer's snowy flank,
Restèd, his deer-skin o'er him drawn. Hard
days

Bring slumber soon. His latest thought was
this:

"Though witless things we are, my kine and I,
Yet God it was who made us."

The songs, odes, and sonnets of De Vere are perhaps better known and therefore need less attention here. A few of his songs have a free, light, and bounding movement, a pleasant sportiveness which remind one of Shakespeare, as the songs in *The Search after Proserpine*, where the Zephyrs and the Hours sing :

"The bright lipped waters troubling
Of pure Olympian springs,
We caught the airs up bubbling
And stayed them with our wings."

May Carols, a series of meditative and descriptive poems in honor of the Virgin Mary, showing her relation to faith by the progress of her month, May, reveal the essence of delicacy and beauty upon a subject the most difficult and mysterious. Here is a picture of the Holy Mother and Child : —

"Daily beneath this mother's eyes,
Her Lamb matured his lowliness ;
'T was hers the lovely Sacrifice
With fillet and with flower to dress.

"One only knew him, She alone
Who nightly to his cradle crept,
And lying like the moonbeams prone,
Worshipped her Maker as He slept."

The former song lends itself naturally to popular appreciation, the latter will be admired only by the few.

The Odes, like that *To the Daffodil*, are full of subtle odors and flavors from nature. The feeling is so fine and strong that notwithstanding it is in the main descriptive, the lyrical impulse is powerful enough to bear it up. It reminds one of Tennyson : —

"Ere yet the blossomed sycamore
With golden surf is curdled o'er,
Ere yet the birch against the blue
Her silken tissue weaves anew,
Thou com'st."

The following from the *Ode on the Ascent of the Alps* is less descriptive but has more of the lyrical cry which suggests Shelley : —

"From rock to rock leaping
The wild goats they bound ;
The resinous odours
Are wafted around ;

The clouds, disentangled,
With blue gaps are spangled ;
Green isles of the valley with sunshine are
crowned.

How happy that shepherd,
How happy the lass,
How freshly beside them
The pure Zephyrs pass !
Sing, sing, from the soil
Springs bubble and boil,
And sun-smitten torrents fall soft on the
grass."

In the art of sonnet-writing De Vere was a disciple of Wordsworth. His sonnets are chiefly memorial or political, and, like Wordsworth's, are characterized by a concentration of thought and feeling into single pregnant lines. The sonnets on Wordsworth reveal this : —

"True bard because true man, his brow he
wreathed
With wild flowers only, singing Nature's
praise."

The sonnets to Charles Eliot Norton, "On reading his *Vita Nuova* of Dante, March 28, 1860," are both patriotic and personal, and breathe hopes for America which De Vere often expressed to me in his letters : —

"Norton I would that oft in years to come
The destined bard of that great land of thine
Sole-seated 'neath the tempest-roughened pine,
In boyhood's spring when genius first doth
plume

Her wing, 'mid forest scents and insects' hum
And murmurs from the far sea crystalline
May smell *this* blossom from the Tuscan vine,
May hear *this* voice from antique Christen-
dom ;

For thus from love and purity and might
Shall he receive his armour, and forth fare
Champion elect in song, that country's knight
Who early burst the chain weak nations bear
Weeping, 'mid trumpet blasts and standards
torn

To manhood, with loud cries, thy land was
born !"

We must not forget that at this very time England's rulers and men of wealth were in sympathy with those who were striving to destroy the Constitution. The following will reveal De Vere's attitude toward America and her future : —

"I have had so much pleasure quite

recently in reading, or re-reading, works which you have been so very good as to send me, that I cannot resist the impulse to thank you for the gratification thus afforded me. One of these works is *Principles of Criticism*, the most valuable criticism in the English language. The substance of that book, valuable as it is in itself (for your high praise of Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria* is not more than that delightful book well deserves), is yet very much enhanced to me by the preface and notes with which it is enriched; and I cannot but be very grateful to you for thus recalling to my memory the delight with which I first read it in my youth. With not less pleasure did I read his *Ancient Mariner*, and here again I find that delight with which I read it since, vividly renewed and enhanced. These are books which one never tires of reading, and which impart a deep interest to all that relates to them even when the relation between them is apparently a casual one. You are doing a great work for your country in thus making its youth well acquainted with the two greatest of modern poets, Wordsworth and Coleridge. The greatest prose thinkers of modern times I suppose were Burke and Cardinal Newman; and, like Wordsworth and Coleridge, they were in one sense brothers, and in another were like and yet unlike. I trust that you will bring them, too, closer than you have done as yet. A great opportunity is afforded you by your position in connection with American education. More than anything else, a great and sound literature seems to be now the human means of promoting the cause of Divine Truth. It may be that a new Aquinas and a new Dante will rise, next, and rise in America, where a new and spacious standing ground has been thus provided for them."

De Vere's poetry can never be popular for the same reason that Wordsworth's cannot. "His life has been a soliloquy," says Sir Henry Taylor, "and he

has talked so long to himself in solitudes and wildernesses of thought that he often seems as if he understood no other audience. Still his poems must make themselves heard across whatever gulf or chasm." He needs little of our praise after receiving it from such masters as Tennyson, Sir Henry Taylor, and Landor. The last of these sings:—

"Welcome who last hast climbed the cloven hill,

Forsaken by its Muses and their God!

Show us the way; we miss it, young and old."

The best preparation for understanding the method and aim of De Vere's dramatic work would be a study of his essays in which he reviews the dramas of his friend Sir Henry Taylor. He says: "The great idea of all high Tragedy includes to a large degree what is preëminently in the Greek, viz., that of Fate: while the idea of the Historic Drama is that of Providence, — a Providence not oppressing and subduing man, but working with his strivings while it works beyond them. In Tragedy the problem of life is pressed upon our attention; in the Historic Play it is solved."

His two historic plays, *Alexander the Great*, and *Saint Thomas of Canterbury*, are philosophical studies of two great characters in dissimilar states of human society. They offer contrasts of action and passion, subjective and objective, pride and humility, success and failure; one is a type of pagan, the other of Christian greatness. The central characters are finely conceived and adequately portrayed; a result of the unique blending of all the poet's faculties in one creative effort. Both dramas abound in variety of interests and incidents, personal, heroic, political, ecclesiastical, and romantic; and yet the effect is hardly that of the modern romantic drama, rather that of the classic. Strength and dignity, pathos and passion, subtle reflections and heroic actions, are the controlling forces. They abound in passages of great purity, power, and beauty, and reveal in every

line the soul of the poet who fashions them.

When we study the past in the light of the great spirits who have made it worthy of our attention, giving it a vital human interest by manifesting that the history of man is one in all ages, we shall find that these poems have a unique value because they reveal what no mere history reveals, — the infinite play of various ideals in the life of the greatest periods. This revelation is very marked in the contrasted scenes on the death of the hero in each poem, — one in the palace at Babylon; the other before the altar at Canterbury. When Alexander, whose ambition was to create a single kingdom, one o'er all the world, lies dead, it is a Ptolemy who praises him: —

"He swifter than the moon
O'er-rushed the globe. Expectant centuries
Condensed themselves into a few brief years
To work his will."

When Becket, whose desire is to wait in patience for whate'er God has in store, is facing martyrdom, it is John of Salisbury who praises him: —

"He thought of God; he loved Him; in himself
Saw nothing, great or wise — simply a servant."

De Vere's prose work naturally divides itself into three classes, Critical, Philosophical, and Political. As to the mission of great poetry he had ideals as high and holy as those of Milton, Wordsworth, and Arnold, and he consequently brought to its interpretation the spirit of reverence and sympathy which involved his whole nature, intellectual, moral, æsthetic. He was therefore a follower of Coleridge, and sought in all his criticism, whether of Spenser, Milton, or Wordsworth, to penetrate through the vestments of poetry to the moral and spiritual content where the convictions of the man are revealed in their entirety. With all the strength and charm of one inspired by the teachings of the great masters of our literature he pleads with sweet persua-

siveness that poetry be used for its power to stimulate, to chasten, to ennoble our whole being. The thought that he might be able to guide others into the region of permanent love and wholesome joy of the things that are more excellent in the life of man was a source of pleasure to him; and though modest to a fault, every recognition of his work gave him the most intense pleasure. Granting me the privilege of dedicating my edition of Wordsworth's Prefaces to him he wrote: "The compliment which you pay me will be all the more valuable to me as in some measure associating me with Wordsworth, whom I regard as far the greatest of English poets since Shakespeare. It is indeed as a friend of Wordsworth, and as one who from youth to age has endeavored to make known to others the transcendent value of his poetry, that I should wish to be remembered, if remembered at all. The Prefaces are most valuable contributions to our literature of criticism, which for the most part, I fear, has been more pretentious than marked by solid thought or genuine insight, though of course the criticisms of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Charles Lamb, and Sir Henry Taylor are serious helps to any one who would get at the heart of high poetry and understand its appeal to the moral and spiritual, as well as to the intellectual part of our being." De Vere's work in criticism is but an unfolding of the fundamental principles expressed here, and is especially valuable at the present time, when literature is busy with material occupations and conventional pleasures and neglects the source from which it sprang, — the depth of the human heart. If we were to select those works which will be more and more valuable as time goes on, we should include the series of essays on Wordsworth, and that given at the request of Cardinal Newman, when Rector of the Catholic University of Ireland, on Literature in its Social Aspects. In 1889 De Vere wrote of the former: "There are

three papers on Wordsworth in the volumes which I am ordering sent to you. They were written in the hope that I might thus contribute to an appreciation of what I consider to be the most characteristic merits of a poet whom I regard as the greatest since Shakespeare, profounder and wider in grasp than Milton, if less stately. One of the merits I have insisted on most is that for the supposed absence of which even ardent admirers of Wordsworth often apologize, namely, passion."

De Vere's political prose everywhere reveals the lofty moral and political philosophy of Burke. If Ireland had only been wise enough to learn from her best friend and safest teacher she would not now be rent with civil discord. Such brave words as the following brought upon him the bitterest denunciation of the extremists: "The Ireland that did not confound license with liberty, that revered law, and therefore made no man judge in his own cause, is my Ireland; and I have a right to remain faithful to what I have loved long, and to resent those who would set up a Pretender as her rival. I deem it a Patriot's duty not to flatter his country, and not to withhold unpopular counsel when it is needful." Again, writing of an edition of Burke's American Oration which I sent him, he said: "Burke was incomparably the greatest political philosopher and also the most noble-hearted statesman that England has ever had, — a present to her from Ireland: the greatest political writer the world has ever known. Nearly all the great errors which England has committed, positive and negative, since his time and during it, would have been averted if his counsels had been adopted."

De Vere's philosophical prose we have

no time to consider now; suffice it to say that it is filled with that large and generous spirit which welcomes every ally that will advance the happiness and increase the nobility of man. He was tolerant of the opinions of others while holding with firmness and fidelity what he believed to be true. "Our aspiration," says he, "has ever been to raise the lowly, not to pull down the lofty; to abolish caste by opening the ranks to the energies of all, but not to destroy gradation; to strengthen both liberty and privilege by resting both on a wider basis."

The elements in the character of Aubrey De Vere which gained for him the love and admiration of all the great men of his time were those which he most admired in Wordsworth, — simplicity, frankness, childlike faith, and lofty moral rectitude. He was generous in his recognition of the greatness of others, and no word of his was ever tainted with jealousy or the spirit of rivalry; *odium literarium* he despised. His ideal is so lofty, and his tone so pure and elevated, that he must needs be the poet of the few, at least until the ends for which he lived and loved and sang shall have been attained. He felt this, and once said, "I am doing what in me lies to keep alive poetry with a little conscience in it; if I fail in that attempt, I shall not fret about it; others will do it later, — what I have aimed at doing, and will probably do it better." The tribute of his aged brother, Sir Stephen De Vere, which I have just received, is as true as it is tender and beautiful: "He left not one enemy. His high principles, his careful moderation, and the character of his poetry innocent and sublime won for him the admiration and, what is better, the esteem of all."

Andrew J. George.

LOOKING BACK.

ON a morning in August, in making another of his parish rounds, the Minister turned in past Emo (just then being builded again) and went down through the fields to the Thrasna River. The day was close and hot, one of those relaxing Irish days when even the grass-hopper is a burden, with a low sky and a haze wrapped about the hills. The world seemed empty or gone asleep, no birds in it, no sound of man or beast; nothing but a great murmur of gnats in the air and a distant whir in the river meadow. Far away (so it seemed that morning in little Emo) haymakers were working on the slopes, women stooping among the heather; but these kept silent in the noon, closed in and vague like figures in a waking dream. The day was lifeless; and even the Minister, usually so vigorous, plodded wearily, hat in hand and his staff beneath his arm.

Once come, however, within hail of the white cottage which stands on the river brink (the home once of Thady Sheeran, now of Wee James and Annie his wife), his step quickened. Something was toward down there and life in plenty. Fowls were cackling, a dog stood barking, and from the open doorway that looked upon the river came a tumult of children, one squalling, another howling, a third striving to pacify both with piercing threats. And to greet the Minister did the pig start squealing in its sty, and the dog come baying like a fury. "Good dog," said he; then turned from the littered yard straight into the riot of Annie's kitchen.

His figure in the doorway brought sudden peace; soon his eyes grew used to the smoky dimness and he saw about the room. It was small, with white-washed walls, sooty rafters, and a narrow window; here an open hearth, there a little dresser, everywhere pots and pans,

stools and tubs, strewn upon the clay floor, and among them three children, one seated on the hearth, another tied in a chair, the third in a cotton gown standing by the dresser. All were grimed; the faces of two were swollen and streaked; but the eldest, aflush with shame, stood looking at her bare feet. She might be eight years old. She had long dark hair tied back with a red ribbon. Already she gave promise of that lithe beauty which once, in the good old days, had made Annie her mother famous in Gorteen.

A minute the Minister stood in the doorway, his figure dark against the sky; then he stepped amid the litter.

"Well, Annie," said he. "So you're keeping house, I see." The child stood silent, twisting a corner of her apron. From hearth and chair came stifled sounds of sobbing. "Where's your mother, Annie?" asked the Minister, bending low, his hat behind him, and the dog sniffing at his heels. "Is she out?"

"Yes, sir." Annie looked up. "Please, sir — yes, sir."

"Ah!" The Minister laid hat and stick upon the dresser, pulled a chair from a corner and sat down. "Perhaps she'll be back soon?"

"Please, sir, I dunno."

"Where is she, Annie?"

"Please, sir, I dunno."

"Ah!" The Minister pulled the child toward him and sat her on his knee. "Has she been gone long?"

"Please, sir, a good while." Annie sat looking at her hands, fingers twisting ceaselessly in her apron, her cheeks burning. "Father was cross at breakfast time, sir, an' — an' —"

"Then your mother went out, Annie?"

"Please, sir — yes, sir."

The Minister's face fell grave. He

nodded slowly, with his eyes upon the prospect of hill and river that was framed by the doorway, telling himself that he understood. Ten years of plodding from door to door through a Lough-side parish had perfected him in the art of drawing apt conclusions from scanty evidence. *Father was cross at breakfast time.* — Yes; but where was Annie, and why had she left her children? Think of the open fire, the river out there, and only this child to watch and keep! “Has mother left you like this before?” he asked.

“No, sir; not ever.”

“And you don’t know which way she went?”

“Please, sir, that way,” answered the child, and nodded toward the Crockan and the big river meadow.

“Yes. Well, we must find her, Annie. Meantime, let us make things tidy a little.”

The Minister rose, stripped off his coat, and helped Annie to clear the kitchen. Stools and chairs were put in their places, pots and pans set beneath the dresser, tubs and baskets moved into the yard; the floor was sprinkled and swept, the hearth cleaned with a heather besom, a fire built beneath the kettle. Then, all being in order, the Minister held a basin whilst Annie washed the children’s faces; sat holding a bowl of bread and milk whilst Annie fed them with an iron spoon; sat rocking the cradle with one quiet within it, and another on his knee sucking its thumb, and Annie spelling in a book on a stool beside him. He was flushed and hot. Sometimes he sang softly, and then Annie looked pensive; sometimes helped her with a word or stroked her hair, and then she smiled over her book. He felt happy; and when both children were hushed asleep, one in the cradle, the other on a cot in the little bedroom, he took up hat and coat unwillingly.

“Don’t — don’t go, please, sir,” pleaded Annie, her eyes in tears.

“But I must, Annie. I’m going to find mother, you know.” He stooped and kissed her. “Now be a good girl, and sit there by the door till I come back.”

“You will come back, sir?”

“Oh yes — I’ll come back, Annie,” said the Minister; and turned for the Crockan and the big meadow.

His path went along the river bank for a little way, past a fishing cot, a shallow well, and a few crab trees; then across a ditch and straight up a conical hill, with its bristle of oak stumps and scattering of stunted trees, which in Emo is called the Crockan. It was quite steep, and once on its top the Minister had wide view of the countryside. He saw the haymakers at work in the big meadow and in the meadows along the winding river valley; saw misty hills crowding this way toward Bunn town and that toward the woods of Curleck; saw Emo standing high before the dim mountain, and the cattle in the rushy fields, and the sheep nibbling almost at his feet — then, of a sudden, a gleam of red and white halfway down the Crockan’s river slope. — Red and white? That of a surety was Annie.

Softly the Minister went down; he stopped soon in full sight of a woman lying flat upon the grass, feet crossed, and head resting upon her clasped hands. She wore a red bodice and a spotted cotton skirt. Her hair was unkempt; her face, still handsome and keeping its roses, was set and hard. She must have heard the Minister’s foot, for presently she twisted over on an elbow and looked back, then bent upright, clasped her drawn-up knees with both hands, and sat looking across the river.

“Well, Annie.” The Minister came down and stood beside her. “I’ve been looking for you.”

“Have ye?” came back, short and cold, without word or sign of greeting.

“Yes. I’ve just come from the cottage. I found the children there.”

"Did ye?"

"I don't think, Annie, it's quite right to leave them alone like that."

"Don't ye?"

"Something might happen to them, you know."

"Maybe if something did it'd be all the better."

This was strange talk. The Minister sat down upon the slope, a little way from Annie and behind her, so that he might see her face.

"What a view one has from here." Annie kept silent. "I fear the weather will soon change." Annie's lips kept tight. "I suppose James is working in the meadow there," ventured the Minister; and with that Annie spoke.

"I don't care where he is," she said, her voice keen and bitter. "I care nothin' about him."

"Nor for the children?" asked the Minister.

"No; nor for them. I—I hate them," said Annie, with sudden fierceness. "Yes; I do."

Again the Minister thought it well to change the talk. A minute he sat pondering, his eyes sideways on the woman's face. Then, "You're not yourself to-day, Annie," he said; and getting no answer tried again. "What's wrong?" he asked, turning and leaning upon an elbow.

"Wrong?" A hard smile gathered upon her face, and she sat repeating the word to herself with quick little jerks of the head. "Wrong—wrong—what is n't wrong? Life's wrong. The world's wrong.—Ah, I wish to glory I was dead. Then—then all'd be over. Everything. Everything in this miserable world."

The Minister, knowing the unburdening power of words, hoped she might keep on; but she did not; so he said, "But would everything be over then, Annie?"

"Ay. 'T would. Better be dead an' burnin' than endurin' here. Only I'm

a coward I'd be in the river there now, only for"—

"The children?"

Her face softened a shade, but she hardened it quickly and went on:—

"An hour ago I was as near doin' it as woman ever was. What kept me? What kept me back? Ah, my God, what I've been through this day! What I've seen. What I've endured."

She buried her face in her hands, and drew long breaths that shivered down her; of a sudden she looked around, face flushed, eyes wild, and broke out:—

"What is it to you what I've endured? What is it to any man? You're all the same—all selfish an' hard an' cruel. Women? Oh, God help poor women in this miserable world! A month an' it's all over with them, only drudges an' slaves, fit for nothin' but child-bearin', an' carryin' meat to pigs, an' servin' meals to the men that owns them. Fit? No; not even for that. For let ye drudge your life out an' you've only to keep them hungry five minutes too long an' you're not fit to wipe their boots. Ah, I know it; I know it well;" and, resting elbows on knees and cheeks in her hands, Annie sat looking hopelessly across the valley, rigid as a figure of stone.

The Minister wanted to speak, but could not. Fit words, in such circumstances, were hard to find. He understood, yet knew it vain to say so; sympathized, yet feared to show his sympathy; could no more than sit there silently waiting for what might come.

During ten minutes or more he waited; with Annie silent beside him, hands crossed on her upgathered knees and chin resting upon them; then, drawing a long breath she raised her head and looked from hill to hill, slowly as might one who has just wakened from sleep.

"Ah, but this weather's woeful," she said, her voice softer now and deep with plaintiveness. "It weighs one down like lead. I can feel it in me very blood."

It's just as if the world was in a temper, an' everything goin' wrong in it. Ah, yes. Well I knew when I woke this mornin' that somethin' was goin' to happen. I felt it strong in me. If it had n't come soon it'd have come late; an' maybe — maybe 't was better soon. Better get bad over an' done with. Better — Ah, dear Heaven, the little it takes to blacken one's heart. Just somethin' in the air, just a mouthful o' hot words, an' there's one runnin' like a mad thing with the whole world fallin' in an' crushin' one down. Never before has such a thing come to me — never — never before."

Face in hands, Annie sat looking before her out into the haze that wrapped the hills, still with that waking look in her eyes, that pensive shadow upon her face. A little while longer, thought the Minister, a little more unburdening of herself in words, and she would be herself again, awake and seeing. She looked at him.

"Have ye ever thought till your eyes burned?" She pressed a finger against her forehead. "Have ye ever thought till ye were afire just there? Ye think so? Well, that's how I've been these hours an' hours. Think? I've been mad with thinkin'. I've lain here lookin' an' lookin' — back an' forward — till me head blazed. I've lived through every hour of me life as far back as I can mind till this hour; an' I've gone on seein' an' seein' for years — Ah, the blessed old days! If only one could know in time. The free happy hours when one was a child, a wee thoughtless child, without care or pain; the days when one was a girl an' there was only sunshine in the world; the times I had, away back, when Jan Farmer was here in Emo, an' Harry Thomson made love to me, an' every man in the country would ha' given his eyes to have me! To think o' what I was then. I could run miles. I could dance all night. The days went like minutes.

Ah, dear heart, the tomboy I was, the times I had, the chances — the chances! I wonder" — Her voice died out, and her chin sank upon her hands.

What was she wondering? thought the Minister, his mind busy among by-gone things. Was she deep in the might-have-beens, wishing, regretting, contrasting them with what had been; seeing herself the wife of another than Wee James, maybe a lady in big London, maybe mistress in Emo, maybe contented and happy? All she said was true. Ten years ago she had had a countryside at her willful feet; now, in these vain hours of revolt, she saw herself only a hillside drudge, neglected, forgotten, tortured with memories of lost gifts and chances. It was hard enough, thought the Minister; yet surely was not too hard. Others had to bear burdens. Not she only, even among the patient toilers of the hills, had hours of torture and rebellion, questionings, wonderings. They came to every one. They had to be faced and borne — and borne alone.

"An' now," Annie went on, unclasping her hands and folding them in her lap, "all's gone — gone — gone. Never can I be young again, or merry any more. All the wishin' in life can't bring back one day — not one hour; an' no strivin' can keep back what's comin'. Ah, to think of it, to think of it! All that behind me," she said, and jerked her head backwards; "all that before me," she moaned, and shivered, and sat looking into the future. "Drudgery an' heart-break; work, work from dawn to dark; trouble an' trial an' pain; every day just the same, risin', toilin', goin' to bed, every day a little nearer to the end. Ah, but it's hard. Ah, but it's bitter hard!"

"It is, Annie," said the Minister. "But it has to be met."

"Ay. It's *got* to be met."

"And after all maybe it won't be so bitter. There are bright things even

there," said the Minister, and waved a hand toward the valley. "To-morrow the sky may be clear; to-night, perhaps, we may see the moon. Let us live in hope."

She did not answer; so the Minister looked at his watch and rose.

"It's nearly dinner time," he said. "Soon James will be coming from the meadow."

She smiled, but did not move.

"I promised the children I'd find you for them," the Minister went on. "Poor

little mites, there all alone! Annie, suppose you go back and find" —

She looked up quickly, dread in her eyes; then, with a cry, sprang to her feet and ran up the slope, down through the trees, and along the river bank. "Annie," she kept calling. "Annie — Annie!"

Slowly the Minister followed her; but when he reached the cottage, such a sound of joyful weeping came to him through the doorway that he paused, turned, and softly went away.

Shan Bullock.

CONCERNING SNARES.

OUR neighbor is deaf, so converse with her is of the slightest. She has the air of one contentedly withdrawn from others, as if she had herself cut the cables to be free from the worry of contradictory messages.

Still we are neighbors, with but a narrow hall between, so we often chance to meet. This time it was at the foot of the stairs; and as she would have slipped by, in her evasive fashion, we stayed her. We were two who met her, so shyness itself was shy of showing confusion. We are shy in the way of two, who live too close to be sure of the dividing boundaries of self, yet ever curiously conscious of our division from all others.

But we waylaid our neighbor. For on the table in the bay window was a bunch of heavy-headed, crumpled-leaved roses, which had come from her, and our room was fragrant with their breath, till the world seemed an old-fashioned garden wherein lovers walk.

We are used to the moor winds, with free, wild scents of gorse and heather. So a waft from the full-petaled crowd of roses beguiled us from the brave heights to sheltered pleasaunce fairness.

We stayed our neighbor to speak our

thanks, and, wishful to show some courtesy to the stranger within our gates, whose thought of us had been so gracious, we made her free of our books. For we are dwellers in the granite house on the moor's verge, and she but a bird of passage. We would give her straws for her nest. Truly we had no library, but there were full shelves, which had overflowed in streams on tables and desks, with runlets in big chairs and on the broad lounge.

So with full assurance we offered our books. But I must make you know, so far as it is given me to know, our solitary neighbor. She is tall and straight, with a quick, alert step. As I watch her set forth on her walks, always with a plaited straw satchel on her arm, I feel sure that she is going in a set direction to a known end, — not losing herself and the morning on the moor. Her face is strong and rugged, but softened as forceful faces are by the attrition of the years. There is an out-of-door fascination about it, as if she had lived much in the open, and taken as good, summer sun and winds of rough weather. Her eyes are fine, dark and clear, and when she smiles they flash across the face

brightness like sudden sun across the moor.

In answer to my wish that she would come and take books at her pleasure, I won the smile, which shot with itself into my mind the line, "Oh, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth." She looked so real, so true, so sun-warm to the depths. Then came the answer:—

"You are very kind, but I read very little. *Books are such a snare.*"

In some dazed way, Doris and I staggered into our own room, dropped into our easy-chairs, and our eyes met in a wide wonder which broke into peals of laughter.

The neighbor is deaf, so we dared to laugh; but *neighbor*,—shall we ever find her that after such confession? We are set apart as by some cataclysm of nature.

We looked about our book-inhabited room, gasped, and laughed again.

We thought that we knew all phases of our books. We had summered and wintered with them through wandering years; had crowded our trunks with them, to the damage of dresses within and the dismay of porters without; had mourned over the many to be left and the few to be taken; had bought books as long as the coin of the realm held out, then coveted them in fine bindings in that "resort of the fashionable world for a hundred years," and in worn leather and yellowed vellum in many a dusty corner beloved of the unfashionable for thrice a hundred years. We knew them for an entertainment to the eye, an exhilaration to the mind, a consolation to the spirit. We knew them as companions for the hour, as chance wayfarers on a journey, as friends "until death us do part" and beyond; for surely the Immortals do not die.

We know the books which must be read aloud, with pause just made for acquiescent word or divergent thought; the books for lonely hours when two are a multitude; the books which never lift their eyes and look you full in the face

save in the light of the winter fire, and those other books which give their spirits in the greenwood shadows. We know the books which win lightly with a quick smile at the first word, the books which are good comrades on a long road; and we all know the books which are ours by election, without which we could not have been, and which, without ourselves as readers, could not have been.

But a cold, strange light struck all our books, standing on shelves, piled on tables, or prisoned in packing cases,—books of our love, of our longing, of our memory,—in that phrase of accusing, "Books are such a snare." It took our breath away, then set us talking, and now I write in defense of the accused.

I have to thank our neighbor for shaking me suddenly from my own standpoint, giving me another outlook with a changed perspective. Doubtless I have heard sermons and listened to diatribes on the danger of miscellaneous reading; and in my day have had romances ruthlessly confiscated, which neighbored class books, to the peril of the latter. I have read stories against story-telling, and books against the making of books.

Still, the simple words wherewith my neighbor declined, as might the fly to walk into the parlor of the spider, struck me sharply. Perhaps her personality weighted the words, for I feel in her a self-sufficing strength, an insulation from many of the currents of life. I watch her often as she sits on a garden seat on the terrace, busy with sewing or letter-writing, and I feel that she is both intent on her work and conscious of the wide, sweet world about her. She is resolute of purpose in some simple practical way by which her life is made of worth, yet responsive to the moods of the untamed moor.

She is a woman of few words; I cannot hope to win her to any elucidation of her own position. So I must make light by striking a few lucifer matches from my own private box. Is it the loss

of time which she feels to be the snare of reading? But as a wise Indian chief said of the hurried white stranger, "He has all the time there is." And there would seem to be boundless time in the long days of her lonely life. No one has ever rightly divined how many hours go to the making of a day in the rainy season of Dartmoor. I speak feelingly, for even two with books have failed here of all means of measurement. Pendulums are weighted and heartbeats retarded; nothing is regular but the drip-drip upon the pane. What does our neighbor make of the gray, unending hours? There may be needle-work, — perhaps that most pathetic, for another woman's children, — and fancy-work for charity bazaars. But is the spirit companioned? Whither do her thoughts wander? There are friends, doubtless, in well-regulated households. But well-regulated households are mostly so dull, and friends have their rigid limitations as to possibilities of romance.

Are we not all of one age, of one race, of one weather? When a veil of rain drops between ourselves and the moor, is it not time to set sail for "the seacoasts of Bohemia"? And where seek our barks save in our books? Then away to Arcadia, Utopia, the Blessed Isles or our own *châteaux en Espagne*. Or if we have a realistic conscience as our chart, still are the seas spacious, and the shores which wait us more wondrous than our dreams. With Columbus we may draw the circle of the globe. And the world is the heritage of each, — the unfelled forests of the newest West, the fantastic temples of the oldest East, the ardency of Arab sands, and the white bergs of the Polar Sea. Shall we miss our own? Have we not right to all, from the century-unstirred shadow of the Sphinx to the veering of the wind-mills which challenge Don Quixote his heir?

Is the snare of books in that they tempt us to give to creatures of the imagination that sympathy which should

be called forth by the men, women, and masks of our acquaintance? But the last so predominate. We wear such well-schooled faces that we may neither read nor reveal the tragedies beneath the smiling seeming of our lives. It is etiquette to ignore the tumultuous heartbeats which make life. Neither depths nor heights are good form in the world of safe compromise wherein we dwell. One may not drop a plummet to sound the deeps of any neighbor; nor shall one dare scale the brave heights of idealism, save to know how lonely is the height, how far from the sheltered gardens where faces smile and low-toned voices answer.

So from superficiality and from solitude the refuge still is in books.

There we meet the great souls in their utmost stress and storm. We may rave with Lear in the black night, or scorch our eyeballs with Dante in flames of Inferno. We may touch the genius-riven depths of life, denied us in the living. In life we can know truly the travail of but one soul, and even pain is not so lavish of its gifts in the measured finite. Poignancy is as rare a bestowal as ecstasy. To most, experience is disappointment, disillusion: not the too much of pain, but the too little of joy; not the scathe of flame, but the trail of the common dust.

So, in moods of protest, we plunge to the tragedies of despair or mount to the passion of joy. We ride with Joan the Maid, — triumph, triumph all the way, though the goal be martyr fire. We strain our souls to the imperial height of Cleopatra dying into empire more spacious than Cæsar could offer, — Lord of the wide-winged Eagles.

As for the friends of real life, we know socially but some little inlet of the great waters, where the craft are few and slight, like ourselves, but fit to hug the shore, to seek moorings in shallow waters.

But there is the great sea, with its equinoxes of passion, its strong-winged

ships, its venturers, its wrecks, — wide waves for the golden galleons, cold depths for the shivered hulks. We cross blue waters in the morning sunlight with the Argonauts; with Medina Sidonia on the flagship of the Armada fight "the winds of God," and with Raleigh of the unhorizoned soul sail into the sunset.

So we travel on all water ways. If we dwell where the sea's music swells overstrong for weak lives to bear, and if we have watched our own proud ships sail forth, only to be beaten back against the rocky coast, hollow wrecks through which the sucking waters draw to their inexorable engulfing; then God give us book friends to lure us to inland meadows and dappled shadows of home orchards. We have need of Chaucer's May blossoming and Lowell's day of perfect June.

The westering sun throws a glorifying ray across my neighbor's roses, and I see other roses than these, — great bushes in my childhood's gardens where I gathered them in big nosegays for my pet teacher's desk. The days in the schoolroom were so long, and the afternoon hours loitered so. But through the open window came droning bees, and sometimes a stray butterfly would settle on the very roses. Then all the children smiled, and the giver of the posy from the loveliest garden in the tree-

shaded village street felt herself proudly part of honey and bees and butterflies and all summer diversions in the dullness of things. I am afraid that the gray child likes still to be on the butterfly side of things as against the school-room rules of life.

Now it is another garden, looking to the blue Pacific, and the roses gathered are brought to an invalid's room. These are more weighted than the child's roses, — not all with fragrance, not all with honey. They do not lure the butterflies; but strange, winged thoughts flutter, then settle, then drift far. The summer pales and the petals drop.

A terraced garden on the Pincian Hill, — roses beneath the cypress spires. A child gathers them, and lays one tragic red by the stained marble of a dead Cæsar; one ivory pale beside the poet with dream-dim eyes, who sang, when Rome was young, "the sense of tears in mortal things;" and yellow roses — roses in chorus for the silent, sad Apollo. One watches, not glad with the child, nor calm with the dead gods — and doves wheel in the garden till the swift, purple twilight falls.

Where have I wandered? How long have I dreamed? This is the grayness of the Devon gloaming.

O grave, wise neighbor, roses are such a snare!

L. Studdiford McChesney.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

JOURNALISM AND CRITICISM.

"A MAXIM which it would be well for ambitious critics to chalk up on the walls of their workshops is this: Never mind whom you praise, but be very careful whom you blame." So wrote Mr. Edmund Gosse ten years ago. There is no such partial legend to be seen, one may

fairly guess, in the workshop of the accomplished author of the recently reprinted volume from which this remark is quoted. Mr. Gosse was about to speak of certain special cases, of Winstanley, of Dennis, of Jeffrey, critics of merit, each damned to posterity by a

single error. Probably the permanent standing of a critic seldom depends upon his judgment of contemporary work; but Mr. Gosse's saying is of interest for its implication that reviewing *is* criticism. Rope-walking is a precarious business, but, after all, it is one possible way of getting across the gap. With all his tumbling into the net of commonplace or of fancifulness, the reviewer must be admitted to accomplish the real feat surprisingly often.

Mr. Brander Matthews has just been preaching upon the text of M. Jules Lemaitre's saying that "the criticism of our contemporaries is not really criticism, but simply conversation." "Now the aim and intent of book reviewing," says Mr. Matthews, "is to engage in this very discussion of our contemporaries, and this is why book reviewing, which is a department of journalism, must be carefully distinguished from criticism, which is a department of literature." The distinction which is trying to be made here hardly achieves the standing of a difference; for Mr. Matthews, after quoting Arnold's definition of criticism as "the art of seeing the object as in itself it really is," proceeds: "Book reviewing, however useful it may be, has a far humbler function; it may be defined as the art of informing readers just what the latest volume is, in kind, in character, and in quality." How the reviewer is to fulfill this requirement, to inform readers what the object is, without first performing in some manner the critical function of seeing it "as in itself it really is," Mr. Matthews does not suggest.

There is a sense in which all criticism is, to use Mr. Gosse's modest phrase, "sign-board work." The business of a sign-board is undeniably affirmative; we cannot regret that the negative method of reviewing has gone out of fashion. "The course of those who direct criticism," says Mr. Halsey sensibly, "will be to choose the books that have real

value and some actual utility in the life of man to-day. To these, chosen from the great mass, and making perhaps ten per cent of the whole output, they can give attention. Let their motive be to inform readers with clearness and good judgment as to the contents of those books. In the main all this will mean that the reviews will not be unfavorable. Dealing, as the article will, with books having at least some temporary value, there will be in most cases commendation." That is, the time for slashing criticism has gone by: what cannot be praised may now safely be ignored. But it seems that this principle should determine one's choice of books rather than one's treatment of them, for if faint praise damns the author, excessive praise makes quite as unequivocal disposition of the critic. There is no denying that the book review has lost much of its potency as well as most of its terrors since the consulship of Jeffrey. In England, to be sure, some relish for critical manslaughter still lingers. It is matter for congratulation, on the whole, that an American Saturday Review would appeal to a very small constituency. But we are in some danger of falling upon the other extreme of undue gingerliness. By requiring the reviewer always to mind his company manners, we may in the end bring about the sinking of his function in that of the special advertising agent. Whatever may have been true in the past, at present, surely, the author is sufficiently served in the matter of advertising by the publisher, without any enlistment of special officers or plain-clothes men. It would be a sad thing for criticism in the larger sense if the future reviewer should deliberately elect amiability rather than discrimination; and if so the honest expression of opinion should be relegated finally to guerrilla service in irresponsible "journals of protest."

Granted the utmost freedom, the reviewer may find one aspect of his task

ungrateful : that his office denies him as a privilege what high authorities are unanimous in urging upon the general reader as a duty. An interesting compilation¹ has just come to hand which, wholesome food to the reader, turns to ashes in the mouth of the reviewer. How pleasant it would be at times to fall back upon this advice of Schopenhauer's : "Be careful to limit your time for reading, and devote it exclusively to those great minds of all times and all countries, who o'ertop the rest of humanity, those whom the voice of fame points to as such." Or upon this of Ruskin's : "It is of the greatest importance to you, not only for art's sake, but for all kinds of sake, to keep out of the salt swamps of literature, and live on a little rocky island of your own, with a spring and a lake in it, pure and good." But what has the professional book-taster to do with such luxuries of exclusiveness? And how far must he feel himself cut off from the gentle privileges of the reader set forth in those three famous rules of Emerson's : "1. Never read any book that is not a year old. 2. Never read any but famed books. 3. Never read any but what you like." Yet the reviewer is not altogether envious of these immunities. He may, or so it seems to him, ride the flood of contemporary literature without being swept away by it. There are small discoveries to be made ; and there is always the luxury of first-hand judgment, arrived at and offered, whatever may be its final value, in all sincerity.

It must often be difficult, even for Mr. Matthews, to draw the line between the review and the critical essay. When we reflect that a large proportion of the best critical essays in English — those of Macaulay, Carlyle, and Bagehot, to cite three obvious instances — were nominally

reviews of current books, the intimacy of the two forms becomes evident. But the critical essay is in itself an extremely flexible medium. Here, for example, is Mr. Halsey's book,² the first part dealing with literary conditions of the moment, the second with certain notabilities of the past ; Mr. Matthews's volume³ of longer essays on more general topics ; and Mr. Paul's collection⁴ of miscellaneous papers ranging from an essay on Sterne to a discourse on The Philosophical Radicals. Varied as their subject-matter is, these three books may properly be spoken of together as exemplifying the journalistic treatment of literary themes.

Most of Mr. Halsey's papers have already served time in the newspaper or the newspaperish magazine. Their preservation in book form reminds one a little of Carlyle's forty-volume dissertation upon the virtue of keeping one's mouth shut : for the book is hardly more than a bit of flotsam upon the tide which the author expresses some willingness to stem. The essays contain valuable information ; but in structure they are discursive and ill articulated, and in style not only lacking in distinction, but at times declining to an utter commonness which a single quotation will sufficiently suggest : "The collected volume of *Twice-Told Tales* will long contain about the choicest productions in the short-story line that our language has been enriched by."

Mr. Herbert Paul's standing as an English man of letters is indicated by the fact that most of the essays in his present volume were originally printed in *The Nineteenth Century*. The chosen themes are of great interest : what could be more alluring to the lover of sound criticism than such titles as *The Classical*

¹ *Right Reading* : From the Writings of Ten Famous Authors. Chicago : A. C. McClurg & Co. 1902.

² *Our Literary Deluge*. By FRANCIS W. HALSEY. New York : Doubleday, Page & Co. 1902.

³ *Pen and Ink*. By BRANDER MATTHEWS. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

⁴ *Men and Letters*. By HERBERT PAUL. New York : John Lane. 1901.

Poems of Tennyson, The Decay of Classical Quotation, and The Art of Letter-Writing? Unfortunately in their treatment one finds a deficiency very much like that of which we have just spoken: an impression, if not of perfunctoriness, at least of incomplete grasp and of uncertain touch. In two or three papers, notably in *The Victorian Novel*, the sense of desultoriness is particularly discomfiting. In such an essay pretty full mention of the chief novelists and their work would be a matter of course; but a mere collection of such special notices cannot be taken to constitute an essay on the theme in its large aspects. This paper, like many of the others, abounds in clever phrases. Two passages about Dickens may be cited; the first as an example of Mr. Paul's aphoristic skill, the second, of his sober criticism at its best. "A generation has arisen," he says, in speaking of the changes in taste since the time of Dickens, "which can be charitable without waiting for Christmas, and cheerful without drinking to excess." The other passage needs no gloss: "The school of Dickens, for which he cannot be held responsible, is happily at last dying out. Their dreary mechanical jokes, their hideous unmeaning caricatures, their descriptions that describe nothing, their spasms of false sentiment, their tears of gin and water, have ceased to excite even amusement, and provoke only unmitigated disgust. With their disappearance from the stage, and consignment to oblivion, the reputation of the great man they injured is relieved from a temporary strain." The latter passage possesses unusual roundness of form; Mr. Paul's sentences as a rule are detached and choppy, and fail to conceal, as a smooth style might, the invertebrate character of his argument. The most satisfying of the essays are those on Sterne and on Macaulay and His Critics. Mr. Paul plays the part of special pleader extremely well.

Mr. Matthews's volume may be taken

to have stood much more than the Emersonian test of time, since it is now reprinted after a lapse of fourteen years. To the present writer, however, it seems to rank fairly with the later work of Mr. Halsey and Mr. Paul. In one or two respects, probably, the opinions expressed would not conform to the author's final judgment. He would not now take the work of Mr. Rider Haggard so seriously; and one main point in the essay on *The Dramatization of Novels* would be abandoned, — the point of the introductory paragraph, summed up in this sentence: "And if we were to make out a list of novels which have been adapted to the stage in the past thirty years or so, we should discover a rarely broken record of overwhelming disaster." It is evident, too, from the substance of the concluding paper on *The Whole Duty of Critics* that Mr. Matthews had not then begun to strive for his distinction between reviewing and criticism, since the critics whom he is exhorting are reviewers. Apart from these matters of detail, the Mr. Matthews of these essays is precisely the Mr. Matthews from whose latest paper we were quoting a few moments ago. His fault as an essayist is a fault, partly, no doubt, of personality, but largely of method. What one feels very strongly in Mr. Halsey, one feels distinctly in Mr. Paul and Mr. Matthews, — a deficiency in that spontaneity and definition of thought, in that compactness and refinement of expression which, far more vitally than any partition of categories, distinguish literature from journalism.

From the real essayist one has more to expect and less to fear than from any other worker in the field of belles-lettres. The bird's-eye viewer of book announcements may well find his vision and perhaps his patience taxed by the extent and intricacy of the prospect. Here and there, luckily, the eye finds a straight path to some green clearing or shining water which lies without shadow of

doubt in the book lover's paradise. At such moments the essayist has his innings. We are feeling a little doubtful about Mr. So-and-So's forthcoming novel, or about Miss This-or-That's new book of verse. How do we know that the divine fire may not have waned or even gone out altogether: this business of inspiration is such a tricky one. But the essayist with his lesser torch,—we shall know just where to find him, ready to lead us with even pace along the well-known waysides of his choice. We shall not make the very highest peaks of Parnassus, but the journey is sure to bring us through a pleasant and profitable country; and there will be no serious accidents by the way.

Among the titles which may have cheered the prospector at the beginning of this season is that of Mr. Dobson's new book of essays.¹ This second volume of *Miscellanies* gives more than it promises, for to the group of studies, mainly in the eighteenth century, which we had looked for, is added a considerable collection of verses. The prose papers occasionally, as in *The Grub Street of the Arts*, present a baffling complexity of allusion to those who do not know their Old London and its faded worthies, but they will not resent it. Mr. Dobson could make interesting reading of a census report if he chose to take the trouble. For such papers as Mrs. Woffington, *On Certain Quotations in Walton's Angler*, and *Vader Cats*, no shade of allowance need be made by anybody; they must surely be charming to all comers. But Mr. Dobson will not be remembered merely as a fancier of obscure antiques. The most valuable essay in this volume, *The Story of the Spectator*, turns again a much-thumbed leaf, and without spectacular novelty of method gives the disputed passage what one feels to be its final interpretation.

¹ *Miscellanies*, Second Series. By AUSTIN DOBSON. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1901.

The verses are all of the right Dobson flavor, though here and there with a certain diminution of richness which their occasional nature has made inevitable. Sometimes (as in *After a Holiday*) there rings a deeper strain, to remind us that this debonair minstrel does not see life go by always in motley. But in the main he has contented himself with the natural register of his own delicate lyre; and in the lines written *For a Copy of The Compleat Angler*, in *The Philosophy of the Porch*, in *The Holocaust*, and in many others, he has shown all of his old grace and melodiousness. No fewer than eight of the bits of verse which conclude the volume are inscribed to Mr. Edmund Gosse. The briefest is among the best:—

"Gossip, may we live as now,
Brothers ever, I and thou;
Us may never Envy's mesh hold,
Anger never cross our threshold;
Let our little Lares be
Friendship and urbanity."

Ten years ago Mr. Gosse produced a volume of brief sketches on odd first editions which chanced to be in his own library. It is now reprinted with an added note on the original edition of White's *Selborne*. Nothing could better indicate what slight material may turn to literature in the right working. Most of the books treated are curious and rare rather than intrinsically valuable as literature. Mr. Gosse is professedly speaking to bibliophiles; but his aim, or his fate, is to find a literary interest in these first editions of his; to achieve by tempered praise, or, at least, by kindly laughter, a discriminating sympathy with certain almost forgotten literary ambitions. Except White's *Selborne*, *The Shaving of Shagpat*, and *Peter Bell*, hardly a title is likely to be familiar to the casual reader; but unless he is insensible as well as casual, there is not a paper which will fail to interest him. Surely, we reflect, if one modern critic can extract such excellent music from these ancient

instruments, long mute and untroubled, others, though of a humbler sort, need not despair utterly of their experiments with the many-stopped inventions of this day.

Two other volumes¹ must naturally be included in any comment upon the essays of the past year, and as they represent a somewhat graver and more measured type of criticism, they may well be spoken of last. Each contains, within confined limits, a body of carefully considered criticism, the accumulation of years. It would hardly be too much to assert that not since the day of those most famous of all English Essays in Criticism (unless, indeed, we except certain work of Professor Dowden and Mr. Gosse) have two volumes of critical papers appeared of such weight and ripeness. Work of this sort must necessarily lack the intimate ease of Mr. Dobson's, and the glancing lightness of Mr. Birrell's. It cannot be denied that Mr. Brownell's manner is often involved, and occasionally even puzzling; but so is his theme. Very rarely comes a critic like Bagehot, or (to cite an antipodal instance) Arnold, who is able to gain subtle effects almost without departure from the vernacular. Mr. Brownell does not achieve this; the subtlety of his thought is often mirrored in his expression rather than concealed by it. He has not the knack, or perhaps the bent, for putting things concretely; and his reward is that the reader will not be misled by mere fluency into a fancied understanding of what he could not be likely to understand without effort. A simple illustration of the two methods suggests itself. "Thackeray," wrote Bagehot, "looked at everything — at nature, at life, at art — from a *sensitive* aspect. . . . He had distinct and rather painful sensations when most men have but confused and blurred ones. Most men have felt the *instructive* headache,

during which they are more acutely conscious than usual of all that goes on around them, — during which everything seems to pain them, and in which they understand it because it pains them and they cannot get their imagination away from it. Thackeray had a nerve-ache of this sort always; he acutely felt every possible passing fact, every trivial interlude in society." With what effect of almost physical force does this figure of the "instructive headache" come into impact with the inert mind. Mr. Brownell contents himself with a plain record of the fact. "Thackeray was extremely sensitive, and his susceptibility was as highly organized as it was sensitive." Whatever else he has to say to the point is by way of increment rather than of illustration. One more contrasting parallel may perhaps be cited. Of that curious Thackerayan harping upon snobishness which reached its fullest expression in *The Book of Snobs*, Bagehot wrote warmly: "Mr. Thackeray, as we think, committed two errors in this matter. He lacerates 'snobs' in his books as if they had committed an unpardonable outrage and inexpiable crime. 'That man,' he says, 'is anxious to know lords; and he pretends to know more of lords than he really does know. What a villain! What a disgrace to our common nature! What an irreparable reproach to human reason!' Not at all; it is a fault which satirists should laugh at, and which moralists condemn and disapprove, but which yet does not destroy the whole vital excellence of him who possesses it; which may leave him a good citizen, a pleasant husband, a warm friend, — 'a fellow,' as the undergraduate said, '*up* in his *morals*.' In transient society it is possible, we think, that Mr. Thackeray thought too much of social inequalities. They belonged to that common, plain, perceptible world which filled his mind,

¹ *Victorian Prose Masters*. By W. C. BROWNELL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.
Essays of an Ex-Librarian. By RICHARD

GARNETT. London: William Heinemann. 1901.

and which left him at times and at casual moments no room for a purely intellectual and just estimate of men as they really are in themselves, and apart from social imperfection and defect." Mr. Brownell, in the character of apologist, replies to this verdict, so often echoed during the past forty years: "The Book of Snobs is an amazing series of variations on this single theme — hardly robust enough in itself to have avoided flatness and failure, in the course of such elaboration, by a writer less 'possessed' by it. This at least is what saves its perennial interest for other readers than those familiar with the particular society it satirizes, for other than English readers, that is to say. 'You must not judge hastily or vulgarly of snobs; to do so shows that you are yourself a snob. I myself have been taken for one.' These statements are for all nationalities. It need hardly be pointed out that hypocrisy constitutes one of the most effective elements which the novelist can use in portraying human life on a large scale and under civilized conditions. Imposture of one kind or another almost monopolizes the seamy side of any society's existence. In the material of the novelist of manners it has the same place as crime in that of the romance of adventure. It is the natural concomitant of gregariousness, the great social bane, the social incarnation of Ahriman, the shadow if not also the middle tint of the social picture. Almost inevitably the novelist, who both by predisposition and by practice handles it well, presents a picture of sound and vital verisimilitude, and of profounder and more universal significance than a study of most other social forces affords."

The difference in manner is obvious. The preference for vigor and simplicity lies with Bagehot; but Mr. Brownell's argument is as plainly superior in breadth and discrimination as it is inferior in concreteness and audible enthusiasm. Walter Bagehot was a notable critic by the

grace of Heaven, while Mr. Brownell's power is the result of broad study and conscious attainment. His essay on George Eliot is interesting for its contention that the novelist lacked the æsthetic sense and had no style; that her power is the power of the moralist rather than of the artist. "Thus there are no 'passages,' either 'fine' or in any way sustained, in her works; at least I think of none, and if any exist I suspect they are put into the mouth of some personage with whom they are 'in character,' — in which case they would be sure to be very well done indeed. Every sentence stands by itself; by its sententious self, therefore. The 'wit and wisdom' of the author are crystallized in phrases, not distilled in fluid diction. Their truth strikes us sharply, penetrates us swiftly; the mind tingles agreeably under the slight shock, instead of glowing in expansive accord and dilating with actual conviction." The passage reminds us of an oddly different judgment in Professor Dowden's essay, written many years ago: "At the same time the novels of George Eliot are not didactic treatises. They are primarily works of art, and George Eliot herself is artist as much as she is teacher. Many good things in particular passages of her writings are detachable; admirable sayings can be cleared from their surroundings, and presented by themselves, knocked out clean as we knock out fossils from a piece of limestone. But if we separate the moral soul of any complete work of hers from its artistic medium, if we murder to dissect, we lose far more than we gain. When a work of art can be understood only by enjoying it, the art is of a high kind." Well, one takes one's choice in such a flat disagreement among the doctors. It need only be said (to adapt the sentence last quoted) that when a piece of criticism can be made profitable only by agreeing with it, the criticism is of a shallow kind. In this case one hardly feels that Mr. Brownell is without some secret relenting

toward the quality of George Eliot's art — else why is she included in his august assembly of Victorian Prose Masters ?

The papers in Dr. Richard Garnett's collection are of considerable variety. Dr. Garnett is that somewhat rare manifestation, a scholar who is also a man of letters. Even the more particular of his present essays are therefore of interest to the not erudite reader. The more general of them, however, are of greatest moment, — the papers on Coleridge, Emerson, Matthew Arnold, and especially the essay On Translating Homer. From two of these papers we may quote briefly: "We entirely agree with Mr. Frederic Harrison that Arnold's fame will mainly rest upon his poetry, and that it will be durable, pure, and high. . . . If we were called upon to indicate Arnold's place upon the roll of English poets, by comparison with one of accepted fame, we should seek his nearest parallel in Gray. Both are academic poets, the dominant note of each is a tender and appealing pathos, each possessed a refinement of taste which in some measure degenerated into fastidiousness, and tended to limit a productiveness not originally exuberant." This from one of Arnold's contemporaries is the sane and conservative sort of judgment which may well make one pause before accepting the generalization of M. Lemaître.

Upon the main theory of Arnold's lectures on translating Homer is based the very suggestive essay to which Dr. Garnett, with the proper assurance of one who is master of his subject, does not hesitate to give Arnold's title. The present essayist, however, fails to agree with Arnold that Homer should be rendered in English hexameters. He contends that the principal reason for the continued supremacy of Pope's version is simply that all subsequent translators of note have eschewed Pope's medium. Dr. Garnett offers excellent reasons for his belief that the letter and spirit of Homer

may best be rendered in English by means of the heroic rhyme which Pope's muscle-bound manipulation deprived of its due credit. Of Dr. Garnett's own experiments, subjoined to the essay, one is tempted to quote what he himself remarks of Arnold: "His own attempts at Homeric translation, indeed, were by no means fortunate, but this in no wise detracts from the value of his criticism." They are apparently lacking in the rapidity and directness if not in the nobility which he follows Arnold in prescribing to the ideal translator. They are not unsuccessful, however, in showing of what flexible treatment a metre is capable which the world has come to associate with formality and rigidity. Dr. Garnett's prose style is less involved and conscious than Mr. Brownell's, but this is because his intellectual method is simpler. Certainly, taken together, these two volumes, with their serious appeal to the intellect, suggest the necessary qualification of so taking and significant a remark as Professor Dowden's: "The most valuable critic is the critic who communicates sympathy by an exquisite record of his own delights, not the critic who attempts to communicate thought."

H. W. Boynton.

No analysis of American character can be trusted which does not specify, among other traits, a large endowment of idealism. Your genuine Yankee is practical, and few have surpassed him in grappling with the concrete difficulties of life or in material prosperity; but he differs from others who have got on in the world — from the Dutch, for instance, or from the English — in remaining at heart an idealist. The more you see of the English, the more you are inclined to look on Shakespeare as un-English, because he is idealist and uninsular; but Emerson, the supreme modern idealist, was the representative American, as Victor Hugo and Ernest Renan were the representatives

Recent Dante Literature.

of the two chief types of modern Frenchmen. This Yankee idealism often hibernates, and sometimes it volatilizes in the pursuit of fads; but when the great issues call, it responds, and it transforms in the twinkling of an eye the myriads who seem ordinarily bent wholly on money-getting, or on comfort, into the hosts of the Lord, resolved to sacrifice everything for a righteous principle. Yesterday, you saw only salesmen at their counters, merchants at the exchange, bankers planning audacious enterprises, farmers haggling with the country storekeeper over their quarterly barter: to-day, they are all volunteering in a cause on which the welfare of the race depends. Strangers, who happen to visit us at a time when our material side is uppermost, fall into wonderful misconceptions; and even our politicians, when they reckon too confidently on the uninterrupted sway of our "practical" qualities, are often swept down by an outburst of idealism.

To this quality, among other influences, we may trace the singular hold which Dante has had during the past sixty years on the foremost Americans. The number of his readers here at any one time is small, but it is choice. Out of the handful have sprung Longfellow, Lowell, and Norton, each of whom has contributed a work of capital importance in the Dantean field; nor should George Ticknor, the earliest distinguished American expounder of Dante, or Dr. T. W. Parsons, who wrote one sterling poem on Dante and an incomplete translation of the epic, be forgotten. Contrast their achievement with the barrenness of the literary product of Classical scholarship in America. Until the last generation our higher education was based on Latin and Greek, yet from among the throng of adepts in the Classics, and from the larger throng who were driven through them on the way to culture, not one has produced a first-rate translation of Homer or the Greek dramatists, nor of Virgil or Lucretius; and nobody here has written

on any of these such an essay as Lowell wrote on Dante, a piece of genuine literature and an addition to literary criticism. The names of our few Latinists and Grecians known outside of the narrow circle of their specialties are those of men who have compiled grammars or revised texts worthy of very great respect, but having no more to do with literature than the study of the structure of the larynx has to do with oratory. And even our best Classical specialists, with perhaps two or three exceptions, rank below the Germans. Not long ago one American professor told me with mingled awe and exultation that Curtius had once referred approvingly to an emendation of an obscure Greek text suggested by another American professor! Very good; but how many days go by in any college or university in the world where Greek philology is studied that Curtius himself is not still cited?

Thus it is that although our Classical scholars are many and our Dante scholars few, the literary achievement of the Classicists has been insignificant, while that of the Danteans has been relatively large. Is this because, let the Classicists strive as hard as they will, they can never so purge themselves of the anti-pagan legacy bequeathed by Puritanism as to become really Classical in spirit? Or is it because the pedant, who struggles for mastery (and usually conquers) in every teacher, instinctively fastens on those portions of Latin and Greek which have always been the favorite victuals of pedantry? Whatever the explanation, the fact remains that Dante has inspired works which in any survey of American literature during the past fifty years could not be overlooked; and it should be added that such works as Dr. Fay's Concordance, Mr. Koch's Bibliography, and Latham's edition of Dante's Letters, not to mention articles on special points, bear equally high testimony to American philological scholarship.

Dante's idealism, with its vivid specific

illustrations, appeals strongly to the highest type of American idealist. To the French, he has meant little, because they are not idealists. A race which has never really persuaded itself of the supremacy of the moral law — a race which expressed its characteristic views of life through Montaigne in the sixteenth century, through Molière in the seventeenth, through Voltaire in the eighteenth, and through Renan in the nineteenth — could not possibly find Dante's moral intensity congenial. The French think that they have exhausted him when they have turned over Doré's drawings of the Hell.

But let us not generalize farther. Dante's treasures are so varied that men who differ most widely among themselves are his admirers. Minds as far apart as Gladstone and Matthew Arnold called him master; dilettanti like Rossetti and Pater — (Pater, who declared Shadwell's sing-song verse the best English equivalent for Dante's *terza rima*!) — sought Dante as if he were a dilettante; and so one might go on to enumerate the diversified company of those who would agree only in their admiration of Dante's genius. But the almost simultaneous publication of the Rev. Charles Allen Dinsmore's study, *The Teachings of Dante*,¹ and of Professor Charles Eliot Norton's revised translation of *The Divine Comedy*,² is a sufficient example of this. For in most matters, certainly in the forms in which most of the deepest concerns of life are expressed, Mr. Dinsmore and Mr. Norton would evidently not coincide, but in their idealism and in their moral earnestness the orthodox minister and the open-minded agnostic unite.

Mr. Dinsmore's book is a surprise, because it suddenly springs up and proves its right to exist in a field which seemed already overcrowded. One would have

said that for the average English reader Symonds's handbook, Maria Rossetti's *Shadow of Dante*, and Mr. Edmund Gardner's recent marvelously compact primer would suffice; but one may have these and other manuals and still find Mr. Dinsmore's book of great value. Interesting it certainly is. Mr. Dinsmore differs from Symonds, Maria Rossetti, and Mr. Gardner in being interpretative rather than descriptive. They are intent on historical, biographical, and literary elucidation, and on disentangling the skein of allegory; he is concerned with the upshot of it all, with Dante's message.

The broad interpretation he gives of Dante's view of sin and redemption is unusually fresh because he approaches *The Divine Comedy* as a Calvinist. The depth of his criticism can best be shown in two or three brief quotations. "Our modern orthodox" (that is, Presbyterian) "view," he says, "beginning with faith, emphasizes the redemptive grace of God, and insists that man is saved, not by what he does for himself, but by what God does for him and with him. . . . We measure progress by our deepening consciousness that our lives are 'hid with Christ in God,' and out of this sense of intimate relationship grow all Christian joy and peace and hope. Coming to Dante from the atmosphere of the modern pulpit, we are surprised at the utter absence of this feeling of the union of the soul with God during the process of salvation. . . . Another characteristic continually manifests itself. One cannot fail to note how conspicuously Christ is absent from this mighty drama of salvation. His work of atonement is assumed, his deity is fully recognized, but he himself is rather a celestial glory in the background than a pervasive presence on the scene of action. In Dante there is not the faintest intimation of the

¹ *The Teachings of Dante*. By CHARLES ALLEN DINSMORE. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1901.

² *The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri*.

Translated by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. Riverside Edition. 3 vols. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1902.

thought so prominent in these days, that Christ is Christianity. His is distinctively a gospel of a system, ours of a person. . . . He differs from nearly all pre-eminent preachers of righteousness in his starting point. He begins with man, they with God."

These extracts will suffice to show that Mr. Dinsmore goes to the very foundations; but only a reading of the book itself can give an idea of the ease and vigor and attractiveness with which he discusses his great themes. He is evidently a theologian; but above the intellectual pleasure which theological disputation brings him, he no less evidently sets practical religion, the application of doctrine to conduct. As he reads with his own eyes, and thinks with his own brain, his criticism has an unacademic freshness which is like a cool breeze in the desert. Books with him are not mere topics for idle conversation, but vital facts, compounded of good and evil, to be used or shunned by the soul which has dedicated itself to righteousness.

At the outset, a casual reader might be misled by Mr. Dinsmore's many admiring references to Jonathan Edwards into expecting criticism of only parochial range; and, indeed, it is a mistake to call Edwards "our Puritan Dante." Edwards is now remembered chiefly for having mistaken a demon for God, and for describing the everlasting torments of hell with such terrific vividness that he has filled far more insane asylums on earth than seats of the blest in heaven. It is time that posterity, which has repudiated his abominable teachings, should let his name sink into oblivion. Herod has been execrated for causing the slaughter of a few hundred innocent babes; but Edwards devoted his talents to convince the world that an omnipotent monster has gone on creating myriads of millions of human creatures, of whom hardly one in every thousand is "saved," and he calls this monster, who had not Herod's excuse, "God," that is, Good. Let us

have done with Edwards, and cease to imagine that he is in any sense a Dante.

But in his citation of modern authors, as in his references to the Bible and the Classics, Mr. Dinsmore is often very striking: as when he points out that Vassall Morton, the hero of Francis Parkman's only novel, agrees with Dante in figuring "the depth of wretchedness as the bondage of a quagmire." After reading his chapter on Purgatory in Literature, in which he concludes that the methods of expiation described by Hawthorne in *The Scarlet Letter*, and by Tennyson in *Guinevere*, are "Dantean rather than Christian," you recognize a literary critic of independent judgment, just as, in the following passages, you perceive that he has converted certain large modern philosophic ideas into terms of literary criticism.

After stating that Dante is the greatest of all champions of the freedom of the will, in contrast with Shakespeare, who, in *Hamlet*, in *Macbeth*, in *Othello*, virtually "declares that man but half controls his fate," Mr. Dinsmore continues: "The leading Greek dramas still more impressively interpret man as a grain of wheat between the upper and nether millstones of adverse forces. The characters appear to be free, but if one looks deeper down, he perceives that they are the representatives of vast world powers, while the tragedy is the suffering of the individual as the two malign energies crush against each other. The classic tragedy is commonly constructed on the essential antagonism between the family and the state. The necessity of such collision is no longer apparent to us, and we have changed the name of the colossal powers that make sport of human life. For family and state we read heredity and environment, — taskmasters as exacting and irresistible, which allow even less room for the freedom of the individual will."

Such passages as these should convince readers who are in earnest that

Mr. Dinsmore has written a book for them; lovers of Dante have already welcomed him as a congenial colleague. Merely as a running commentary on Dante's life and the chief currents of The Divine Comedy, his book may be freely recommended; while for its special qualities, to some of which I have briefly alluded, it deserves to be weighed by all students in this field.

Ten years have passed since Professor Norton first published his translation of The Divine Comedy. These years have tested the work and left no doubt that it is the best in English; they have also popularized the conviction that prose, and not poetry, is the better medium for the translator to use. The person who can read a great poem in the original naturally desires to have the *form* which stamps it as poetry reproduced in a translation; but when he makes the experiment, he will find, in the case of two languages as dissimilar in their prosody as are English and Italian, that he must be content with a form which does not at all correspond to the original. In spite of many attempts, our poets, writing spontaneously in English, have never succeeded in naturalizing the Italian *terza rima*: Shelley came nearest, in that remarkable fragment, The Triumph of Life; but no ear accustomed to Dante can get equal satisfaction, or satisfaction of the same sort, from that as from the Italian; and no ear trained to English verse would mistake Shelley's *terza rima* for native, in the way in which the *ottava rima* in Byron's Beppo and Don Juan is native.

An equivalent metrical form for the *terza rima* of The Divine Comedy being out of the question in English, what shall a translator bent on a metrical version do? If wise, like Longfellow, he will prefer blank verse; if foolish, or dilettante, like Mr. Lancelot Shadwell, he will choose Marvell's Horatian Ode as his pattern. Before our age of realism, which insists on the closest fidelity to

fact, a translator might candidly announce that he proposed to put as much of the foreign poem into a genuine English metre as he could, regardless of metrical correspondence. Pope practically said this when he turned Homer's hexameters into heroic couplets; and, in the realm of painting, the old masters did this when they clothed Christ and his apostles in contemporary Renaissance garments, and were untroubled by the anachronism. Pope's poem possesses many excellences, but they are due to Pope's genius working in a medium over which it had absolute mastery, and not to any close resemblance to Homer; but to-day, when we wish to know what Homer, and not Pope, actually says, it does not satisfy us.

And so we are thrown back to a prose translation as the vehicle which can convey the *substance* of Homer's epic or of Dante's, and convey it without interposing an English metrical form which no more represents that of the original than a cornet can represent a full orchestra. There is, of course, another medium, the so-called "poetic prose," a sort of *tertium quid*, of which the less we say the better. "Sir," quoth Dr. Johnson, referring to Macpherson's Ossian, the most celebrated specimen of poetic prose ever perpetrated in English, "Sir, a man might write such stuff forever, if he would *abandon* his mind to it." Persons who delight in it have certainly never felt the rhythm which belongs as structurally to all good prose as to poetry; they, the fatuous ones, would paint the lily and throw a perfume on the violet. In vain do you tell them that, though walking and dancing have each their proper grace, to try to combine the two produces a ridiculous caper. In literature, as in life, a pet is not the less fondled for being a mongrel.

Accepting thoroughbred prose, therefore, as the proper medium for translating The Divine Comedy, the best translation will be that which gives in the

best English the exact meaning of the original. It will be as truthful as a "crib," but it will have also those literary qualities which we look for in our racy prose. That such a happy combination could be hit upon, Dr. John Carlyle showed more than fifty years ago. His version was so good that had it covered the three canticles, instead of the first only, Mr. Norton has said that he should not have undertaken his translation. Mr. Norton has the obvious advantage over Dr. Carlyle in coming half a century later, when many obscurities due to imperfect text have been cleared up, when the minute details of Florentine and Italian history in Dante's time have been laid bare, and the few plain facts in Dante's own career have been separated from much fiction. But Mr. Norton's superiority has a still deeper cause than the wider information which is now accessible to every reader of Dante: it rests not merely on more knowledge, but on a more intimate sympathy. Dante has had many devotees, but among them all none has surpassed Mr. Norton in a union of qualifications for understanding his spirit, and for communicating it to others. Add to this a command of English equal to every need, — English so transparent that it allows the meaning of the original to shine through without taking the slightest tinge from the translator's personality, — and you have the ideal translator.

It would be easy to demonstrate by parallel passages that Mr. Norton's version excels both in accuracy and in English style that of Dr. Carlyle, his only serious competitor in the first canticle, and those of Mr. A. J. Butler, Mr. Dugdale, and others, in the second and third; but such a method could be conclusive only if there were space here to give extracts sufficiently long and varied to be fairly representative. A few test passages might satisfy the expert; but any doubter who will read in succession the several versions of a single canto

cannot fail, if he have an ear for English prose, to pronounce Mr. Norton's the best. And if he then compare the English line by line and word by word with the original, he will find that Mr. Norton interprets most closely Dante's thought.

This new edition is almost a new work, so carefully has Mr. Norton scrutinized every word and substituted the better for what was good before. This results, in some cases, in the adoption of a different interpretation. Thus in *Francesca da Rimini's* story the lines

"Per più fiate gli occhi ei sospinse
Quella lettura, e scolorocci il viso"

become "Many times that reading *urged our eyes*, and took the color from our faces," instead of the earlier, "Many times that reading *made us lift our eyes*, and took the color from our faces." John Carlyle has it, "Several times that reading urged our eyes to meet, and changed the color of our faces." Mr. Butler, who shows a tendency to paraphrase, says, "Many times did that reading impel our eyes, and change the hue of our visages." Which did Dante mean? That the reading so absorbed Francesca and her lover that it urged them to return to it several times, or that the amorous story caused them more than once to raise their eyes and look at each other, and to change color as they thus discovered their mutual passion? The reader may choose; I cite the passage to show how through what seems a slight verbal emendation the new edition sometimes differs widely from the old.

More often the changes have apparently been inspired by the wish to make the English read more smoothly. Take, for instance, the opening of the twenty-sixth canto of *Hell*: "Rejoice, Florence, since thou art so great that over sea and land thou beatest thy wings, and thy name is spread through Hell. Among the thieves I found five such, thy citizens, whereat shame comes to me, and

thou unto great honor risest not thereby." So reads the earlier version; the latter runs thus: "Rejoice, Florence, since thou art so great that [thou beatest thy wings over sea and land, and thy name is spread through Hell! Among the thieves I found five such, thy citizens, whereat shame comes to me, and thou dost not mount unto great honor thereby." The ear acknowledges at once the superiority of the latter version. And so from the first page to the last, there are few lines which do not bear witness to the ten years' polishing which Mr. Norton has bestowed on this edition. He has treated word and phrase and sentence as a jeweler treats his gems. Anybody who compares the two versions will learn how a mind of the most delicate critical sensitiveness works, — how patiently, how reasonably; now cautious, now trusting boldly to imagination. Here we see taste in action.

This new version not only supersedes the old in the text, but also in the notes, which are at least trebled in number, though still brief, pertinent, and uncontroversial. With these volumes a person reading only English can get an intimate knowledge of the substance of *The Divine Comedy* — yes, and more than the substance — and an explanation of all the really important difficulties. If any passages remain dark, it is because they are dark in the original, and the translator does not believe in substituting for Dante's words an explanatory paraphrase. We wish that it had been possible to reprint as a general introduction the essay on Dante which Mr. Norton prepared for Warner's Library a few years ago; for nowhere else in the same compass — not even in Lowell's essay — can the novice and the expert alike find so precious a survey of Dante and his work.

"Next to writing a classic, the best service which a man of letters can render is to translate a classic so that it shall live in a new language as if it were

a native." This Mr. Norton has done, and those of us who take the highest view of literature must feel grateful to him for this final revision: an artist less conscientious than he would have been satisfied with his earlier achievement. Now Dante lives in English, and it may well turn out that this translation shall stand as the chief literary product in America during the past twenty years. Our fiction varies with the seasons, nay, with the months and weeks: who recalls now the title of the novel which last June or July a dozen of our best known critics declared would be read as long as the English language lasts? I wonder that the older novelists — Mr. Howells, for instance — do not republish under new names their earlier works; would anybody know? Our critics now expound literature according to the social position of authors, or, following Walter Pater, books are to them like different kinds of candy, and the business of the critic is to describe the flavor of each as it glides over the palate. Our poets — but let us respect their *incognito*. Amid such conditions, common to periods of reaction, it must be beneficial to have attention once again centred on Dante, who is a sure antidote to persiflage and diletantism, and to the worship of the things which perish, and who, of all poets, teaches how man makes himself eternal. To Mr. Norton let us apply Sainte-Beuve's shining phrase, "*La belle destinée de ne pouvoir plus mourir, sinon avec un immortel!*"

William Roscoe Thayer.

WHEN an actor on the literary stage has scored a decided hit upon his first appearance, and that, too, in a philosophic rôle, it is natural that his reappearance after long study of another part should excite very general interest. Eight years ago Mr. Kidd gave the world his *Social Evolution*, and the popular favor it found was instant and widespread. He again in-

Kidd's Western Civilization.

vites the suffrages of serious readers upon a second work,¹ entitled *Western Civilization*.

The sources of the two books are in part the same. Mr. Kidd's earlier conception of religion as devoid of any rational sanction and yet as a necessary qualification for survival in the inter-racial struggle for existence figures largely in the present work. So, too, the fuller analysis he now offers of recent social movements in the Occident was in a measure prefigured in the earlier book, two of whose chapters, by the way, bear the same title as the present volume. In the interval between the two productions, Mr. Kidd, as his abundant footnotes indicate, has been reading widely, particularly in the domains of history, philosophy, and economics. His new speculations bear evidence of the new tracts of thought he has traversed, but are nevertheless an expansion of the conceptions latent in *Social Evolution*.

The overture to the present work might be styled the Bankruptcy of the Social Science of the Present. This is the upshot of three of the four opening chapters. In chapter two we catch an anticipation of the theme which recurs in every subsequent chapter,—Social Altruism (or what Mr. Kidd delights to call "Projected Efficiency"), the guarantee of social survival. The chapters succeeding are mainly historical studies which explain how the progress of the Western world from the period of classical antiquity to the present time must be interpreted in the light of the doctrine of Projected Efficiency. The two closing chapters depict the Modern World-Conflict where unrighteous Mammon under the shelter of *laissez faire* has the world by the throat, and the future of humanity transformed by the magic of Projected Efficiency.

¹ *Principles of Western Civilization, Being the first Volume of a System of Evolutionary Philosophy*, pp. 481, with Appendix. By BEN-

While criticism is not Mr. Kidd's forte, the earlier part of the book which is devoted to the failure of social philosophy, both in various theoretic presentations and in its practical embodiment in Western Liberalism, is interesting, though not always convincing. But his very audacity extorts one's admiration when he bunches together Condorcet, Diderot, Helvétius, Bentham, Mill, Karl Marx, Nietzsche, Loria, and Herbert Spencer, as typifying substantially the same fundamental social philosophy. It is much like seeing a novice at pool pocket a brace of balls by a *massé* shot that an adept at the game would never think of attempting. Still Mr. Kidd is probably not very far wrong when he insists that all the philosophers he names have conceived of the ideal state as merely a paradise of outward comfortableness for the living generation, and have not realized that the Present in some measure is always held in fee of both the Future and the Past. What Mr. Kidd overlooks is that Burke is not the only protestant against the theory of the Utilitarian state. J. H. Green and W. S. Lilly are but two among many modern philosophers who have held a higher conception of its meaning and end. Mr. Kidd in his position is not nearly as lonely as he imagines himself. Even "at this present time also there is a remnant according to the election of grace."

The constructive portion of *Western Civilization* is keyed to the pitch of Projected Efficiency, and practically the entire value of the work as a real contribution to social philosophy will hinge upon the estimate that is set upon this doctrine. The elements which went to its making seem to be three. Darwin's notion of "fitness" is the first. Any one of the myriad organisms that is to survive the competitive struggle

JAMIN KIDD. New York and London: The Macmillan Company. 1902.

must surmount the difficulty of "not enough to eat and liability to be eaten." Bagehot's application of the notion of fitness to nations or civilizations is the second. The past of history may thus be conceived as the survival of those social or institutional types which have best withstood the assaults of weaker and more perishable types. The third and the distinctive element which colors the whole conception of Projected Efficiency is Mr. Kidd's insistence upon potential fertility or the power to perpetuate one's kind, as essential to the ultimate survival either of a species or a civilization. No organism or nation or institution or civilization can survive unless, besides successfully battling with the obstacles of the present, it leaves behind it a progeny endowed like its progenitors with the power

"To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

It cannot be said that this phase of fitness was overlooked by Darwin, who explicitly included "success in having progeny" as part and parcel of the fitness that made for survival. But Mr. Kidd maintains that Darwin habitually forgot or underestimated this element, and placed the centre of significance of the struggle always in the present time. Accordingly, Mr. Kidd proceeds to make the stone the Builder rejected the head of the corner of the new temple of social evolution. When once the winning peoples have survived the untold ages of military selection, Mr. Kidd thinks that the kind of fitness that thereafter makes for survival is the absolute subordination of "every interest of the existing social order . . . to interests which are not only not included within the present time . . . but which must remain projected beyond the content of even political consciousness." Apparently Mr. Kidd thinks that the ages of military selection are past, and that Projected Efficiency is to-day the only guarantee of racial survival. Under the guidance of this

conception the course of modern history is canvassed, often very entertainingly it must be granted; and, as we should expect, history is made to confirm the principle by "many infallible proofs," particularly in the realization of religious toleration and universal suffrage. Mr. Kidd assures us also that this beneficent law is soon to terminate the economic exploitation of the weak by the strong, whether amongst nations or individuals, and ultimately is to effect "the enfranchisement of the future."

It doubtless argues one a sordid *terre filius* to point out that Mr. Kidd has offered no proof that the ages of military selection have finished their work of winnowing the winning peoples from the moribund peoples. But some proof thereof would seem not altogether superfluous. It is also well to remind Mr. Kidd that in the sharp competitive struggle of to-day any undue subordination of present efficiency to the interests of the future makes commonly not for the survival, but for the extinction of the race that attempts such subordination. Natural Selection keeps a cash shop, and the customer who expects on the credit of generous entails provided for his posterity to get goods on trust is likely to be outbid by the man who planks down hard cash on the counter.

In the manner of presentation, Mr. Kidd has fallen far below the level he reached in *Social Evolution*. His thinking in that book was far from exact, but there was life and movement in the style which carried it along with a rush. In his latest book he is often obscure, prolix, self-contradictory, and repetitious. In one way, however, he still bids for the same popularity which his earlier venture attracted. The smatterers in evolution, and in religious and industrial philosophy, will all seemingly find their own views reflected in *Western Civilization*. To the pseudo-evolutionist the book will seem permeated with the rigorous doctrine of Natural

Selection. The religious philistine when he reads that "the present is passing out under the control of the infinite" — a typically ambiguous phrase — understands Mr. Kidd to refer to the coming of the kingdom of Grace. And finally, when the sentimental sociologist is assured by Mr. Kidd that the benefits of Collectivism are bound to be realized without expropriation or regimentation, and that the bills of Socialism will pay themselves, he is convinced that an epoch-making work has appeared. Mr. Kidd's second appearance may possibly delight the occupants of the philosophic gallery, but the judicious critic will register a different verdict.

W. M. D.

ROBESPIERRE, one of the great typical, Belloc's Robespierre. symbolic figures of history, by reason of his very typicalness has come to have in the mind of the less considerate reader a kind of false unity and simplicity of character. For most of us his personality is eternalized in Carlyle's lurid epithets, which discover him moving in the hot and smoky air of the French Revolution, "sea-green," "Jesuitic," and "incorruptible." But, after all, how hardly shall the mystery of a temperament be precipitated in a phrase. It is well to partake of the temper of that perennial humanism which forever distrusts all the categorical formulations of biography; it is right to be grateful for such a book as Mr. Belloc's Robespierre.¹

Mr. Belloc has not adduced many new facts concerning the career of his protagonist. Indeed, after M. Ernest Hamel's monumental *Vie de Robespierre*, published some four decades ago, this was scarcely possible. He has, rather, subjected M. Hamel's work to long scrutiny and meditation; he has interpreted it, subtilized it, and, in a good sense, Paterized it. He has endeavored so to wind himself into the heart of that

record as to stand where Robespierre's "own soul stood, looking out with his own pale eyes." This is, perhaps, a Quixotic enterprise, somewhat preciously phrased, yet, so it be well done, there is a sure place for precisely this kind of imaginative biography. Mr. Belloc has made due allowance for the darkness and uncertain illusion of his cave, and has produced an admirable study in subjectivity.

In fulfilling the resurrective function of his criticism Mr. Belloc wisely begins with externals. His elaborately drawn picture of the corporeal presence of Robespierre memorializes certain salient and significant physical traits that it is well to bear in mind.

"His frame was of a delicate mould, his hands and feet small and well shaped, his chest neither broad nor deep. He had not that vitality of action which proceeds from well-furnished lungs; neither the voice nor the gesture, the good humor, nor the sudden powers that belong to men whose fires have draught to them. . . . His eyes, whence most his self pierced outward, gave immediate evidence of the homogeneity, sincerity, and circumscription, as they did also of the half unquiet of his mind and of its unfittedness for reception. . . . His face was free from the lines which constant anxiety or ceaseless assiduity drew upon those of his contemporaries, nor had he any marked development of such indications of character, save in the furrows that flank the mouth, and that stand commonly for some perception of irony and for a habit of self-control."

As this prim figure grows more familiar to us we begin to know something of the mind by which it was informed. The mild deprecatory manner of a man but ill endowed with the thing we call force became impressive and imposing by the constant iteration of the intellectual formulas which held the hopes of a people. Robespierre, by Mr. Belloc's showing, was essentially the provincial lawyer

¹ *Robespierre. A Study.* By HILAIRE BELLOC. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901.

with a turn for literary composition. But coming early under the spell of Rousseau, and enjoying something of that spontaneous activity of mind, which the leisure of country life under the old régime afforded, he deduced the reasonable order of an ideal state. Mr. Belloc is particularly happy in portraying Robespierre's political complexion. His democracy was of the head rather than of the heart; not passionate, doctrinaire. The wild drama of the Revolution with its renaissance of epic song, its recrudescence of old thirsts, passed unheeded under Robespierre's Rousseau-like contemplation, as a tide slips under a mist.

Mr. Belloc's reader will be likely to revise a little his notion of Robespierre's importance as a leader of revolt. Indeed, in a strict sense he was not a leader at all; he was a symbol. He had no real initiative. His mind constructed systems in a void; when confronted with tangible, insistent facts he was chiefly an obstructionist. His interminable, painfully filed speeches expressed, but rarely determined, the course of the Revolution. As Mr. Belloc says finely, Paris made him an idea because he made Paris an idea. Yet when the storm and stress were over, and men had leisure and space to measure their leaders, Robespierre was seen to lack the quality of the great captains of reform; "he was seen to have neither instinctive human foreknowledge, nor the sad human laughter, and there was no exile in his eyes."

The essential dramatic course of Robespierre's life stands out in certain episodes of Mr. Belloc's narrative with the closely articulated structure of a Greek tragedy. His tragic fault of an ambition inconsistent with his creed cumulates tragically in that fatal moment when he looked at Danton, the incarnation of the primal force of the Revolution, and, as Carlyle said in words that Mr. Belloc has not bettered, "grew greener to behold him." When, a little later, he tacitly consented to Danton's

death, the descent to the catastrophe had begun. The losing struggle of Robespierre against the factions in the convention and in the committee, outwardly at the very summit of his power, while secretly his supports were sapped one after one, is a theatric katabasis that would have given pleasure to Aristotle. Then, finally, came that last pathetic act of Thermidor which brings, by pity and terror, a purification how beneficent.

All this is set forth by Mr. Belloc according to the best traditions of biography and with striking brilliancy of style. Indeed, if he errs at all it is through too great rhetorical care. His style has the effect of constantly preening itself, and his highly metaphorical manner sometimes evolves conceits that would have abashed John Donne. But, despite this suspicion of posture, his writing at its best is singularly sinuous, cogent, and suggestive. Above all, he has a peculiar gift for the apothegmatic expression of wise saws and historic lore.

The final impression we derive of Robespierre's character is curiously, but wisely, inconsistent with much that has gone before. We are led to remember that after all he was comparatively a young man, dying tragically at thirty-six, — as Danton had died at thirty-five, and Camille Desmoulins at thirty-four, — at a time when Wordsworth, himself not a very passionate young man, had felt that "to be young was very Heaven." In judging him it is well to side with the humane charity of Mr. Belloc's concluding paragraphs: —

"I return also to the memory of the jejune, persistent mind which has haunted me through the description of his fortunes. I fear to have done him a wrong. Such men may be greater than their phrases or their vain acts display them. I know that he passed through a furnace of which our paltry time can re-imagine nothing, and I know that throughout this trial he affirmed — with monotonous inefficiency, but still affirmed — the fun-

damental truths which our decadence has neglected or despised, and is even in some dens beginning to deny.

"He saw God Personal, the soul immortal, man of a kind with man, and he was in the company of those who began to free the world. God have mercy on his soul and on each of ours who hope for better things." *F. G.*

READERS at a distance are more likely **A New Study** to remember certain eminent of Fénelon. Englishmen by their family names than by the titles bestowed upon them late in life. We recall Sir Stafford Northcote rather than Lord Idlesleigh, and probably do not remember at all the second title, now borne by that statesman's grandson, who has proved in his brilliant monograph on Fénelon¹ his own claim to distinction. He also proves — though no proof was needed — that an impartial estimate of his subject is as yet more likely to be compassed by a well-instructed and clear-sighted foreign observer, than by a Frenchman to whom Fénelon's name has always been in some sort a party watchword. In the world as he knew it, from being viewed as a Saint by devoted disciples, he came later to be regarded as the precursor of the eighteenth-century sentimentalists and philanthropists, and even as an apostle of toleration. Since the Revolution he has appeared as the "typical enlightened priest blessing the typical enlightened despotism" of Cardinal Bausset's biography (which work, it may be said, has practically shaped the idea of Fénelon held everywhere by the general reader); he has been hailed as the champion of "a progressive Papacy at war with illiberal Kings and Bishops;" while to-day the dominant note is praise of his great opponent Bossuet.

No one of these aspects of his subject escapes Lord St. Cyres; he follows Fénelon

¹ *François de Fénelon*. By VISCOUNT ST. CYRES. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902.

lon from youth to age, not only in the incidents of his life, but still more in his mental and spiritual history. Always it is the work of a trained thinker, intelligent, tolerant, not wanting in delicate insight, and so abounding in felicities of description and characterization, as to make the reading a constant delight. Unlike some of his predecessors, this writer can discuss Fénelon's Mysticism and even the Maxims of the Saints, and be not only admirably intelligible, but steadily interesting. The measure of truth in the differing views regarding him is faithfully set forth, though it need hardly be said that the legend of his tolerance is summarily set aside. The young priest sent to Saintonge to complete the missionary work so effectively begun by the dragoons was more humane than others, and by nature a proselytizer, not a persecutor; but for those steadfast (he would have said stubborn) souls not to be moved by torture or persuasion, he too desired no mercy. Above all an ecclesiastic, and an ecclesiastic of his time, it was not given to him to discern in some dim wise the infamy of the Revocation or even its disastrous impolicy. Yet this churchman and mystic was all his life a political reformer, and if his good sense was sometimes obscured by extravagant theories none saw more clearly the desperate condition of France. Through his tremendous Letter to the King "rings the Dies Iræ of the old régime."

That the author of *The Education of Girls* and the preceptor of the Duke of Burgundy was a genuine reformer in educational methods need not be said, nor how his life at Cambrai might typify that of the ideal Christian prelate. These are more grateful themes than his intercourse with the hysterical prophetess, who was to prove the evil genius of his life, or the miserable contest with Bossuet resulting therefrom; but nowhere are the writer's mental lucidity and fairness and his easy mastery of his sub-

ject more convincingly shown than in the sketch of Madame Guyon and the history of the ills which followed in her train. Perhaps it may be contended that his studiously impartial attitude — an attitude which must often require a certain effort in studying a man whose extraordinary personal charm can still be felt in his written words — makes the critic occasionally seem too strenuously

just, or even at times self-contradictory. But this could hardly be otherwise in any thoughtful and comprehensive treatment of so complex a character. Lord St. Cyres has so realized the time, and the men and women playing their parts in it, that it is earnestly to be hoped this may be only his first study therein. And it is well that the first should be of Fénelon.
S. M. F.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

SOME two or three years ago she whom I delight to honor, as well as to love and obey, took occasion to announce, through the columns of the Contributors' Club, to the world at large, that we have no spare chamber. She had discovered, moreover, that none of our neighbors or friends have spare chambers; and from this fact, if I remember rightly, she deduced the degeneracy of poets.

It seemed to me at the time, and it still seems to me, that the importance of the spare chamber in a scheme of being is liable to be overrated. One can conceive times when the lack of the spare chamber, or its equivalent, is not to be deplored, when it may even assume something of the nature of a rescue, — in the case of relatives in the third or fourth degree removed, for instance. But this is a merely masculine view, and is tentatively advanced for what it may be worth.

There is, however, one feature of the modern dwelling — or, rather, lack of feature — that causes me much anxiety and some perturbation of soul. It is not, as in the case of the spare chamber, a mere internal defect, concealed from sight, and capable of being remedied by a little readjustment and crowding. The evil of which I speak is external and

irremediable. I refer to the disappearance of the woodshed. The street on which I live is thoroughly respectable and modern; some of the houses have plate-glass windows, all of them have porches, front and rear, and most of them have hydrangea bushes and shrub oaks in the front yard. But not one of them has a respectable, comfortable, interesting, enigmatic, open-faced woodshed stretching in the rear. The detriment to the outside of the house I pass over lightly. I am not prepared to defend the woodshed as an architectural ornament. Neither as a place to keep wood in, is the loss of the woodshed greatly to be deplored. Wood can be kept in the cellar. It can be sawed and split there if a man happens to be foolish enough to take exercise that way, or old-fashioned enough to have boys to do it. As a utilitarian appendage the woodshed cannot be defended. Man has dropped his useless accessories. He stands upright, walks on two feet, eats with his fork, and goes to receptions. Yet who shall say that there does not, now and then, as he chases the solitary and slippery pea, with a fork, over the surface of his plate, or bows above the white-gloved hand of his hostess, who shall say that there does not arise in his soul a longing for the old, wild joys of swinging?

—swinging by a tail from bough to bough, where the cocoanuts grow and the parrots scream. These amputated joys of being are gone forever; and in their place has arisen — evolved man, with sleek tail coat and a taste for olives.

The moral of which is — the woodshed.

The inner significance of the woodshed is not to be atoned for by an aspect of cleanliness and respectability. Perhaps there is not to-day, living, a man who can define what the woodshed did for his innermost soul, the moral support that it gave to his spinal column, the air of ownership it imparted to his walk. Yet a little thought will make it obvious to the most hardened that with the disappearance of the woodshed man has lost the one spot that made him, in the eyes of gods and men, a householder on the face of the earth. There was sometimes a loft above the shed, reached by rickety stairs and too disreputable to be cleaned, where one could keep fishing tackle and snowshoes and muskrat traps and bits of old iron and copper and invaluable ropes and string. There is always something a little pathetic to me in the sight of a man getting a piece of string out of a well-arranged bag behind the pantry door, or off a respectable ball in the upper left-hand drawer of his desk. Oh, for the joys of hunting! The search in the woodshed chamber for the bit of string or rope the right size and length and strength — the triumph of finding it — if one did — and the glow of making something else do, if one did n't! Order and respectability! Chaos is no more, and the heart of man is as water in his breast. When the storms of life sweep over him whither shall he flee? Merely as a place of refuge the woodshed was worth the ground it occupied. In its ample doorway, with his hands in his pockets and his back to the kitchen door, man could stand, serene, and gaze at the weather — or at nothing. Is there

a place left to which man may flee — a place to which, when expedient, he may retire, with his hands in his pockets, and gaze at nothing? Is the cellar such a place, or the attic?

Between the mockings of the voice within and the whirling of the winds without, which shall a man choose? If he is a wise man, he will — when the storm within is at its height — don hat and overcoat and overshoes, — very slowly, that she may have ample time to reflect, — and he will open the front door carefully, and raise his umbrella to the blasts, and shut the door softly behind him, and descend the slippery steps with caution. Before he has reached the last one, perchance, the door will fly open and a voice will call to him, and he will reascend the steps and the door will close behind them. It is not necessary for the rest of us to intrude. Everything comes out right in the end. But the woodshed would have answered just as well, and have saved the overshoes.

It is a somewhat trying experience, be **On Parting with Actors.** our good will what it may, to have to listen to what Forrest and Charlotte Cushman were in their high noon of power; though far less so, of course, to scan in the pages of Lamb or Hunt the vital lineaments of eccentric and beloved comedians. The glamour of the relation is never quite communicable. No one can well imagine the bygone stage, nor has any pen or brush the divine magic which can force us to do so. All in it and about it is fleeting, impermanent: its conceptions, as has been touchingly said, are modeled in snow. And being, in their nature, most intimately leagued with the soul they are meant for, it is by a beautiful process of adaptation that they live nowhere else, and scorn independent existence. For the least birth under the laws of poetry, as of architecture, is concrete, though for the moment in no contact with man; even music is potential upon a library page, folded away for centuries from the

sound of strings ; but there is no Garrick, nor any Mrs. Siddons, except in enthusiastic tradition. We who honor them on hearsay act on a general principle : it must, we think, have been very great and sincere art to have awakened, even in that more sentimental past, such great and sincere laudation : but all oral, all written report, helps us little to form a genuine idea of these Richards, Belvideras, Mirabels, of our grandfathers. Nor can the generation after us, in like manner, do more than half believe the panegyrics passed upon our favorites of the theatre. Each is of necessity incredulous of the other : perhaps because the things of its own youth are the only oracle, perhaps because it has never had — not, indeed, the joy of knowing Kean, but the soul-intoxicating pleasure of losing him ! The parting which is “sweet sorrow” is the parting of the stage.

It is a luxurious agony, that chance to say Good-by. We come processionally, with scrolls and flowers, to give our friends across the footlights “the wage and dues of death.” We would fain be summoned to look our last upon the faces which never wore a shadow, yet drove our dullness and care afar ; to gather, with a glow of recognition, all that was and had been between us from long ago ; to shed a common tear, perhaps, and so pour a common libation ; to take on the porcelain of our own minds the whole warm-hued picture, the Watteau masterpiece of a minute ; and pass to other worlds with a triumphant remembrance, never to be washed away, of what our own best pleasures were in this, and what the mien, the accent, the soul’s form and fire, of those who gave them. This sort of enchantment worked upon the auditor is the actor’s special glory, and his top of attainment. The public is fickle, cruel, forgetful : an epicure of effects. He who is ill and absent, and returns, or he who is long at a disadvantage, from some unjust cause, and yet, for one reason or another, plays on and on, moving here

and there, ever less conspicuously, sees himself annulled in the memory of the stalls before his hour. “And the name died before the man.” A deliberate parting, at almost any time in his dramatic life, seems to him a terrible moral extravagance. Such it is ; yet there are none who cannot afford it. It is the inexpedient master-stroke. If actors but knew it, and acted upon it earlier, there is nothing so exquisite they can achieve as a deliberate farewell ; and better than the bravest final tour is the single final occasion. The leave-taking of a national favorite still young at heart, still equipped to win, is comparable to the finest deaths of romance, and as sure as they of moving hearts. In an art where everything must pass without abiding memorial, it is of the utmost consequence that the final impression, at least, upon contemporaries shall be vivid, and bitten in by some poignancy of affectionate admiration. Any other consummation is debased. Our heroes and heroines, “happy-starred, full-blooded spirits,” must not, so to speak, die in their beds. We demand of our beneficiaries, in their perfect prime (and we do it with elegant disregard of all non-æsthetic considerations) nothing less than professional suicide. As they stand there, bowing themselves out, after a last victorious evening, they have indeed drained the poison-cup, and won immortality. Their garments, as they sweep through our day-dreams, can have now no frayed edges, as if they had worn themselves out in our service. They shall be a complete legend, an intact precedent ; they shall never be forgotten. Every boy in the galleries who catches, like a spark in air, those arch, urbane, finger-tip kisses, tossed vanishingly from the wings, and is alive fifty years after, must be forever comparing the radiant women he knew with the strange new puppets of degenerate fashion. He must be forever growling : —

“I wad na gie our ain strathspeys
For half a hunnerd score o’ ’em !”

To have one such expression of passionate loyalty from any old lover is vindication enough for a player. And nothing secures it, nothing inlays it in lasting gold, like the willful rupture, at some tenderest moment, of the closest tie in all the arts.

IN enumerating the forces friendly to the Friendly man, no scientific book that we can recall has mentioned the Pillow. Yet in the experience of all it is one of the most constant and helpful of friends. How many tender hopes and quaint fancies are breathed to it; how many passionate or yearning prayers does it hear, too sacred for human ears; how many joyful smiles are moulded in its sympathetic surface, and how many tears it can absorb! The conspicuous trait in the personality of the pillow is receptivity. Pudgy and rotund in physique, it is like pudgy and rotund people, eminently endowed with the power to absorb confidences, and digest them without inconvenience.

Hence its responsiveness to mood, its wondrous adaptability. Come to your pillow in a passion, it will reflect your hot breath and fill satisfyingly your clenching fists; come to it in serenity, its linen will be cool and clean, its texture ineffably restful; come to it in grief, it will encircle and protect you with its warm, solacing folds.

As a confidant, the pillow is strong exactly where human beings are weak. It does not exhaust you with an ill-adjusted mood, or drive you mad with well-meaning, irrelevant philosophy. It offers no solution for your problems, it makes no pretense to understanding your heart. It is entirely inert, impassive, incommunicative. Moreover, it is wonderfully patient. You pour upon it a torrent of abuse, you plead with it and narrate to it, you dig your elbows into it; in the middle of your violence you suddenly caress it, or laugh to it, or attempt to stuff it in your mouth; and all the while it makes no retort, it accuses you of no

inconsistency, it does not look hurt or amused. How many people do you think would endure such manhandling? Let us appreciate the gentle pillow.

The discretion of the pillow equals its gentleness. One need never be afraid to tell a pillow anything. Its reticence is complete. With a human confidant you constantly distress yourself with scruples; you suppress this detail, or generalize that problem. With a pillow, plump comes the whole story, and the air is cleared.

A pillow is never impatient and it never interrupts. It is an oddly stimulating thought to consider how many great novels and other works of literary or musical art have had for their first audience—pillows. If you outline to your pillow the plot of your new story, it does not point out flaws or nail incongruities. It is patient; it waits for you to see them yourself. If you softly whistle to it the theme of an embryonic sonata, it does not hint plagiarism, or in any other way convey disapproval. On the contrary, it listens so patiently and respectfully, that you must be an unappreciative performer indeed if you are not moved to fresh creation. One cannot too highly praise the perfect justice and candor of the pillow. There is nothing about it of pretense,—unless possibly the sham; and that, thank Heaven, is obsolescent. You always remove the sham, too, before getting at close quarters with the pillow; whereas, in the case of most people, the sham, whatever there is of it, is fixed.

We must not lay so much stress on the passive and receptive qualities of the pillow as to forget its more positive traits. Of these the most valuable is what we may call its composure, or serenity. It is never ruffled (we are speaking metaphorically), but always pleads deliberation. When, after a long and baffling day, spent fighting with intangible enemies or getting rubbed the wrong way by the thousand insignificant

frictions that insult philosophy, you at length lay your weary head upon your pillow, what large and detached views does it not gradually suggest! It calms your boiling brain with a purely animal quiet; it answers your fretful bewilderments with an impersonal imperturbability. Without speech or sign, it unanswerably asserts the wisdom of patience, of postponement. It reminds you of the medicinal quality of time, of the drowsy syrups of the world. Like a hand on the brow, it tranquillizes you, not mentally, but elementally. What man has not held with his pillow some such conversation as this:—

Man. I am at the end of my rope. I can stand this no longer; what am I to do?

Pillow. How soft I am.

Man. Yes, you are deliciously soft—but what has that to do with my problems? I think I'll get up and dress, and go—but I might wait till to-morrow.

Pillow. Wait a while. Don't your legs feel heavy?

Man. Luxuriously heavy, and my eyelids, too. Let's see, what was I thinking about?—What a jolly old boy you are!

Pillow. Jolly old boy you are. Jolly old boy you are. [*Aside.*] He's leaning harder now; he'll be asleep in no time.

Thus practically does the pillow pursue its friendly service. Of course it would be grotesque to claim too much for its devotion. Doubtless there are times when even its white surface looks uninviting, when its impersonality repels rather than attracts us, and when we prefer even an ill-adjusted, indiscreet, impatient, interrupting, and irrational human being. But that only proves that nothing in this world can be everything. The pillow is not a microcosm, but it is a pillow;—let us not undervalue or fail to be duly thankful for its ministrations.

INDIVIDUALS who compose the world of readers are seldom pleased at being classed as component parts of "the general" to which a work of genius is so often caviare; yet the public opinion of all must to a certain extent be taken as expressive of the private judgment of each. This is the age of hurry, of condensed information and superficial cleverness; so it is not altogether surprising that a poem fifty sonnets in length, psychological in matter and more or less obscure in manner, should have met with no general recognition or appreciation.

Modern Love, by George Meredith, is far more than a poem,—its detractors would call it far less; for it is also a philosophical essay, a study of the human heart, a novel in little, a riddle—we must confess it—as regards certain enigmatical words and deeds of some of the characters. But the analytical eye will discover true clearness of thought and emotion shining out from depths of profound speculation through surface obscurity of phrase.

The story running through the fifty sonnets (if sonnets the verses of sixteen lines may be called) is of the slightest. The seemingly needless unhappiness of an "ever-diverse pair," who are yet strangely akin, and the subtle causes and effects of that unhappiness are the themes on which Meredith bases his flash-light revelations of internal storm and stress. We are given to understand that the marriage began by being one of ardent love, the lovers of equally high ideals and lofty ambitions, but sensitive and proud, given to deep self-analysis and morbid questionings, *modern* in all the shades of meaning in that word which has come to be synonymous with emotional and intellectual complexity. Another man and woman are introduced, but only as side lights to throw the central characters into bolder relief, unimportant save in their effect on the husband and wife whose unnecessary alienation

and final pitiful reconciliation are the real subjects of interest. The "gold-haired lady" is merely an incidental result of their spiritual separation, and the inevitable "other man" is hardly more than the "disturbing shadow" of the forty-sixth sonnet, though some interpreters assign to him the more important rôle of first cause in the domestic shipwreck. Jealousy is, of course, an important element in the estrangement of husband and wife, — not the vulgar suspiciousness of an untrusting pair, but the gnawing dread of changed relations between two persons whose similarity of temperament is a real element in their silent suffering. For in this tragedy of temperaments the minor note of discord is struck not by any outward circumstance of woe, but by the action of these two highly organized and complex individualities on each other. And in this it may be taken as typical of the domestic and social disasters of the present day. As Meredith himself tells us, —

"In tragic life, God wot,
No villain need be! Passions spin the plot."

We find hints at the causes of the alienation between husband and wife in the tenth and fiftieth verses. In the first of these the husband cynically warns all lovers that love is

"a thing of moods:
Not like hard life, of laws."
He further throws light on his own case by continuing: —

"In Love's deep woods
I dreamt of loyal Life: the offence is there!
Love's jealous woods about the sun are curl'd;
At least, the sun far brighter there did beam.
My crime is that, the puppet of a dream,
I plotted to be worthy of the world.
Oh, had I with my darling help'd to mince
The facts of life, you still had seen me go
With hindward feather and with forward toe,
Her much-adored delightful Fairy Prince!"

In the closing sonnet the writer offers a clue to the unhappiness of his characters in the following impartial explanation: —

"These two were rapid falcons in a snare,
Condemned to do the fitting of the bat.
Lovers beneath the singing sky of May,
They wander'd once; clear as the dew on flow-
ers:

But they fed not on the advancing hours:
Their hearts held cravings for the buried day.
Then each applied to each that fatal knife,
Deep questioning, which probes to endless dole.
Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
When hot for certainties in this our life!"

A matter-of-fact reader may fail to find in the poem sufficient outward cause for the wrecked happiness of the man and woman, but such a reader has been warned what to expect in the ominous quotation with which Meredith precedes *Modern Love* in its latest edition — "*This is not meat for little people or for fools.*"

That the poem is full of faults and unnecessary obscurities none but a Meredith maniac would deny; but these defects are comparatively unimportant, and do not impair its real significance or diminish its value. We may sometimes be puzzled and even irritated by the irresponsible manner in which the husband appears by turns as "I" and "he," and by the too flattering confidence Meredith places in his reader's ability to distinguish at once between "Madam" and "My Lady." But these puzzling points can be satisfactorily settled at the second reading, which the poem requires for even partial comprehension. It is, in truth, an audacious reader who dares to hold any opinion for or against this most subtle of life studies, till, after patient labor, he has solved to his own satisfaction the many verbal intricacies with which smooth places are made rough, and has come to some conclusion in regard to sundry ambiguous phrases. Then only can he properly appreciate the intellectual as well as the literary value of Meredith's great poem. But after paying the cost of the first step into the mazes and mysteries of *Modern Love*, the adventurer will find that with each re-reading some

new meaning will be made manifest, some different thought suggested or fresh light thrown on the problem dealt with, — a problem likely to exist wherever civilization adds intricacy to human nature and complexity to human emotions.

A few English poets and critics have made bold to set down in print their opinions that *Modern Love* is second to nothing of its class in any age. Algonon Charles Swinburne is among its ardent admirers. But it is not merely as a whole that *Modern Love* takes high rank among human documents, whether of poetry or prose. Many of the verses may be appreciated singly, and form in themselves complete poetic expressions, — notably numbers XI, XIII, XLIV, and XLVII. But in truth each may be singled out for its own peculiar quality, of poetic beauty, of penetrating knowledge, of brilliant epigram, or of biting cynicism; and so each separate sonnet, sometimes roughly hewn and of crude workmanship like a marble of Michael Angelo, has in it something of the same strength and virility and eternal truth. The philosopher, the humorist, and the student of the human heart are revealed in the work of the poet, as the poet, the architect, and the painter are suggested in the creation of the sculptor. And surely, the sincerity of each separate manifestation of power goes to make up the unity of a man's completed work, which, in its result, we call genius.

It was on board the steamer *Van derbilt*, from Havre to New York, that I first met Stillman. Dear old Huntington, the Tribune correspondent, had most warmly commended him as a fellow traveler sure to blossom into a friend. He spoke of him cordially in the carriage which conveyed us to the Havre station; and when, a few hours later, I recognized a figure familiar from Huntington's whimsical description, I boldly uttered the magic word, and was heartily grasped by the hand ere two syllables had been ut-

tered. As Moore says of a letter of introduction: —

"Impatient of the tardy claim

Your friend was mine — before he read it." And in truth I had found a delightful companion, whose conversation was an animated pictography while his quick-moving fancy literally "played with the clouds and mocked the skies." Our fellow voyagers consisted principally of some coal barons from Pennsylvania, so oppressed by their possessions as to be scarcely articulate. So Mr. Stillman fell back on my companion and myself (both students from Heidelberg) for society. Thus we saw a great deal of him during the long days and nights required for the old-fashioned side-wheeler to make the voyage. Sitting on the deck, mechanically watching the never ceasing play of working beam and piston rod, we listened to a world of description, and it seems now a lifetime of experience crowded into those days and hours, almost recalling the marvels of the hash-eesh dreamer in condensation. From the Adirondack forests which he loved, to Hungary where he had served with Kossuth, he sped with dizzying rapidity, making mention of times and places and men and women, we had all read of, but never hoped to see. Of Ruskin, Lowell, and other magnates of the pen he spoke delightedly, though with the calm assurance of long familiarity, while something in the modesty of his tone and the sincerity of his manner gave his listeners a confidence in the truthfulness of his assertions, which else might have sorely taxed our credulity, — so various were his opportunities and his acquaintanceship.

Stillman was at this period in the prime of early manhood; yet I noted that his daily improvisations dealt only with the past. The future and its problems had at that time no interest for him. The gigantic war-cloud then looming up, the events whose culmination was so soon to drench in blood our fair na-

tive land (a war in which we all were to take part), all was unnoticed, as were the events now troubling the European horizon. He professed no desire to advise or direct or even to scrutinize the future, bringing to its contemplation a fatalism which was temperamental. In short, it was only when Ruskin concerned himself with Modern Painters that Stillman withheld his allegiance. As if to give credibility to all that we had been hearing of that intimacy it may be noted that Ruskin *did* come on to Southampton to bid Stillman good-by, bringing with him an armful of books for the latter's reading during the voyage; and I may mention among the oddities of great men, none ever puzzled me more than their taste in fiction. I had thought that nothing could surprise me on this subject after learning that Charles Sumner chose the Henrietta Temple of D'Israeli for his printed *compagnon de voyage*, but the armful brought by Ruskin to solace Stillman's sea dreams or realities were of such a character that I never cared to tell, well knowing that, to be believed, one must be credible.

A few months later we met again — this time in Washington. Great events had come to pass since we parted from our Southern fellow students on the wharf at New York, — they to go South, and we also, but by a different route. Fort Sumter had been taken, Bull Run had been fought, and the war was advancing in full crimson tide when I met Stillman on Pennsylvania Avenue and took him out to the camp of the 4th Penn. Cavalry, to see our companion of the steamer Vanderbilt. Stillman was unchanged as to his looks, nor had his originality of attire and appearance deserted him. Almost as tall as the tallest of Presidents, yet overtopped by our gigantic commander in chief General Scott, he looked the ideal recruit, and had come to offer his services as a Sharpshooter, a duty for which his Adirondack training admirably fitted him. In all else

unchanged excepting that he faltered somewhat in his Ruskinian faith, giving as a reason that he had too long been the lone trumpeter for a lost cause — that the consensus of artistic opinion veered away from the autocratic arrogance of any man's *ipse dixit*; and in short we found that an ecstatic convert, a zealous acolyte, by no means promised a willing martyr, in his case. Mr. Bryant had adopted a similar attitude when he deserted the Democratic party, alleging that it was the party that had changed, not he.

Discouraged at failing to be assigned service among the Sharpshooters, Mr. Stillman tried to find patriotic occupation for his too versatile powers, but eventually the good President thought he could find better use for our friend as a non-combatant, in helping to eliminate the Goth and Vandal abroad, and in warring on the Philistine: so he appointed him consul to Civita Vecchia, the ancient port of Rome.

Stillman went to his new duties sadly and reluctantly — not that he was enamored of war, but he felt that in the present crisis every able-bodied young man had a mission, and that his training in the forests admirably fitted him for any martyrdom of steel and lead that might befall him. I heard of him from time to time as doing yeoman service for his struggling country, but eventually the dark red tidal wave engulfed all save very near and immediate interests and peoples.

Many years had passed, in which, although I heard of my friend, I never actually met him, seeming to miss the opportunity, frequently, by the merest accident. Finding myself in Rome during the springtime of 1896, I resolved to look up Stillman, who was at that date living in Rome as correspondent for the London Times. He was occupying a modest apartment in the newer part of Rome, a position readily accessible, as becomes the abode of a journalist. Received by his beautiful wife with a

cordiality that seemed to bridge a lifetime of absence, — for I had not seen her husband since his marriage, and now the children were grown, — I was ushered into the sickroom, where I found my old friend convalescing from an attack of pneumonia. Not much changed; the thin, high-strung face had left but little space for wrinkles, while the bushy consistency of his hair rather concealed the gradual lapses from blond to gray. The rapid, nervous utterance was softened somewhat, either from ripening years or, more probably, because attuned to the now familiar sweet “bastard Latin” within whose spell he dwelt. He was fondling a small gray or brown squirrel from the Schwarzwald, while the darkened apartment not only shut out the glare of the Roman summer light, but imparted a domestic penumbra to the scene.

It was easy to note that Stillman's was the love for Italy that comes to all who sojourn long beneath her skies. “Yes,” he said, “I suppose that I know more about Italian politics than any one else who speaks the English language; at least, so say my friends. And yet, my successor is in training, under my direction, for my place as correspondent of the London Times. I am now sixty-eight, and must retire soon. Pity I could n't have stayed in America. Why, I was once on the staff of what is now the Century. To leave that opportunity was one of my mistakes.”

I ventured here to hint the remark of D'Israeli, uttered in the prime of his glory: “Youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, and age a regret, — no matter how well timed it all may have been, still a regret.”

“Perhaps so,” Stillman replied. “And now I'm trying to bring up my boy in the same reverence for truth that has grown with my growth and sustained me in so many lands. Ah! the waste of time spent in lying; the misuse of fac-

ulties employed to exaggerate, to make the worse appear the better reason, turning history into a fairy tale, and theology into special pleading.”

I asked about his plans and purposes for the future.

“No, I'll return to America only as a visitor. After all, I'm only an emeritus Yankee, I'm afraid; or, to speak more accurately, my patriotism reaches back beyond the stirring times of Valley Forge or the Boston tea party, to include Hampden and Cromwell as well as Washington; so probably England will be my home after I shall have been retired and made my bow to the London Times and its readers. In fact, the older I grow, the more inclined I feel to recognize London as the capital of the Anglo-Saxon world, of our greater America as of Greater Britain. Our country is old enough to need no witnessing of rampant boastfulness, and is grown enough to feel proud of her ancestry. Ever since a New York board of aldermen voted to open the Brooklyn Bridge on the birthday of England's Queen, I have felt that deep down in our bosoms we are still colonists of Great Britain, not in aims nor politics, but in the best interpretation of the word.”

The sweet face of Mrs. Stillman now appeared, and a tender shade of solicitude upon it gave warning, without word or gesture, that invalids must have rest. So I took my leave, and as the lady was conducting me to the outer air with the gentle courtesy of a privileged old friend, I found myself repeating sadly the favorite apothegm of Stillman the unresting, uttered on the steamer Vanderbilt to an accompaniment of hurrying machinery: “My respect for a man is in inverse ratio to the space between his promise and his performance.” A sentiment unconsciously condensed by one of his old Adirondack friends, a guide: “He done his level best.”

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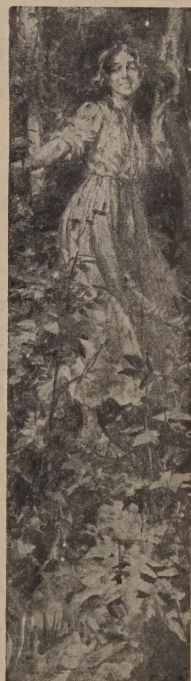
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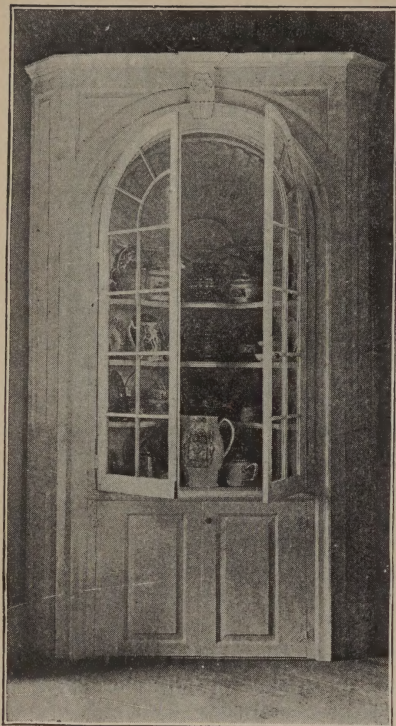
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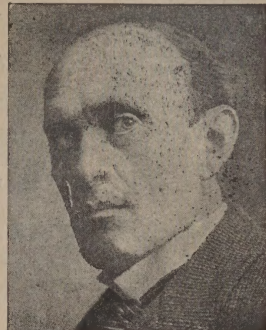
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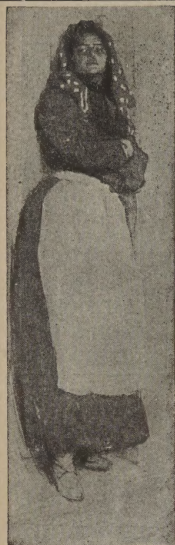
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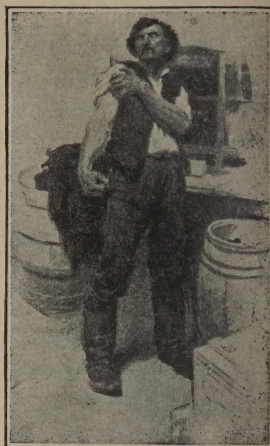
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FOREIGN LETTERS

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BOOK REVIEWS

Beginning with the January number, the ATLANTIC will contain, in addition to its usual signed and unsigned reviews, a department of comment on books, new and old, written each month by H. W. BOYNTON.

THE SOCIAL OUTLOOK

The social outlook, including questions of politics as well as of sociology, of education and religion, will be discussed in the ATLANTIC by two brilliant writers, Miss V. D. SCUDDER and Prof. BARRETT WENDELL.

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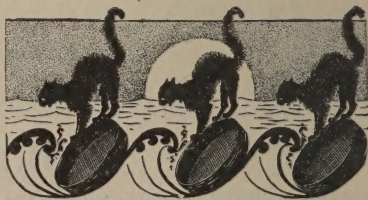


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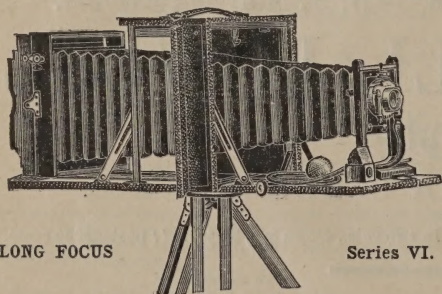
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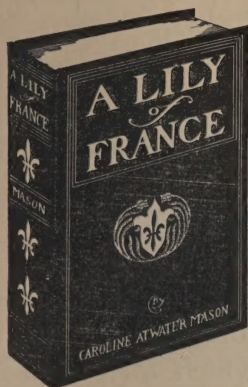
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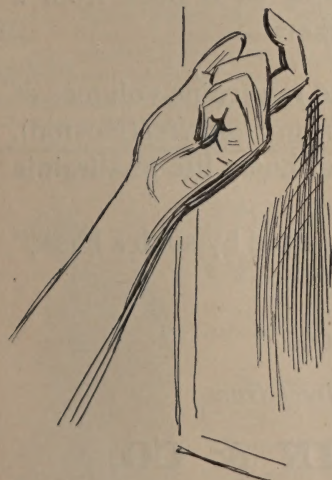
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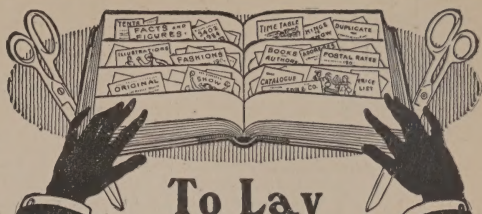
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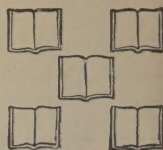
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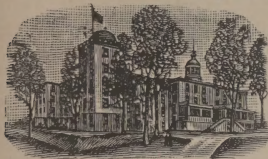
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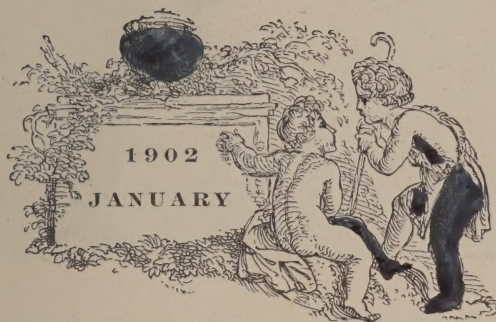
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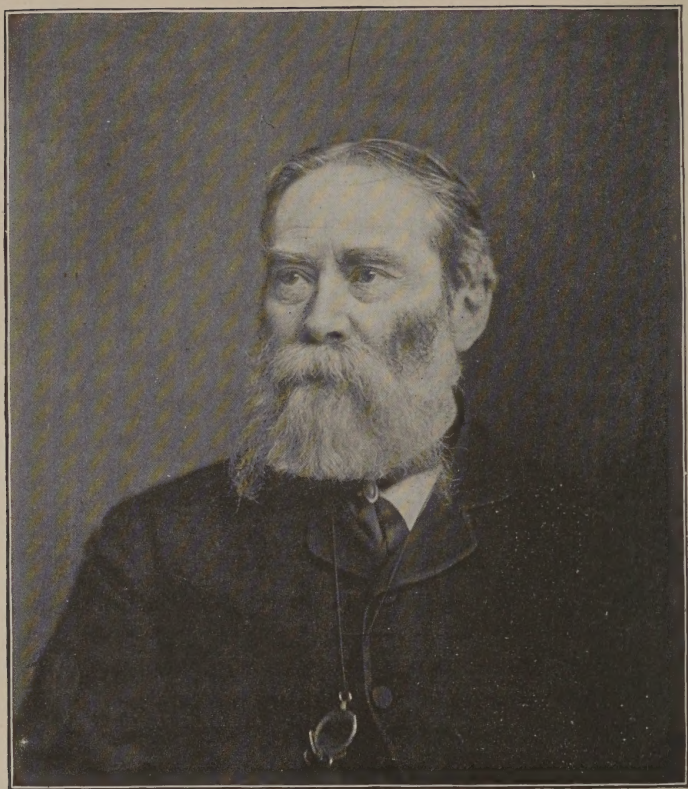
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HIS most important work of Mr. HORACE E. SCUDDER's literary life, up to the present, had been anticipated with great interest, and now it is welcomed with generous praise. The *Boston Transcript* says: "In these two pleasant volumes Mr. Scudder has told the story of the life of that most genial of men and most delightful of New England authors.

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ONE of the notable features of the recent Bicentennial Celebration at Yale University was Mr. STEDMAN's stately poem. It embodied in classic form the lofty sentiments, the proud memories, and the high-hearted hopes which the great occasion inspired. Fortunate indeed was the University in having an alumnus who

¶
The *Life* of
James
Russell
Lowell

¶
Mater
Coronata

could sing in so clear and fine a strain the song of triumph and of prophecy. This poem has been brought out in a style worthy of its character and of the event it celebrates. It is artistically printed, bound in Yale blue, and bears on the front cover a facsimile of the medal designed for the Bicentennial by Bela Pratt and executed by Tiffany, and on the fourth cover the obverse of the medal.



*The Tory
Lover*

So many good things have been said about Miss JEWETT's Revolutionary novel that it seems better to give a hint of what several critics have said than to quote largely from any one, however convincing. The Boston *Herald* pronounces it "one of the most pleasing, dignified, and artistic historical novels of the last five years. Indeed, one would be at a loss to point to a modern historical romance that equals it in all those qualities and features that make a book worth reading twice." The New York *Mail and Express*: "Miss Jewett's historical romance has one quality that distinguishes it from and places it above many of the current popular books in the same field of fiction—it is literature." The *Congregationalist*: "Miss Jewett has woven a strong and tender romance into the political strife of the birthday of the American nation, and brought out both the sturdy integrity and base treachery, the passion and self-sacrifice and disappointments which underlie the sober facts of history. Such books are a permanent enrichment of our literature." Chicago *Post*: "An excellently well-wrought bit of work. . . . Especially true to life are the opening scenes in Portsmouth." The *Outlook*: "There is in the story no striving to catch the wind of popular favor which is bearing tales of adventure to such fabulous ports in these days; no attempt to adjust an exquisite art to the taste of the hour. Her method is unchanged; her refinement, delicacy, and trained skill are on every page. . . . An achievement, so admirable is its workmanship!"



*Life Ever-
lasting*

MR. FISKE's book has naturally attracted wide attention, and it wins profound respect even where it does not command absolute assent. The Boston *Transcript* pronounces it "a singularly clear scientific argument for a future life, . . . without a flaw, calm, and logical. It will carry conviction to many a doubting soul, and added comfort to those who have never doubted." *Modern Culture*, of Cleveland, remarks: "This book, large with transcending thought, comes as his last word on the subject [of immortality], a word signally fitting as the seal of conclusion, as the great thinker's Vale and Ave to the life that now is and that which is to come." The *Deaconess Advocate*, of Chicago, gives this brief but impres-

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS

sive tribute: "We have read the book with intense interest, and recommend it to students, and especially to students of religion. Even if all of the author's positions cannot be accepted, he is always thought-stimulating and always wholesome and comforting."

MISS AGNES REPLIER'S book has won a host of good words, every lover of cats who has read it finding it a book of unique interest. *The Catholic World* says: "'The Fireside Sphinx' is Miss Repplier's memorial to Agrippina, her dead darling, that now for seven years has been sleeping sweetly in fields of asphodel—dear little ghost, whose memory has never faded from her faithful mistress' heart. The book is not only witty; it is filled with numberless characteristic instances of the author's gift of making peculiarly happy allusions to history and literature. Lovers of cats will rejoice over the wealth of anecdote here displayed; lovers of English that is at once sparkling, dignified, and clean as the soul of a child, will congratulate themselves that Miss Repplier has written again." *The Army and Navy Register* remarks: "One picks up Miss Repplier's book with misgiving and in marvel of what an adorer of the Cat may say, and lays it down in unstinted admiration of the work and with a greater respect for its subject." And *The Interior*, of Chicago, declares that "Agrippina is indeed made immortal by this book,—most honored of all the cats of history."

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*The
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*New Tales
 of Old
 Rome*



Marlowe

Mr. Henry Austin Clapp, foremost of American dramatic critics, prints in the Boston *Daily Advertiser* a long review of this drama, just published. He says: "Miss PEABODY'S work has vivacity, beauty, and charm, is remarkable when regarded as the product of a very young woman, is rich in promise, and is a definite addition to literature. . . . In Marlowe himself Miss Peabody has attempted much and succeeded well. . . . The play is indeed a brilliant achievement in respect of its vocabulary. . . . Exceedingly apt and clever is the author's presentation of the rollicking, roistering crew of playwrights, playmenders, poets, versifiers, and poetasters who were Marlowe's companions. . . . The drama abounds in gracious and lovely lines." One critic emphasizes "the attractive form, — it has quite the air of a limited edition."



**The Rights
of Man**

OF DR. LYMAN ABBOTT'S new volume Hon. John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, writes: "I have read it with profit and respect. His book is a moral uplift." President Draper, of the University of Illinois, finds it very comprehensive in its scope and treatment, remarking: "Its contents will apply to all;" and Secretary Hay, of the State Department, says: "I find pleasure and profit in reading everything that Dr. Abbott writes." One critic pronounces "The Rights of Man" "a vast book," adding that "Dr. Abbott brings to it a rare scholarship, a broad, true appreciation of humanity, and a clear, courageous measure of twentieth-century problems." The Chicago *Tribune* says: "There is nothing in these lectures more wisely or more forcibly urged than the duty of the American government and the American people jointly to hasten to do everything possible to secure and provide for the people in all our new possessions the utmost advantages of universal popular education."



**Our
Houseboat
on the Nile**

AT this season of Nile travel the book which Mr. and Mrs. HENRY BACON have published is at once timely, useful, and attractive. It contains much information concerning the trip between the first and the second cataracts. The Boston *Journal* says: "'Our Houseboat on the Nile,' with Mrs. Henry Bacon's text and Mr. Henry Bacon's pictures, in water-color and half-tone, is as novel as it is agreeable. Mrs. Bacon played dragoman for the expedition. Commanding, guiding, persuading, wheedling, she maintained the atmosphere of comfort, literally, while the heathen raged. Meanwhile she brought clear vision to bear upon the wonders through which the boat was passing, and chronicled them, even as she set down the behavior of the boatmen and the aspect of the natives upon the shore, and the emotions awakened by the wonderful ruins, and the mighty engineering work in progress. . . . The

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pictures are of the species in which one finds something new each time that one looks upon them, and together pictures and text make a book to cheer and brighten the grimmest New England day with hints of glowing, warm color and energetic enjoyment."

It is instantly recognized that "The Marrow of Tradition" is a story of very deep interest, and something far more vital and important. As the *Troy Times* says: "This book deals with Southern life, and is a truthful and powerful portrayal of certain conditions that exist in many Southern towns of to-day. It is the highest type of realism, for it presents certain phases of contemporaneous life of which the public should have full knowledge if existing evils are ever to be eradicated." The *San Francisco Chronicle* observes: "He has drawn several characters of unusual interest, and he has painted a graphic picture of social conditions in a Southern city. . . . The book is the strongest story of the South that has been written in years." The *Boston Herald* declares it "impossible to read 'The Marrow of Tradition' without having one's feelings thoroughly aroused;" and the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* pronounces the story "told with great dramatic power." The *Christian Register*, of Boston, remarks: "Mr. Chesnutt speaks and writes with the ease and freedom of a scholar, he has dramatic power, and has learned the force of understatement in the presentation of a grievous wrong."

THE *American Ecclesiastical Review* thus concisely characterizes Professor MÜNSTERBERG's book, just published: "Five essays, in which the German author criticises American freedom, education, scholarship, politics, and treatment of women, comparing them sometimes with their German equivalents, sometimes with abstract perfection. It is the best and most awakening criticism published in the United States for many a day." The *Boston Transcript* says: "It is now some eight years since Professor Münsterberg left Germany to become a Harvard professor of psychology, and these essays make it evident that during that time he has acquired an astonishing knowledge of and a wonderfully clear insight into the habits and customs of the American people. . . . To read this book is to have one's idea of this country classified and readjusted. The book is written throughout in so thorough a spirit of fair-mindedness that no one can rise from a reading of it without a clearer and sounder idea of the relative littleness and greatness which enter into the heterogeneous life of the republic."

Miss Lilian Whiting says in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*: "Those who are interested in the conditions of Russian life will turn eagerly to a story called 'Before the Dawn,' by Mr. and Mrs. EDMUND

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NOBLE. Mrs. Noble is a Russian lady, whose name was Pimeroff, and the authorship is given as by Pimenoff-Noble. The scene of this novel is laid in Russia, the time in the '70s, when the country was all alive with political excitement, with plots and plans, and the intimate knowledge of experience which Mrs. Noble brings to the book — her absolute grasp of the political, industrial, social, and religious life of Russia — gives to the story its strong basis of reality, and makes it a human document." The Boston *Transcript* says: "It is not often that a 'first novel' appears which manifests the remarkable qualities that distinguish 'Before the Dawn.' . . . It deals with incidents of the propagandist period in Russia, . . . and is a splendid piece of realistic fiction. . . . It is a stirring romance, full of that action which carries the reader along resistlessly, but which makes literature of a more enduring type than the ordinary successful novel."



*Miss Alice
Brown's
New Story*

Miss Lilian Whiting writes to the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*: "By common consent the best novel of the season in the Boston publications is 'Margaret Warrener.' It is a story whose scene is laid in Boston, in the old West End, 'Merry Mount' street being easily recognized as Pinckney, and characters and incidents have a Bostonian flavor. As a story alone it absorbs the reader in its interest, and in the literary quality of its work it is admirable." The *Sunday-School Times*, of Philadelphia, speaks of this as a "really brilliant novel," and adds: "Miss BROWN has never written anything half so good as 'Margaret Warrener,' although her New England stories and sketches are as unique in their way as those of Miss Jewett or Miss Wilkins. There is the grip of life's mysteries, fate, and the eternal pathos of human existence revealed in this book, with the equally inevitable sunshine and laughter."



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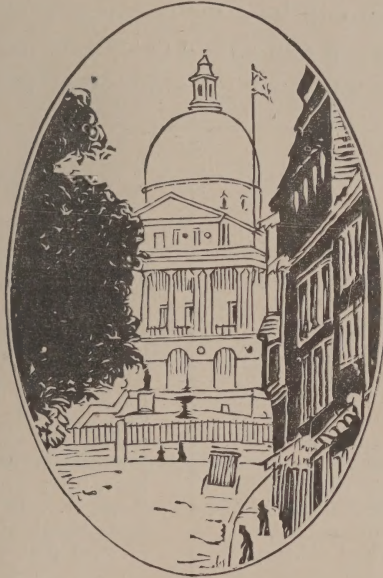
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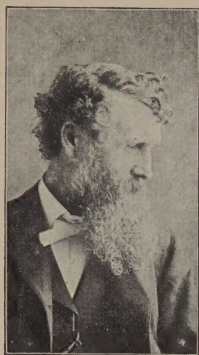
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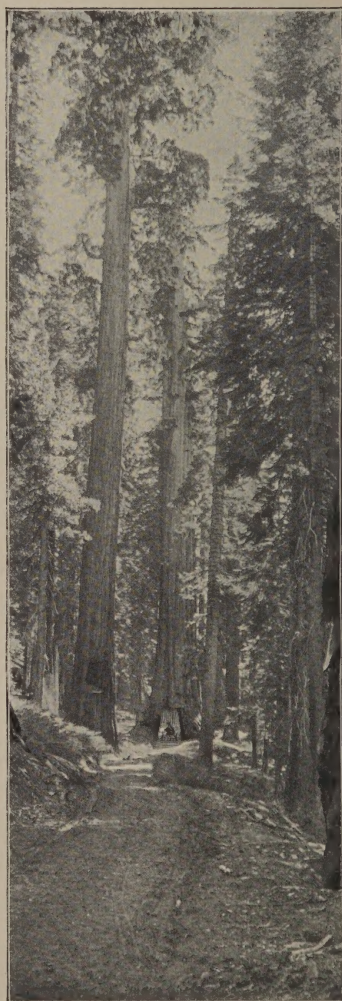
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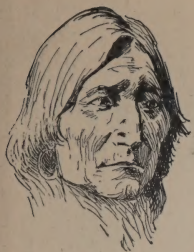
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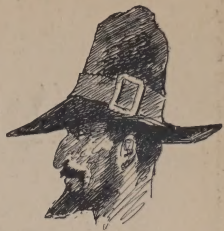
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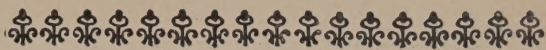
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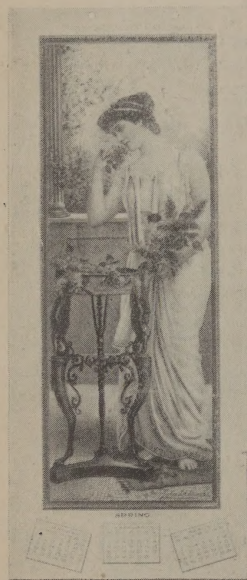
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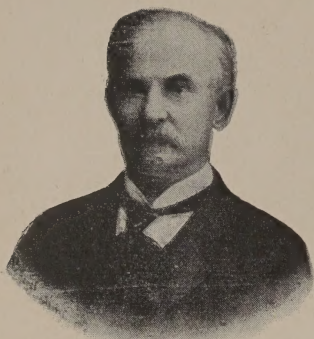
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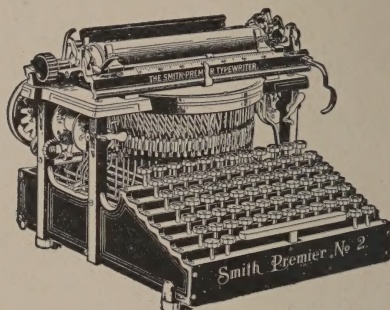
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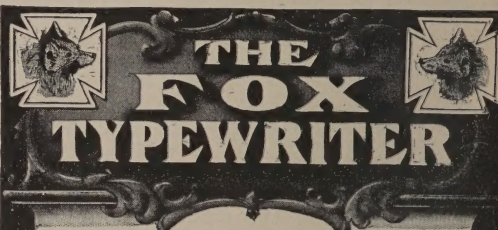
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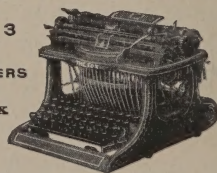
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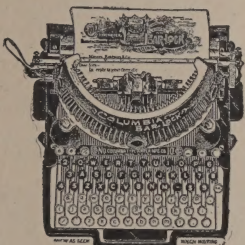
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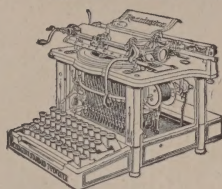
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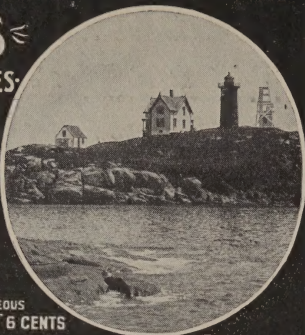
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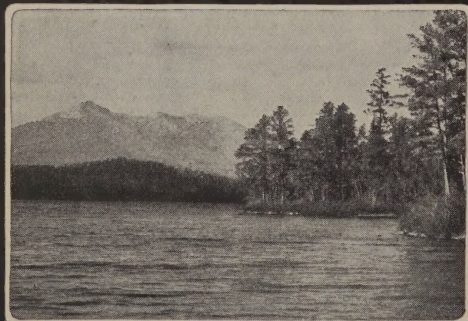
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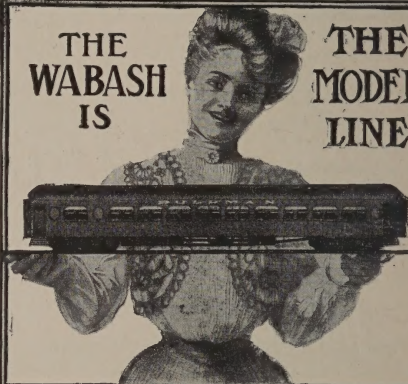
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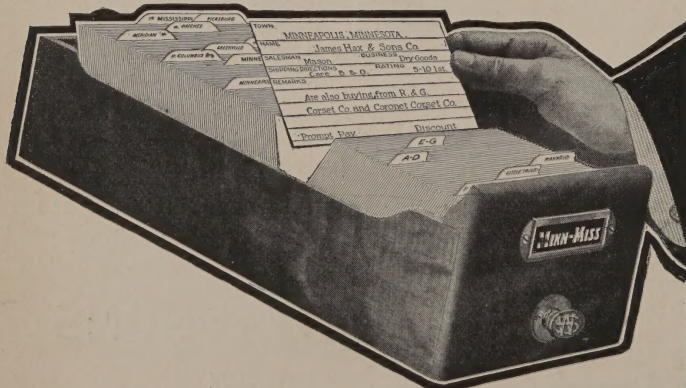
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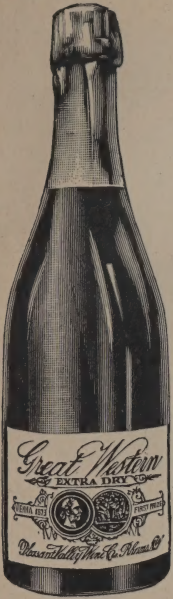
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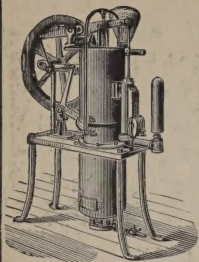
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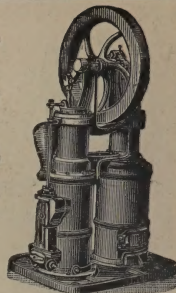
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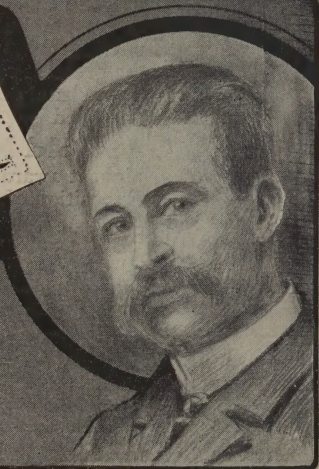
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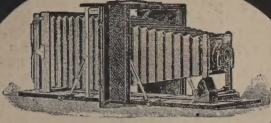
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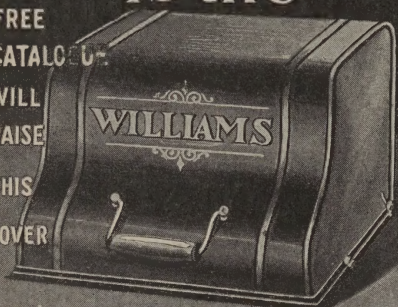
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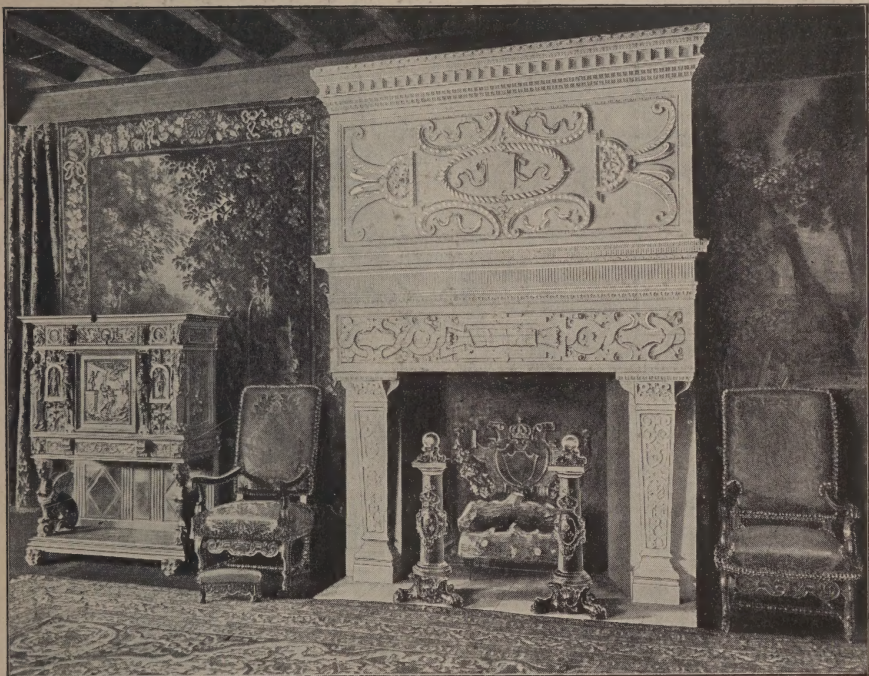
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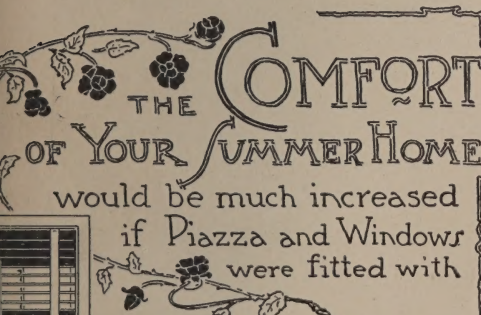
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